

VOLUME XX.

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what was the best use that could be her away. I shall feel it my duty to bemade of my money," "Perhaps you will endow a school, or found an asylom?

"Oh, no. I have thought sometimes of-Husband and wife waited in vain for

their guest to continue. Her head drooped thoughtfully she did not utter another word through the meal "I wonder if she can be thinking of Gertrude?" Mrs. Beaman said to her-self. "If she regrets her inarchiness in driving her away

She was resolved to find out, and the opportunity soon presented itself. It happened that she had in her possession a portrait of Gertrude Vane, painted on ivory-one that had been given to her twenty years before. She now brought it down from the old trunk in the attic, where it had lain so neglected, and placed it on the table near which Mrs. Waugh preferred to

us another visit. I hoped we had seen the last of her ten years ago. That woman's vitality is something remark-able. We have been looking for her to The result was all that could be desired. The restless old fingers soon got hold of the picture—she held it up, staring at it a moment, a strange blending of sorrow, anger, and regret in her wrinkled face. Suddenly she started

"How dared you put that picture in my way. Esther Beaman?" she cried, stamping her foot. "How dared you?" "Forgive me," came the half-fright-ened response, "I-I-did not know it was there.

'Don't tell me that. I know better." Mrs. Waugh moved slowly toward the door. There was a blur before her cyes—two large tears fell down her yellow face. With her hand on the yellow face. With her hand on the knob, she looked back, and made an effort to speak. "I wish to Heaven she would." "It is not unlikely. She can't take her money into the other world—it must be left to some one. I advise you to make the most of this opportunity. Shuffle the cards well, Esther, you may win the day."

"I did a cruel thing in—in—sending Gertrude away. The tidings came sev-eral years ago that she was dead, and eft an only child. I was too proud and stubborn to interest myself in the matter at the time. Do you know if the story was true?"

"No," Mrs. Beaman answered, glibly. "But I feel inclined to doubt it. seems to me I should have known if it

"Poor Gertrude! She is the only per son who ever loved me. And now she

Mrs. Beaman could scarcely control herself until the door closed between them. "The old fool!" she cried, biting her

"Who would ever imagine her as hp. riving way to such nonseuse? All is lost should that girl ever appear." Half an hour later, while Mrs. Bea-man still sat runinating, the door-bell

rang. Presently a servant looked in. The new governess, madam said, in a respectful tone. "Will you

see her?" "Yes, Thomas. Show her in here."

friend he Mrs. Beaman gasped once or twice, then succeeded in controlling She was a slirewd woman, and took her cue instantly. And so her aunt had not discovered the girl's identity.? It

might still be possible to keep the se-cret. But not by sending her away at once. That course would enlist Mrs. Waugh's sympathies still more power-fully, and the truth would be sure to come to light.

'I would do anything in the world to oblige you, dear aunt," she said, sweet-ly, "I may have been a little hasty in dealing with the girl. If she will come up to my dressing-room. I will talk the matter over with her, and see what can be done.

She rose, and Miss Grey gratefully prepared to follow her out. The old lady detained her for another word. 'If you fail to come to an agreement, my dear, be sure to call for Mrs. Waugh

before leaving the house. I will see that some other refuge is found." "Thank you, madam." Mrs. Beaman was relieved to see that

the mention of her aunt's name had no. effect upon the girl. It seemed to be strange to her ears. Evidently Ger-trude Vane had never spoken it in her

daughter's hearing. "Just like her," she muttered. "Ger-trude was always just so proud and reticent. She might have starved, but the first overtures toward reconciliation would never have come from her."

The moment they were shut into her dressing-room alone, she said, sharply, to the trembling girl: "Now let us come to an understand-

ing. Your mother's daughter is not the proper person to receive under my roof as instructress to my children. To you, personally, I have no objection, however. I will consent to employ you for the present, on two conditions "O, madam, you are very, very kind." "In the first place, you are to drop your present name, taking any other that you prefer."

"Papa's mother was a Stuart. I can

be Lois Stuart, if you think best." "That will do. Now for the second condition. Mrs. Waugh is a very ec-centric person, full of whims and no-tions. I do not care to have her on intimate terms with you. You must promise me to avoid her as much as sible, and on no account are you to tell her more of your history than she

knows already."

