CHAPTER L "If ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it."

As You Like It.

Upon the uncarpeted floor of a shabbilyfurnished bedroom stood a small open trunk, before which knelt a girl who was engaged in packing her few possessions within its narrow dimensions. This task she performed with ostentatious indifference, as though she realized their worthlessness and what sheer waste of time it would be were she to wrap cotton gowns and shady hats in tissue paper, or to expend thought or ingenuity on the arrangement of so scanty a wardrobe.

Though the room in which she knelt was uncarpeted and not ornamental, it was large, airy and cheerful. The broad window, through which the summer sunshine streamed, was wide open, and round its casement a Gloire de Dijon rose, in full bloom, trailed its notched leaves and sweet blossoms. Outside in the garden a linnet was singing, and the air smelled of mignonette and heliotrope.

All the time the girl was packing she sang to herself in a light-hearted nenchalant way, which spoke well for the unshadowed gayety of her mind.

These were the words she sang: "A man who would woo a fair maid, Should prentice himself to the trade, And study all day, in methodical way.

this purely a matter of skill.

Which all may attain if they will.

But every Jack he should study the knack
If he wants to make sure of his Jill!" Very soon the trunk was filled and her work done. Then she rose slowly to her feet, and going over to the window she

leaned out, still singing-"Then a glance may be timid or free, It may vary in mighty degree,

From an impudent stare
To a look of despair,
Which no maid without pity can see.
And a glance of despair is no guide, t may have its ridiculous side It may draw you a tear, Or a box on the ear,

You can never be sure till you've tried." She was a tall girl, and she made the most of her height, for she held her head high and moved with much stately dignity when she was in the humor to be grand. There was a distinguished air about her which was more remarkable than her beauty, though that, too, was by no means inconsiderable.

Her father was rector of Meriton, a village in the Midlands. The living was a poor one, and the rector's private income was very small; the girl Helen, his only child, had been reared in poverty from her cradle. The beautiful things of life which she loved had been denied her; but with admiring parents, pleasant friends, plenty of genial society, a home which she considered perfection, and in which she reigned as absolute monarch, she had found nothing to desire. Her temper was imperious and quick, but where everything was arranged with a view to her pleasure she found little to try it, and had danced through her twenty-one years of life, rejoicing on her way, as happy as a kitten and as light of heart as a child.

Her first trial had come, "not with

For some time Helen had refused to treat this serious matter seriously. She had continued to walk with the gentleman, to sing to him, to play golf and tennis with him, to make up his mind for him on all subjects, recklessly disregarding conse-

"Oh, it is only fancy, mother," she had said, when Mrs. Mitford remonstrated. "If I don't take any notice of it, it will blow over."

"Will it?" her mother groaned, shaking her head. "I hope it may, but these things sometimes blow into flame instead of blow-

Mrs. Mitford was right. Driven to desparation by the girl's behavior, her lover had refused to be silenced, and for once so far asserted himself as to demand an interview with her father, and an explanation with herself. For many days, by a thousand ruses, she had managed to postpone it, but it came at last.

The interview had been solemn, and the explanation so passionate and prolonged that Helen had been frightened and agitated into angry resentment. She had been most her coldness, had reproached her with vehemence. It had been very dreadful, and she had felt extremely ashamed of

Upon the following morning, by what Helen welcomed as a lucky turn of Fortune's wheel, she had received an invitation to pay Mr. Mitford's maiden sister a visit, at a village on the North Devonshire coast. Such an invitation had been proffered yearly, hitherto Helen had expressed no

think for her, obediently perused the and be forgiven."

tions directly antithetical each to the other, but in common they owned one trait—each as long as a sermon." adored the other with that open, perfect, self-sacrificing, blind love which seems out have brought you a message. Poor Mr. own way in everything." of fashion nowadays between mother and Flightdaughter, but which creates an otherwise unattainable happiness in home life.

in-law's letter, she laid it down by the side won't hear his name, mother; I shall put

to Devonshire, dear ?"

says she will pay my journey, so there really no reason why I should not go." "Certainly not, dear. You shall do as you wish. Henry "-addressing the rector -" Henry, Helen is going down to Noel-combe to stay with Elizabeth."

