I'm living in the country now upon a quiet farm, Where I am free from city noise and safe from And 'stead of horrid cantaloupes and early summer meats,
I feed upon the cold, crisp squash and blood-red

I have a room with slanting roof; no wearisome Is there upon the wall to greet these tired eyes of mine. But honest, coarse, sand-paper walls are those Pon which I rub that fevered spot where mo-

No narrow bath-tub have I here to lave myself But one large basin on the floor, a dipper made Oh, how the cooling waters plash and o'er my shoulders flow,
Despite their leasing through the floor, assuaging all my woe

quitoes have fed.

And, as I've said, no city noise doth break upon the ear— Naught save the cooing of the frogs, the bleat of The crowing of the Durham cow, the lowing of These are the sole disturbances in this my rural

And oh, the habits of life, this country life inspires The breakfast set at 5 a. m.—ah! how my soul To rise at 4, and ere the sun has started on its To don my duds and enter upon the duties of the

Instead of working at my desk in hot seersucker To seek the fields and toss the hay, to feed the bounding goat,
To dine three times a day on pie, washed down

by berry wine And when the sun has set at last retiring at 9.

This is a noble life to lead; from care and strife so free; It tans the cheek, the muscles gain, it fills the soul with giee.
But when next summer comes this way, I fear I can't afford To swap the sweat of brow and brawn for rural bed and board.

-Henry Herbert Harkness, in Harper's Bazar.

ADOPTED BY THE

A STORY OF TWO COUNTRIES As soon as the door had closed, Bertha

turned again to the window. "I am sure she suspected something, she whispered. "Oh, George, we must not risk is; Esperance is so sharp, and she

will put them on the clew directly "If there is any chance of that, you must find some means of getting her out of the way. Could you not get granule to

George spoke in low, authoritative tones Bertha's brief terrified whispers were evidently in subjection. She had always bowed implicitly to his judgement.

"Stay, I have an idea," he said, after a silence, and then ensued a long whispered dialogue. Bertha agreeing in half heritating tones to all the propositions. The chimes struck again-they counted the notes breathlessly. It was a quarter to evident ten: George hurriedly took leave, and hand: Bertha closed the window, tremblingly put away her writing materials, and returned to the drawing room. But her heart you suspected me last night, and we could suddenly failed her when she saw the others sitting so naturally at their work, and she feit a deep pang of remorse as she gianced at her father sleeping peacefully in his armchair, quite unconscious what was in store for him. Should she write to George and say that she could not keep her promisethat while her father lived she must stay with him? But just then Mrs. Mortlake looked up with her disagreeable smile. "Really, you've had a nice sociable even

ing, just after your own heart." Bertha shrugged her shoulders she had caught the trick from Esperance and remembered that after all, home was by no means the peaceful haven it looked, and

besides, would they really miss her? For a week or two, perhaps, but no more. "I am going to bed," she said, in her usual voice, to Mrs. Mortiake, "I have a been their rounds; no one would go up to

had headache. Esperance looked up compassionately.

" I am so sorry! I wish I had helped you

with that writing." No one else spoke; and Bertha, coloring deeply, left the room. How she longed that tory, Cornelia and Christabel quietly readevening to be alone! Much as she loved Esperance, she felt that her presence now would be almost unbearable. She hurriedly made her preparations for the night, and lay down in the darkness thankful for a few moments of quiet, in which she might think over the extraordinary and most unexpected events of the day. She sobbed a little as she thought of this. partly from an odd sort of attachment to the actual house, hardly to be called love, but a great deal more from terror and the even as she thought of it the chimes struck sense that she was about to what all the world would blame.

While she was still crying, Esperance came up to bed, shading the candle with her hand, and moving about the room with noiseless steps for fear she would disturb feet, and a sort of madness seemed to seize her cousin. Berthe watched her in silence her; she pulled and shook the iron gate as for some minutes, but she could hardly if she would have torn it from its hinges, bear to look at the pure, child-like face, it made her feel so guilty; at length a great lead to the nave, and more locked doors. sob escaped her, and Esperance hastened she rushed to the eastern end of the siele to comfort her.

"Is your head so bad, cherie? Let me stroke it for you."