The girl's tone was half sad. Her heart had gone out already to the old woman who had spoken so kindly to her, and she would have been glad to claim her as a friend.

ecasionally in the grounds and about

Then dropping her voice, she added:

'What is your name, dear?"

hall, a flush rising in her cheeks.

qualities she knew how to appreciate.

"Lois, madam.

you are at leisure?

niece and said:

ou refuse----

could not be easisly diverted.

young man's ardent gaze.

"Very well. I will send you to your keen; in this emergency they served "He is gone." she exclaimed room, and you can lay aside your er well. Of course the brooch had Marcia cohoed the word. At first she When Mr. Beaman returned home, When Mr. Beaman returned home, and heard the remarkable story from never answer for this fact to become wife's lips, he was almost Known. "How very strange!" she ejaculated. himself with rage and apprehension." "It is fate," he fumed. "Nothing else drawing a deep breath. "The brooch is one I purchased of a pawnbroker in could have brought the two together the city. I noticed the inscription, but under my roof at a time so inopportune. The girl must march from here as soon never dreamed of associating it with Van or Gertrude as it can be managed Mrs. Waugh touched the ornament "Of course," Mrs. Beaman answered, looking at him significantly, "But when she goes it must be under such caressingly, her eyes full of tears. "May I keep it, Esther?" "Certainly, It is of no value to me. circumstances that Aunt Waugh will I am glad to be able to restore it." be glad to get rid of her." Nevertheless size could not stills some ecret misgivings. Lois might see the rooth at any time, and lay chim to it. It happened the next day that the old lady met the new governess for a mo-ment on the stairs. She paused, drop-She felt like one walking ou a bridge of glass. It would be necessary to carry matters with a high hand if she hoped ping her two hands gently on the girl's ulders. "I hope you like your situation, my dear?" she said.

It is a pleasure to listen to such a voice. hope to hear it frequently Mr. Castleton said nothing, but his

eyes were eloquent. The next day, when Lois took out the children for their usual walk, Mr. Castleton met them at the gate.

"I was waiting for you," he said, his handsome face flushing with pleasure. "A little bird told me you would come this way. I was always very fond of these desultory walks. You will let me Join you?

Mr. Castleton-the man to whom your troth is plighted! Do not wound his loving heart by an act of treachery." Lois tried to think of some excuse but there was really none to offer. Be-The girl's lip curled with scorn. "Do not take up false notions. Louis Castleton is nothing to me—1 am nothsides, away down in the depths of her throbbing heart she realized already how delightful it would be to have this handsome young fellow for a companing to him.'

"No," came the quick response. "My parents have done all they could to bring about a marriage between us. But I do not care for Mr. Castleton in For three days in succession the same story was repeated. Lois invariably found Mr. Castleton at the gate, and they rambled about the fields, as gay, that way, or he for me," "Then let me appeal to you in the name of your mother," she said. "Do not bring sorrow and shame upon her careless and happy as the children themselves.

Then Mrs. Beaman found them out. She was dreadfully angry, and would have discharged Lois upon the spot, but for a wholesome dread of the conlequences.

by the fulse stop, you contemplate. If you must marry Rupert Dane, let it be done openly, before all the world." "There must be an end of this," she said, quite fiercely. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. An engaged man, up. When Rupert returns, I shall go away with him." too! Mr. Castleton is to marry Marcia. Poor Lois turned pale and faint. Was it true-what that cruel woman the house," "Wretch! You would not dare!" gasped Marcia. It is the only way to save you. Come said? The mere thought that Louis Castleton was betrothed to another quietly back to your chamber, and the incidents of this night shall forever remade her very miserable.

But the walks ceased. From that time forward the children were re-quired to take their exercise within the grounds, and the young governess deoted herself to them more assidnously than ever.

other in the pale starlight. Both were white and determined. But Lois was One day Mrs. Beaman encountered Mrs. Waugh unexpectedly in one of the corridors. The old lady stood beside resolved to take no decisive step until forced to it by the other's obstimacy. the great bay-window at the end, turnnervous and restless. Rupert did not reappear. What could be keeping him? ing a small, glittering object between her fingers. Her yellow face looked ghastly-she was trembling from head He had only stepped inside the house to procure ker shawl.

