Yes, all the honeyed accents she could speak To men death-laden were, as unaware Thought less they listened heeding not the sua Which caught their mathood in will pass freak.

Brave Antonyl when e'er I pause to think
Of all thou wert, and all thou might't have beet
Thy soul enur shed and ever on the brink
Of curriess wee, thus bound to Ego 1's speem,
Erom tears or pity I can scarce refrain
That in her arms were lost such soul and braly,
—Alexander Macauley.

NIGHT AND MORNING.



S I have said, Jo sie" my brother urged, "Gertruc-wishes very much to know my little sister, and you are sure to be happy a! Fernglade. It i Fernglade. It the loveliest spot the Hudson. G

see you." I was only too willing to ne cept the invitation in my hand, needing none of dear Geoffrey's urding, and said so very frankly. I knew nothing of my brother's betrothed wife, Gertrude Fanning, excepting that she was a widow o-24 or 25, and owned a splendid estate upon the Hudson, called Fernglade. Geoffrey had been a friend of Mr. fin americally Mrs. Fanning's uncle, and had met and loved Gertrude. The wedding was to be in June, and my invitation was for the month of May. I was free to go and come as I pleased, Geoffrey and I boarding in New York, with sufficient worldly wealth to live without work, although my brother practiced his profession—the law—rather than lead an entirely idle life.

He escorted me to Fernglade, and, introducing me, left me to the care of Gertrude Fanning and her companion as

He escorted me to Fernglade, and, introducing me, left me to the care of Gertrude Fanning and her companion, an elderly widow named Clarke.

How can I describe Gertrude Fanning. She was tall, nobly formed, carrying herself with dignity, and yet she gave you only the impression of great sweetness of disposition. Her blond hair, heavy and silky, she wore in simple cells, the ghover her forehead it waved in natural curls. Her great beauty was in an exquisitely moulded mouth, with rows of pearly white teeth, making her smile a loveliness indescribable. But with her blond hair, her pele, clear complexion, and delicate features, she had black eyes, shaded by dark lerwex and lashes, making her face singular as well as beautiful.

Her dress was of rich black silk, with-

Her dress was of rich black silk, with

Her dress was of rich black silk, will out trimming or ornament, relieved on by ruffles of finest white lace.

She greeted me cordially, and in a fedays we were fast friends, aithouga, was many years older than herself. By while we talked of everything else, she was singularly reticent about her ow life, giving me none of the confidence half expected. One, only, she mer tioned her husband, when I had asked the see his pleture.

tioned her husband, when I had asked to see his plcture.

"I have no plcture of him." she said, and her lips were white and shaking ashe spoke. "I keep nothing to remied me of him, because I hope to forget him, because when I think of him I forget my Christianity, my womanhood, and can only curse his memory."

She tremble I like a leaf, and her voice rose in a passionate cry:

ose tromber like a lear, and her voice rose in a passionate cry:

"I was Harold Fauning's wife six months, and if I had been a criminal for forty years that six months was torture enough to punish me for all I flex away from him, and afterwards be died."

away from him, and afterwards hedded."

I took her cold, trembling hand in mine, and begged her to say no more, but she said:

"My uncle warned me, but I was young, ouly 17, and Harold persuaded me to elope with him. When my uncle refused to forgive us, Harold showed me his true nature, and made me suffer fur his disappointment that I had lost my probable inheritance of Fernglad. When I left him and came back, uncue forgave me, but he died, leaving a condition in his will by which I would forfeit my inheir nee if ever again I lived with Harold Fanning, or he came here. Only two months after Harold died."

I was sorry she had spoken, for she

Only two months after Harold died."

I was sorry she had spoken, for she was terribly shaken; but Geoffrey came up from the city soon after and melancholy cannot live where Geoffrey is. We call him an Irishman, because he is so tall and strong, with florid face, curing brown hair, blue eyes, milk-white teeth, and a voice and laugh clear and ringing as a boy's. Never have I seen Geoffrey depressed or dull since we were left orphaned thirty years ago, to love and pet each other. He was rather say and remorseful when he gave away so large a share of his big, true heart to Gertrude; but when he found I was not jealous, only truly and entirely happy in his happiness, all his bright self came back again.

