

SANDY LAND WELL WORKED IS RICH.

We don't bank high on theories... Down yere whar the river forked...

THE PROPOSAL.

It was late on a September afternoon. The day had been damp and doleful...

Amid the stream of hurrying, jostling humanity which swept down the Strand...

He plodded along, his threadbare coat buttoned up to the chin, head bent, eyes fixed on the ground...

When he had finished he felt a light touch on his shoulder. He turned and saw Margaret with the tears like rain on her face.

When Margaret had done what she could she went away and Paul did not see her for months.

It was better so, he told himself. Her way was not his. Their paths lay far apart...

"No. On the contrary." "Good news? Ah, that's something novel and refreshing..."

"I have sometimes fancied"— "A prolonged pause." "Well, out with it. What have you fancied?"

"That she cares for you more than— otherwise than as a mere friend, I mean. There is an expression in her eyes when she speaks of you..."

ment as he flung about the room, then she threw herself on the lounge and burst into hysterical tears.

Thursday, the 1st of October, dawned, but it brought no prospect of the Ferrises dining at Kensington.

There came instead a small note which read as follows: No. 19 SALISBURY STREET, Oct. 1.

Margaret received it at luncheon time, and after she had read it twice or thrice she turned to her huge mastiff who was sitting bolt upright beside her...

Christopher gazed at her fixedly, and solemnly thumped his tail as a dirge like accompaniment.

"Never mind, Christie, you love me anyway, don't you, dear? There, old man, don't lick my face. You think I am crying, don't you? But it is not so. I assure you. Why, Christopher, do you think I would shed a tear for Paul Ferris?"

There were many such errands of love in the ensuing week, for Stella grew weaker day by day, and her recovery seemed far off and uncertain.

The poor child would fain have been well. She would talk for hours between spasms of coughing about the things she would go and see, the books she would read, the places she would visit when she would be better again.

It was Christmas eve that the end came. There was a sudden attack of hemorrhage, a message sent to Paul at Her Majesty's theatre, a few hours of hushed waiting, a little struggle—and it was over.

Toward the last she begged Paul to sing to her. "Something that will make me go to sleep soon," she said wearily.

"Sorrow and care may meet, The tempest cloud may lower, The surge of sin may beat Upon life's troubled shore. God doth his own in safety keep, He giveth his beloved sleep."

When he had finished he felt a light touch on his shoulder. He turned and saw Margaret with the tears like rain on her face.

When Margaret had done what she could she went away and Paul did not see her for months.

It was better so, he told himself. Her way was not his. Their paths lay far apart, and he could not attempt to bridge the gulf between them.

"No. On the contrary." "Good news? Ah, that's something novel and refreshing. Let's have it, my good girl—pray, don't keep me in suspense."

"I am glad I happened to meet you," she said. "I wished to speak to you on—a matter of business. It is a favor I am going to ask of you."

"No; do not be so rash as to grant it beforehand, but promise to come to the house to-morrow morning and we will talk it over. I shall be in until 12. Good-by, for the present."

"I am glad I happened to meet you," she said. "I wished to speak to you on—a matter of business. It is a favor I am going to ask of you."

"The fact is, Mr. Ferris, I think of sailing for New York in a fortnight, and—I want you to go with me!" Paul leaned forward and passed his hand over his eyes.

MEN AND WOMEN OF NOTE.

Mr. Gladstone's nephew, Sir John Gladstone, owns a distillery at Faque which produces 80,000 gallons of whisky annually.

Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts, who lives now in Spencer House, London, is said to receive as many offers of marriage as any widow in the British metropolis.

Mrs. Emmons Blaine, nee McCormick, paid \$1,700 for her new baby's bassinet and trousseau. The furniture of the toilet basket is ivory bound, with the family monogram variously inscribed in silver, turquoise, and small diamonds.

Jolly Benjamin Butterworth, the secretary of the World's Fair Commission, denies that he ever said there were too many ladies on the commission.

August Belmont was an enthusiastic collector of old china. He picked up odds and ends in this line wherever he could find them, and when he was so decrepit from rheumatism and his old wound that he could scarcely crawl it was not uncommon to see him painfully hobbling home with a big china dish under one arm, and his short-legged dog at his heels.

The singer who first made "Sally in Our Alley" a household name, and, more than any other man, helped to give it long life and popularity, is dead. He was a minstrel, Thomas B. Dixon; but in his prime, 20 years ago, his tenor voice was a delight and a charm, and it was never so effective as when it sang that there was none like Sally.

At a church meeting in New York one Sunday night Colonel Elliot F. Shepard said: "When my hair first began to turn gray I went to a barber about it. He recommended a certain hair dye, and told me of a man who had used it with good results. Afterward I saw the man. His hair was raven black. I was strongly tempted to try the remedy, and then I remembered the passage of scripture which says that you can not make a hair of your head either white or black. I resolved not to use the dye, and afterward was glad that I had heeded this passage."

Goethe states that he one day saw the exact counterpart of himself coming toward him.

Byron often received visits from a specter, but he knew it to be a creation of the imagination.

Dr. Johnson heard his mother call his name in a clear voice, though she was at the time in another city.

Baron Emmanuel Swedenborg believed that he had the privilege of interviewing persons in the spirit world.

Loyola, lying wounded during the siege of Pampeluna, saw the virgin, who encouraged him to prosecute his mission.

Descartes was followed by an invisible person, whose voice he heard urging him to continue his researches after truth.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, leaving his house, thought the lamps were trees and the men and women bushes agitated by the breeze.

Ravanne, while chanting the "Miserere" and "De Profundis," fondly believed that the sounds he emitted were of the nature and had the full effect of a trumpet.

Oliver Cromwell, lying sleepless on his couch, saw the curtains open and a gigantic woman appear, who told him he would become the greatest man in England.

Ben Jonson spent the watches of the night an interested spectator of a crowd of Tartars, Turks, and Roman Catholics, who rose up and fought round his armchair till sunrise.

Bostok, the physiologist, saw figures and faces, and there was one human face constantly before him for 24 hours, the features and headgear as distinct as those of a living person.

Bonvenuto Cellini, imprisoned at Rome, resolved to free himself by self destruction, but was deterred by the apparition of a young woman of wondrous beauty, whose reproaches turned him from his purpose.

Napoleon once called attention to a bright star he believed he saw shining in his room and said: "It has never deserted me. I see it on every great occurrence urging me onward; it is an unfailing omen of success."

Nicolai was alarmed by the appearance of a dead body, which vanished and came again at intervals. This was followed by human faces, which came into the room, and after gazing at him for awhile departed. Nicolai knew they were but the effects of indigestion.

With the Marylebone Rads. Miss Henrietta Muller was lecturing recently to the men of the Marylebone Radical Club, London, and she held the attention of some fifty men by her spirited lecture upon female suffrage, completely gaining her audience by her pleasant manners and clear explanations.

It struck him like a blow. It blinded him—took his breath away. He could not speak, was only conscious that Margaret was kneeling beside his chair with her hands on his arm; that her face was upturned, grave and tender.

"Paul, Paul!" she sobbed, "you must not think badly of me. I know you love me. I knew you would not speak. Oh, my darling, never leave me! Will you promise it? Never for a day, for an hour. Paul! Paul!"—MacRae E. Marlow in Drake's Magazine.

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