The rector was reading the Morning Post. He lowered it, and looked rather absently

"I am very glad to hear it," he said.
The sea is delightful at this time of year, and Elizabeth's carnations will be in full the primrose variety has deteriorated; don't forget to let me know, Helen."
"I shall start the day after to-morrow.

for his own sake I am going—partly, you know. I am sure he will be glad when I am gone, though he mayn't think so just at first. In this place I meet him at every corner; and on Sunday, when he preaches about the sorrows of life, he looks at me, and it is so horrid."

"My dear, my dear, you must not be heartless. Poor Mr. Flight!" "That's just what he is, mother-he is poor. I don't mean penniless, you know, because he is pretty well of off. I mean poor-spirited; he has no pride. Pshaw! Think of wishing to marry a person who doesn't like you! Think of not only wishing it, but talking about the wish !" was a fine scorn in her voice. "It is con-

temptible, insufferable, despicable!" Mrs. Mitford never excited herself to argue-seldom to give an opinion-but now she spoke with decision.

"Mr. Flight is a nice young man, Helen—quite nice. You should have believed me; I warned you. I have such experience and foresight as you will some day, acquire, no doubt, though you are long about it. In this quiet place, where there is little to distract a gentleman, I do not see how he could well have avoided falling in love with you." The disdain of Helen's face perplexed her mother. "It is no offence on his part ; it is the greatest compliment he

"But mother, he is so ridiculous or so tiresome. I laugh or I get angry-I can't help it."

Mrs. Mitford sighed. "My dear," she said, "you will be an old maid, and when it is too late you will

be sorry." N girl likes that dismal epithet, "an old maid," applied to her, even in joke. Mrs. Mitford was in earnest, and Helen grew

"I shall marry," she said, "some day—not too soon. I love pretty clothes and pretty things about me, and therefore I love the money that buys them, and therefore I shan't marry a poor man. When I fall in love"-with distinct disrelish of the prospect-" I shall take care to fix on a rich man—a Cresus—so as to combine prudence with passion, mother, and make a good match. Mrs. Mitford nodded.

laughter, not love, was to be found in them; she really had no patience with the read from end to end: "thank my stars, This wife and daughter, in whose conversation be never joined until his paper had been ground.

This was a great to be a conversation of the never joined until his paper had been ground. young man's foily. He was a quiet, un-assuming person, and Mrs. Mitford had You were not a practical woman, Honora. vainly tried to persuade her impervious as I should like to see that silly girl there, daughter to recognize and appreciate his who thinks her airs and graces very smart at present, but who will find them poor and cold company before long, let me tell you. Don't pride yourself on your obduracy, Nell. A yielding disposition is a charming and womanly attribute."
"Father, that's a dull paper," said his

daughter, smiling rather deprecatingly, "or you would not put it down to scold me : if I am made of brick instead of gutta-percha, it isn't my fault. It is all Mr. Flight's of paying him out."

"Do not worry yourself about her. Henry," said his wife with a calm and superior smile, "when the right man comes she will be, like the rest of her sisterhood, only too ready to leave her home and her people.

"Then I hope the right man will be rich," said the girl, making a grimace, "excessively and abnormally rich, for I shall want a very big bribe to console me for leaving home.'

Helen looked down upon her trunk and in her heart of hearts she thought, "Some disagreeable and repellant, and he, stung by ble to see; its size shall be gigantic, and it shall be full to overflowing, for I will marry mournfully. "I shall continue to hope—I express; it would stop only at —, where into possible and impossible places, but she

But the mercenary intentions of this lilting of her song, she was still singing-

"It is purely a matter of skill,
Which all may attain if they will,
But every Jack he should study the knack
If he wants to make sure of his Jill." when the door opened, and with slow fast-table to her mother, saying:

