

UP IN THE WORLD.

The Sunflower used to be a common country fellow—
Tall and lank and gawky, with a hat of black and yellow;
The lovely Lady Lily, heir of a kingly race,
Trembled when he stared at her, and turned away her face.
The Roses laughed and nodded, and shook their drops of dew—
"Now really you do not suppose that he would look at you?"
The prim and pretty Misses Pink stood giggling in a row,
And all because young Sunflower wished to be their beau.
The white and scarlet Hollyhocks put on an air pathetic;
Though once they weren't considered especially esthetic;
And even little Nasturtium was saucy enough to say:
"I am better than that big creature, I can prove it any day."
But now the times have changed, indeed. The garden's poor relation
Is at the very head and front of modern decoration.
With the stately Lily, side by side, in glory he appears,
On plaque and panel, high and low, on screens and portiers.
The haughty flowers that scarcely deigned to know this parvenu
Now through his court with anxious looks, and bow a word or two.
The Lily, smiling in his face with shy and sweet regard,
No more remembers when he lived, a clown, in the back yard.
—Mrs. F. M. Bullis, in *Youth's Companion*.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.

By B. L. PARJEON, Author of "Broad, Cheese and Kissen."

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

"Because, Mrs. Dalton, to answer you I must first question myself; and believe me, a man must have considerable courage who can dare to ask himself whether, in this tiresome journey of life he has taken the right or the wrong road. I confess myself a coward, and implore you not to compel me to be brave."

He rose as he finished speaking, and, looking down at his dress, continued: "The first dinner-bell rang a quarter of an hour ago, and behold me still in traveling costume; the sin is yours, Mrs. Dalton. Till dinner time, adieu!" Ellinor, left alone, sank into a gloomy reverie.

"What—what can be the mystery of this man's life?" she murmured to herself. "If I dared—but no, no! I dare not answer that question."

It was difficult to recognize the gloomy and bitter Horace Margrave of half an hour before in the brilliant and versatile visitor who sat at Sir Lionel's right hand, and whose incessant flow of witty *periphrase* kept the crowded dinner-table in a roar of laughter. Ellinor, charmed in spite of herself, beguiled out of herself by the fascination of his animated conversation, wondered at the extraordinary power possessed by this man.

"So brilliant, so accomplished," she thought; "so admired, prosperous and successful, and yet so unhappy."

That evening the post brought Ellinor a letter which had been sent to her town house, and forwarded thence to Sir Lionel's.

She started on seeing the direction, and, taking it into the little inner drawing-room, which was still untenanted, she read it by the light of the wax candle on the chimney-piece. She returned to the long saloon after refolding her letter, and, crossing over to a hall table, at which Horace Margrave sat, bending over a portfolio of engravings, she seated herself near him, and said:

"Mr. Margrave, I have just received a letter from Scotland."

"From Scotland?"
"Yes. From the dear old minister, James Stewart. You remember him?"
"Yes; a white-headed old man, with a family of daughters, the shortest of whom was taller than I. Do you correspond with him?"

"Oh, no. It is so many years since I left Scotland, that my dear old friends seem one by one to have dropped off. I should like so much to have given them a new church at Aghindore, but Mr. Dalton of course objected to the outlay of money; and as that is a point I never dispute with him, I abandoned the idea; but Mr. Stewart has written to me this time for a special purpose."

"And that is?"
"To tell me that my old nurse, Margaret Mackay, has become blind and infirm, and has been obliged to leave her situation. Poor dear old soul! she went into service in Edinburgh, after my poor father's death, and I entirely lost sight of her. I should have provided for her long before this had I known where to find her; but now there is no question about this appeal, and I shall immediately settle a hundred a year upon her, in spite of Mr. Dalton's rigid and praiseworthy economy."

"I fancy Mr. Dalton will think a hundred a year too much. Fifty pounds for an old woman in the north of Aberdeenshire would be almost fabulous wealth; but you are so superb in your notions, my dear Ellinor, hard-headed business men, like Dalton and myself, can scarcely stand against you."

"Pray do not compare yourself to Mr. Dalton," said Ellinor, with quiet scorn.

"I'm afraid, indeed, I must not," he answered, gravely; "but you were saying—"

"That in this matter I will take no refusal; no pitiful and contemptible excuses or prevarications. I shall write to him by to-morrow's post. I cannot get an answer till the next day. If

that answer should be either a refusal or an excuse, I know what course to take."