She watched the window with anxious eyes. A full half hour wore on. Una-ble to endure the suspense, at last she crawled over the all, into the drawing-"What is the matter, dear aunt?" cried the startled lady. "Are you ill?" Mrs. Waugh turned slowly, and after a moment's hesitation held up something in the vivid light. in the sconces.

"I picked this up where I stand," she said, in a quivering voice. "Who could have dropped it?"

Mrs. Beaman strained her eyes. What voice. "Lois, help me to discover what it is!" she saw was a simple old-fashioned brooch of fine gold.

They went through the lower rooms "It is one I gave Gertrude more than twenty years ago," half-sobbed the old lady. "I recognized it at a glance. On one by one. No signs of Rupert Dane anywhere. When finally they reached the main hall, and paused there to take the back is the very inscription I had engraved there—L. W. to G. V. breath, Lois made an unexpected discovery. The front door stood slightly ajar --all the bolts and bars swing back. It was well Mrs. Beaman's wits were

me pero: but I am in time, thank God. These were taken from the person to dissuade you from a purpose that might embiliter your whole after life with unavailing regret." of the real culptit, Rupert Dane," he said, "who is now in the county fail

NUMBER 22

"Marcia, you must not be guilty of

this wickedness," she cried. "Think of

Are you not his betrothed wife?"

"Don't be a fool! My mind is made

"Stir from this spot and I will alarm

main a profound secret between us.

The two stood and looked at each

The minutes were on. Marcia grew

room, and lighted one of the wax tapers

"Something dreadful must have oc-

curred," she said, in a faint, frightened

DNo.

Do come.

'Never!'

A shrill cry from Marcia cut the sent-ence short. She had fallen half faint-"How dare you moddle in my affairs? A more hireling! How dure you?" Lois's eyes filled with tears at the an-gry, vehencent words, but she did not ing into the nearest chair.

After a panse, the young man con-Enritheset.

Jon Pursting of ull kinds pratty and expedit-ally executed at inwest prices. Hon's you forget

"This lady, Lois Grey, has been un-pistly accused of their. She is my promised wife, and I have a right to "Lois Grey?" the old woman inter

rupted, drawing a quick breath, and

moving forward a step. As she rose, Lois noticed a gold orna-ment gittering at her throat, in a fleecy background of old lace. The sight made her forget everything else for a

"My lost brooch!" she exclaimed --"The last gift of my poor dead mother! How glad I am that you have found it!" Mrs. Waugh stared, and sat down again, looking dizzy and bewildered. Slowly an inkling of the truth was piercing her deadened senses. "Are you-are you-Gertrude Vane's daughter?" the maximum

daughter?" she gasped.

A half-sobbing cry, and the shaking arms were around Lois, the wrinkled

cheek laid against her own. "Thank God! Now I know why my heart was so drawn toward you. O, child, child! this is a happy day for me. I shall be lonely and loveless no longer. I know you will give me a place in your affections. "O, ves, ves!"

The Beamans were wild with rage and disappointment. But expostula-tions were in vain. When Lois left the house, a few moments later, Mra. Waugh went with her, never to enter it HITHITL.

-----A GARDEN OF GIRMS.

