

The Old Rocking-Chair.
My grandmother sat in the old rocking-chair
(But she was not my grandmother then).
And her pert little face was bewitchingly fair
As she laughed a defiance to men!
Her sunbonnet fluttered like a bird on its string,
Her hair wandered free on the breeze;
And gaily I went down my grandmother's sing
Underneath those old gnarled apple trees.

My grandfather rode through the white orchard
gate,
And tethered his roan to a tree;
He'd a well-powdered wig on his silvery young hair,
And high fassell'd boots to his knee!
From the pink apple blossoms that over him
hung,
He brushed off the dew with his hat;
Till he came to the place where the rocking-chair
hung
And my merry young grandmother sat.

The kingcup and daisy bloomed round in their
pride,
And bees of their sweetness did sip;
But my grandfather blushed and my grandfather
sigh'd.
As he kicked off his boots with his whip
My granny she hummed her a cunning old
song—
"Faint Heart Never Won Ladye Fair!"
So he would and he prayed, and before very long
There sat two in the old rocking-chair
— J. G. Brennan in Temple Bar.

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION: A NOVEL.

CHAPTER XX. THE SHIPWRECK.

Gone! Gone like a stone in the water,
like the path of a bird in the air. Gone,
and no trace left by which to track her, no
clue by which to find her. Had the earth
opened and swallowed her up, or had a
fiery chariot taken her to heaven, she
could not have disappeared more wholly
from the world, nor completely have
effaced her path. She had gone, and no
one could say when, nor where, nor how,
nor whether she had been taken by force or
had gone of her own free-will—whether
she had been companioned or alone.

When Anthony came home rather late
from his magisterial duties at that distant
town, he found his household in consterna-
tion. Mrs. Harford, they said, had gone
for a walk before luncheon and had not
returned. No one had seen her save the
nurse, who, as she passed the window,
called into the inner room by the cry of
the awaking child, caught a glimpse of her
young mistress standing on the upper ter-
race, as if looking at the view beyond.

When she reappeared with the child Mrs.
Harford was not there. Save for this rapid
glimpse, which told nothing, no one else
knew of her movements. The gardeners
and work-people were at dinner, none of
the servants were about; for the moment
the place was deserted, and witness there
was none. She had disappeared as if she
had sunk into the central fire, or had
evaporated like a dew-drop into space.

No search, however careful, which
Anthony instituted, came on the footprints
of his lost love.

He knew nothing of the return of
Charlie Osborne to England, nor that he
had suddenly left Kingshouse; still less
that he had come to Thorbergh—called by
mysterious summons which left the door
open for all possibilities of intrigue and
romance—nor that Mrs. Lastimer's nephew
had dropped down from the clouds on a visit
to his old aunt. Who was to tell him all this?
He had no casual correspondents at Kings-
house, and Mrs. Clairicarde had been as
careful not to mention the fact of Charlie's
return in her letters to Estelle as she was
now to ignore it in her answering telegrams
to Anthony. And even if he had known of
his return, he would not have connected it
with Estelle's strange disappearance. He
would not have suspected her of flight with
her old lover. That she could have deserted
him, her child, her place, her honorable
name of wife, her fair fame among women,
for a girl's fancy that could never have
justified itself by serious union, and the
very existence of which he had almost for-
gotten—no; he would have needed over-
whelming proof before he could have
believed her capable of this disgrace—she
whose faults were surely not those of un-
bridled passion or carelessness of her duties
and contempt of moral deencies.

He thought—and feared—that she might
have killed herself in some fit of insanity
following on the dulter depression of her days.
However much he tried to fight against it,
deep down in his heart he knew she was
not happy. His marriage was not a
success. He had made heroic attempts to
blind himself to the truth, and force him-
self to believe a lie. He had not succeeded.
He had staked his all, and lost. And she
had not deserted him for another. There
was some explanation to this deadly
mystery which would leave her as spotless
as his love would have her—as nature had
made her.

