She was deep in ev'ry science 'neath the sun. O, indeed 'twas fun)-Cosmogony, Geogray Philology, Geology, Geometry, Photometry-But 'twas the saddest story to confess. she could not sew a buttom on a dress

She would spend a day or two upon a rhyme What a high old time!)
Threnodes, Epodes, Lyrics, Pyrrhics-But ev'ry time she went a thing to buy. She surely would be cheated on the sly

Ev'ry language ever written she would try, She could speak, oh my! Illyrian, Iberian, Hebraic, Chaldaic Indian, African-But when, ye gods, her cooking I recall, I'm bound to state she could not cook at all!

And I? Oh, I don't count for much, you see, Do not, pray, mind me)— Wandering, pondering,

Shaking, quaking, Toiling, moiling—
I have to stick to her through thick and thin, I've married her-that's where the loke comes in

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION:

A NOVEL.

"This time I have taken two steps breathing more freely because of the hope she had that she could win poor Estelle's forgiveness when the day of her ordeal should come.

After this first and only brush that had before. The old days at Kingshouse seemed to have been translated into these the future! new conditions at Thorbergh; but had there been the smallest approach to flirting and poor, weak, handsome Charlie Osborne or levity on either side, Mrs. Smythe was at the end of all his failures and at Smith would have taken the alarm, and the outset of his great journey. He had there would probably have been a little lived to his last moment, and he had now scene of remonstrance or a false excuse for to resign himself to the inevitable parting departure. But there was nothing to agitate from the woman whose life his love had the most sensitive prudery. Lady Eliza- ruined and whom his death would leave beth was grateful to her hostess for her desolate and destroyed. He half hoped, trust. Knowing what she did, and having indeed, that she would not consent to live that ulterior object ever before her eyes, she after him—that she would die either by held by her friendship with Anthony as force of nature or by the act of her own

what she did and keep it back from the almost criminal. For all the wise tenderone most interested. If she could but ness and larger outlook which death brings bring him to a milder frame of mind she to the dying, poor Charlie could not rise would tell him. He ought to divorce his quite above that egotism which had been poor erring wife, to set her free to marry the ruling passion of his life. And yet Charlie. If only she could influence him he was not a bad fellow, taken any way. to this better and more magnanimous He was weak to his own desires, selfcourse! Meanwhile she made herself indulgent to his own fancies, and he had almost necessary to his existence; and the that fatal artistic temperament which power was waxing secretly and unknown cannot live or do good work under the to himself, as the roots of the flowers strain of self-control. He must be cradled swelled beneath the sod, and the sap in like a child in the arms of love, and fed the trees rose ever higher. And as a like fabled fairies on the most gracious further clamp and rivet, Estelle's little two- food of heaven. And what was good for year-old boy had "taken to" Lady Eliza- him as an artist was good for him all she seemed to feel a certain pleasure, and beth, and when he saw her would smile to through. His egotism was so far tempered her and hold out his little hands, and make and excused; but it had wrought infinite much of her when she took him in her mischief, take it how one would.

"You see we all love you, Lady Elizabeth," said Anthony one day, in his halfbitter and half-serious way. "My boy, my he opened them on Estelle sitting motion-

CHAPTER V.

IN DIRE DISTRESS.

Meanwhile Estelle's cup of misery was full—so full that surely there was no room | up anew with power and brightness. for more! In the earthquake she and Charlie had lost all they possessed, save the clothes in which they escaped and such loose silver as chanced to be in their to make you an allowance. pockets. Alone, and cut off from their past disgraced where they were, penniless, was there a lower deep?

As their only chance, they wrote to Mary, whom now they knew to have been the anonymous sender of those sporadic supplies; whose other secret also they knew. Estelle was thus doubly bound to before the body ceased to hold it this coarse, vulgar car of cheatery and deception; for they knew her guilt and she knew theirs, and neither dared to betray the other. But Mary and her mother had the whip hand, and knew it.

But when Estelle wrote to them, giving an account of the earthquake and their losses, and asking for help, mother and daughter consulted together in adverse mood enough, and pronounced it a shame for grand folk like those to come upon poor people like them.

