

THE CROSS!

A NOVEL.

BY NELLY MARSHALL.

CHAPTER III.

It was a cold bleak day in January. Snow covered the earth, and veiled the shrubs and trees, where thousand pendant icicles glittered in the morning sun, radiant as strung diamonds; and snow lay piled against the doors and window sills, and between the shutters at "Cottage Home." There were no evidences of culture—no traces of refinement—no neatness either in garden spot or flower plot at this homestead. Everything told of negligence and decay; broken ornamental pots and jars, an over turned wheelbarrow, and a bucket and empty barrels were strewn here and there, a few Muscovy ducks and hardy-looking turkeys, stood around in single footed groups; and an uncouth, unfed, hungry pig gruntingly rooted up the snow about the kitchen door where an untidy negress stood chatting with a "field-hand." Such was the outward presentation of Guy Arnold's home—Guy Arnold—the "gay Lothario"—the darling of all the women—the envy of all the men.

ject of his former passion, and to lavish his affection where he believed it was appreciated; and Bessie, deciding that it was preferable for her to have her cordially, though weakly love, continued from day to day, to loose what Lovis had tightly bound. Their reconciliations were only the precursors to fresh disputes. Reconciliations are always useless unless the spirit changes; while the root of the evil still lives, strife never ceases. Family disturbances are a fearfully fruitful progeny; each is distinctly an existence, but it never fails to find a successor at its death. The inner presentment of Guy's home was, if anything, less attractive than the outer. The first room into which a visitor would have been ushered, was small with low, smoky ceilings and rough walls; the floor was covered with oil-cloth, from which the blue roses, and green lillies, and purple pinks had long been worn leaving only faint traces of primitive beauty amid the dingy white and cracked glazing; a few straight straw bottomed chairs, a wooden settee stiff backed enough for any Puritan, and an old fashioned spinnet with spider legs and flimsy blue worsted cover, a pile of books on the tall black mantel, among which Pilgrim's Progress and Dumas' "Mysteries in Paris," figured conspicuously side by side, a table and a deep mouthed fire-place where one or two green logs shimmered and smoked, and the room was complete, save for the low-dunged, narrow window, over which was drawn a skimp half curtain of red serge. Opening into this rude apartment was a smaller room or closet; containing an old fashioned chest of drawers, surrounded by a broken looking glass, a quaint wooden wash-stand, upon which rested a cracked bowl, and a delf pitcher with a tin handle; one chair seated with list, was placed before the unclean window, draped with red serge to match the one in the larger apartment, and in the far corner was a rude antique looking bed; and on this bed lay Guy Arnold. The sun was high in the heavens, but Guy had not risen. He had been out the night before until a late hour, and consequently infringed upon another day to secure his natural rest. He was awake now however, and his brain was busy with memories of the past. He thought of his youth—of his passion for Bessie—he remembered her in her snowy, bridal beauty, and his own conscience did not spare him its reproaches; he went back through the lost years to his dear dead Soloms and Gomorrah, and howed himself down in their ashes and wept. Perhaps after all he thought it had been his fault that their married life had not been a happy one; perhaps, it had been more patient, Bessie would have endeavored to do better. And with the bitterness and pain of these self reproaches came the noble resolutions to live a truer, higher life. "Yes," he meditated, with his eyes fixed on the cobwebs which swung in dingy loops and clouds from the ceilings and corners where the spiders were busily weaving. "Yes; it is for me to take the initiative. Bessie is such a stubborn little piece, and whatever may happen, to try to be patient—and I will—yes, I will!"—he said aloud as throwing aside the clothing he stepped from the bed. Hastily dressing himself and performing his ablutions, he passed into the adjoining apartment, and going to the hearth, he spread his hands out before the fire to thaw them from the intense cold of the water he had touched. "Yes, I will," he said aloud again, as it strengthened his resolution to do something that was evidently irksome. "And the next time it shall not be my fault." Opening the door to the third apartment, he passed upon the threshold, and an emphatic English "Damn it!" escaped him involuntarily as he gazed on the scene that confronted him. Goss like the mists of the morning, were all the good resolutions that he had been nurturing in the cold and silence and solitude of his humble little bed room; and only a resentment, which circumstances seemed to justify, reigned in their place in his angry heart. An unmade bed stood in one corner of the apartment, its many colored counterpane dragging half its length upon the floor; in another corner stood a wardrobe, over whose cornice swung innumerable odds and ends which from time to time had been cast there by Bessie's careless hands; in another corner stood a bureau from which all the knobs and most of the veneering had been knocked off; in the fourth and last corner was an unvarnished, unpainted pine cupboard—with doors swinging open, and exposing the remains of the morning's repast mingled with unwashed plates and dishes; in the center of the apartment stood the breakfast table from which the untidy egg-stained cloth had not been removed. By this table stood a beautiful