Bertha allowed herself to be caressed for a minute, then with with an irrepressible burst of tears she sobbed out, "Oh, Esperance, if the others had been like you, it would have been very different."

What would have been different? asked Esperance, unable to understand her

words. "Everything - life!" sobbed Bertha. frightened to think how nearly she had of no use. betrayed herself.

But Esperance never dreamed of suspecting her; she thought her merely unhappy and overtired, and said she would sing her to sleep; and Bertha lay pitcously. Although the previous day had still, listening to an old French hymn, and let her eyelids fall toward the end, but in cold now. She crept up to one of the father and mother? Perhaps Cornelia reality she never slept at all that night.

The next day, however, she was quite self possessed; it was one of those sudden languid. She easily persuaded Esperance she remembered Bertha's cloak, which after a brief and not very happy union, had to stay indoors, and they read together a must, evidently, have been left for her, and returned to her father's house as a widow, greater part of the afternoon. At dinner. she went down to the iron gate once more, her own prospects of happiness had been came and went, but no one observed her. night. She picked up the clask and moved rashly and disobediently.

"No one has been to see grannie for the last week." observed Cornelia. "What her mind. The vergers would come round Bertha was so often away from home, and to make a very serious and great request.

does she want, Bertha?"

think, Esperance?"

Esperance, brightly, "we have not been ont made right, she fell asleep. all day, and it would be so nice and cool Claude Magnay wrote for now.

"We will go down after dinner then," said Bersha, quietly; "I don't know about staying for the night though : we will see how grannie is when we get there. If we do not come back by half past ten, Christabel, you will understand that and Mr. White the minor canon. grannie was very pressing, and that we stayed."

Bertha's cheeks were burning now, but no one noticed her. Everybody was hot that he invited him to supper at his house, and evening—there was nothing unnatural in kept up a brisk current of talk till the clock

The curfew had just ceased ringing when the two cousins started. Bertha took her cloak and a small bag, just in case they should stay for the night, she said. They passed silently through the Vicar's court, then Bertha paused.

"I am just going into the cathedral for a moment," she said ; "I left my umbrella and followed his guest to the door. in the aisle at the afternoon service -somebody may carry it off if it is left."

"But the great doors will be locked," said Esperance. "Yes, but I have both the keys. We will

come in here and go out by the west dooris will cut off a corner." She quietly opened the massive door, and locked it behind them. The light within

was already growing dim owing to the stained glass windows; they looked about for the umbrella, walking slowly down the aisle to the closed gate which led into the nave, but it was not to be found. Bertha locked the gate. "I am afraid we must give it up," she

said, in a strained, unnatural voice; "the door. Putting down his easel and bag, he only place we did not look in was the gave himself up for a moment to silent vestry; it is just possible one of the enjoyment of the beauty around; he vergers may have put it there; just run and glanced down the long vista of arches, then see, will you?"

the aisle, trying the vestry door, but it was beat wildly, and he hurried forward with fast locked; then she turned back to rejoin leager though noiseless steps. Could is her cousin, quickening her steps as she saw indeed be Esperance? He gazed long and that she had gone into the nave. The iron wonderingly at the little figure. She was gate was closed; she supposed Bertha had nestled up into a corner, her head had left it on the latch; the gate would not fallen forward and rested against the tomb, yield. Was Bertna playing her a trick, the soft waves of dark hair contrasting she wondered. She called after her, feeling with the white stone; her long, black lashes half amused, half frightened; her voice lay calmly, her cheeks were flushed with echoed long through the vaulted roof, but sleep, one little brown hand clasped there was no reply, only she could hear that Javotte's cross tightly, and her whole Bertha walked more quickly, and the next attitude and expression were of undisturbed moment the great west door closed behind peace. Some slight sound roused her at her, the key grated in the lock, and Esperance was left alone in the cathedral.

For an instant she stood half petrified with astonishment, then glancing round she saw that Bertha had thrown down her cloak within the choir aisle, and beside it a little three cornered note; she opened this eagerly, and read the few lines, which had tently; he colored with pleasure. evidently been written with a trembling

" Forgive me, dear Esperance; I would not have left you in this way, but I feared ives. We shall travel all to night; to morrow, by the time you are released, I think we shall be married. Once more, forgive me, and love me still, if you can.