"Here is Aunt Elizabeth's annual invimessage. She was not in the least head. What is it that you dislike in me? piece of valuable jewelry she owned. It was her discovery tended to soothe Miss Mitation, mother; will you read it? She is bit atraid of her impetuous daughter's Tell me what pleases you, and I will ensured in the least head. What is it that you dislike in me? piece of valuable jewelry she owned. It was her discovery tended to soothe Miss Mitation, mother; will you read it? The purse containing her was a finited at the property of the purse containing her was initials. How were ticket was not in the least head. What is it that you dislike in me? The purse containing her was a finited at the property of the purse containing her was not in the least head. What is it that you dislike in me? The purse containing her was not in the least head. What is it that you dislike in me? The purse containing her was not in the least head. What is it that you dislike in me? The purse containing her was not in the least head. What is it that you dislike in me? The purse containing her was not in the least head. What is it that you dislike in me? The purse containing her was not in the least head. What is it that you dislike in me?

Mrs. Mitford, who had never arranged a stopped singing and began to question her. "If you don't dislike me, why not like plan in her life, but who had, with peaceful "Mother," she said, "you have forgotten me?" success, allowed herself to be guided by to order the fly again, I know you have, and "I any who cared to exert themselves to now you have come to break the news to me

"Nay, Helen, the fly will be here in an Helen and her mother possessed disposi- hour's time. I ordered it at two o'clock." "Then what is the matter? Your face is me—you mean to be married some day. I

Helen stamped her foot upon the ground. said: " Poor Mr. Flight," she broke out, with When she had finished reading her sister- a world of emphasis upon the adjective. "I I cannot wait here another instant."

garden, and I have promised him that you shall follow you to Noelcombe. I shall lady, with indignation shall go to him just to bid him good-bye."

An angry color, red as the rose at her bosom, suffused the girl's fair cheeks; up come?—went her little head in the girl's fair cheeks; up went her little head in the girl's hall follow you to Noelcombe. I shall lady, with indignation obliged if you would be come to see you, I must see you again. I careful."

"No offence; if I know went her little head in the girl's hall lady, with indignation. went her little head in the air, her lips

curved supercilionaly.

"Helen, dear, don't be disagree her mother went on, soothingly, "you don't know what suffering such feelings entail, and the ignorance does not redound in any way to your credit. Remember what your father told you at breakfast the other bloom. I shall be curious to hear whether morning. Don't be hard and don't pride yourself on your obduracy.

"Mother"-solemnly-" if ever I am so unfortunate as to fall in love, I hope and mother," she presently announced, having pray, no, more, I swear, that no one shall assured herself that such was her feasible know it. I shall have sufficient self-respect desire, "for I really must get away from to keep my feelings to myself and not trail Mr. Flight. Now, don't look severe. It is them through dust and mire, so that any one who cares to glance my way can see sorry I have been such a nuisance to you,

"When you feel as other women feel you some one else, probably." will do as women do, Nellie. Now, dear, again after to-day. He only asked leave to gravel path and entered the house. speak to you for one moment, and I could not refuse him such a small request. You have caused him a great deal of pain hitherto. Why not wish him good-by kindly? Soothe his wounded vanity by a few gracious words there are down to Noelcombe to see me. He says speak to you for one moment, and 1 could

"Oh, mother, you are as soft as the dove. he won't understand, and I shall have the know him so well." whole business to go through again. Then I shall miss my train-to say nothing of losing my temper."

"You are heartless and unfeeling, Helen," said Mrs. Mitford, severely. "I am sure you don't inherit those faults from either your father or myself. Henry was a susceptible young man, and he was, by no means, my first lover."

"Then why do you want me to marry my first lover, mother? You didn't, and could pay you, dear. You have no right to it's such a poor-spirited, mean sort of thing classes of society she held herself aloof.

"Don't dawdle in this way, Helen; the delay tries poor Mr. Flight and does you no good. Go down, go down now, you will ind him between the raspberries and the Jerusalem artichokes."

CHAPTER II. 'Experience does take dreadfully high school wages, But he teaches like no other.

The rectory kitchen garden was untidynot hopelessly untidy, but somewhat neglected. Poor people's gardens are seldom in apple-pie order. Perhaps that is the reason why poor people's flowers flourish more luxuriantly than their better-tended brethren which are reared under the care of pruning, raking, professional gardeners. Let-alone flowers, like let-alone children are so much more true to nature—to the divine so much more true to nature—to the divine a cloudless sky; the atmosphere therein adjusted her collar and cuffs, and yawned, and cultivated specimens.