It must have been by the rule of con-

back again.

It must have been by the rule of contraries that he and Gertrude loved each other, for her natural disposition was norbidly sensitive and inclined to melancholy, though she would grow cheerf...) with Geoffrey; as who would not?

May was gone, June half over, and

May was gone, June half over, and the wedding-day only one week away, when one evening, just "in the gloaning," I walked down to the summer-house by the riverside, alone. I knew that Gertrude was somewhere in the garden, for the heat was oppressive indoors. Geoffrey was coming, as usuatin the evening, and for the first time Gertrude wore white—at time complication. trude wore white—a thin muslin dress, with soft pink trimming. In her hair I had twisted some half-blown roses of palest pink, and never had I seen her so lovely.

I sauntered slowly towards the summer house, and was nearly there, when saw Gertrude seated upon the rustic

"She is waiting for Geoffrey," ought, and was stealing away, when a at shot up to the landing steps leadin, the summer house, and a man stepped t. Not Geoffrey—a man should be a out. Not Geoffrey—a man shorter and slighter. I was afraid he came with some evil intent, and stood waiting, ready to call for assistance, if it was needed. Gertrude saw him only when he stood in the door of the summer house on the river side. Never shall I forget her look of horror, as, white as snow, she cried: "Harold!"

"Harold!" I grasped a tree to keep from falling. Harold!—Gertrude's husband!
"Harold!" he sneered, mocking her tone. "You surcely expected to see me! I forgive your surprise, my love." "Not dead!" she gasped—"not dead." "There was trifling error in the names of the parties concerned in the bar-room fight you probably allude to. Both Fagning and Emory were strangors in the western city where they were engaged in their usual occupations of gambling.

You see I am frank, my dear. A man should have no secrets from his wife. It was Emory who was killed, and Fanning who went to prison. But I was pardoned, my charmer, and here I am! You look like a sorrowing widow, my love! I understand, however, you are to drop that role next week. I shall not interfere, for I have seen your uncle's will. But if I keep out of the way I must be well paid."

"Will you go away—stay away—if I pay you?" Gertrude cried, quickly.

"I will! You are free, I suppose, as the law is so very kind to a convict's wife; but when the supplies fall I'll call upon you."

wife: but when the supplies fail I it can upon you."

"They will never fail! Only go! go! and not return!"

"Your welcome is really overwhelming! Have you any money about you?"

"I will bring you six hundred dollars. It is all I have in the house. Will you go then?"

"I will bring you six hundred dollars. It is all I have in the house. Will you go then?"

"Yes, my dear; leaving my address, when we arrange for future supplies."

She sped to the house, never seeing me; and I followed by another path. I must tell Geoffrey—I, who loved them both! The law might free Gertrude, but Geoffrey must know. I loved her, but not as I loved my own, only brother. And something of my love faded as I thought of the monstrous wrong Gertrude was committing. Could she live with the burden of such a secret between herself and her husband?

I went to my ownroom, and soon I saw Gertrude return to the summer house. She was not gone long, coming slowly home again, to meet Geoffrey on the porch.

I heard them enter the library together and close the door. Oh! the suspense of the long two hours they spent there, broken at last by Geoffrey's voice calling me.

broken at last by Geoffrey's voice caning me.

He stood alone in the wide, brilliantly lighted drawing-room, and in one moment I read in his face how I had wronged Gertrude. All the brightness was gone, the blue eyes were haggard, the merry face drawn and white, as if with long ill-

ness. "Jessie," he gaid, hoarsely, "I have something to tell you!"