boy of three or four summers playing idly with the tines of two forks. His clothes were soiled, as were also his hands and his lovely face, and great masses of golden hair were matted about his shoulders which, for the dimming might have been beautiful tangles. Beside the hearth sat Bessie Arnold rocking vigorously to and fro while she recounted to "Moll," the negress, standing opposite to her in open mouthed astonishment, all about Guy's flirtations and "how she did him." And surely, with her unkempt hair, and soiled calico dress, with the gathers of the skirt ripped from the waist, and a little faded shawl hanging loosely upon her shoulders, a more unlovable, unpleasant picture could not have been presented to a husband's eyes. As Guy opened the door, Bessie started nervously, flushing to her temples, and Moll commenced eagerly "setting things to rights" as she called it; but the fact that they had been conversing upon a subject quite incompatible with dignity or honesty proved itself in their faces—it was but a flash of mutual intelligence—transitory as lightning, but fastening itself ineffaceably upon Guy's brain. "Pretty time for a family man to be rising," snarled Bessie as she closed the door after him. "And God curse the hour I ever became a family man," said Guy angrily—but the words had scarcely passed his lips before he regretted them, for his eyes rested on the smiling, upturned face of his son, who had abandoned his amusement and bounded to his side. "Good morning, papa!" said the boy in his musical treble voice. "Good morning, Gabriel!" said Guy catching the child in his arms and kissing him repeatedly, remembering while he did so, the instability of his resolutions when they failed him at first trial. "Are you mad, Papa?" again queried Gabriel—"Not a bit of it, my man!" said Guy in a voice he vainly strove to render cheerful. "Ask mamma if I am." "I know nothing about your humors," said Bessie, sulkily. Guy set Gabriel on the floor and going to his wife said, in a half laughing, half-embarrassed way:—"But, I want you to know something of them, Mistress Bess—at least about my good humors, and I have resolved you shall see no others." "Oh, yes, I have heard you promise before to-day—" said Bessie sneeringly. But Guy's good resolutions were dominant, and though his impulse was to whirl on his heel and leave her, he conquered it, and said, softly, in lieu of a bitter speech:—"This time, Bessie, I intend that my promises shall be good for something. Do you think, wife, there is no such thing as unknitting the fruit, and folding up the flower, and commencing at the root again? Is there no such thing as sealing away blotted pages, and being fresh?" He stood waiting for her reply—but she vouchsafed not a single word. "Kiss me, Bess—" he said, bending down to her. A flush leaped to her cheek in answer to the dark glow upon his own face, but she seemed resolved to test his good resolutions pitilessly, so she turned away her head, saying—"Let me alone, Guy Arnold." "Not until we seal away our part with the kiss of peace, Bessie," he replied, lifting her face gently in his hands. "Kisses and curses don't go well together," she answered, struggling to free herself. Guy's hands fell away without tempting her to further resistance. Taking a chair he drew Gabriel to his knee, and commenced caressing him, to hide the embarrassment which his wife's repulse offended it impossible for him not to feel. And again commenced the childish questioning. "Papa, did you have a nice time last night?" "Yes, my boy, charming," said Guy, surgively glancing at Bessie over Gabriel's shoulder. "Did they dance, papa?" "All night, chatterbox." "Was Miss Sallie Hubbard there?" "That she was, Gabe, and looking pretty as a picture!" "I don't like Miss Sallie Hubbard—" said Gabriel, making a wry face. "Why not, son?" "Because she has so many teeth and when she laughs she opens her mouth wide like the wolf that eat up little Red Riding Hood, and scratches her eyes up tight;—this way—" said Gabriel, contorting his pretty features into a grotesqueness that infinitely amused his father. "Why, my boy, you are unjust. That is no reason for disliking a pretty lady, because she opens her mouth wide when she laughs," said Guy, as soon as he found voice to reply.