And cultivated specimens. and cultivated specimens.

"Well, my dear, if you do it will be very Up and down a moss-grown gravel path, wise of you. When I was young, girls were which intersected a row of ragged raspberry Her first trial had come, "not with womanhood," but with her father's first bachelor curate, who had fallen promptly and desperately in love with her.

Her grav eves were beautiful but cold:

| No," broke in the rector, startling his | To bushes on the one name and a waving sea of cuoties of the travelers.

| Cooties of the travelers. | Stilling, clouds of line dust notice in the rector, a young artichoke sticks upon the other, a young in the dazzling landscape reeling features were glum, and gloomy of expression; had cheated from this purgatory in sleep, the dazzling appearance, but from beneath the left put her hot hand down to her belt. not so prudent as they are at present. When bushes on the one hand and a waving sea of

anger—not for love. She was indignant at, woman in a green beige gown, and accident had happened. and intolerant of, her lover's obstinate and importunate affection, and yet she schooled herself to patience. She would remember the heat, trailed spiritlessly, sat in the her waist belt for the missing treasure, but

abruptly when he did so, put her hands be with a swift, keen glance at Miss Mitford. fault for finding it out. I owe him ten hind her, standing in an attitude unmistrous and grudges. I shall have to say takably on the defensive. She looked very cold, very unapproachable, and not at all a yielding cushions at his back in an attitude hind her, standing in an attitude unmistakably on the defensive. She looked very and trim, leaned languidly against the un-

cruel. You will not wantonly break my class racing man, whose personal appearance, heart? You have come to tell me that you let us charitably conclude, is the worst part have changed your mind ?"

"I never change my mind—at least, not the imagination.

couraging, and he knew it.

I wait spring will come."

looked puzzled, and did not speak. Silence discomforts. on her part was unusual, and he thought it

augured well for him. wish to accept it, but now she had changed with to accept it, but now she had changed her mind.

As soon as she had finished reading her aunt's letter, she tossed it across the break-table to her mother, saying:

"I am in no hurry, Helen. I will be patient—I can hope on. You have only in her belt, depressed at finding how slowly lector.

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"I am in no hurry, Helen. I will be patient—I can hope on. You have only in her belt, depressed at finding how slowly lector.

"Look sharp, Miss," he said, imperiously, to this dwadling third-class passenger, who seemed to consider his time of no more value than her own. Neither his time of no more value than her own. Neither his tone nor head. What is it that you dislike in me?

"I tell you that I do like you"-impa-

iently.

"There is nothing the matter; but I love you dearly, and I will give you your have got a fair income, a good temper. I She stamped her foot on the ground and "Good-bye, Mr. Flight. I start at two.

of her coffee cup and looked up, rather wistfully, at Helen.

Won these side won to the side of her coffee cup and looked up, rather wistmy fingers in my ears and run down into
give up hope. I shall come again. I shal lady opposite remarked, mincingly.

"I call it 'ot," said the dissentir refuse me hope—it is such a little thing to ister, still busy with the window.

"Noelcombe doesn't belong to me," said Miss Mitford, petulantly. "If you choose to come there I can't help it. Good-by." "Then, if I come, you will speak to

"Oh, yes, yes, yes. Good-by."
"Won't you shake hands?"

Then Helen, much relieved at the thought of the approaching parting, and prompted by the memory of her mother's suggestion, looked up with a smile into her lover's gloomy eyes and laid her cool, slender hand

"Good-by," she said, with a sudden access of cordial friendliness in her clear voice; "good-by, Mr. Flight. I am so but if it hadn't been me it would have been

And so saying, she wrenched her hand

A railway journey was an infliction under

classes of society she held herself aloof.