"And that course?"
"I will tell you what it is, when I receive Henry Dalton's reply. But I am unjust to him," she said, "he cannot refuse to comply with this request."

Three days after this conversation, just as the half-hour bell had rung, and as Sir Lionel's visitors were all hurrying off to their dressing-rooms, Ellinor laid her hand lightly on Horace Margrave's arm, as he was leaving the large drawing-room, and said:

"Pray let me speak to you for a few minutes. I have received Mr. Dalton's answer to my letter."

"And that answer?" he asks, as he follows her into the little room communicating with the conservatory.

"Is, as you suggested it might be, a refusal."

"A refusal!" He elevates his dark, arched eyebrows faintly, but seems very little surprised at the intelligence.

"Yes; a refusal. He dares not even attempt an excuse, or invent a reason for his conduct. Forty pounds a year, he says, will be a comfortable competence for an old woman in the north of Scotland, where very few ministers of the Presbyterian Church have a larger income. That sum he will settle on her immediately, and he sends me a check for the first half-year. But he will settle no more, nor will he endeavor to explain motives which are always misconstrued. What do you think of his conduct?"

As she spoke, the glass door, which separated the tiny boudoir from the conservatory, swung backwards and forwards in the autumn breeze, which blew in through the outer door of the conservatory; for the day having been unusually warm for the season of year, this door had been left open.

"My dear Ellinor," said Horace Margrave, "if any one should come into the conservatory, they might hear us talking of your husband."

"Everyone is dressing," she answered, carelessly. "Besides, if any one were there, they would scarcely be surprised to hear me declare my contempt for Henry Dalton. The world does not, I hope, give us credit for being a happy couple."

"As you will; but I am sure I heard some one stirring in that conservatory. But no matter. You ask me what I think of your husband's conduct in refusing to allow a superannuated nurse of yours more than forty pounds a year? Don't think me a heartless ruffian, if I tell you that I think he is perfectly right."

"But to withhold from me my own money! To fetter my alms-giving! To control my very charities! I might forgive him, if he refused me a diamond necklace, or a pair of ponies; but in this matter, in which my affection is concerned, to let his economy step in to frustrate my earnestly-expressed wishes—it is too cruel."

"My dear Mrs. Dalton, like all very impetuous and warm-hearted people, you are rather given to jump at conclusions. Mr. Dalton, you say, withholds your own money from you. Now, your own money, with the exception of the Arden estate, which he sold on your marriage, happens to have been invested entirely in the Three Per Cents. Now, suppose—mind, I haven't the least reason to suppose that such a thing has ever happened, but for the sake of putting a case—suppose Henry Dalton, as a clever and enterprising man of business, should have been tempted to speculate with some of your money?"

"Without consulting you. Decidedly. What do women know of speculation?"
"Mr. Margrave, if Henry Dalton has done this, he is no longer a miser, but he is—a cheat. The money left to me by my uncle's will was mine. To be shared with him, it is true, but still mine. No sophistry, no lawyer's quibble, could ever have made it his. If, then, he has, without my consent or knowledge, speculated with that money, I no longer despise him as a miser, but I detest him as a dishonest man. Ah! Horace Margrave, you with noble blood in your veins; you a gentleman, an honorable man; what would you think of Henry Dalton, if this were possible?"

"Ellinor Dalton, have you ever heard of the madmen men have christened gambling? Do you know what he feels, this man who hazards his wife's fortune, his widowed mother's slender pittance, his helpless children's inheritance, the money that should pay for his eldest son's education, his daughter's dowry, the hundreds that is due to his trusting creditors, or the gold entrusted to him by a confiding employer, on the green cloth of a West-end gaming-table? Do you think that at that mad moment, when the gas-lamp dazzles his eyes, and the piles of gold heave up and down upon the restless green baize, and the croupier's voice, crying: 'Make your game!' is multiplied by a million, and deafens his bewildered ear like the clamor of all the fiends; do you think at that moment that he ever supposes that he is going to lose this money which is not honestly his? No; he is going to double, to treble, to quadruple it; to multiply every glistening guinea by a hundred, and to take it back to the starving wife or the anxious children, and cry: 'Was I so much to blame, after all?' Have you ever stood upon the Grand Stand at Epsom, and seen the white faces of the betting men, and heard the noise of the eager voices upon the final rush to the winning-post? Every man upon that crowded stand, every creature upon that crowded course, from the great magnate of the turf, who stands to win a quarter of a million to the wretched apprentice lad, who has stolen half a crown from the till to put it upon the favorite, believes that he has backed a winning horse."