Do they think we are made of money? asked Mrs. Latimer, shrewishly. " If they do, they'll have to find out their mistake," said Mary, grimly.

So much of grace, however, had they as wants of the moment-sending therewith a curt and disagreeable letter full of covert them to satisfy these constant and as the lips of the Medusa in her agony; Harford must apply to her own people, who were better able to keep her than they. Poor folk like them had enough to do to keep their own heads over water.

Perhaps no trial had been greater to these two desolate creatures than was this letter, with its meagre remittance so reluctantly sent, its insolence so slightly veiled. It was a terrible moment. Even that when Anne had marked them with the brand of shame was less terrible than this for this included the same confession of shame, and more besides.

Then Estelle made up her mind. It was a trial, but it was not a hazard. She knew the man, and felt sure that she could trust him. He was good and unselfish, and he had once loved her. Now that he was

hands were cold as marble; her heart hands were cold as marble her heart and a sentering feet—that voice—all were improper person, this Mrs. Harford, had I intend to write Mr. Harford and ask him. be done. Caleb Stagg was her last chance, failing a direct appeal to Anthony-or one yet more direct, to death and God! But a bad pass! God help thee, as I will!" the loving cling to life, however miserable they may be, if they can but live together. The dust of dead joys is better than the peace of eternal eleep, if only they can hold lamb." Sometimes; not always. The would! She was past praying for, of be another big talk," said Caleb. "Folks otherwise would. each other's hand and forget their wretchtempering to Estelle, for instance, was of course. She was lost for time and eternity, have that enough at present: I'd be

this extreme; and Estelle, who knew that her beloved was now dying, would not have hastened that invitable hour, no, not by one moment of coveted time. Wherefore she took her courage in both hands-wrote the story of her distress and denudation to Caleb Stagg, and spoke quite naturally of Mr. Osborne" and of his state of health, and of her having joined him to look after him. She had, however, to add the slight change of name, and how they were known here at their hotel as "Mr. and Mrs. Charles," which gave a somewhat different complexion to the pure philanthropy of looking after her old friend and playmate, fallen into such a condition of health as demanded a competent nurse.

The first answer came by telegram. By return of post a substantial remittance was the second; and Estelle had not miscalculated. This sandy-haired, snubnosed, ungainly omad'haun was truly the bit of human gold she had believed him to be; the hump between the hunchback's shoulders was, then, the sheath wherein were folded the angel's wings; and Love, pure, unselfish Love, once more vindicated its right to be held as the god of the world arranged the details for Charlie's funeral, and the great centre of all life that is worth living.

The day was warm and bright, and the place was at its loveliest. Sea and sky were of the same deep blue, and both were forward and fallen back one. The next to face. It was a day which moved the as tranquil as twin children sleeping face time I shall make three and fall back world to love and laugther-wherein the thought Lady Elizabeth, she too thrill of life was as strong as the sunshine and as passionate as the nightingale's song -as sweet as the scent of roses and orange flowers—as divine as the kindly gods who rule the destinies of the fortunate and ever been between the two, Anthony and ill at ease on such a day. And yet what happy. It seemed impossible to be even Lady Elizabeth were yet oftener together grief was in that chamber looking to the and still more and more to each other than sea and across to the far distant landwhat dread in the present! what terror of

The supreme moment had come at last, the last hope of salvation poor Estelle was free will. He scarcely thought she could It was a heavy burden, however, to know narrow grave. It seemed sacrilegious live, and he hidden away from her in the

He was lying now quite still, breathing with extreme difficulty, his eyes for the most part shut; but every now and then dog, and even I, who, in your eyes, am not less and silent by his bedside. It was painful to him to speak. He had neither breath nor strength for articulation.

Suddenly the life that was ebbing slowly away flowed back with transient strength, and the fire that was dving down blazed

"You must write to Lady Elizabeth," he said to Estelle. "If you can, reconcile yourself with your husband and get him

It was like some one else speaking, and Estelle quivered with a superstitious kind of his tongue " to call her Mrs. Charles, and dread. It was so unlike Charlie to think of means and measures—to plan or to foresee! What strange revelations and stranger metamorphoses were bound up with this dread passage? Was the soul transformed

"I will, if you wish it, Charlie," she answered.

