

ONE AFTERNOON.

There's moss for your seat
If you'll rest for a while
By the brook;
And violets sweet
In quiet made by smile
As you look.

Come, stroll with me there
Where the violets grow
By the stream
There's peace in the air
And the brook murmurs low
While you dream.

The clamors of life
Echo further away
Till they cease
The burden of life
Is exchanged for to-day—
Sweet release.

The shade is so cool
In this sacred retreat
By the brook
All nature's a school
And we read and repeat
From love's book.

—George E. Bowen

A Passive Crime.

BY "THE DUCHESS."

CHAPTER VI—CONTINUED.

"You are generous, indeed," she says, below her breath. "I cannot thank you as—"

"I want no thanks!" he says, shortly. "This is our last meeting—unless," with meaning in his tone, "you want me, you shall never be cursed by the sight of me again. This country has grown hateful to me, and your fair face has been my ruin—not that that counts nowadays; a life more or less of it but little moment. Nay," with an effort, "I do not blame you. It is not your fault. And now good-by. You must not stay longer. At least, before parting, you will give me your hand in token of good fellowship?"

"Good-by," she says.

"Nay, it is not only that; it is an eternal farewell!" corrects he.

She gives him her hand, and, taking it, he holds it closely for a moment only, letting it go almost immediately. Then drawing her hood once more over her head, she moves to the door. But at the last instant, even as her hand is on the lock, he follows her, and falling at her feet, catches and presses a fold of her dress passionately to his lips. It is all over then; and rising, he turns and covers his face with his hands. A moment later he finds himself alone.

CHAPTER VII.

Not even to Mrs. Neville does Maud tell of the terrible anxiety that weighs down her spirits, and reduces her to a state that borders on distraction. She makes no mention of the quarrel that has occurred between Dick and Captain Saumarez, or of her midnight visit to the house of the latter. But she is restless and miserable, and Mrs. Neville, watching her knows that something is amiss. As all next day goes by and Wednesday dawns, and still no tidings reach her of Dick's welfare, the suspense and terror she is enduring prove almost more than she can bear. That she loves Penruddock she no longer seeks to deny even to herself, though in her firm determination to never marry him she is altogether unchanged, has not wavered in the least.

Mrs. Neville, as she knew, entertained a sincere affection for Penruddock, and to apprise her of his danger, would be to raise feelings of grief and direct apprehensions of evil in her kindly heart, and she would herself need comfort rather than be able to afford it. So, by a supreme effort, Maud conquered all selfish desires for sympathy, and waited alone for tidings that might bring her joy or sorrow.

"Has Saumarez really and truly kept the promise so strangely given?"

This is the thought that torments her, sleeping and waking, causing her to grow pale, and place her hand upon her heart, if the door should chance to open suddenly, or any servant make a hurried entrance. May he not bring with him a telegram or message that shall reduce to an unhappy certainty all the vague fears that now distress her? She is leaning back in a low chair, in the smaller morning-room, making a poor pretense at reading, whilst Mimi sits writing letters at a davenport near, humming gayly as her pen runs lightly over the paper, a little, soft melody heard last night at the opera bouffe.

The door opens slowly, and a tall, woman, dark and careworn, but with all the remains of great and striking beauty, comes quietly into the room.

"Mr. Penruddock is in the drawing-room," she says in a trained voice, that expresses emotion of no kind, though, as the name passes her lips, a faint quiver contracts her beautiful features.

"Mr. Penruddock?" cries Maud, with a little gasp, springing to her feet.

"Then why not show him in here, as usual?" asks Mimi, glancing round the pretty boudoir to see what can be wrong with it, her thoughts running on Dick.

"It isn't young Mr. Penruddock; it is his father," says the woman with sullen looks fixed on the carpet. "He wishes to see you, madam."

"To see me? Dear me, what can George Penruddock have to say to me?" says Mrs. Neville, shrugging her shoulders. "I would rather not see him alone. Indeed, I do not think that I could muster courage for that. Will you come to the drawing-room with me, dearest?"