This is the great madness of gaming; that is the terrible witchcraft of the gambling-house and the ring; and that is the miserable hallucination of the man who speculates with the fortune of another. Pity him, Ellinor. If the dishonest are ever worthy of the pity of the good, that man deserves your pity."

He had spoken with an energy unusual to him, and he sank into a chair, half-exhausted with his unwonted vehemence.

"I would rather think the man, who I am forced to call my husband, a miser, than a cheat, Mr. Margrave," Ellinor said, coldly; and I am sorry to learn that if he were, indeed, capable of such dishonesty, his crime would find an advocate in you."

"You are pitiless, Mrs. Dalton," said Horace Margrave, after a pause. "Heaven help the man who dares to wrong you."

"Do not let us speak of Henry Dalton any longer, Mr. Margrave. I told you that if he should refuse this favor, this—right, I had decided on what course to take."

"You did; and now, may I ask what that course is?"

"To leave him."

"Leave him!" he exclaimed, anxiously.

"Yes; leave him in the possession of this fortune which he holds so tightly, or which, supposing him to be the pitiful wretch you think he may have been, he has speculated with, and lost. Leave him. He can never have cared for me. He has denied my every request, frustrated my every wish, devoted every hour of his life, not to me, but to his beloved profession. My aunt will receive me. I shall leave this place to-morrow morning."

"But, Ellinor, the world!"

"Let the world judge between us. What can the world say of me? I shall live with my aunt, as I did before this cruel fortune was bequeathed to me. Mr. Margrave—guardian—you will accompany me to Paris, will you not? I am so inexperienced in all these sort of things, so little used to help myself, that I dare not take this journey alone. You will accompany me?"

"I, Ellinor?" Again the dark eyelashes shiver over the gloomy brown eyes.

"Yes; who so fit to protect me as you, to whom with his dying lips my father committed my guardianship? For his sake, you will do this service, will you not?"

"Is it a service, Ellinor? Can I be doing you a service in taking you away from your husband?"

"So be it, then," she said scornfully. "You refuse to help me; I will go alone."

"Alone?"
"Yes; alone. I go to-night, and alone."

A bright flush mounted Horace Margrave's pale face, and a vivid light shone in his handsome eyes.

"Alone, Ellinor? No, no," he said, "my poor child, my ward, my helpless orphan girl, my little Scotch lassie of the good time gone, I will protect you on this journey, place you safely in the arms of your aunt, and answer to Henry Dalton for my conduct. In this, at least, Ellinor, I will be worthy of your dead father's confidence. Make your arrangements for your journey. You have your maid with you?"

"Yes, Ellis, a most excellent creature. Then, to-night, guardian, by the mail train."

"I shall be ready. You must make your excuse to Sir Lionel, and leave with as little explanation as possible. *Au revoir!*"

CHAPTER V.
FROM LONDON TO PARIS.

While dressing, Ellinor gave her maid orders to set about packing immediately. Ellis, a very solemn and matter-of-fact person, expressed no surprise, but went quietly to work, emptying the contents of wardrobes into imperials, and fitting silver-topped bottles into their velvet-lined cases, as if there were no such thing as hurry or agitation in the world.

It was a long evening to Ellinor Dalton. Every quarter that chimed its silver tones from the ormolu time-piece over the chimney seemed an entire hour to her. Never had the county families appeared so insufferably stupid, or the London visitors so supremely tiresome. The young man from the War Office took her into dinner, and insisted on telling her some very funny story about a young man in another Government office, which brilliant anecdote lasted, exclusive of interruptions, from the soup to the dessert, without drawing nearer the point of witticism. After the dreary dinner, the eldest daughter of the oldest of the county families fastened herself and a very difficult piece of crochet upon her, and inflicted all the agonies of a worsted-work rose, which, as the young lady perpetually declared, would not come right.

But however *distract* Ellinor might be, Horace Margrave was not Horace of the West-end world. He talked politics with the heads of the county families; stock exchange with the city men; sporting magazine and Tattersall's with the country swells; discussed the last *debuts* at Her Majesty's Theater with the young Londoners; spoke of Sir John Herschel's last discovery to a scientific country squire, and of the newest thing in farming implements to an agricultural ditto; talked compliments to the young country ladies, and the fresh-

est May-fair scandal to the young London ladies; had, in short, something to say on every subject to everybody, without displeasing any one. And let any man who has tried to do this in the crowded drawing-room of a country house say whether or not Horace Margrave was a clever fellow.

