



By Marion V. Hollis.

CHAPTER XXI.

Mrs. Rivers, though she had gone through the greatest pain she could ever know, she thought, as the anguish of seeing and speaking to her son, while he knew he was in the hands of the enemy, that there was even greater pain in store.

She came out of the school room one afternoon, tired with the heat and the noise of the children; her head ached, her eyes were sore, and she felt the glare of the sun, she longed for rest and sleep. The little cottage stood all alone, no one ever came near it. She dreaded no intrusion, either of friend, or visitor, or foe.

So, on this sultry afternoon, leaving the door which led to the garden wide open to admit a free current of air, she sat down in the pretty rocking chair, and lay her head back, and closed her eyes, and fell asleep. As she lay there, so unconscious, so happy in her dream, so peaceful in her sleep, the sunshine playing over her, the wind sighing gently round her, a step sounded on the path that led to the door.

Lord Selwyn was passing the cottage, and thought to please his wife by an act of attention to her governess. He went slowly up the garden path, and smiled when he saw the open door. He entered, and there before him sat the sleeping woman, with a peaceful smile on her face.

He did not recognize her. How should he, believing as he did that she slept under the white marble monument at Florence? He saw the dark hair and the widow's cap, the patient lips brightened by a smile that came from the peace of heaven, not earth, and his kindly, noble heart turned to pity.

He will never forget her cry, he will never forget her terrified start, the uncharitable fear that seemed for a few short minutes to paralyze his heart. He stood before him, white, stricken with anguish in her face and in her eyes, waiting as the criminal waits for the words of the judge who will condemn him.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Rivers," said Lord Selwyn kindly. "I would not have disturbed you so cruelly for the world. I have alarmed you very much, I fear."

He heard the murmur of a few inarticulate words, and he was endeavoring to have understood them, said:

"You will find life rather dull at Thornleigh, but you must come up to the castle sometimes. Lady Selwyn is very much attached to her school. She would like you to be very happy, I am sure."

What was she saying? He bent down to listen, for her strength had failed, and she was sitting in the chair from which she had risen in such mortal fear.

"He was very kind," Lady Selwyn was very good. She wanted nothing. "You do not seem very well, or yet very strong," she said. "I am sure you have not got over the sorrow of your loss yet."

"No," the white lips said. "I shall never get that—never get over it while I live."

Suddenly his eyes fell upon that same volume of Wordsworth. He went hastily to the little bookcase and took it down, she was watching him breathlessly while he saw his face darken, and an angry look came into his eyes.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Rivers," he said. "This book must have been sent here by mistake."

"Lady Selwyn was kind enough to select a few for me," she replied, "and that was among them."

"This was a mistake," he said, "and I value it very highly. I would not part with it on any account. You will excuse me if I take it away."

He very heartily leaped at the words, and then he remembered that it was his memory. It was by no wish of his that the book had been sent from the castle, as he was not worth keeping; and Lady Beatrice spoke untruthfully over that, as she did over all other things.

He quietly put the volume in his pocket, and turned to go away with an expression of deep annoyance on his face.

"It was heartless," he thought, "for Beatrice to give away the book that had belonged to poor Violante—sweet Violante!" and a deep sigh escaped him as the memory of his first wife's fair young face came before him.

"You must accept my apologies for having disturbed you, Mrs. Rivers," he said; "and pray remember, Lady Selwyn will feel great pleasure in attending to your request of a book."

Then for the first time he saw the sad, pleading eyes, and a puzzled look came over his face.

"Have I seen you before?" he asked hesitatingly, "your face is strangely familiar to me."

She tried to smile, but the attempt was a costly one. That one question was the most complete and perfect parody on human love-letter that she had ever written. "I have not been out much since I have been here," she replied evasively, but he still looked puzzled and mystified.

A STRANGE DINNER PARTY.

Foot Continues a Dinner Party While His House Burns.

There is a familiar saying that a lady should be mistress of herself, although she fall, but to be master of himself and his dinner-table while his house is in flames is a degree of self-control granted to few. Grace Ellery Chandler, in her book, "The Sisters of a Saint," tells of a certain gentleman of colonial times who appears to have been endowed with even that measure of Puritan self-repression.