I drew him down till I could kiss him, put my arms about his neck and whis-

per:
"I know already, Geoffrey. Do not

"I know aireau, to blame her."
"Never?" he said, quickly. "But stay with her, Jessie. Stay and comfort her. I must go. We—we had better not meet for a time, and I will go abroad."
"Not alone. Oh, Geoffrey, take me

with ou."
"She needs you more than I do, Jes-

"She needs you sie."
Then his manhood gave way for a mo-ment, and a great sob broke from him, as bending his head upon my shoulder, he sobbed:

sobbed:
"Jossie, my heart is broken. I loved
so dearly!" could only cry, too, kissing him, and
shing my slender hands could strangle
the life of Harold Fanning, murer, who stood between these two lovnearts.

ing nearts.
"I will write tomorrow," Geoffrey said
at last looking up, and speaking in a
choked voice; "you will let me know
often how she is?"

choked voice; "you will let me know often how she is?"

"I will."

"Go to her now, dear. She wants comfort. She told me to tell you all."

He left me then, walking with heavy steps and bowed head down the path he had traveled the last time with such a buoyant tread and bright face. My poor Geofrey! I found Gertrude insensible in the library. I never knew how long she had lain upon the floor unconscious, but it was still long before we could restore her. I called Mrs. Clarke, and we worked together until the color came to the white flips and the dark eyes unclosed. She spoke my name with a whisper not to leave her, and we assisted her to her own room, where I remained all night with her.

Never had I loven her so well as I loved her then, seeing her suffer so bravely rather than throw any cloud over Geoffrey's life. In the morning she was quiet and composed, but no corpse was ever whiter as she moved about the house. At noon I proposed to drive to C— for Geoffrey's promised letter, and she ordered the carriage.

There was a crowd around the post-office and evidently some excitement.

"Man run over by a locomotive," our coachman explained; "drunk, they say, and fell across the track just as the train started."

"Who is he?" I asked, with a strange chill at my heart.

"Who is her I assau, with a chill at my heart.
"Name of Emory, they say. At least that s the name he gave at the bar last

"I will see him," whispered Gertrude
"Oh, Jessie, if it should be!"

1 put my arm around her, and we
passed through the crowd. Upon the
platform, covered with a horse blanket,
was a shapeless something, crushed all
out of semblance of humanity, save the
evil face, the almost perfect features,
and heavy, dark beard I had seen once
before, Gertrude did not faint. I put
her back 'n the carriage, and over the
wires flashed a telegram to Geoffrey:
"F. was killed by a railway accident this more

"F. was killed by a railway accident this g. Come at once." ng. Constones."
Need I say the next train brought Geoffrey? He went to C——and reported that there was more than sufficient for proper burial on the wretched man's uerson, and he would see that all that

proper burial on the wretched man's werson, and he would see that all that was necessary was done.

He advised secrecy, as no one but ourselves suspected the man's identity, and by our united uraing, we persuaded Gertrude to allow the wedding to come off at the proposed time.

"You have been his widow more than six years," Geoffrey said, "and that dreanful episode may be only a horrible dream. Try to forget the night of sorrow, and thank Heaven for the morning of deliverance."

Woman-like, Gertrude grieved over the terrible, unrependent ending of the wicked life, but theories won her back to quiet hap piness long before the bridal trip to Europe was over.

We all five at Ferndale now, for they will not spare me, but there are no shadows upon our lives, no nightmare horrors to dread, as there might have been had Gertrude deceived her promised husband on that night when Harold Fanning came from prison only to find his grave.—New York Ledger.

Pacific Codfish Banks.

Pacific Codfish Banks.

Captain Bell of the steamer A. B. Fiel, d
who was formerly an inspector of flegeries on the Atlantic coast, recently reported at Astoria that he had found a
codfish bank about eight miles from
Nestucca, which is near Cape Lookout,
on the Oregon coast, about sixty-five
miles south of the Columbia river. The
cod were found in great numbers, and
were large and of excellent quality. This
is said to be the dist time that cod have
ever been found heretofore south of the
Aiaskan shores.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Every man ought to be heartily ashamed of a gall on the shoulder of the animal he drives.