One of the Ashes of Mesoness and Narrowness at Last Come Helles,

There is a great deal of talk newadays. not only obout women-that would be nothing new-but about women's work Those parents who are the proud poseeeors of datashters sather dread their growing up ignorant of what particular calls they may choose to scient. The girl who will decide to remounce the perhaps more inviting and certainly more adventurous rofessious which cannot be pursued at ome for the monotonous but no loss use ful duty of staying in that nome and halping ber mother, thereby very likely enabling her parents to keep a carvant less -to the decided lightening of the family budget-this girl is not often found, and is even nather looked upon by her more enterprising sisters as somewhat spiritless and commonplace. It is guite on the cards that one's pretty daughter of eigh-Louis Trippy and that of a social reformer and then has parents groan, foresceing a long vista of short hair, divided skirts, shriekings, dib putings, plusniphiets and papers and scrapes and missries without end. Or the badding mainer will perhaps say that she feels called upon to clear one of the paths hitherto so selilshly monopolized by the opposite sex and insists high setting up as a solicitor. We have even in these last days heard dread whispers of a formale stock broker who is to pursue her operations with the aid of a telephone and one of the egolis-the jus, until those more unlightened days shall dawn when pettionate shall be allowed to pass the surred portals of the Stock Exchange. There is a large choice, but perhaps the two encers of music and pointing are those which we imagine the ast objectionable for our daughters. From all three women have executed more or luss badly, on the instruments of their day, the compositions so many signed by one of themselves, and perhaps not from a period equally remote, but, at all events, for a number of years sufficient to render the idea "respectable" in our eyes, they have dabbled in art. Our great grandmothers, in the intervals of their needlework and exercises on the harpale chord, devoted a good deal of pains to the execution of pench or sepis landscapes the encogh to bear examination under a microscope. They even easied higher still sometimes, producing curious copies of their younger brothers and sisters draw from life, and all remarkable for the wonderful roundness and chubbliness of the limbs and an impartial distribution of large dimples. What would those great-grandmothers of one of our modern maidens! Bemiltened hands would be held up in harrest at the idea of solitary goings to and paturning from art schools attending of lectures on anatomy and above that, drawing from the life in earnest, not copfined to the fst checks and restless limbs of one's own junions at home. What pur-gatory it would be for a sovere femals soul, who had passed her earthly life in cramping and discouraging some more youthful and aspiring sister, to be obliged o witness the gradual emandpation of her sezi We are groping still, R is truss we still make wild mistakes in our andenvors to shake off what was had and keep what is good. But we advance, though slowly, and at some day far distant yet we may see arise out of the ashes of fignorance, marrowpess, meanness and exaggeration that long-soughtfor phoneix- a perfect woman.

Toosting Bread Over The Fire,

Many of the surviving voterans of the

dd Massochusetta Sixth Beginnent save

the Boston Journal, will doubtless re-

member the following incident of their

camp life to Alexandria .- One day a

Northern lady, whose soble heart bled to see the sufferings of the berops who were

lighting for their country's honor, visited

the camp just as the "boys" were pro-

paring their evening meal. A large fine

had been built for the purpose of cooking

culies and toasting broad. One poor to-low, who was so sick that he could hardly

move, crawled painfully to the fire with

a slice of bread stock upon a bayonet

He had approached from the Laeward, but

did not have strength to orawl out of the

smoke. The lady took the imprompta,

tonsting tork from his hand and soon re-

turned the broad togsted to a delicate

choice of brown. Looking up, she caw another tomrade ounipped in like manner standing by her side, looking wistfully at

the toast and then at his own slice of

bread. She could not refuse this silent

uppeal, and the second slice wus togeted in like partner. Before she loft that block

of wood she had tonsted sevon or eight

loaves of brend, and the hungry veterans

had a front that reminded them of home

numforts. After the tonsting process was gompleted the lady looked behind her, and

there beheld two or three companies of

the regiments coated in a comisciple

around her, devouring toset like hungry

children. She says that she looks bach

upon that supper with the Massachusetta Sixth Regiment as one of the pleasantest



It rejuvenates the HAIR and cleaners is. It restores to the HAIR that, either by reason of age or diseases of the scalp, has become dry, hursh and brittle, a pliancy and glossy sliken softness of extrems beauty There is no dye in Ayer's Hair VIGOR and the good it does is by the VIGOR it imparts to the follicion, and the cleanliness and healthfuiness of the condition

in which it maintains the scaln. AYER'S Hair Vigor renews the hair. Hair Vigor is the best cure known for Brashy Hair, Scald Hend, Itching Humors, Tetter Sores, Torpid Follicles, and all other diseases of the scalp that couss the failing of the HAIR and its fading. Nothing chanses HAIR of the nuisance of dandruff so perfectly, and so effectually prevents its return, as Armn's Hain Vicon. addition to the curative and restorative virtues peculiar to Ayer's Hair VIGOR it to a bellet luxury. The Hair is by far the cleanliest hair-dressing made.