"Oh, no!" says Maud, turning an agitated countenance upon her friend. "Why should I? He knows nothing of me—at least," with a sudden pang of doubt, "I hope not! If he should mention me, Mimi, say I have a headache. It will be the truth; my brain seems on fire!"

"What an excitable child you are!" says Mrs. Neville, soothingly. "There, lie down on this couch and

keep yourself quiet, for I promise that you shall not be disturbed. Esther, throw one of those soft Eastern shawls over Miss Neville, and fan her for a little while."

Esther arranges the shawl carefully as Mrs. Neville leaves the room, and pouring some eau-de-cologne upon a handkerchief, applies it to her young mistress's temples. She is a swarthy woman, with a visage full of suppressed power, and with a suspicion of revengefulness in its cast; but her whole expression softens and grows unspeakably tender as she bends above the girl and ministers to her. When, many years ago, she had brought the baby to Mrs. Neville's house, by her desire, she had so played her cards that she too had been taken in by the soft-hearted, romantic woman, and kept on as nurse to the destitute child, and had never since quitted her.

"That undertaking, last night but one, was too much for you," says Esther, in a low tone. "You have not been yourself since. I greatly blame myself, and am very sorry that I ever had hand, act, or part in it."

"Do not," says the girl wearily; "though I fear that hazardous step has availed me nothing. I doubt if he has shown mercy to Dick Penruddock."

"Was it to crave mercy for him that you sought Saumarez's rooms that night?" asks the woman, quickly, a frown contracting her brow.

"Yes; I asked and obtained his promise that he would spare Dick. But this long silence terrifies me; what if he should break his word?"

"Had I known that—" says the woman, between her teeth, and said it in such a strange tone that Maud glanced anxiously at her.

"What do you mean, Esther? How strangely you speak!" she says, a little sternly. "Would you rather that Mr. Penruddock met his death? You are cruel, very wicked. What harm has he done you?"

"I would spare none of the breed," says the woman slowly, her eyes fixed on vacancy.

"You speak as though you knew them. Were you ever connected with them in any way?" asks Maud, curiously, sitting up and bending eagerly forward closely to watch her nurse's troubled countenance.

"Connected—no," says Esther, in a tone of cunningly-acted surprise, awaking as though to a sense of danger—"how should I? My head is full of fancies to-day—you must not mind me. And Mr. Penruddock—I hope he will come home safe, my dearie, for he is a brave young gentleman and a handsome one; but not so handsome as my Lord Stretton; no, nor in any way whatever so worthy of you."

"When did Mr. Penruddock come, nurse?" asks Maud, after a pause.

"Almost as I came in. No doubt, he is here to speak about his son." She chooses her words carefully, and marks well the effect produced by them.

"He has heard, it may be, of his constant visits here, and deems you unworthy of an alliance with his house. But he need not fear, need he? You have rejected Mr. Dick—you assured me of that the other night?"

"Yes, it is true. His fears are groundless. I do not desire to marry his son!" says Maud proudly.

"So best," says Esther. "His blood is bad; at least"—hastily—"so I have heard."

After a little while she says, in a rather depressed voice and with averted looks, "What is he like, Esther?"

"Who—Penruddock? Stern and forbidding, cold and haughty, as of old," returns the woman, absently; "not bowed and broken with the weight of time and memory, as, if he had a conscience, he should be."

"Why, how you say that!" says Maud, raising herself on her elbow.

"For the second time you make me think you know him."

"Nay, child, how should I?" says nurse, impatiently, yet in a half-frightened manner. "It is from all I have heard I judge, and that was not good. The old, too, should not be high and mighty; they should remember the grave, and how it yawns for them—they should repent them of the many sins that they in the past have committed."

"How ghostly," says the girl, with a slight shiver. "Do not talk like that; it almost unnerves me. To hear you, one might imagine that Mr. Penruddock was nothing less than a murderer!"