RECENT APPOINTMENTS.

TWO REPRESENTATIVES OF THE HARRISON ADMINISTRATION.

ent of the Const and Geodetic Surveys The New United States Consul-Genera to Italy and His Public Life.

OE be to the man who now-a-days too recklessly ventures opinions as between Boston and New York. But in comparing the relative merits of the two clubs, the adherents of the New Yorks can congratulate them-

clubs, the adherents of the New Yorks can congratulate themselves upon the fact that the team goes as well equipped as its strongest rival. Even the most rabid supporters of the Boston team admit this fact.

One of them, in comparing the playing strength of the three leading clubs in the struggle, said: "Boston is possibly a shade weaker in the box than either of the other two, for everyday work, week in and week out. We are as strong behind the bat as either of the others; stronger than Philadelphia, unless Clements catches; stronger than New York unless Ewing catches. Consequently, I consider that the Boston team is better off in catchers than Philadelphia or New York, because it is better provided against accidents. Buck Ewing is a wonder. So long as he is in his place base running against low York is out of the question, but Buck Ewing, catching as he does, or will have to do, every day, is in a way to get hurt, and everybody knows that Buck Ewing, when slightly injured, is as big a quitter as there is in the business.

"New York has other good catchers.

DOINGS OF THE BALL TEAMS.

ant Interest Felt in the New Yorks and

OE be to the man who now-a-days too recklessly ventures opinions as between Boston and New York. But in com-

ss. "New York has other good catchers, but it is Ewing's presence on the team that makes them win, with all respect te. Tim Keefe. Not so with Boston. If Bennett is knocked out Ganzel can do the work just as well; and then there is Kelly, who is not very slow as a catcher. Philadelphia does not depend on Clements so much as New York does on Ewing, and yet Clements is almost necessary to the Philadelphia nine every day if Harry Wright intends to pull the pennant off. In team work both New York and Philadelphia can give our men points, but at the bat Boston is equal to either."

and Philadelphia can give our men points, but at the bat Boston is equal to either."

Although the recent work of the New York team would seem to justify a reverse prediction from what I made at the outset of the season, I am still confident that when I said Boston would ultimately win the pennant I did not shoot far from the mark. The Boston chub has noo lately been playing up to the form which it showed itself cappale of at the outset of the season, but the acquisition of Smith, of Pittsburg, will strengthen the team in the only spot where it has been otherwise weak.

Take every position on the field and compare the playing strength of the two teams. New York and Boston, and nine out of every ten impartial critics will agree that only at short with Ward is the New York team superior to Boston.

Take the individual work of the men playing the various positions and comparison will show that Boston is strongest in the majority of them. Figures speak about as plainly as anything can. In predicting that Boston will win, I hardly think, Inerefore, that I can be accused of allowing prejudice to get the tetter of my judgment. Tis human mature to err, and I should be hoppy to know that in my error the New York team would be the gainer.

The Smith whom I refer to above was

than would be the gainer.

The Smith whom I refer to above was released by Pittsburg to Boston for a consideration of \$2,500. Having been connected with the Smoky City team for so long, it was thought that he would evince a reluciance to part with his old associates and a inirers, whom he numbers by the thousand, for "Pop" was easily the most popular man on the team. But, on the contrary, he said the other day, prior to leaving Pittsburg:

"It is the consummation of my wishes for the past two seasons. I would not have had much chance here anyway this year. The trouble with the Allegheny cub is that it has too many good men and that there are so few fixtures in the intield and out that few of the men have any assurance one day that they will be playing the next. Most of the boys are batting-well, and they deserve a better show than they are apt to receive for some time to come. I am the first to go, and I suppose there will be others. As I said before, I am very well satisfied to go, as, in addition to my home being in Boston, I will receive more money. I cannot say that I leave Pittsburg entirely without regret, as I have been here so long and have been so well

reannot say that I leave l'ittsburg enirely without regret, as I have been
here so long and have been so weil
treated on the whole that I almost grew
to regard myself as a l'ittsburger. I
have made good friends there and I will
be sorry to leave them."