"Lady Elizabeth will be your friend, he continued. " Now that I am going, you want some one to befriend you." "I will obey you, darling," she said

A little smile broke over his wasted features.

"Always the same," he said. "The sweetest and the best on earth!"

then he closed his eyes and spoke no more. His breathing grew fainter and faintermore interrupted, more labored. There was a curious look of general collapse about and pity, touched with condemnation, to remit Charlie Osborne a very small in hers was limp and lifeless. Through than one sentiment alone could have prothe partially unclosed lids she saw that the duced. To this was now added curiosity. eyes were turned, and over the face and brow broke out the clammy sweats of take possession of this sorely wounded divorce me. Then I will be married to insolence, saying that it was impossible for death. The open lips were as full of pain Impropriety? He was not her husexorbitant demands—and that really Mrs. and then came that hourse rattle in the throat which told of the supreme moment. Estelle rose to her feet and bent over the other; also he was not up to her height Do think a bit! How can you be married nor called for the help or the companion-

throbbed as if it would burst within her last faint breath was drawn, and the life what chain could bind them together? It "if you had as much faith as you sobbed itself away into nothingness and the world is not quick to recognize the unanswered Estelle; and," again looking over with parted lips laid close to his to If nothing was known here, all was sympathize with me and uphold me."

all but her own suffering, she scarce recognized the benefits showered on her by Caleb Stagg, but took them as we take the flowers of the gorse on the common when we are wandering, foot sore, faint had been sacrifices offered up to Moloch. and weary, our way lost, our direction unknown, the darkness of the night settling down.

much use and of a like kind as the nails leaven lurked therein than did the whole naught. But I want no more clatter and no and joints which hold the coffin planks to- society of Estelle's old home repudiate her more worry to you. And if I were you I'd gether. He took all the trouble off her hands and let her indulge her grief unchecked. This was the best thing he could do for her; and she had a vague perception of its value. He was no more obtrusive than an intelligent machine; and self, the hussy!" Estelle, with the unconscious selfishness of grief, treated him with little more thought than if he had been a machine. Do we feel grateful to the nails and joints of the coffin planks, without which, however, our dear dead would be in sorry plight enough? They hold the coffin together, and keep the beloved safe from marauding beasts and birds of prey. But do we love them for that? Could she then love the man who and so separated her from him forever?

The fatal day had come and gone, and Estelle was now alone in the world, so far as her own consciousness of companionship went. She had almost forgotten her child her husband had ceased to exist; her father and mother were as dead worlds, and her whole past life at Kingshouse was a void. She had but one thought-one sentimenther lost Love, and the bleak blackness of life without him. The spasm of something that was almost shame, which Anne's scorn had awakened, had gone into nothingness. Had she been asked, she would have planted her pride on her union with Charlie, and her shame would have gone to her marriage with Anthony. The one which the world disdained and the law condemned was pure; the other, which men called a sacrament, was impure. So she thought and felt, and Caleb was not the man to try to convince her of wrong reasoning.

But her state alarmed him. This blank and motionless despair was as a sickness he was unable to understand or cure. Had she wept or bewailed herself, had she been irritable in her grief and peevish in her sorrow, he would have known his way better; but to be so still and silent and patient and lifeless was something beyond his ken, and he was frightened in proportion to his ignorance. She had fallen into the same state as that which had come on her after she had married Anthony, save that she had not that point of horror and personal shrinking which had then been her active cross and which she had put all her energy into concealing from the man whom she never felt to be aught but her purchaser and tyrant. To Caleb she was as indifferent as if he had been a trained dog walking on its hind legs, but as gentle as she was indifferent. Sometimes she would stop the carriage and ask Caleb to was "going to Charlie," when she made get her such and such a flower that she saw by the way-side.

" Charlie will like that," she would say; and when the flower was laid on his grave was always alive to her. over her poor pale face would steal a faint sad smile, as if anywering back one from feet.

Once she startled Caleb by saying, with unconscious parody of a more famous reduplication: "I think no woman's lover but mine died twice. Once before I married him, and once after."