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tended to fur MOOERATE FEES.

fice, and we can outsin Palents

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tors, S. B. Hartinau A:

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acknowledged by the me

CURE

IT IS A FACT-That the

Cure.

the you have endered, you can get relief, and what's my you it permanently -" for keep's," as this boys

graces. Mrs. Beaman leaned her head upon CLAREMONT COLONY CLAREMONT COLONY CLAREMONT COLONY her hand. She was a proud, ambitious woman, and had been greatly disturbed LAREBONT COLONY by her husband's words. CLAREMONT COLONY 'I had no idea affairs were in so bad CLAREMONT COLONY

a condition," she said, after a pause .--CLARENONT COLONY | Marcia must be warned, or she will take no pains to make herself agreeable to the old lady. Our chances of inherthy all means iting her money ato not so bad. There is but one person I really fear." Who is that?

"You have heard me speak of Ger-For m for got on monimy installments to those may no evolve the willow be the formula of the station, $\lambda ddres (J, F, N) A N CHT A, Charemond, Surry Co. Va.$ trude Vane? She bore the same rela-

A TALE FROM REAL LIFE.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

Mrs. Beaman tossed aside the letter

she had been perusing, a frown con-

"It is from Aunt Waugh," she said, addressing her hosband. "The old witch has taken it into her head to pay

die ever since I can remember." "When is she coming?" Mr. Beaman inquired, his tone betokening eager in-

"To-day. The letter, for some rea-son, has been delayed on the way. We

may look for her now at any moment.

"Who knows but your great-aunt may select you for her heiress, Esther?" he

Mrs. Beaman gave her head a toss.

"I know on which side my bread is buttered, James. I can be as affable

and cringing as the next one. The old

witch will never know from me how I

"It is always best to use a little diplo-

Drawing his chair nearer, he added,

"I may as well let you into a little se-cret, Esther. My business is not what it has been. I have been running be-

hind for some months. Unless relief

comes from some quarter, we are ru-

"Hush! It's no use proclaiming the fact to the whole household. Our ex-

penses are heavy, and I scarcely know

laughter Marcia is just coming out

and of course will be more of a burden

than ever. It won't do to stint her in

er children must be provided for .-

while to find the way into her good

ch way to turn to meet them. Our

of her present visit.

hate and despise her

in a suppressed tone:

macy with such people."

"Ruined, James?"

win the day.

ined.

whispered. "Perhaps that is the object

tracting her heavy brows.

tion to Aunt Waugh that I do."

"She lived with the old lady for some years, as an adopted daughter. That was long ago. She finally married against our great annt's wishes, and was discarded. She is dead now, as is also her husharid. But I have been told they left a daughter, who must now be a young lady. And you look upon this girl as a

rival? Yes. Aunt Waugh was extremely fond of her mother until they quarrelled and separated. She might relent at any moment, and think it her duty to hunt up the child."

"We must take care of that," Mr. Beaman answered, significantly. An hour later Mrs. Waugh arrived.

A bent, wrinkled old woman of nearly eighty, with a grim, hard face, and the blunt manners of one accustomed to obeyed. There was a wistful, almost pathetic look in her keen, gray eyes, however, as she stood in the handsome drawing-room, holding Mrs. Beaman's jewelled hand in her own.

"You and I are among the last of our race, Esther," she said. "It is a pity we have seen so little of each other. "It has not been my fault," Mrs. Bea-

man answered, sweetly, "I would gladly have welcomed you to my home and

art at any time, dear aunt. I hope u have come to remain. Mrs. Waugh produced an ear-trumpet from under her costly India shawl. You must speak a little louder, niece, she said, placing the trumpet to her "I do not hear so well as I once ear.

E-RU-NA Have I got to scream myself hoarse?" she muttered. "This is more than I bargained for."