The woman smiles disagreeably, and covers her face with her hand, perhaps to hide the change that passes over it. Then taking up the bottle of perfume again, she pours out some more, and applies it, but with a trembling hand, to Miss Neville's forehead.

"Nurse," says Maud, presently, in a nervous tone, "I have been thinking of something, and I cannot get it out of my thoughts. Perhaps some one has told Mr. Penruddock of this fatal quarrel with Captain Saumarez, and he has come up to town about it, and has come here to accuse me, or to auntie as being the cause of it; and"—starting for her feet in her agitation—"if that be so what shall I say or do?"

"Tut, nonsense," says Esther, calmly—"that cannot be. Ill news should fly apace; indeed, to carry itself down so far to the country in such a hurry. And, besides, who knew of it? There, my dear child, try to sleep," she says, softly; "and ring for me if you want me again."

So saying, she goes to the door, opens it, and, crossing the passage outside walks lightly down-stairs, and seats herself in a room off the hall, from which with the door just a little way open, she can command a view of anyone going to or com-

ing from the drawing-room. Left to herself, Maud for some time lies quietly upon the couch, thinking sadly of all that has happened during the last two days, and of all that yet may happen. The blinds are pulled down, and the dusk of evening has descended and is creeping everywhere, making odd shadows in far corners, and rendering even near objects indistinct. The day has been dark and cloudy, and the rain has fallen, now steadily, anon in fitful gusts. The evening is as gloomy as the day, and at this moment the raindrops are pattering drearily against the window-panes with a sad, monotonous sound that chills the heart. The usually pleasant room looks dull and cheerless now in the uncertain light—dull as her thoughts, and cheerless as her hopes! The moments fly; the ormolu clock upon the mantel-piece chimes the half-hour. And then there is a noise of footsteps outside, a word or two quickly spoken, and the door is thrown open to admit Mrs. Neville and a tall gaunt man, who follows her closely and quickly into the room.

Maud, springing to her feet, gazes breathlessly at George Penruddock, though she can barely judge of his appearance in the growing twilight.

She herself, standing back in the extreme shadow, is in such a position that he can scarcely, perhaps not at all, discern her features.

"What have I heard, Maud?" says Mrs. Neville, in great distress. "Is it true that Dick has been led into a quarrel—has, in fact, risked his life in a duel for your sake? Tell Mr. Penruddock yourself that this story is a vile fabrication—a shameless, wicked untruth!"

"I cannot," begins Maud, huskily. "You hear her!" says the tall, gaunt old man in accents that vibrate with anger. "She acknowledges everything. She alone is to blame! This adventuress, this young viper, madam, whom you have taken to your bosom, has willfully led my unhappy son into a quarrel that has in all probability brought him to the grave!"

"Silence, Mr. Penruddock!" says Mrs. Neville, with an air of offended dignity foreign to her. "This girl that you so ignorantly accuse is in reality as good and true a child as ever breathed, and I shall listen to nothing against her. She herself shall tell us all the truth; but I forbid you to annoy or frighten her with your coarse speeches."

"Yes; let her speak quickly—let me hear," says Penruddock, brutally, and scowling at Maud.

In a broken undertone Maud tells them of all that took place between Dick and Captain Saumarez the night of Mrs. Neville's dance, suppressing only her visit to the latter's house and the promise there extracted.

When she has finished her recital she bursts into tears, and sobs distressingly. Mrs. Neville going up to her, takes her in her arms and presses her head down upon her kindly bosom. For a few minutes no sound can be heard in the room save the girl's bitter weeping, as she fondly and gratefully clings to her faithful Mimi.