By degrees he ceased to think that she
had died. She had gone, and gone of her
own free-will. But some day she would
come back. The mother's instinct would
bring her, and the wife's love would
reawaken. Some day she would stand
before him, drooping, penitent, sweet and
humble in her beauty. He would welcome
her as the wintered earth welcomes the
young spring, and love her the more for
the pain she had made him undergo.

And thinking this, one day he opened
his desk for love to touch what she had
touched, and there he came upon a hoard
of girlish treasures—of withered leaves
and faded flowers; a lock of hair; a ring;
a photograph; some letters—all religiously
kept as sacred relics emblazoned in perfumed
paper—with dates and scraps of poetry;
and everywhere the initials "C. O.," or the
full name "Charlie," or "Charles
Osborne," or "my beloved," or "my
darling."

Then Anthony Harford took his revolver
from the drawer where he always kept it,
looked to the loading, and thrust it into
his pocket. She should not suffer; but she
should die. Her beauty should be unde-
faced, but she should no longer live to
work ruin on men. He knew where to find
her heart; and his own after. His revolver
was trustworthy, and had been already
baptized.

Meanwhile Estelle lived closely hidden be-
hind the curtains at Mrs. Lastimer's. To out-
siders, the house had changed in nothing,
save that a young man, known to be Mr.
Lastimer's nephew, was occasionally seen
going out and coming in.

Estelle was grateful for the asylum that
Mary and her mistress gave her. She reso-
lutely forgot all that was not Charlie. Her
husband, her child, her parents, her whole
existence of those past bitter years, and

all that was outside him, she put
away from her as we put away the
memory of our fever dreams. She knew
nothing of repentance, nothing of regret;
and remorse would have been an infidelity
of which she was incapable. Charlie was
hers by the prescriptive right of love and
time; and she had but gone back to her
own and left the unlawful circumstances of
the interval. Of all those circumstances
her child was the only sacred spot, the
only holy tie. And when the sound of his
tender voice suddenly broke in on the ears
we cannot stop, and its little hands seemed
to wander over her face, and its clear and
wondering eyes to look into hers, she
would fling herself round Charlie's neck,
and drown the remembrance of that thing
which had been part of her very life in
floods of caressing words which he rolled
back on her in sweet and full replies. For
husband she had no pity, no thought of
even moderate regret. She looked on him
as the executioner who had first deceived
and then tortured her. It was only the child
whose memory haunted her; and when that
haunting reproachful little spectre
rose as from a murdered bed before her
eyes, she did what she could to harden
her heart by remembering that her child was
also his—and that part which was his
deserved no love from her.

So the time passed till the summer had
gone and the winter was at hand; then
Charlie's health broke as once before,
and the only chance of saving
his life was by taking him to
some warmer climate where he might live
in the sun and forget the cold winds of the
north.

Meanwhile they had had one or two
scars, as once, when Anthony Harford
came suddenly to the house, and Estelle
had just time to rush up the stairs, carry-
ing her work with her. He heard the "from
from" of her dress as it swept the stairs,
but he was not enlightened. No mystery
of subtle sympathy told him who it was.
It was the wish of a woman's gown and
the hurrying patter of a woman's feet—in
all probability the servant's—fearing for
dear life itself for a clean apron or a
smarter cap. He was not a man to
naturally note much of the ways or doings
of servant-maids; but this rapid flight of
the gaunt woman who served his tenant
struck him as odd; and why did he think
of it so much? It was strange how those
sounds vexed his imagination, oppressed
though he was with that load of unspoken
sorrow and unrealized suspicion!