At this moment a babel of commingled sounds arose from the garden underneath the open window. There were screams and cries, the dull thud lows, and a volley of angry words, such as will not bear repeating, became

audible in the confusion. "What's that?" cried Mrs. Waugh, starting, and holding the trumpet to

her ear. "The children at play," Mrs. Beaman answered, sweetly, "The little dears are having a vacation, and enjoy it greatly. They are so full of life and spirit, the little angels! Do you like children, Aunt Waugh?"

Humph! yes-when they keep their distance

Mine will be no annoyance to you. They are confined to the nursery, for the most part. I have engaged a new governess, who will be here to morrow, heir liberty will be restricted when he is here to look after them.

Mrs. Waugh complained of fatigue, and was soon shown to her chamberthe most luxurious in the house. As she closed the door and looked around a smile that was half quizzical and olly sad parted her thin lips.

PATENTS "If I want genuine affection and hon-esty, it is useless looking for it here," she signed. "But I shall not go away Ubtained and all PATENT BUSINESS at at once. My relatives may improve upon further acquaintance. It would be Our office is opposite the U.S. Patent Of pleasant to find one who would love me in less three. for myself.

The next morning, as she sat at the broakfast-tuble-from which the chi

"You are Miss Grey?" she said, in a sharp tone of voice, "The young person Madam Pinkney was so kind as to recommend

Yes, madam." "You look very youthful for such a position. Can you teach French and music, as well as the more common

'Yes, madam." "Very well. You may consider yourself engaged. The amount of the salary has already been stipulated in my correspondence with Madam Pinkney —we need not refer to it again. You will be expected to take the entire charge of the younger children, and assist Marcia in her French lessons." "I shall try to please you, madam." "Humph! I hope so. Now ring that bell on the table. One of the servants

will show you to the room you are to OCCUMPT The girl turned to obey; but just as

she reached the table her glance happened to fall upon the portrait of Ger-rode Vane, which Mrs. Waugh had left lying there, the face upturned. the house.' I would sooner have the same number of savages to manage." A startled cry broke from her lips, Hearing it, Mrs. Beaman looked round sharply. She was astorished to see the girl kissing the portrait with a wild sort WEILISTER-TICS.

'What are you doing?" she angrily demanded.

The girl's pretty face grew pink with plusties. "Forgive me, madam. I could not heip it. The picture is that of my dead mother. O, how strange it seems to find it here.

Your mother?" Every drop of blood in Mrs. Beaman's veins seemed turning to ice. She start-ed up, her eyes dilated, her heart beat-Gertrude Vane had strangely. married a Grey. Why did she not think of it before? "Are you Gertrude Vane's daughter?"

she almost hissed.

"Yes, that was mamma's maiden name. Did you know her, madam?" "I? Certainly not." Mrs. Beaman broke into a hoarse laugh. Her wits were slowly coming back. She realized the urgent necessity for getting the girl out of the house-at once and foreverbefore she and Mrs. Waugh came in contact with each other.

"I did not know your mother-I never make friendships with that class of persons," she repeated, scornfully .--"But Pye heard of her; and no good, us all. for that matter. Please consider our agreement cancelled. No earthly con-sideration would induce me to receive

Gertrude Vane's daughter into my house. "What had poor mamma done that

you should turn against me? "I decline to enter into explanations.

"But I have no money—I am penul-less!" sobbed the girl. "I spent my last dollar in getting here. What am I "That is your concern," Mrs. Beaman

haughtily replied. "I do not feel called upon to provide for you. You cannot remain here. Be good enough to go at The poor soul ceased to plead, but

her step was heavy and dejected as she turned away. Mrs. Beaman fell back in her chair, quite faint with apprehension and excitement.

What a narrow escapel" she mutter-

ed, wiping her hot forehead. Miss Grey was groping her way through blinding tears to the housedoor, when a yellow, jeweiled hand fell lightly upon her arm. Mrs. Waugh had lescended from her chamber just in time to encounter her on the way out. You are crying." she said, kindly .-"What is the matter?"

The girl's tears flowed faster than ever at hearing the voice of sympathy. In half-a-dozen sentences she told her

"I felt an sure of the situation," she said, in conclusion. "Madam Pinkney old me the matter was settled. And now I have no money to take me away -no friends to whom I can go." "Take courage, my dear," she said. "You shall be provided for."