"It has been a sore trial for you," said Caleb, not knowing what else to say, and, by the way, not knowing what to call her. This, in its degree, was a trial to him, accustomed as he was, like all people of his condition, to bring in the name of the person to whom he was speaking at every turn. It seemed to him so bald and uncivil not to give Estelle some kind of distinctive name. He could scarcely "bring he would not wound her by calling her Mrs. Harford. When he did stumble over a designation at all, it was the former, for he would rather wound his own conscience

than her feelings. "Yes," said Estelle, "God has been very hard to me-very cruel. I wonder

why '''
Those whom He loveth He chasteneth.' said Caleb, in a low voice. "Because He loves you, Mrs. Charles." " And therefore killed my darling twice.

I do not call that love," she answered, and sank again into silence, from which Caleb did not dare to try and rouse her.

It was natural that the whole story should have excited a great interest in the She kissed his hand lying in hers, and English colony, both rooted and nomadic, which found itself on the shores of this enchanting sea. Its mixture of pathos and committhat first sin. This was no sin. the criminality gave a pleasant savor to gossip; Who was this man who had come to band, evidently not a relation, and as evidently not a servant. He was too respectful for the one, too familiar for the socially; yet he had the command of to him and him a-lying here money to a fabulous extent. The young 'Oh yes, they will. I am sure I can," ship of her kind. Alone, as she had lived English clergyman and his wife, who was her reply. "He is not dead, you know. with him, so would she be when he died, might have solved the mystery, had left Only his body is dead, but his soul is and no stranger should desecrate the soli- the place; and conjecture exhausted itself alive, and I can be married to that—my With straining eyes and a heart that desolate than Ariadne herself, and he the be all right when we meet in heaven." in vain. She more beautiful and more soul to his before I die—and then we shall bosom, she stood there watching till the a car. steam-driven or panther-drawn, ever any one hear the like he had loved better than her own had was not love, and it was not blood; and ought to have you would understand me."

receive that last breath. She gathered it patent at Kingshouse, and the bad, black "I will uphold you, Mrs. Charles, in all than 6 feet each, and the other Englishlike a caress. It was like his very soul news flew about the place as fast as if car- and aught you wish to do." said Caleb, men present were almost as tall. Walker had once loved her. Now that he was line a last rich he would help her; even though entering forever into her body—his last ried on bats' wings in the twilight. It with passionate solemnity. "But this is Blaine estimated that the aggregate height helping her meant helping the man who touch, his last word!—then darkness and a made the staple of conversation, and was such an idea! I don't well see how it can of the six Britishers was 37 feet.—Philip-lighty Ladger. vague sense of falling came over her. She "the shame and the burning" of the hour. heard nothing; she knew nothing. That Not content with having left her own law
got to do it."

To Water To Water to Content with respect to the shame and the burning got to do it." knock at the door—that hurried tread of a ful husband for one man, this exceedingly lost to her, while a strong arm caught her inveigled another. And such another! He will not refuse. He knows that I am as she fell, and a voice whispered softly: The golden calf, the butt of his county, was not his wife now, and never was. I was action of the weather. It is said that they "Ah, my queenly lass, but thou st come to her latest sacrifice; and he, the fool that only his married slave. My mother sold may be made "waterproof" by immersing the many be made and leaving them in he was, did not see how she was making me and he bought me; and I owe him no in boiling linseed oil, and leaving them in use of him, and how she was treating him mornithan any other slave owes her master. it for a day or two. Then with a cloth rub "God tempers the wind to the shorn really too shameful, look at it as one "It ou get him to divorce you, it will is dried it will last much longer than it edness in a kiss. When things are at the slightest quality, so far as she herself saving a miracle of grace to snatch her main sorry to give them more to set their their extreme it is time enough voluntarily was concerned—that essential She which from those eternal fires she so richly teeth on to die. While they love they are never at felt and suffered. Being, however, dead to deserved. But he, though he was a born

idiot, all but qualified for Earlswood, he Harford?" she asked, a little haughtily. was too good and simple minded to be made the victim of an artful intrigante who with his heart in his good, honest, homely

this time. No Jewever scraped his floors you company, Mrs. Charles; and that and walls with more zeal at Passover to you'd just let me go on as Dam, looking Yet Caleb was of use to Estelle—of as make sure that no forbidden scrap of after you and seeing that you want for and her misdeeds. No one dared to leave Mr. Harford alone until we see how sympathize with her sorrow for fear of things turn of themselves." seeming to condone her sin, and the