He paid Mrs. Lastimer a long visit this
day, and it seemed to her, setting her part
to Mary, vigilant and anxious, carry-
ing his eyes from the piano never taking
his eyes from the horizon to Estelle, up-
stairs in her bedroom, with the door ajar
to hear the quicker and keener—do Charlie
by her side unarmed, but feeling that for
her he would either slay or be slain—it
seemed to them all as if he would never go.
And, truth to say, to Anthony himself there
was a strange and nameless power of at-
traction which kept him in that darkened,
stifling room talking to a half-imbecile old
invalid, he did not know why, but could
not withstand. At last, however, he went.
And when he left the house he stopped and
stood in the middle of the street looking at
it curiously, and for a moment seemed
about to re-enter. Another time a police-
man came, looking at the soiled inmates
as if bringing with warrant for their ap-
prehension. He was only charged with a
message from the sanitary board relative
to traps and overflows, and his visit passed
as innocently as Anthony's.

All these scares and fears were now at
an end. Secretly, as they had come, un-
observed of all, so secretly they withdrew—
the fugitive wife and her childhood's
lover; and no one knew the time, manner,
or direction, nor who they were who took
the midnight train to London and thence
to the Continent, so cleverly were all things
managed and all traces obliterated. They
were sufficiently furnished with money
from what Charlie had saved, and what
Estelle had received from him. The old
lady, too, pressed on them a substantial
gift, and altogether they made up a pur-
suer more than enough for their immediate
wants. And then they passed away into
space; and Anthony, who had brushed by
their hiding-place unawares, had no warn-
ing to tell him of the distance now between
Estelle and himself, as he had had none to
tell him of her close neighborhood. Change
of name; unbroken reticence on all their
affairs, their relations, their home status
their original roots; living to themselves
wholly and mixing up with no one; by
these means the two escaped all chance of
detection and gave no cause for suspicion.
They were simply like any other people—a
beautiful young married couple to be met
with on the sunny days in the lonely places
of the Riviera—known to the post-office and
their landlady as M. and Madame Charles-
pitt as well as admired by all who saw
them—for he looked as if he were what
people call "struck for death," and she
had a strange expression in her face as of
one who was doomed and fated.

Only Mrs. Clairicarde had her suspicions,
and only Mary and Mrs. Lastimer knew the
truth. But neither mother nor maid hinted
a word of what the one thought and the
other knew to Anthony Harford, eating out
his heart in lonely anguish at Thrift.

At Kingshouse it gradually got to be
known that Mr. Charles Osborne had gone
to Thorbergh and young Mrs. Harford had
left her husband simultaneously. The
news went round in a whisper, that soon
deepened into an audible voice enough, but
Anthony at Thrift heard no echo, and
knew nothing of what was common property
to many. He had by now given up the
search for his lost love.

BOOK THIRD. CHAPTER I. BY THE SEA-SHORE.

Two young people were sitting on a
bench facing the sea, and under the shadow
of the ilex-trees. They were sitting hand
in hand close together, radiant with the
glossy happiness proper to a bride and
bridegroom saturated with each other and
themselves. He was galling, tender,
caressing, and she was a little shy, a little
silly, and, as it might be, surprised,
ashamed, and fluttered by her own sensa-
tions.

The two on the bench, in their turn, were
sitting close together hand in hand.

Said the good-looking young bridegroom
on the heap of stones, with his clean-
shaven face save for the delicate moustache,
which he caressed lovingly, "And you
really think this better than Kingshouse,

Annette? You do not regret your fatal
step?"

"You silly boy!" answered his compan-
ion, with an embarrassed little laugh. "It
would be unpolite to call it a giggle."
"But tell me, do you? I begin to think
you do. Tell me, my pretty birdie, do you
regret it?"

"How can you be so silly! Yes, then,
I do. There, now!" was the reply.

"Now you must do penance," returned
the young man; "and after some scuffling
among the dry twigs and loosening stones,
a few unctuously stifled 'don'ts,' and as
curiously checked laughter, the penance
was duly performed, and peace was
re-established between the contending
parties."

"I wish mother was here to keep you
in order," said the girl as she settled her
hat, which had got a little awry during
the passage at arms.