Before the other realized her inten- seated hereelf at the pinno. The first tion, she had drawn her forcibly back the drawing-room door, and the

succeed. The next morning, when Lois took to children out for their daily airing. I am trying to do my duty, madam." a mun's tall, shapely figure rose up sud-deniv before her as she turned an Mrs. Waugh smiled at the evasion. "I understand. Esther's children are abrupt angle in the path. a hard lot to get along with. I see them

Louis Castleton, an eager flush on his hundsome face! Lois had not seen him for several days. She would have fiel, but he caught her two hands and held

"Why do you avoid me so persistent-ly?" he asked. "If you knew how eag-erly I have watched for your coming, you would not have the heart to do so." Mrs. Waugh echoed it with a start. "Why, that is my name, too. We right to be better friends than over. Her face changed, but no words came Vill you come and sit with me when the trembling lips.

"At first I fancied you had selected a The girl glanced up and down the fferent hour for your walks. Yesterday I stood at the gate from dawn until dusk. This morning I climbed the fence, and invaded the grounds." "O, why did you do it?"

hall, a flush rising in her cheeks. "I should be glad. But—but—Mrs. Beaman would not like it," she falter-ed, hurrying precipitately away. That same evening Louis Castleton called to see Marcia. He had been ab-sent on a flying trip to the South, and had recently returned. Mrs. Waugh liked the young way at area. He He looked into her face with a conscious haugh

Because I was resolved to see you at all hazards. I was about going to liked the young man at once. He seemed trank, honest and ingeniousthe house to ask for you when you ap-peared. O, Lois, do not try me so ACKID.

There was plenty of gay, cheerful talk, and finally the young man asked for music. Marcia was an indifferent At the utterance of her own name in that tender, pleading tone she started, and sprang away from him. performer on the plane, and her voice

Don't speak to me like that?" had but little compass, though she was always ready to display it. Mrs. Wangh "Why not?" he panted, following her "Lois, listen to me. There is listened, an odd twinkle in her beadup. something I wish to say to you----

like eyes. Finally she turned to her "Keep away! Do not touch me!" The words seemed to pierce him like a knife. While he stood motionless, staring at her with a pale, dismayed Why not bring in the new governess? Theard her singing and playing to-day, and her performance was quite creditable. It would be a diversion for face, she fled past in the direction of

the house. "O, how could be trifle with me?" Mrs. Beaman glanced at her husband. cried the miserable girl, shedding the bitterest tears of her life. "He is soon She could scarcely conceal her dismay. "A mere school-girl! I don't believe to be the husband of another, and-and in bringing a person of that sort into

the drawing-room." "Humph! Send for her, Esther-just Late that night poor Lois was awak-ened from troubled dreams by the sound of suppressed voices underneath her to please me. I shall go for her myself window. She looked out, but could see nothing in the darkness. Perplexed Mrs. Beaman touched the bell. There was no help for it. She knew from ex-perience that when Mrs. Waugh had once made up her mind to anything she and distreased by vague forebodings she hastily drew on her dressing-gown and slippers, and stole silently down Lois came, looking very dainty and stairs

The drawing-room window stood wide sweet in her simple black dress. Louis Castleton started up with an exclamaopen; just outside she saw the outlines tion of surprise and pleasure. Almost involuntarily he extended his hand. of two figures standing close togethera man and a woman. Involuntarily she fell back, and caught her breath. "I am very glad to see you again. It is a pleasure I did not anticipate." 'You love me, Marcia?" the man said,

Marcia stared, biting her pretty lips in a voice of liquid music. 'Yes, Rupert," was the answer.

till the blood came. "Is it possible that you have met this "Why, then, do you hesitate? Fly with me to-night. We will come back young person before. Mr. Castleton?" she said, in a haughty tone. at the end of a week, and penitently throw ourselves at the feet of your pa-rents. They will forgive us, of course. All will end happily. Only consent, darling, and you shall never regret it. Yes. We happened to be on board the same train. But I was not so fort-nuate as to obtain an introduction. I did not dream she was on the way "You will be a true and loving hus-Lois blushed prettily as she met the

hand, Rupert?" Yes, yes. Do not doubt me. You yield—Heaven bloss you, Marcia. We will go at once. Where is your shawl. You are shivering with cold, and must "Mr. Castleton did men real service," she faltered. "My foot slipped as I was getting out of the coach, and I must not leave without it. Let me get it. have fallen and hurt myself but for his