"There are a great many people traveling to-day, Helen," Mrs. Mitford remarked, coming up to the carriage window at the last moment. "The station model is a school of the control of the carriage window at the last moment." 

was sufficiently distasteful. was not with a neavy, hery heat, which ing his paper, and did not look up.

a stifling wind wafted showers of dust, sand and blacks, that powdered the faces and melting country, the burning air was

that poor Mr. Flight grew desperate.

"Helen," he cried, "Helen, you did not mean what you said? You could not be so mean what you said? You could not be so mean what you said? You could not be so mean what you said? You could not be so mean what you said? You could not be so mean what you said? You could not be so mean what you said? You could not be so mean what you said? You could not be so mean what you said? You could not be so mean what you said? You could not be so mean what you said? You could not be so mean what you said? of him, for the task of finding a step balks

without a reason. I came because my mother said she had promised you that I glare was so intolerable, that Helen soon should come." Neither her face nor her words were en- covering her aching eyes with her hand, abandoned herself to a don't-care lassitude, "Never—never change! There is no which took interest in no one or nothing. such a word as 'rever' to me," he told her, The train by which she was 'ravelling was young woman did not interfere with the sweet know that winter does not last forever. If anxious traveller, but that day she was

She did not follow his meaning; she and her own smarting eyelids and many conscious only of the melting atmosphere

to draw out her watch, but, after glancing purse had gone! In stunned amaze renewed curiosity at its owner.

"I call it 'ot," said the dissenting min-"That is just where I wish you to run, ask. Helen, your father wishes me to leave "You have knocked the paper out of my shrewd-eyed man nodded like a Mandarin. Yes, mother. You see, Aunt Elizabeth my dear. The poor man is in the kitchen this place, to go forever. I shall go, but I hand, sir," remonstrated the smart young

"No offence ; if I knocked it down P pick it up. No damage done and no time wasted, for you can't see to read in the

The tone of the discussion was p cious ; Helen was alarmed lest the differ ence might lead to a quarrel; such a quarrel would be most unpleasant. Hot as all had been before, she grew still hotter at this prospect. But her fears were ground-less, though there was some excitement as the two combatants stooped at the same moment—their heads consequently con in sharp contact—to pick up "Modern Society." Neither lost their temper; on the contrary, they first apologized and then laugned with praiseworthy amiability.

Just after this occurrence the train slackened speed, and after emerging from the tunnel drew up alongside of the platform of -, where the racing men, the dissentdon't keep poor Mr. Flight waiting. It from his hold, and, turning her back upon ing minister, and the smart young lady isn't probable that you will ever see him him, she rapidly disappeared down the presently alighted, leaving Helen and the gentieman's gentleman sole occupants of the

carriage.

Helen drew a long sigh of relief as they departed, even though she thought it probable that the man with whom she was now alone few gracious words, they can do you no I must see more, much more of him, and or, at the best, a hypnotist. She surveyed that then it will be all right. Oh, mother, him furtively from beneath her lashes; he "Oh, mother, you are as soft as the dove, but not so wise as the serpent," said the girl, shaking her head and laughing. "It will be interested by the compartment will be an right. Oh, mother, and the compartment will be an right. Oh, mother, and the compartment will be an interested by the compartment will be an interested by the compartment will be a compartment with the compartment will be an interested by the compartment will be an interested by the compartment will be an interested by the compartment will be a compartment with the compartment will be an interested by the compartment will be an interested by the compartment will be a compartment with the compartment will be an interested by the compartment wil will be just as unpleasant for him, no lovely red rose, and of course he picked it opposite seat, took off his hat and opened a matter how nicely I put it. It's a nasty, dangerous order of yours; if I am different suaded himself that I gave it to him—I was speedily engrossed, she gradually composed her nerves.

Indeed he was so motionless, he yawned such circumstances. How high she held so sanely, and was altogether such a reher head, how closely her lips closed, how assuring companion that, she shortly forgot very stately her bearing throughout the ordeal! Woe to the porter who hustled her head bolstered against the uneasy her along!—woe to the loquacious commercial traveler who addressed her with her weary body swaying at each familiarly! To navvies, market-women- motion of the carriage, she was rocked by however big their baskets or however degrees into a deep, dreamless slumber, troublesome their children—and such folk The sun poured on her pale face from which she was sweet and gracious; from the other the heat had sucked all vestige of color,

last moment. "The station master says ish paper to his knee, and turned his shrewd the end of the week. Good-by, dear. Don't beauty" her right place in the social scale. forget your change at Exeter. Your purse She was too spirited and self-reliant for a is in your bag. Write to-night. Good-by good-by.