"Do you?" was the answer. "I cannot
say that I do, much as I love the old lady."
"Old! Meddy!" said Annette, in a
tone of reproach. "Why, she is not fifty
yet. That is one of the funny things at
Kingshouse—none of the dowagers are old.
Even the countess is not what you might
call old, and she is the most ancient of
them all."

"No; I grant you they are a fine set of
matrons," said Meddy. "Upon my word,
the last time I saw your special love, Mrs.
Clairicarde, she looked about thirty. She
is a wonderful get-up, I must say."
"Oh! but she paints and dyes, and
does all that," said the bride, who four
days ago was Anne Aspline, and now was
Mrs. Medlicott. "So no wonder she looks
young, made up as she is. I wonder what has
become of that dreadful Mrs. Harford?"
she added, after a pause. "Fancy any
well-brought-up girl leaving her husband
and little baby for another man, and such
a man as that dawning, affected, good-for-
nothing Mr. Osborne! It is really so dread-
ful! Such an awful shame!"

"But it is not quite sure that she
left. You know it was thought she was
killed," said the former courtes of Kings-
house, now a full rector on his own account.
A gentle kind of depression was in his
voice. "You see, no trace of her has ever
been found, and all that we can say is but
surmise."

"They both disappeared at the same
time, and of course they went away
together," returned Anne, a little doggedly.
The Clairicardes were the reddiest of all the
red rags in her mental store-closet. Good-
natured to every one else, to them she was
implacable. "We all know how madly in
love with each other they were, and how
Estelle hated her marriage with that
awful bear—I don't blame her for that!
—and how Mrs. Clairicarde manoeuvred the
whole thing, and put that advertisement in
the paper, and all that. So how could it
end but as it has?"

"Assuredly logic and sequential reason-
ing do not make part of my wife's mental
furniture," thought Mr. Medlicott, while
he caressed his moustache with one hand
and held hers with the other. "Tell me,
Annette, he said, suddenly, "did that
Harford ever make love to you?"

"I don't know about making love," said
Anne, with a girlish laugh. "He wanted
to marry me, if that's what you call mak-
ing love!"

"The scoundrel! how dare he!" cried
the bridegroom, with affected indignation.
"I shall have to break his head for that!"

"If you intend to break the heads of all
who liked me you will have enough to do,
sir," said Anne, bridling.

"Confess, little wretch—excellent
wretch!" said Mr. Medlicott. "How
many? Who? Tell me, that I may
make a note of them all, and punish them
for their presumption deserves. Begin the
roll-call, Lord Bunsen?"

"Well, yes; Lord Bunsen liked me very
much," said Anne, bravely. "I was always
exceedingly careful, though, not to give him
any encouragement, for I did not care
about him personally, and I had no fancy
to be the wife of an earl who had not
enough money to keep up his title with."
"I always cold-shouldered him, poor
fellow! And so I did Mr. Osborne, who
at one time was very sweet on me. I could
have got him from Estelle Clairicarde, if I
liked. But I always despised him, and
would never have anything to say to him."

"Perhaps that monster of the money-
bags, that gnome of the mines, Mr. Stagg,
looked at you with those calf's eyes of his,
and presumed to think you fascinating and
delightful—as you are?" continued the
galling bridegroom, going on with his
interrogatory.

"He!" said Anne, with something like
a scream. "No, indeed! I would have
made him remember it to the last day of
his life, if he had! No, Lady Elizabeth
may take him, now that Estelle Clairi-
carde cannot have him. He is rich enough
to buy even Lady Elizabeth if he likes."

"I suppose now that old Stagg is dead,
he has an enormous income," said Mr.
Medlicott.

"Enormous!" continued his wife.

"I don't know how many thousands a
year! What a shame that such a creature
should be so rich, and others so far his
superiors so poor!"

"But I fancy the poor monster is not a
bad monster at heart," said the apologetic
bridegroom. "He is queer, but is a good
fellow when you get at him."