> tossed up heads than her pride well knew how to endure; and that foolish George his wife till that dreadful girl reminded was crestfallen to a degree he had never been, even when he had most severely burned his fingers in the fire of the House. I have thought of it, and that I want so And when that foolish George wept, and said that nature was stronger even than his, my darling's wholly and entirely. morality, his wife metaphorically bit off his head, and told him he was an atheist, and she would hear no more of his terrible perplexity how to meet this thought blasphemy. She even went so far as to say : "That miserable girl or me, George. If which it was born was saner in this than you go to her, you leave me forever. in some other things. "But I think it

> Besides, where, if you please, is the money wants considering. And if you'll be to go with? You have taken care that we guided be me, you'll wait until you are a shall never have a five pound-note to spare little stronger before you put yourself from our creditors. How are you to go? about again. Will you let me write to Let that hideous young man bear the Lady Elizabeth? That would be the burden. He has plenty of money. And wisest thing to do. If she could come here when Mr. Harford divorces her he will for a bit, that would be about the best job marry her; and so, she will not have to we could get through.' starve which is as much as she can expect and more than she deserves.

> the nether millstone—had large social her here. Yes, do write. Let us go home, ambition, personal pride, and perpetual she added, feverishly. Let us go home at poverty brought the mother's heart, which once, and do you write at once.' under more favorable conditions would have been soft and loving enough.

Of Mrs. Aspline, too, it must be sorrowfully said that, on this matter of Estelle's disgrace, she disclosed the one black spot the day after to-morrow. in her otherwise rose-red heart. She was asunder, and let the little stream of gall trickle forth. The contrast to be made between snow-white Anne, under the hallowing influence o the matrimonial sacrament, and this besmirched Estelle, niether wife nor widow, was too strong to be resisted. She must show Mrs. Clanricarde her disdain. And she did.

Things at Mentone continued pretty much 'as they had been ever since poor Charlie's death. Estelle's intellect seemed benumbed, and showed no signs of rewakening.

One day she and Caleb were sitting by the grave, where she used to pass some time of every day. She used to say she her friend understand she wanted to go to the cemetery, and imagination supplied something almost like reality. Charlie

wrong? Anne Aspline said so, she said. him there in the dark grave beneath her asking a question by the inflection of her voice.

"I suppose so," said honest Caleb,

could have repudiated the idea, and have shouted, "No!" to all the four quarters of heaven! But even though it was Estelle who had done it, for a married woman to leave her husband and live with another man was a long way beyond the limits of the morally permissible. "And did you—do you?" she asked again.

He writhed in spirit. Abstractedly, yes. The act had been profoundly immoral: but his was not the hand to hurt that already so cruelly wounded dove. And published in Scribner's Magazine: "It is what mattered it what he thought? Who was he, to lay down a law or presume to find fault with such as she "I would never blame aught you did, Mrs. Charles. You know what you do, I

reckon." he answered, humbly. "But you think I did wrong all the same, she persisted, with the obstinacy

of a sick mind. " It would have been an ill thing in any one else," he returned...

"I don't see the difference." she said I am no better than another. He was but I am not." "Why do you talk of it?" said Caleb.

Please don't, Mrs. Charles. You did what you'd a mind to do, and so let it bide." "I did what I ought to have done," said the value of Warner's Safe Cure." The Estelle, with a curious emphasis. "They celebrated Dr. Thompson, of the Univerhad all deceived me-all made me sity of the city of New York, says : "More other was. This was only putting things disease than by any other malady except straight again."

"That should comfort you to think of." said Caleb, his eyes cast down. "But now I have one wish-only one."