"Indeed." said Marcia, with a palpable sneer. "I have noticed there is always a handsome young gentleman near to offer his services whenever a young lady is awkward enough to stum-

Lots's checks burned like fire as she notes she struck were trempious and weak, but she soon recovered couli

...

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threshold, lay a glove she seemed to Thrusting it into her bosom she turned to Lois with a bewildered

'What does it mean? Why has he left me without a word? I do not understand.

But she did the next morning. Scarcely had she taken her seat at the breakinst table, where most of the family were already associabled, when Mrs. Waugh hobbled into the room, livid and

trembling. "I have been rotated!" exclaimed the

Mr. Beaman started up as though he trad hern shot. "Robbed? What do you miss?"

"My good watch, and a purse contain-ing two hundred dollars. They were taken last night while I slopt."

A moment's dead silence. Then Mrs. Beaman, who saw her opportu mity_even at such a time, hastened to take advaniage of it.

"Lois is the thief" she cried. "I know she was prowling round the house late last night. It could have been no one else. I might have known better than

to take the girl in." Mateia looked ready to faint. But, in spite of her agony and shame, she felt a rong desire to shield her troacherous lover. It so happened that she had found Mrs. Waugh's empty purse on the stairs. Without stopping to consider the consequences, she furried to Lois's chamber, tucked the purse away under the linen in her trunk, and turned to fly.

Too late. Her father, mother, Mrs. Waugh and Lois all met her at the door. The girl was weeping and protesting her innocence. In the general excite at no one gave a second thought to

Mardia's pressure in the room. "It is my duty to search your effects." Mr. Beaman was saying, sternily. "I shall do so in the presence of these wit-nesses. You have had no opportunity to dispose of the stolen goods."

Of course the empty purse was at once brought to light. In valu did poor Lois declare her innocence concerning

it. Even Mrs. Waugh was led to be-

lieve in her guilt. "You shall go to jail for this!" Mrs. Beaman bisacd, between her teeth. "Now produce the watch and the money. You might as well. They will be of no use to you. I'm going to send one of the servants for a constable." But Mrs. Waugh interposed. Her stern old heart was melted by the girl's evident misery. She had been wonder-fully drawn to bet from the dest.

You shall do nothing of the sort,", she said, her eyes filling with tears, "Lois must have here at once, but I refuse to prosecute her. She has robl a defenceless old woman who was learning to love her, and the stings of conscience will be purishment enough." Ten minutes later Lois had loft the house, and was picking her way through blinding tears along the fragrant coun-try road. Suddenly a tall figure rose up

fore her, blocking the way. "What is the matter?" said a tender.

pitiful voice—the voice of Louis Castle-toa. "Why do you weep?" At the words she broke down utterly, and, in a wild paroxysm of sobs and tears, told the simple story, beginning with the events of the preceding night. The young man listened silently When at last the quivering voice died

Half an hour later he had found

The quest proved successful. He

away in a fresh burst of sobs, he said, "Rupert Dans is the colprit. I know him to be a thorough scoundrel. His love for Marcia was all a pretence-he has a wife already.

"O, sir, have you faith in my innocence? He opened his arms, and drew her to him with a tender smile. "Yes, Lois. You are so dear to me I "I throw it across one of the chairs it would far rather doubt myself. Only

the drawing-room trust me, darling, and your innocence shall be established before all the He leaned forward and touched his ps to her forehead.

'Do not stir, darling," he whispered. 'I will be back in a moment.'

shelter for the girl in a farm-house near by, and was reacly to set out in search Lois saw him coming directly toward or. She understood nil. Mucin's lover of the real criminal was Rupert Dane, a handsome, stylish-y-dressed man of middle age, a stranger in the neighborhood, whose acqualnt-