On which the two went off into the
lovers' paradise of babble, silliness, and
mutual flattery; and the listeners on the
bench facing the sea got up and slowly
walked back on the narrow mountain-path
by which they had come.

They walked on in silence, as they had
sat, hearing all that had been poured forth
by the former somewhat over-dissipated
antagonist. Estelle's pale cheeks were
paler still; Charlie's had yet a deeper flush.
They were so entirely all in all to each
other—so shut out from the world and
society—they had, as it were, forgotten the
existence of those who knew their story.
Love, which had united them, had also
been their high-priest; and to neither her
nor him was it as if they were living in or
defying the laws. The sin had been her
marriage, not now in their love, and her
husband had no righteous cause of grief
against her in that she had left him. She
alone had the right to complain in that
he had ever taken her. This was their
normal state of feeling—the child lying as
a secret, unnamed kind of terror between
them—but when they heard the talk of
Anne and her husband; they realized to
the full the position in which they stood as
the world saw it and judged of it. Never
separated, ever loving, they too were

miserable in the hell which they would
have said, when living, love would make a
heaven. And these two young people, who
also had lost all that makes life honorable
among men for the love that had denied
them, and the faith of which they had been
cheated, were no more happy than were
Francosca and Paolo, when Dante fell as
fall the dead for pity of their story. The
Nemesis we cannot escape, flee as fast as
we will, was creeping up to them daily
nearer and nearer. They had Love as
their high-priest, truly, but Death was to
be the avenger; and now they both, as
least for the moment, realized the disaster
which surrounded them as things were,
and which would close still more closely
around Estelle when he had gone.

"I have been a brute. I have been
awfully selfish," said Charlie, suddenly
breaking the silence which had been so
eloquent between them. "I was carried
away by the passion, the despair of the
moment; but I should have had more
self-control; I should have resisted you
and myself too."

"Hush!" said Estelle, called back to
herself as his only, and not as any other's
to hold disdain. "I cannot bear you to
say that, Charlie. I would rather be with
you than be the queen of the world. Do
you think I care for what such a silly,
weak-minded girl as Anne Aspline says?
Do you think the blame of such a creature
as that touches my love for you?"

"Your devotion does not make me less
a selfish brute," said Charlie, tears in his
eyes and voice.

She shook his hand and carried it to
her lips.

"When I complain then blame yourself,"
she answered, with infinite grace and
tenderness.

"But when I am dead, Estelle, who will
you have then to love and care for you,
to protect you, to make your life tolerable to
you? Then you will find out to your
sorrow all that you have lost for me, my
poor unselfish darling; and I shall know
it in heaven, and be unhappy in vain."

"I shall want no one," she said. "If
you die, Charlie, I shall die too. So that
need not trouble you here or in heaven.
There is no one I should care to live for—
no one whose love I would value if I had
not you. No one!"

She slightly shivered as she said this.
The image of the child she had left
abandoned to the care of a hired nurse
whose temper and heart she scarcely could
guess, and certainly did not know, seemed
to form itself before her from the crossing
threads of the radiant atmosphere—like a
cloudy shape just there within her grasp.
But she shut her eyes and put the thing
resolutely away, and felt as if she had
killed something tender and beautiful, as
she always did when this thought possessed
her, this image appeared, and she would
not receive it. Her tenderness was in vain,
at least for the moment. Charlie would
not be comforted. His conscience was
aroused, and not all her assurances could
lull it to sleep. Death was upon him, and
he knew it.

After this unintentional over-dropping,
a certain nameless something came over
both Estelle and Charlie. It was not that
they loved each other less, but that they
were even more unhappy than before—and
unhappy in a different way. Something
besides sorrow of that all too certain
separation was on them—something that
stung him, and that made her as it were
tired and in one sense reserved. They
had lived in the fool's paradise of love, and
had forgotten the world without. Now
Anne Aspline's words had brought them
back to the consciousness of the life that
was beyond and without their own, and to
the laws they had broken.