With mighty puffs and hissing pants the humbly by way of novelty, and yet his train moved slowly out of the hot station, educated eyes recognized her as a lady bred

bitter that penance would prove, she was fortunately unconscious, but even the start wooded vales and gentle hills of South Devonshire, before Helen, with a sudden start, Nine different persons lolling in nine awoke. A piercing whistle had roused her. different attitudes overfilled the narrow carriage upon which a July sun streamed from her hands carefully over her ruffled hair,

wife and daughter, in whose conversation He hung his head and gazed upon the he never joined until his paper had been ground.

Sessing appearance, but from beneath the line had and felt for her watch. It was not there! vestigated them. Beside her sat a lean Dangling from a button of her bodice hung. This was poor Mr. Flight, toward whom man, whose garb proclaimed him a dissent her short watch chain, but though the at this moment Miss Helen Mitford was ing minister, and whose fixed and benignant swivel of the chain was unbroken, the slowly wending her way. Her heart beat smile declared him to be impervious alike watch was no longer attached to it; while unusually quickly as she approached; but, to the discomforts of the weather and to the she had slept it had, it must have become, alas for him! it beat with an embarrassed inferiority of his fellows. A smart young unfastened. It was the first time such an

her parents' remarks, and endeavor to treat this distasteful passion with feniency, if not respect.

When he heard her step he turned to was not reading, she was half-asleep; now was not reading, she was half-asleep; now though she fancied that the watch might, meet her, holding out his hands. She halted and again she opened her eyes and glanced by a superb conjuring trick, have been concealed in the leather, and cried, in a tragic voice of despair-

" It has gone !"
Meanwhile, unobserved by the preoccupied young lady whom it would be easy to which was probably an exact imitation of his girl, the train had stopped, the whistle coerce; but withal she looked so beautiful master's. He was a servant, Helen decided which had awakened her, had heralded the Cries of "Tickets ready" were now to be

heard approaching; but Helen heard nothing. "Have you lost anything, ma'am?" the shrewd-faced man inquired, with respectful

"My watch," she answered breathlessly. "I looked at it just now-I had it in the carriage here—it has gone!"

Rising to her feet she shook her serge skirt. She stooped to look under the seats, she minutely examined the cracks of a rich man who will fill it for me from his cannot give up hope. You are not heart- the races were to be held, and at Exeter, at did not find her watch. Her companion less. I know you are not. I shall wait. I which place she had to change both train assisted in the search. As they were thus will not despair. Why should I? For you and platform. Helen was usually an engaged, the door was opened, and a porter, hot, and consequently cross, demande

"Tickets" gruffly.

Helen's little travelling-bag lay on the seat, she took it up—it was already open— Once or twice Helen uncovered her eyes and looked into it. It was empty, her

me. The new people—those dreadful living soul one pang, nay, one prick even, of she says Mrs. Majoribanks would take me. She says Mrs. Majoribanks would take me. The new people—those dreadful living soul one pang, nay, one prick even, of say all those things over again—it is of no eyes, both of the spruce man and the twadry wide open now and empty. Her cherished young woman, were caught by the glitter of watch, all her money, and her ticket, were young woman, were caught by the glitter of watch, all her money, and her ticket, were the brilliants, and each looked with some alike lost. Here was an overwhelming

enewed curiosity at its owner.

The dust, the glare, the intolerable heat,

The short familiar tones of the porter became each moment more unendurable; it braced her courage by rousing her indignawas a vast relief to leave the dazzling suntion; if she had not been annoyed, it was shine and rush, though only for three min- possible that these misfortunes, combined utes, into a dark and comparatively cool with the overpowering heat of the day, "Helen, look here. You don't dislike tunnel. Helen's eyes were still shielded by might have affected her to tears. As it was her hand, and she was leaning back in her she held out the open and empty bag toward

her hand, and she was leaning back in her corner.