"Ay, weep!" says Penruddock, cruelly. "You may well waste an idle tear upon the man you have killed—upon the hearth you have left desolate! It was a cursed hour when first he met you! I have heard of you and have been told of your studied coquetries, though I have never seen you, nor do I desire to look upon your fatal face! I thank the friendly darkness, now that prevents my seeing one who has blighted my remaining years. I know all I have heard of the unfortunate infatuation entertained for you by my unhappy son, and I now live to see its sad results. Rest satisfied. Your vanity must surely be satisfied when you know that he died for your sake."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Bayeux Tapestry.

The Bayeux tapestry, called Bayeux from the place where it is preserved, is a pictorial history on canvas, more minute in some particulars than written history, of the invasion and conquest of England by the Normans in 1066. Tradition says it is the work of Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror, and the ladies of her court, and that it was presented by the queen to the cathedral of Bayeux as a token of her appreciation of the services rendered to her husband by his bishop, Odo, at the battle of Hastings. The tapestry is a web of canvas or linen cloth 214 feet long by twenty inches wide. There are on it 1,512 figures, only three of which are those of women.

Another Long-Felt Want.

Friend—Working at something new?

Inventor—Yes sir; greatest thing yet. It's a new patent safety life preserver for ferry-boats, steamers, etc.

What's its advantages over the old kind?

The advantage? Why, sir, you may not believe it, but it's so light that if thrown to a person in the water it can hit him without killing him."

Goldfish.

Goldfish are of Chinese origin. They were originally found in a large lake, near Mount Tsienting, and were first brought to Europe in the seventeenth century. The first in France came as a present to Mme. de Pompadour.

An Unfortunate.

"Is Ethel going to the sea shore this summer?"

"No. What's the use? Nobody would believe she had been away. She doesn't freckle or tan a bit."

To Pack Butter.

Our way of packing butter for our own use is to have a perfectly clean jar, if possible a new one. Then we use salt and granulated sugar, half and half, to put between the layers, which we make about three inches thick, to make nice pieces when cutting for use. In making butter we use a barrel churn and make granulated butter. Wash it in the churn until the water runs off clear; salt it to taste (which with us is not very salt); drain it and take it up into the butter bowl and let it stand over night. Then work it just enough to make the granules stick together, and then pack. Do not fill the jar quite full. Put a white cloth on top and about a half-inch of salt on top of that. Cover well and keep in a cool, clean place. If every stage of procedure from the cow to the jar has been clean and sweet, the butter ought to keep a reasonable time.—Mrs. L. Waugh, McPherson, Kan.

Extremely Modest.

Detroit Free Press: The barber, who also dresses ladies' hair at their homes, was shaving a customer in his shop and, of course, talking.

"I think I like this kind of work better than fixing the ladies' hair," he said.

"I shouldn't think so," replied the customer.

"Well, I do. You see, sir; the ladies are so particular and finicky, and one I've got is so modest that she makes me tired."

"Modesty is woman's greatest charm," said the customer sentimentally.

"Not when they over do it, like this one does. Why, sir, would you believe it, when I go there so fix her up, she always comes in with a table cloth wrapped around her head, because, as she says, she can't bear the thought of my looking at her hair when it isn't dressed. Now, what do you think of that?"

The things that do the most to make us happy do not cost money.

To "Suffer and Be Strong"

In other words, to exhibit fortitude when enduring bodily pain is, of course, praiseworthy, but suffers from rheumatism would undoubtedly forego the praise which the exercise of this Spartan virtue calls forth to obtain prompt and easy relief. It is at their very threshold in the shape of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which arrests this formidable disease at the outset, and acts as an efficient anodyne upon the afflicted nervous system. Take time by the forelock if you feel rheumatic twinges, and give them a quietude at once. Rheumatism is, reader, you may perhaps not be aware, liable to attack the heart. Many a man and woman with a heart thus attacked has promptly "shuffled off this mortal coil." The Bitters is also an excellent remedy for kidney trouble, malaria, constipation, debility, neuralgia, sleeplessness and dyspepsia.

It takes a strong man to hold his own tongue.

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It is a great misfortune to be blind to our own faults.

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