CHAPTER II. THE FINGER OF SCORN.

The last three days had been sultry and
oppressive. Horses were either restive or
sullen, and when they did not plunge and
kick, they jibbed and refused to go. Those
who knew these signs looked anxious, as men
foreseeing a catastrophe. All nature seemed
distracted.

On the third day all these signs had
increased in intensity. And then came the
moment. Strange noises were heard in
the earth like underground thunder-
ings, or the muffled roar of an
imprisoned creature in wrath and pain.
The solid earth quivered and rocked,
pounded into dust. Here and there the
earth opened and engulfed fields and farms
and orchards where it was riven asunder;
while over all the tumult arose the voice
of human agony, going up to the pitiless
heaven in one great cry of fear and pain
that was half a reproach to the Power
which hurt and half a prayer to the Power
which could save. It was a time of
universal wailing, and there was not a
family which had not lost in love or in
grief—and almost all had lost in both.

Down on the seaboard, where the
strangers from far-off lands congregated,
things were bad, but not so bad as higher
up the hills. Here there was, on the whole,
more fear than damage. Hotels shook and
cracked, but did not fall, and the invalids
who had come here for the sunshine of the
sweet South suffered more from terror and
exposure than from actual bodily hurt.

Among these were "two young lovers
lately wed"—Anne Aspline and her
husband, Mr. Medlicott.

Sitting there in the garden, Anne and
her husband together. Mr. Medlicott soon
gathered around him a small audience of
those who attended the English church
regularly on the Sundays, and went as
regularly to Monte Carlo all the other days
of the week. It was quite a triumph for
the handsome young clergyman with his
military air. His discourse betokened so
many valuable qualities—presence of mind,
physical courage, sublime faith, scientific
knowledge, and that intimate acquaintance
with the Divine Will which endues man
with ambassadorial functions; all these
were manifest in the young clergyman's
harangue, and made their mark accordingly.
Spiritual assurance and practical experience
together worked a miracle of mental heal-
ing on these distracted folk. Men began to
laugh and pretty women to giggle, while a
few of the more courageous kind stole back
into the hotel to adorn themselves as usual,
and to make sure of their valuables, left
open to pilferers in the haste of the
moment. And while they were all dispersed
in this wise there came two more shocks
as violent as the first had been, and the
whole scene of terror and distraction was
enacted anew.

These recurrent shocks finished the ruin
of the upper villages to the plains and
seaboard. A little later, Annette's
husband was sitting in the same place as
before, in the garden facing the sea,
surrounded by the same admiring audience.
He was at one of the most moving
passages of his extra-official thanksgiving
when a hired carriage drove through the gate
and up to the house door. It contained a
young man and woman with a very slender
amount of luggage, and as small a stock of
health. He, indeed, was dying; she, as
evidently fragile and broken-hearted, had
yet a strangely resolute look in her gentle
face, giving the impression of one keeping
up by force of will for a special reason and a
definite term—and then? They were
among those whose habitation had been
wrecked by the earthquake, and they had
been the whole day footless, helpless,
strained, unable to find a conveyance to
take them down to the hotels on the sea-
shore, and with but little left of their
modest possessions. They had scarce
enough, indeed, for currents needs; and
what money they had was buried in the
ruins. Still they must live—and there was
always that old friend and her rather
mysterious mistress to fall back on. The
landlord of the hotel, who had lost fully
have of his guests, was glad enough to see
this new arrival, unpromising as it looked.
He took in the situation at a glance; but
these English milords have inexhaustible
supplies in their own country, and a day's
accident is not a life's disaster. He was
welcoming the young people with his best
manner when the group in the garden broke
up. It was to come in to dress for table
d'hôte.