BERTHA! The note fell from Esperance's hands, cathedral. Bertha had eloped with George. and she, the only person who knew of it. moment, the dismay of that discovery altogether unnerved her. She turned giddy, and sunk down on the cold stones. her hand pressed against her temples as if to stay the fearful thoughts which flashed through her brain. The cathedral was locked up for the night; the vergers had the belfry even, for the curfew had been rung. At the deanery no one would dream that anything was amiss; they were at this very moment going on with their usual routine-the dean perhaps in his observaing and working, all within five minutes' walk of her, and yet it was as impossible to let them know those terrible tidings, as if they had been at the North Pole. And when the dean did know, would it not almost break his heart! It must, it must be prevented! Again she read through the note of explanation, and dwelt one more on the words, " we shall travel all night." They would probably start by the 8 30 express, and already it must be nearly time for itthe half hour, and the distant shrick of a railway whistle made itself heard. Again that wail of anguish broke from Esperance, and reverberated through the vast emptiness of the cathedral; she sprung to her then remembering that this would only and knocked and hammered with all her might at the south door. But the door was far from a thoroughfare, and no one was likely to hear her. Once she caught the sound of footsteps passing on the pathway a few hundred yards from her, and knew that it must be the policeman on his mocked her voice; the ponderous door seemed to let no sound penetrate it, and the

down on the step and leaned her head too! against the hard, iron-studded door, crying | Esperance pondered long over that low been hot, Esperance was shivering with as a punishment for his harshness to her stoves, knowing that for a great part of the had this in her thoughts too; it certainly year they were kept up all night; but the did pass through her mind that some fires had been discontinued for some days, strange fatality must be attached to hot spring days when every one feels and the iron bars felt as cold as ice. Then marriages in their family. Christabel, time a note arrived for Bertha; her color her footsteps echoing strangely in the silent disappointed, and Bertha had married She opened and said it was from Mrs. back again to the crusader's tomb, not It was too late now to think of presorry to be in the moonlight region again. vention; all that could be done was to

ance to spend the evening with her; she Bertha's flight must, is possible, be kept says she is feeling very lonely and de- secret, and yet if she were found locked in pressed; if we could stay the night so the cathedral in this unaccountable way much the better: she has heard that the they would surely suspect something. She carriage is being painted, and we might not | hoped and prayed that the dean, or Corcare to walk both ways. What do you nelia or some one who must eventuallly know, might come before them, and in the "I should like to go very much," said conviction that all would in some way be

Claude Magnay wrote for rooms at the Spread Eagle and made eager preparations for his visit to Rilchester, invoking blessings on Lady Worthington's head. He went by an evening train, and by an odd coincidence met two of his Rilchester friends at the ticket office—the precentor

The precentor liked Claude-every one did. in fact—and, moreover, next to music, he enjoyed nothing more than talking, so struck swelve; then Claude started up, saying that he wished to be early in the cathedral so as to get the morning light.

"It is too late, I suppose, to knock up one of the vergers?" he asked. "I wanted to get the keys; the dean used to lend me his, but I can hardly go around there now.' The precentor at once produced his keys,

"A beautiful moonlight night," he said. looking out. " I would give something to take you to the cathedral now, but it's against rules to go in at night, and except with regard to Wagner, you know, I am very obedient."

Claude laughed, and said he would be content with six o'clock, then walked back to his hotel for a few hours' sleep and a dream of Esperance.

The morning was as bright and sunny as he could wish. He welked round by the deanery, and looked up wistfully at the windows; then remembering his work, he hastened on to the cathedral, walked up the long, flagged path, and unlooked the south his eye traveled back slowly till it was Esperance obeyed, walking half-way up arrested at the crusader's tomb. His heart last; she looked up expectantly, and a glad light came into her eyes as she saw Claude.

"Ah, I am so glad!" she said; "I knew some one would be sent : I am so glad it was you, Claude.' The name slipped from her inadver-

" Have you been locked in by accident?"

he asked, wonderingly.