"But that ain't all the reason why I don't like her," said Gabriel, nodding his head and looking very wise. "Indeed? What other reason have you?" asked Guy. "Why do you dislike her?" "O, because," said Gabriel glancing timidly at his mother whose eyes were glowering and smouldering, as she looked at him. "Tell me, darling," Guy drew the child closer, as if to reassure him. "Mamma will whip me, if I tell—" said Gabriel, a frightened expression shadowing his pretty face. "No, she will not—" said Guy—smiling in answer to the child's upward appealing glance. "Out with it!" Bessie suddenly exclaimed, and at the sound of her voice the boy visibly trembled. "I don't like her, because she told me, one day, when mamma died, she was going to be my new mama." "What did you tell her?" "What did you tell her?" Guy and Bessie both spoke at once, but all their intonations were so different. Guy's was trembling with illy suppressed merriment. Bessie's replete with angry vehemence. "I told her I loved my own mamma best—and I did not want her to die—" answered Gabriel, in a whispering voice, thoroughly alarmed at the storm he had raised about his own head. Bessie's face, cleared away from its clouds of disdain and temper, smiled on her child. "Come to mother, Gabe," she said, in a satisfied tone, and Guy released the boy from his warm caress that he might obey Bessie's behest. "Yes, go to mother, son," he said, "for Papa can't hold you any longer now. He must go away." "Mamma, don't you want no breakfast?" said Moll thrusting her wooly, unkerchiefed head in at the door. (Continued in our next.)

Ladies Legs.—Strange Fancy of English Ladies.—They have their Legs Modelled in Plaster. In a recent letter from London to the San Francisco Chronicle, Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt Ritchie writes as follows: We trust that our fair American sisters will not be shocked by our unhesitating use of the word "leg," which they are accustomed to designate as "limb," or "lower limb." In England and all over Europe that little subtlety would be pronounced indelicate and affected; and it certainly is the latter, if not the former. But to our story. White, symmetrical feminine legs are said to be disappearing from American soil. They are so much in the ascendant in England that ladies of rank have invented a new method of making known their fair proportions. We read in the March number of the Galaxy that, in a work just published, two American medical men put forth the gross slander that "a handsome leg is a rarity—we had almost said an impossibility—among American women." We do not believe that ungallant libel, though American ladies certainly are not in the habit of publishing their charms by having casts taken of their shapely legs, as an ornament for drawing-room tables, or to be sold for the benefit of the vendor of casts, or to be circulated among friends as a delicate token of friendship and valuable work of art. What we are about to relate appears at the first blush so incredible that we hold ourselves responsible for its exact truth. Upon the drawing-room table of a lady of rank in London—a lady of high position and irreproachable character—may be seen beneath a glass case, a lovely, dimpled little foot, delicate ankle and round calf upon the knee joint; it is the cast of the leg of Lady —, the hostess. In Soho square there is a small, rather humble looking shop, in which you can purchase, for five shillings, a cast of one of the most exquisite of legs; the original (in the flesh) belongs to Lady — de G— and R, who went to this office-shop in the morning, and had her perfect leg moulded, and afterwards generously gave the shopman the privilege of making copies of the cast, which he does daily, for it was quickly discovered to whom the beautiful leg belonged. One day, the wife of a Mayor of a town in the provinces, came to London, and had two casts taken of her leg—one nude, and one with a neat little shoe, stocking and garter. Strange to say (though no artist will call it strange) the leg with the stocking and garter produced an effect much further removed from modesty than the leg quite unclad. Bruce's, the cast vendor in Covent Garden, drives a brisk trade in casting ladies' legs, and has any quantity of models of all descriptions taken from life, and chiefly from noble life, for sale. How this leg-mania originated we have not heard, but there is certainly some explanation for this sudden passion among the aristocratic fair to have their legs recognized; perhaps it is only because "a thing of beauty is a joy forever."—A man came home drunk one night and vomited in a basket of goolies, which his wife had placed before the fire, upon seeing which he exclaimed: "My God wife, when did I swallow these things!" Ladies, now-a-days, wear so much false hair with their own that it is difficult to tell which is which.