"By the by, Horace," said Sir Lionel, as the accomplished lawyer lounged against one corner of the long marble mantelpiece, talking to a group of young men and one rather fast young lady, who had edged herself into the circle under cover of a brother, much to the indignation of more timid spirits, who sat modestly aloof, furtively regarding Admirable Crichton Margrave, as his friends called him, from distant sofas; "by the by, my boy, where did you hide yourself all this morning? We sadly wanted you to decide a match at billiards, and I sent people all over the house and grounds in search of you."

"I rode over to Horton after lunch," said Horace. "I wanted a few hours there on electioneering business."

"You've been to Horton?" asked Sir Lionel, with rather an anxious expression.

"Yes, my dear Sir Lionel, to Horton. But how alarmed you look! I trust I haven't been doing anything wrong. A client of mine is going to stand one whit the less the elegant and accomplished for the place. But surely you're not going to throw over the county electors, and stand for the little borough of Horton, yourself?" he said, laughing.

Sir Lionel looked a little confused, and the county families grew suddenly very grave; indeed, one young lady in pink, who was known by about seven fair *confidantes* to have a slight *tendre* for the handsome lawyer, clutched convulsively at the wrist of a younger sister in blue, and listened, with an alarmed face, to the conversation by the chimney-piece.

"Why, how silent every one has grown!" said Horace, still laughing. "It seems as if I had launched a thunderbolt upon this hospitable hearth, in announcing my visit to the little manufacturing town of Horton. What is it—why is it—how is it?" he asked looking round with a smile.

"Why," said Sir Lionel, hesitatingly, "the truth of the matter—that is—not to mystify you—in short—you know—they, they've a fever at Horton. The working classes and the factory people have got it very badly, and—and—the place is in a manner *tabooed*. But of course," added the old man, trying to look cheerful, "you didn't go into any of the back streets, or amongst the lower classes. You only rode through the town, I suppose; so you're safe enough, my dear Horace."

The county families simultaneously drew a long breath, and the young lady in pink released her sister's wrist.

"I went, my dear Sir Lionel," said Horace, with smiling indifference, "into about twenty narrow back streets in an hour and a half, and talked to about forty different factory hands, for I wanted to find which way the political current set in the good town of Horton. They all appeared extremely dirty, and now, I remember, a good many of them looked very ill; but I'm not afraid of having caught the fever, for all that," he added, looking round at the grave faces of his hearers; "half a dozen cigars, and a sharp ten mile's ride through a bleak, open country must be a thorough disinfectant. If not," he continued, bitterly, "one must die sooner or later, and why not of a fever caught at Horton?"

The young lady in pink had recourse to her sister's wrist again, at this speech.

Horace soon laughed off the idea of danger from his afternoon rambles, and, in a few minutes, he was singing a German drinking song accompanying himself at the piano.

At last the long evening was over, and Ellinor, who had heard nothing from her distant work-table of the conversation about the fever, gladly welcomed the advent of a servant with a tray of glistening candlesticks. As she lit her candle at the side-table, Horace Margrave came over and lit his own.

"I have spoken to Sir Lionel," he said, "a carriage will be ready for us in an hour. The London mail does not start till one o'clock, and we shall reach town in time to catch the day service for Paris. But, Ellinor, it is not yet too late; tell me, are you thoroughly determined on this step?"

"Thoroughly," she said. "I shall be ready in an hour."

Mrs. Dalton's apartments were at the end of a long corridor; the dressing-room opened out of the bedroom, and the door of communication was ajar as Ellinor entered her room. Her boxes stood ready packed. She looked at them hurriedly, examined the addresses which her maid had pasted upon them, and was about to pass into the dressing-room, when she stopped abruptly on the threshold with an exclamation of surprise.

Her husband, Henry Dalton, was seated at the table, with an open portfolio spread before him, writing rapidly. On a chair by the fire lay his great-coat, railway rug and portmanteau.

He looked up for a moment calmly and gravely, as Ellinor entered, and then continued writing.

"Mr. Dalton?"

"Yes," he said, still writing; "I came down by the 5:30 train. I returned sooner than I expected."

"By the 5:30 train?" she said, anxiously; "by the train which leaves London at half-past five. I suppose," she added.

How Women Keep "Expense Books."