Last of all the streaming little crowds, as
it were, filtering through the door, came
Mr. and Mrs. Medlicott. As they passed
through the doorway into the hall they stood
face to face with the new arrivals. Charlie,
pale and half fainting, was sitting on the
hall settee, coughing in the intervals of
returning consciousness. Estelle was
beside him, holding his head against her
breast. The clean and well-regulated soul
of Anne revolted at this rampant impro-
priety. Her whole being cried out shame
and repudiation. She felt it to be
impossible to stop under the same roof
with these hardened sinners—these unmar-
ried lovers who bore their iniquity so
unblushingly. All the pride that she had
herself had in her lawful wedded state
seemed to sink into mire, to fall to the
base level of this illegal union.

No sense of pity stirred the white soul of
the once pure maiden, and now no less
pure, because the unlawful wife. She,
Anne Aspline, usually so quiet, so unob-
trusive, so undemonstrative, left her
husband's side, and with the air and
manner of an inignant pythoness, point-
ing to the two sitting there in their misery,
said to the landlord, in a loud voice, "If you
take these two unmarried people into your
house, I and my husband will leave it."

Had a thunder-bolt fallen, or another
earthquake shaken the house, the conster-
nation of all assembled would not have
been greater.

"They are not married," she repeated,
and that woman has left her husband
and child."

A murmur of reproach ran through the
English. The native servants, however,
looked at one another with a shrug that
said: "What of that? Monsieur is dying,
and madame is beautiful!"

Only one English person ventured on
compassion. This was a woman no longer
young in years, but still young in heart,
and she went up to Charlie and Estelle,
and ignoring what had been said by Mrs.
Medlicott, asked them with infinite kind-
ness if she could be of any use to them;
and what they would do? where would they
go? For the hotel-keeper, driven to the
necessity of choice, had, wisely for himself,
determined to keep the two who already
had done his house some good, and whose
departure would probably draw others too
away, and had told these poor young new-
comers, without too great expenditure of
courtesy, that they must leave now on the
instant—he would not give them rooms.

"There are other hotels," said Estelle,
with all her old dignified dignity.

She neither failed nor blenched. This
small spite of the former cook's daughter
fell from her as something utterly unimpor-
tant. Side by side with her darling's state,
what mattered it, or aught else? She was
only sorry that she had to go forth to find
another place. He was too fatigued
already. But even that must be borne,
and bravely.

"Your poor gentleman looks too ill for
much exertion," said the lady.

"I would not stay here with that woman
if I could," said Charlie, with a sick man's
petulance. "Come, Estelle, let us get out
of this place. It is pestilential, with that
creature here!"

He spoke too feebly to be heard beyond
those immediately beside him; and both
Anne and her husband lost the words which
had they been heard, would have added fuel
to the already raging flames. Kindly helped
by the porters, to whom the master made a
sign, and accompanied by the lady who
had spoken to them, a certain Miss
Ellistone, the two poor banished and
outraged exiles—these descendants of the
peccant pair who ate the forbidden fruit—
went slowly out into the chill dusk of the
dying day to seek for an asylum where
there was no Anne Aspline to denounce
them, and where their certificate of
marriage was not asked for. All through
that weary night there sounded in Estelle's
ears the murmur of virtuous abhorrence
and the rustling as of the drawing away of
skirts which had greeted the damning
announcement that she was no wife—a
faithless wife and an unnatural mother—
and that the man she loved and lived with
was not her husband, but a fraud and a
disgrace from whom, as from her, all
honest women and honorable men did
well to shrink.

(To be Continued.)

A London surgeon, in a daring flight of
imagination, says that business men who
occupy offices above the third story get
tightly after a few years, and in default of
a change become mildly insane.

A North Carolina man visiting in Brook-
lyn last Sunday went to Plymouth Church
"just to hear Beecher and judge for him-
self." He may have judged for himself,
but it is doubtful if he heard Beecher.

Madisonville, Ky., is the seat of a great
reform. An ordinance there forbids brass
bands from meeting "for the purpose of
learning new pieces of music within 300
feet of a dwelling-house."