ALL sorts of Paragraphs. HARMLESS pugilism—striking attitudes. ALL the rage—a woman in high temper. THE product of pale brandy is often a red nose. Is the "Emerald Ring" a Fenian circle?—Punchinello. A SOCIAL glass to which ladies are addicted—The mirror. THE patrolmen men are great bores, but they mean well. If you want to become a real estate agent marry a rich wife. MRS. SMITH & HUSBAND is the style of a Terre Haute firm. A GIRL that lost her last beau may as well hang up her fiddle. PUNCH thinks that a mill-race comes under the head of aquatic sports. No dust affects the eye like gold dust, and no glasses like brandy glasses. WHY cannot a family of girls be photographed? Because there's no son. A COFFIN breakfast and an India rubber overcoat will keep a man dry all day. To keep out of debt—acquire the reputation of a rascal, and no one will trust you. "A KISS," said a French lady "costs less and gratifies more than anything else." A man never succeeds till he gets his hand in. SHE that marries a man because he is a good match, must not be surprised if he turned out a Lucifer. A CINCINNATIAN pawned his watch and then shot himself. Having parted with time he sought eternity. A LADY who was a strict observer of etiquette, being unable to attend church one Sunday, sent her card. BOYS are like railroad cars—often-times they can be kept on the right track only by a proper use of switches. A SCHOOLMASTER in Ireland advertises that he will keep a Sunday school twice a week—Tuesdays and Saturdays. AN Indiana farmer was rolled out so thin by a saw log the other day, that he slipped into the other world instantly. New Bedford brags of a pointer that came to a dead stand the other day before a door-plate inscribed "A Partridge." CARL SCHTUMPER is said to be the most talented man in Congress in his particular line. His particular line is lock beer. SOME one says that the boarding house keepers must be very religious people, as they keep Lent all the year round. SOME one with plenty of spare time has discovered that Garibaldi was "kiss!" 600 times in 100 pages of his novel. "God made us men" was inscribed upon a wagon filled with women at the Fifteenth Amendment jubilee in Louisville. The weather for a portion of the week has been a little raw and cold. BEN BUTLER says he is a statesman of the future. We conclude so. He has not been one in the past, is not one of the present, so he must be in the future, if at all. Some farmers have their grindstones exposed to the hot sun in summer, causing them to harden, besides injuring the wooden frames. THE very climax of superfluous benevolence has been declared to be that of holding an umbrella over a duck in the rain. LAND is so cheap in Arkansas that "you have to look sharp or they will smother an extra forty acres or so into the deed." A COLORED orator, at the Indianapolis celebration of the Fifteenth Amendment, spoke of the "white element in our midst!" "The Fire Place" is the name of a drinking saloon in Chicago. Any one can get warm by it for ten cents, or red-hot for a quarter. THE Connecticut Radicals boasted that their was a "leather ticket." It is now well tanned, and knocked "higher n a burned boot." THE gentleman so often spoken of in novels who riveted people with his gaze, has obtained employment in a boiler manufactory. THE Philadelphia papers find fault with Rev. Rogers because he is not a "finished" orator. He will be before he delivers many more lectures. A CINCINNATI horseman over a boy last week, but fortunately no bones were broken except his skull. He died just the same though. AN imprudent fellow says: "Show me all the dresses a woman has worn in the course of her life, and I will write her biography" from them! TRAY old lady, 100 years old, who knits all the stockings for the neighborhood, and brings in all the family wood, has turned up in New Hampshire. A YOUTH lady being asked by a rich old bachelor, "If not yourself, who would you rather be?" replied, sweetly, and modestly, "You're truly." SUEO FIT is dying out, and other flies are coming in. It is a pity that the song should go out of tune just at the time it would be most appropriate. A CINCINNATI school, not content with one death, swallowed a little of whisky, cut the throat, and then shot himself to death with great composure. A ROCHESTER paper says "business is looking up." We saw a great bustle on the street yesterday. Then they haven't gone out of fashion in Rochester. "Why do you call me Bessie, my dear?" inquired a wife of her husband. "Because," was the answer, "you are always associated in my mind with a bill." A GIRL who was sitting at a table the other day, sent a bullet in among a man's wives in a house near by, using up two or three. She killed the cat. 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