It is a touching sight to see a woman begin to make up her expenses, having resolved to put down every cent she spends, so as to find out how to economize, and where all the money goes. Procuring a small book she makes a due entry, and the Monday after the first Saturday in which her husband brings home his pay, she carefully tears the margin off a newspaper and, with a blunt pencil, strikes a trial balance something in this way.

"John brought me home forty-eight dollars and forty cents, and one dollar and forty-three cents I had in forty-nine dollars and ninety-three cents, and one dollar and nine cents I lent Mrs. Dixon is fifty dollars and ninety-three cents—but, hold on, I ought not to enter that, because when she returns it it'll go down. That was forty-nine dollars and ninety-three cents, and what have I done with that?"

Then she puts down the figures, leaving out the items to save time—a process which enables her to leave out most of the items to where a round sum is involved, on the supposition that they have already been put down. As thus:

"Six dollars and fourteen cents for meat; and ten cents for celery; and ten cents on the street cars; and a bad five-cent piece I got in exchange; and eighty-one cents I paid the milkman, who owes me nineteen cents—that's three dollars; and fifteen cents at church; and the groceries—they were either fifteen dollars and sixty cents or sixteen dollars and fifty cents, and I don't remember which they were, but I guess it must have been fifteen dollars and sixty cents, for the grocer said if I'd give him a dime he could give me half a dollar, which would make even change, and I couldn't, because the smallest I had was a quarter; and two dollars and seventy-five cents for mending Katie's shoes, which is the last money that shoemaker ever gets from me; and ten cents for celery—no I put that down."

Finally she sums up her trial balance sheet, and finds that it foots up sixty-four dollars and twenty-eight cents, which is about fifteen dollars more than she had originally. She goes over the list several times and checks it carefully, but all the items are correct, and she is just about in despair when her good angel hints that there may be a possible mistake in the addition. Acting upon the suggestion, she foots up the column and finds that the total is forty-four dollars and twenty-eight cents, and that according to the principles of arithmetic she ought to have five dollars and sixty-five cents. Then she counts her cash several times, the result varying from one dollar and forty cents up to one dollar and ninety-seven cents, but then she happily discovers that she has been mistaking a two-dollar-and-a-half gold piece for a cent, and remembers that she gave the baby a trade dollar to cut its gums with. On the whole she has come within eighty-six cents of a balance, and that, she says, is close enough, and she enters in one line of the account book "Dr.—By household expenses" so much, and is very happy till she remembers, just after going to bed, that she has omitted two dollars and seventy-five cents for her husband's hat.—*Chicago Herald*.

Is Vaccination Safe?

One argument against vaccination for the prevention of small-pox is, that it possibly may communicate other diseases to the person vaccinated. A writer in the *Medical and Surgical Reporter*, replying to a physician who thought he had seen two cases of the kind, gives the following conclusive facts:

Mr. Marston, an English physician who had performed more than fifty thousand vaccinations, had never seen an instance of any other disease thus communicated. Similar testimony was given by Dr. Lees, whose experience was equally extensive.

Dr. W. Jenner, who had some thirteen thousand sick under his care, had no reason to believe, or even to suspect, that in any case disease had been communicated by vaccination. Dr. West had treated a still larger number—twenty-six thousand with a like experience.

Against the two cases referred to above, the writer in the *Reporter* mentions the case of a woman who denounced a physician as causing her child's death—the child having developed scrofula not long after its vaccination. But subsequently she lost another child by scrofula, though she had refused to have this child vaccinated.

Dr. Martin, of Boston, of forty years' professional experience, says: "I have never had a patient die in any way that could be directly or indirectly attributed to vaccination. I have never had the slightest reason to suspect, in a single instance, that vaccination had in any way impaired human vitality, but have seen several cases in which, besides preventing small-pox, it was the means of carrying off certain trivial ailments and of improving the general health of the patient."—*Youth's Companion*.

—The greatest run by the steamship Alaska in her quickest trip was 194 miles in 24 hours. This is not equal to what was accomplished before 1850, the clipper-ship James Baines having made 420 miles in 24 hours. The Flying Cloud, Mr. Lloyd's most celebrated ship, once made 374 knots, or 433 miles, in 24 hours and 25 minutes.—*N. Y. Herald*.

—The Paterson (N. J.) Police Magistrate has decided that the members of the salvation army are a public nuisance, and the captain and lieutenant have been fined and warned to desist from singing and shouting on the streets.