The Royal Commissioners, then in Boston, were bidden to a dinner on Christmas eve at the stately Bristol residence of John Wentworth, a man of great natural parts and of a noble and lofty bearing. The table, set forth with a very good dinner, was loaded with good cheer of all kinds. The host gave the customary signal for the dinner to be served in the words:

"Friends, you see your dinner!" As the visitors' lips opened to make the response demanded by etiquette, a sudden crash was heard, and the announcement that the house was on fire. Sternly bidding the startled guests to sit down, John Wentworth commanded the servants to take out the tables and set them upon the lawn; then the chairs were also removed.

The air will be kept open. Bring hither the traps," said John Wentworth. But the flames had already consumed them. "Bring whatever you can find, then," and the slaves returned with their arms heaped with curtains and table-cloths, and these strange wraps were hastily donned by the company.

"Good morning, Mrs. Rivers," he said, "I have come to ask a great favor. Will you grant it?" The sound of his voice always pierced her heart like a sharp sword.

"My son Rupert is very ill," he continued. "I think that we are all frightened over him! He cries incessantly for you. Will you get some one to take your place in the school and come to nurse him?" (To be continued.)

FOUNDATIONS MADE OF DIRT.

Compressed Earth Takes the Place of Stone and Mortar.

The subject of doing away entirely with stone and mortar foundations, has been discussed by French engineers, compressed earth taking the place of these. The method is the conception of Louis Dulac.

It is well known that, when a stake is driven into the ground, a compression of the surrounding soil takes place. This is the principle which is placed by the stake. In the method of Mr. Dulac an apparatus like a pile-driver is erected, but instead of the ordinary hammer-head ram, a heavy cone is allowed to drop, point down, in such a manner that it makes a hole, the size and depth of which depends upon the diameter of the cone and the height from which it has fallen.

The cone generally used is from twenty-four to thirty inches in diameter, weighing about 3,000 pounds, says an article translated for the Engineer Magazine, and it is dropped from a height of thirty to forty feet. With a descent of a hole equal in diameter to that of the cone and twenty to thirty feet deep may be made in a few hours, the time and depth depending, of course, upon the nature of the soil.

Lord Selwyn was very pleased. He was fond of children; he liked the music of their pretty laughter, the innocent prattle, the amusing ways. It was a delight to him to think that once more he had a baby boy in his arms, once more to teach baby lips to speak. And if he was pleased and proud, what was the happy mother? She had not the least doubt that the child, which she had not overdone with love for the helpless, innocent child in her arms. But she was proud of him, fond of him, in her stately way.

She looked at him again, the color going and coming in her sweet face. "What do you mean?" she asked.

"We are all so pleased," she said. "Lady Beatrice has a beautiful little son, so that I have a brother who would like to live with my heart."

Like wildfire the welcome news flew over the neighborhood. Lady Beatrice was sitting in the chair from which she had risen in such mortal fear, saying over and over, and people were taken by surprise. No one was more pleased than Rupert, the heir of Selwyn.

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SEVERALS OF THE W.

Subject: "The Value of Good Wives"—Qualities Which Crown Noble Womanhood—Wonders Christianity Has Done for the Weaker Sex.

Text: "Eliza passed to Shiloh, where was a great woman. If Kings had been as good as she, the world would have been a different place."

The hotel of our time had no counterpart in any entertainment of olden time. The vast majority of travelers must then be entertained at private homes. Here, in the olden time, the traveler found a home, and he must find shelter. A balcony, a garden, a kitchen, and a room, is offered him in a private home, and it is especially furnished for his occupancy—a chair to sit on, a table from which to eat, and a bed to sleep on.

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BEWARE THE THIN BANANA.

Information That Every Lover of This Fruit Should Have.

When you are buying bananas never buy the long thin ones unless you want fruit which will pack your mouth with nothing but water. No matter how well ripened these thin bananas may appear to be, they will always be found both sour and acid. This is because the bunch which contained them was picked too soon.

The banana grows fastest in length. When it has reached its full development in that direction, it suddenly begins to swell, and in a few days will double in girth. It is at the end of this time that it begins to ripen naturally, and the effort of the banana importer to hasten the process by artificial means is at its height.