Charlie by the Church before I die." "Good Lord!" cried Caleb, aghast. " Mrs. Harford-Mrs. Charles-oh, my

"Lord sakes!" said Caleb. "Did him full in the face. you would

"Nay that would I not," he answered destroyed men's lives as cruelly as if they face. "What I would like best of all is that you should have some lady friend, Kingshouse waxed fierce in its virtue at like Lady Elizabeth, to come and bear

"It is not fair," she answered. "] general verdict was: "She deserves all owe it to my darling's memory to get rid she got;" and "She brought it all on her- of this hated name, which I suppose is legally mine. Do you know, Mr. Stagg, Mrs. Clanrade had to bear more I had almost forgotten it. For all these taunts and sneeds and cold shoulders and months that I have been with Charlie I never remembered that I was not legally me. And then I forgot it again when he went from me. It is only quite lately that much to get rid of Mr. Harford, and to be

" It is a sweet thought, and like yourself, Mrs. Charles," said poor Caleb, in which was so insane, though the mind in

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"Yes," said Estelle. "Write to her. She was always good to him, and he liked To such a pass of hardness—like to her. He would be pleased for me to have

" I'll go for the trap," said Caleb, bend. ing to her mood as the shadow follows the substance. "We shall be in time for the post, I dare say, and she'll have the letter

"Dear, dear Lady Elizabeth!" cried for the most part a kind old thing-a Estelle, to whom this new thought had generous-natured old Cookey; but this was give a new impulse. "On, if she was but one pull that wrenched her good-nature here! She would help me! she would comfort me !

(To be Continued).

How to Drink Tea.

As commonly prepared, tea is so bitter and disagreeable that the addition of milk becomes almost necessary to make it palatable. But to put milk or cream into properly prepared tea is to commit an unpardonable gastronomic solecism, not only for the fanciful reasons that a chemical compound results from the mixture resembling the basis of leather, but that the basis of milk disguises the peculiar aroma of tea, and makes one kind taste almost exactly like another, very much in the same way as French cooks sometimes spoil the natural flavor of fish with their eternal sauces, till you are unable to tell whether you are eating salmon or shark, catfish or dogfish. Sugar, on the other Suddenly she looked up into Caleb's face. hand, may and should be added to tea. "I suppose the world thinks I did For it makes the taste of the tea more agreeable without in the least interfering with its fragrance. Milk and tea soon become very insipid to the sense of those who have accustomed themselves to drink uncomfortably. How he wished that he plain tea. Moreover there is a special enjoyment to be derived from each kind of tea; and how actually the sense of smell can be educated in the art of discriminating teas is shown in the case of professional tea tasters, who can distinguish not only the country and the locality where the leaves were grown, but the year and season, and even the ship that brought them across the ocean .- Contemporary Review.

> THE LATE DR. J. G. HOLLAND, the eminent writer and physician, wrote and a fact that many of the best proprietary medicines of the day are more successful than many physicians, and most of them are first discovered and used in actual medical practice. When, however, any shrewd person knowing their virtue, foreseeing their popularity, secures and advertises them, then, in the opinion of the bigoted, all virtue went out of them." The late Dr. Dio Lewis, in speaking of Warner's Safe Cure, says : " If I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble, I would use your preparation." Dr. R. A. Gunn, M. D., author of "Gunn's New Improved Handbook of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine," says: "I am willing to acknowledge and commend thus frankly adults are carried off by chronic kidney consumption.'

First Lady of the Land.

"Is it proper to speak of Mrs. Harrison as the first lady of the land?" That depends. If our correspondent has a wife, she should be the first lady of the land to him. If he has no wife, his mother should be the first lady, and if he has no mother either, then his oldest sister. If he is an unmarried orphan, without sisters, he may be right in looking to the wife of the President as the first lady of the land, but any day he may meet some other lady who will change his opinion and her name. - Harord Courant.

Six Tall Britishers.

At the presentation of Sir Julian Paunceote to the President on Friday, the Blue Parlor of the White House sheltered some very striking-looking men. Pauncefote is

To Waterproof Hammocks.

A correspondent of Nature reports having captured a mosquito in Belfast, Ireland Would you like me to go back to Mr. on March 29th.