Then the sorrowful look returned to Esperance's face; she told him all, and "That does not matter, it is all over

now," she interrupted, "but how am I to tell them at home? What will they say?" He as once turned his thoughts to has present difficulties, and self-denyinger and a great cry of despair rang through the advised her to go to the deanery as soon ly possible and tell Cornelia, leaving her to break it to the dean. While they were still was perfectly helpless! The horror of that talking it over the clock struck seven, and Esperance moved toward the door, feeling dreadfully stiff after her hard couch.

" I must go," she said firmly, though she was beginning to tremble at the thought of this hard task. " The house will be open now, and we must lose no time. You are staying in Rilchester, then?" Claude assented.

" It is very wonderful that you should have happened to choose this day, but things always are arranged just rightly. are they not?"

Claude thought so too, as he watched the little figure till it passed out of sight. And then involuntarily an idea struck him how would this unlooked for turn of affairs affect his hopes? Would the deanery people leave Rilchester at once, and bear

Esperance with them? CHAPTER XXXI.

Cornelia was liked one stunned; she heard Esperance's words, felt her caresses. and struggled hard to grasp the meaning of this terrible piece of news, reading over and over again poor Bertha's farewell note. At last she burst into tears; her head was bowed on Esperance's shoulder, and the strong, independent, hardened nature was thankful enough to feel itself infolded by loving, clinging arms. If she had been different, if the home had been a happier one, this would never have happenedthere was the sting !

She roused herself at last, and went to tell the dean and Christabel, while Esperance hovered about restlessly, fearing to meet any one, and yet finding solitude

almost unendurable. The dean did not appear at breakfast time; Cornelia sent Esperance with a cup of tea to his study, and she knocked, and entered tremblingly. Her uncle's face was so changed, even in that short time, that she could hardly bear to look at it; his rounds, and she called and knocked with hand shook as he took the cup from her; the strength of despair, but the echoes only he looked white and scared, yet there was a curious, dreamy haze in his eyes. She bent down to kies him, but did not say anything; fcotsteps died away in the distance—it was just as she was turning away, however, she fancied he spoke to her, and waiting, Her hands were all bruised and bleeding caught the muttered words, "Retribution with the unavailing attempts; she sat Resribution! the child is like her father,

ejaculation; did her uncle take this trial

Just then a fresh thought occurred to hush up the affair as much as possible, and you at your word, however, and am going "She wants me to go down with Esper. should she explain her presence to them? present concealment would not be difficult. staying at Worthington Hall last Christ- year.

take a course of baths, while Mrs. Mortrelatives, taking Bella with her.

was a great relief to her to be there once more's house seemed doubly restful. She had only been there a few hours, however, servant came across the lawn to her.

" Mistress would be glad if she would sten into the drawing room." She obeyed, not very willingly, and the

surprise was all the greater when, on going in, she found the visitor to be Claude Magnay.

enjoy making to young men -" Remember could be no happy visions of a home in him? of course she did, why she had Ceylon now. But Gaspard had unlearned nursed him in long clothes!"

greeting and the few words which had always passed between her and Claude when she went in to service. Clande came forward eagerly to met her, and the couple spent a pleasant afternoon.

Claude reminded her of her promised sitting, and she referred prettily to Mrs. Passmore, whereupon Claude took the speaking trumpet, and succeeded in making grannie understand that he wanted to paint Esperance. This seemed quite to gratify the old lady, and before he left is was arranaged that he should come every afternoon to carry on his work.

Of course while he painted they talked and Esperance, who was never quiet for long at a time, talked too, and blushed, and showed the most puzzling varieties of expression, sometimes even forgot herself ployes. so far as to gesticulate, so that had she been an ordinary model, Claude would have delinquencies, the picture was a great tell her of his love, but he remembered sigh resolved to respect French onstoms. He asked her instead for Gaspard's address guess why he wanted it, but she only looked provokingly innocent, and began to talk of coffee plantations.