Real lovers of that peculiar fruit, the banana, which grows so luxuriantly in the river bottoms of the great Middle West, do not hesitate to pronounce it the most delicious and altogether satisfying edible that nature turns out. It has been happily described as a "natural cucumber," its rich, golden-yellow pulp admirably carrying out the simile. Many persons cannot eat it at all, and many others have to acquire a liking for it.

A man from the far Northeast, who was visiting a cousin in Ohio in early March, had a very fine day. A fine large specimen of the fruit.

"What is that?" he asked.

"Break it open and see," was the reply.

He broke it in two, inspected it, and smiled.

"Taste it," he said.

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Household.

Cranberry Jelly—Pick over and wash in colander one quart of cranberries, put them in a granite saucepan with one cupful of cold water and sprinkle over with sugar on top. Cover and cook rapidly until every berry bursts. To prevent the syrup from boiling over, uncover every now and then, and gently press the berries down. Four the sauce into deep custard cups, and when ready to serve turn them out upon some delicate dish and you will have a dainty individual jelly mould to serve each guest.

Mashed Turnips—Take off a thick paring from the outside and boil the turnips until quite tender. Drain them on a sieve, mash them in a colander, pressing and squeezing them well. Season with a little pepper and salt.

Creamed Parsnips—Boil tender, scrape and slice lengthwise. Put over the fire with two tablespoonfuls of butter, pepper and salt, and a little minced parsnip. Turn out the mixture into a hot dish. Dish the parsnips, add to the sauce three tablespoonfuls of cream, and uncover every now and then, and gently press the berries down. Four the sauce into deep custard cups, and when ready to serve turn them out upon some delicate dish and you will have a dainty individual jelly mould to serve each guest.

Mashed Potatoes—Boil a quantity of potatoes and pass them through a colander, add a little butter, salt and a good lump of butter, and mix to taste; add a little milk and work them up with a fork. Add a little salt for some minutes, adding small quantities of milk as it is required, until they get of the desired consistency.

Chicken Pie with Oysters—Boil a year old chicken until tender. Line a dish with oysters, and pour over them chicken; season with salt, pepper and butter; add a liquor, should be about the size of a pint. Bake in a hot oven; cover closely with a crust having a slit cut each way in the centre. Drain the oysters from a can, add oysters; boil, skim, season with butter, pepper, salt, and a thickening of flour. Bake in a hot oven, and turn up once, and lift the crust and put them in about 20 minutes before the pie is done.

Deviled Oysters—After draining and wiping the oysters dry, pour over them a mixture made of two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, a dash of cayenne pepper, a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce. Let them stand in the dressing for a short time, stirring occasionally. Fry in a hot oil, and serve on a platter with a little salt and pepper.

Sweet Wafers—Six eggs, one pint flour, two cups powdered sugar, one cup milk, one teaspoonful nutmeg, one teaspoonful vanilla, one cup butter, and very stiff; rub the sugar and butter together, and work in first the flour, then the milk, then the nutmeg, and lastly the vanilla. Bake in well-buttered wafers or waffle iron very quickly, browned on both sides. Serve with a little white hot sauce, or a smooth round slip of butter, or a little sugar.

Custards in Glass—Make a custard of six eggs, one pint milk, one cup sugar, one cup flour, one cup butter, and one cup vanilla. Bake in a hot oven, and serve on a platter with a little salt and pepper.

Great beds of white sand, said to have all the qualities requisite for the making of glass, have been discovered in the vicinity of Saginaw, Mich., and specimens are now being secured for the purpose of making glass.

The Cyclops Works at Sheffield, where the Queen witnessed the rolling of the annual report of the rolling of the steel, has been found to have these shoes, weighing 2½ ounces less than the iron shoe, wear longer and less affected by mud and water.

The Brandywine Knitting Mill, at Brandywine, Pa., has been found to have these shoes, weighing 2½ ounces less than the iron shoe, wear longer and less affected by mud and water.

The Russian Minister of War in experimenting with aluminum horseshoes, has been found to have these shoes, weighing 2½ ounces less than the iron shoe, wear longer and less affected by mud and water.

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