"Allow me to pull up the window, Miss," said the lean man, getting up as he spoke to fulfill his suggestion, "for the smoke is something hawful."

"Thank you," said she, shrinking as far as possible from the speaker.

she held out the open and empty bag toward the porter with tragic dignity.

"My purse was in this bag when I left Meriton station," she said, with dismay in her voice, "and," touching the dangling watch-chain, "my watch was fastened firmly to this chain. Both my purse and my watch are gone: I have lost them both. my watch are gone ; I have lost them both, "It is a warm day," the smart young but how, or where, or when, I have not the slightest idea."

"Stolen," said the porter, shortly!
Helen looked thunderstruck, and the

MELLIE'S LEAP Y

The Story of a Little About a W "Really, Catharine,

Mary's surprise at your ! get that you are Frank's too forward. I hesitated a moment, keep my temper; for I v and the speaker was his r

"Forward!" cried Ma would have been shocked There was Mr. Vance and acting as if Herbert only friend, when it w "Yes," interrupted J

mother, if you can't make she is married, with a da years of age, you had bett "Send me away," I longer to control mysel first time that hint has and if it were not for child, I would go away t at once. You drive me de I will marry again and ge and then I burst into tear " Marry again! How Oh, yes! a good joke!" a shrug at my tears. Mary, it's leap year !"

derisively.

"Who'll you ask?"

"Herbert Halstead? Ju look out !" "You may sneer," I c tears. I was now thorough I tell you, if no one shoul him, I believe I should a

and-he'd have me !" I had fairly taken up th of personalities which I moment after, ashamed o my room to put on my be of the house. I looked in on the crape bonnet, wit and veil, on my head, and which black was very bec was not a remarkably pre not more than 25, some s 20, but I was really over 18 to Frank Stevens, I ha

wife for four years and now The thought of the four and the loneliness looked at the face surre made the tears come aga them away resolutely and ing that a brisk walk v good than anything el without my darling, my panion, my little baby alone showed how troub to tell, I was too angry to the little one, who mig have our conversation e had been in the room at only hope that at 5 years

Soon after I left my r her daughters went out invited Nellie to go, but haps, that they had no well, refused. Soon th rang, and, like all childre the door herself, and ther favorite among the gent the house, Mr. Halstead him since her babyhood, I had been her father's o friend, and loved the

" Ladies home, Nell?" "I'm home," she sa mamma 'll be in soon." "Very well. Let's go have a chat.'

Nellie sat in his lap, dis of cocoanut cakes and little while; but, sudder candies in her lap, she leap—leap—leap, I fordet what's it? " Leap ? leap frog ? lea

"Yes. What is it?" "Why, it's a year whe ask the gentlemen to mar: see, Nellie, you're too yo you ask me ?"

"Oh, no! I wouldn't as going to ask you." The young man nearly and then folded her close perhaps, he should forget do you mean, darling?" think, Nellie, but don't t anything of your own mak "Oh, no! really, truly.

alive-isn't that what you true? Well !"-the little sigh and paused, Herber terrupt her lest she should and, miniature woman tha refuse to satisfy him. "Well," she repeated, does scold mamma, so th morning they maked man

row (she would call yest they scolded her because and then they said she wa forard?" " Forward, indeed !" ej under his breath. "If it others, now. But Nellie

year ?" "Oh, yes! I most fe Well, you see, mamma Uncle Herbert, I never sh weenie new kittens!
sings, without eyes. Come and I'll show you.' It was no use to be

young man knew the child and so they went out as kittens. Then he tried to to the subject. " Oh, I fordot !" she sais made mamma say"---

"What did they say, you a big doll" With real hair ?" "Yes, yes! Real hair ch, nothing. But did they

IDALTY"-"They say manima was was old; and mamma mamma. Mamma, didn't Herbert to marry you know."

I had come in looking for that was the speech I hea to sink with mortification. "Kate, darling, can I l ask? You must know the these (touching my veil were put aside, that I cou

me care for you, and at