One day, however, when he walked out to the Priory, he found Esperance unmistakably grave and sad : he even fancied she had been crying. In the course of the afternoon it transpired that Mrs. Mortlake successful, but the fangs of the snake in asked his advice. He was much startled had sent for her; Bella was poorly, and some way struck her, inflicting a wound

explained, regretfully ' it is so quiet and happy here at the Priory. Besides, to. a bunch of snake weed not far off and ate morrow is my jour de naissance, and we were freely of it. Her next move was to a pool to have a fete."

birthday proved a day of strange, dawning mud. The onlookers gave her up for lost, ventured to do so at another time, but the snakeship in deadly combat. fete day made a happy excuse, and his parting words sent a glad thrill through

Esperance. again in two months' time."

ecstatic snatches of song.

ride on his mare Blanchette. It was Sun. sing "The Staff of Life is Wheat-Meal morning, and he had been to a store twelve Bread." They sing for their dinners, after miles off to service; now he was coming all, and the propagandists have the earnest back to Mr Seymour's bungalow very hot belief that they confer an immense boon and tired and hungry.

he dismounted. He himself did not manage to get to a Sunday service more than once or twice in a year.

"You have had a hot ride, Gaspard."_ something very superfine in the way of sermons to make up for it."

"Two in one," said Gaspard, with a nodding before the end."

Mr. Seymour made a gesture of compassion, then held out two letters. "The post has come; there is a reward for you."

Gaspard took the letters, scrutinizing them eagerly while he led Blanchette round to her stable, then, having handed her over bungalow, threw himself back in a wicker but the end of her letter reassured him. brightness of tone, too, about her writing days. -St. James' Gazette. which made him feel happy about her However much she tried to make her letters uniformly cheerful, he always managed to find out in what mood they had been written, and about this letter there was an unusually buoyant happiness.

He opened the next one more leisurely, wondering whom it was from, then seeing the signature, was glad and yet surprised that Claude should write to him. His bronzed face wore a startled expression as he slowly deciphered the large, irregular characters. He read on, however :

My DEAR DE MABILLON, - When we parted I did not know how very soon I should have to come upon you for that promised favor, which you were so pleased to have suggested to you last summer. I am taking

Pephaps it was well for them all that mas, and saw your sister twice. I realized their thoughts were necessarily diverted by then for the first time how much I loved the dean's illness; it seemed anvisable that her, and since then time has only stregththey should all go away as soon as possible, ened these convictions. I write now to and this making a convenient pretext, it ask if you will consent to my proposing to was arranged that Cornelia should go with your sister? I shall not dwell upon my her father to Germany, where he was to love for her-I cannot write of it, and I believe you will understand me. I think I ake went to visit some of her husband's could make her happy, and most earnestly beg that you will allow me to speak to her. Esperance was sent to the Friory. It With regard to money considerations, you already know that I am not rich, but I am more; the strain of the last few days had in receipt of a small yearly income from been great, and the quiet of eld Mrs. Pass- invested capital, and am making a good deal from my pictures so, that I think I would insure my life or do anything you when, from her retreat in the garden she like. I shall await your reply very anxiously. heard the front door bell, and fearing some My request is a very great one; but I know visitor from Rilchester who might ask you too well not to feel certain that you tiresome questions, was a little vexed. The will grant it, if there is no real obstacle in the way. Yours most truly,

CRAUDE MAGNAY." Gaspard's face was a strange mixture of thankfulness, joy, and regret when he put down the letter. He liked Claude exce ingly, and felt that he could give Esperance to him more willingly than to most men, Mrs. Passmore was in the middle of the but in any case her marriage would involve stock remark which old ladies seem to a certain sense of loss to himself. There his selfishness in a hard school, and he Esperance stood for a moment holding loved Esperance far too much not to rejoice her brown straw hat in her hand, her face was glowing, and her heart beat quickly. in this prospect of happiness for her. Before the Sunday was over he had written a Mrs. Mortlake had told her not to go into Bilchester more than she could help in enother to be given to Esperance when he order to avoid questions; she had not been had spoken to her; and somehow the more to the cathedral that day, and somehow he thought over this new suggestion the she had so missed the bright morning more he liwed it, nor had he much doubt what Esperance's answer would be.

(To be Continued)

CANINE WISDOM.

A Terrior Who Cures Herself of a Battle enake's Bite.

Among the valuable dogs owned by J. F. Cooper, of Ben Lomond vineyard, is a family of thoroughored wire-haired terriers. These listle creatures are very pright, and among other achievements are quite expert as snake killing. That they have an insultive knowledge not only of how to kill anakes, bus how to heal themselves if the anake gets the better of an encounter was proved not long since by an incident noticed by some of the em-

The mother terrier having discovered a rattlesnake ready coiled for a spring placed berself as a safe distance and began barkbeen enraged; as it was, however, he was berself at a safe distance and began bark-all the more delighted, and in spite of her ing loudly for an assistant. One of her family of terriers responded to the call. success. He found it very hard now not to when the two dogs placed themselves one on either side of the rattler, barking at it Lady Worthington's advice, and with a and slowly approaching it from opposite directions until within about striking distance for the serpent. The exasperated in Dickoya, hoping she might perhaps rassier at last sprang at the younger dog. when the mother in great fary pounced upon the snake. The terriers seize the serpents about midway of the body and shake them wishous mercy until life is ex-

In this case the mother terrier attempted the usual mode of procedure, and was fairly It was evident to those watching her that "I do not want to leave grannie," she her sufferings began at once, but she did of water that made a small muddy spot. But the tears were not altogether for the Into this she plunged, rolling herself about lost fete, and, after all, the eighteenth in every direction and covering herself with joy. Claude came to say good-bye to her but the canine physician had healed herjust before she started, bringing with him self, and the next morning was entirely all some equisite flowers. He would not have right, as if she had never met his rattle-

A Curious London Charity.

Educational Food Fund is the singular "You will not be at the sea-side all the and ambiguous name of a fund promoted summer, I hope, for I shall be in Rilchester by the Bread and Food Reform League and the London Vegetarian Society for the Her presence would make a difference to excellent purpose, among others, of prohim, then She was lad to have the rail. viding food for poor children in the eleway carriage to herself that day, for she mentary schools. It is a very harmless could not help bursting out into little proselytising that accompanies this charity when addresses are delivered to the children explaining the advantages of cereals Gaspard had had a rough, cross country and pulses, and when they are induced to on the poorer districts of London by thus Mr. Seymour was standing at the door as spreading the knowledge of cheap foods. The first report of the fund states that the experimental half-penny dinners for school children organized in conjunction with the London Schools Dinner Association have the name of De Mabillon was too long to proved most successful. The teachers please him. "I hope your parson gave you report that the children thoroughly enjoy the vegetarian soup and wheat-meel bread provided, and that the system organized by the two societies give maximum benefit and yawn, "lasting just an hour, and out of a minimum trouble. The dinners have also congregation of thirty, twenty two were proved such good means of encouraging the supply of wholesome, nourishing food through ordinary trade channels that it is hoped the system will be largely extended next winter.-London Daily News.

Capture of Whales.

An exciting scene was witnessed off Hillswick, in Shetland, on Friday night. to one of the coolies, he entered the A large shoal of whales was observed sporting in the bay and many boats were chair and opened Esperance's letter. He speedily manned and put off. After much was much startled by her news of Bertha's trouble the whales were nearly all driven marriage, and shocked to think of her night ashore or killed, the total catch being estiof loneliness and terror in the oathedral; mated at nearly 160. Some of the whales were killed in deep water and sank, but He liked to think of her with kind old Mrs. twenty came to the surface next morning Passmore, and with Claude Magnay to and were secured. It is anticipated that enliven her every afternoon; there was a all of them will be cast ashore in a few

> It Pays to Advertise. First Burglar-Well, you're a bright 'un. Second Burglar-What's the matter? "The paper says there was \$500 in

money in the drawer you got that gold watch from, an' you missed is " "That's so? I'll go back after it tonight."

Bules For Picnics. First-Do not take more than one girl. Second-Do not take any girl. Third-Do not go to the pionic.

-" There is a strange looking female at the gate, Jupiter," said Hebe. " She wants to see you." " Is she unarmed?" "Yes."

It must be Venus of Milo. Let her in." The shah of Persia has a great desire to at 8 o'clock to unlock the gates! how so few friends in Rilchester, that for the but first for a little explanation. I was visit America, and may come to see us next

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