Smith will prove himself to be a valuable man to the Boston management. He
a good, conselentious, everyday
player, and now that he is with a club
where he will have good opportunities
he will improve, although really there is
little room for improvement.

But what of the other teams in the league race? It would be unkind to slight them in criticising the all-around work. Now, there is Chicago. Between the niggardliness of Spalling and the idealized buil-headedness of Anson the Chicago inte in a pitiable plight. The record of the season is a history of experimenting when there was no necessity for it, and of sacrificing games to caprice. There has not been a time since the opening of the league season when a first-class short stop could not be secured for least thus 5000. the opening of the league season when a a first-class snort stop could not be secured for less than \$5,000. But Chicago is not buying stars for \$5,000, or any other amount. It prefers to sell them for \$10,000 each. The result is that the once boasted nine has not been in playing trim, owing to the gap at shore. Instead of getting a man known to be good, it was the poincy up to a month ago of spoiling a good leider to make a bad short stop, and a good catcher to make a bad short stop, and a good catcher to make a bad short stop, and a good catcher to make a bad short stop, and a good to the play. But Williamson was able to play. But Williamson is now ready to play. He has re calculy told his mends that was never in leiter shape, and those

He has re eathe was never his condition does not overra the Williamsen of old, and could pla with a vim which would make a material difference in Chicago's standing. He i trusted corress and only because, as a single says, Spalmang wants to door Williamson for an the time lost by him in recovering from an injury received in Spalding's service.

The Chierco management is vain to come at t hieago is losing g not playing, and

value to ence at this left of parsimonious.

ness. The facts are exactly as stated.

More than that, the Chicago management hoped that the sum realized at a recent benefit game would be received by Williamson as a settlement. The cranks who engineered the game, however, nipped this little plan in the bud. The recelpts, nearly \$1,000, were turned over to Williamson on the express stipulation that it did not come in any way from the management and that it must not be re-ceived as an offset to his claims for back

JOHN WARREN.

omething About the Career of Thomas Corwin Mendenhall, New Superintend-

Thomas Corwin Mendenhall, the physicist, who has been appointed by the president superintendent of the United States



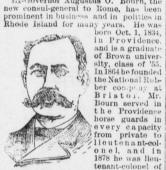
geodetic survey, at a salary of \$6,000 per annum, was born near Hanoverton, Ohlo, October 4, 1841. He received a common school education, but having a fond-

a common school education, but. having a fondness for the study of mathematics and natural science from his science from his science from his science from his condition of physics in which he has since attained note. He was first professor of physics and mechanics in Ohio university in 1873-78, and then went to Japan as professor of physics in the Imperial university in 1873-78, and then went to Japan as professor of physics in the Imperial university in 1873-78, and then went to Japan as professor of physics in the Imperial university in 1873-78, and then went to Japan as professor of physics in the Imperial university in 1873-78, and then went to Japan as professor of physics and also the physical laboratory of the science department of the university. He founded a meteorological observatory in which systematic observations were made during his residence in Japan, and afterward until it was merged into the general meteorological system that has since been established by the imperial government. He made a series of elaborate measurements of the wave-lengths of the principal Frauenhofer lines of the solar spectrum by means of a large spectrum of the construction, was one of the most perfect in existence.

solar spectrum by means of a large spectrum acer, which, at the time of its construction, was one of the most perfect in existence.

He became interested in earthquake phenomena while in Japan, and was one of the founders of the Seismological society of Tokio. In 1881 he returned to the United States and resumed his chair at Ohio state university. He organized the Ohio state university. He organized the Ohio state university, and was the first odevise and put into operation a system of weather-signals for display ou railroad trains. This method became general throughout the United States and Canada, and continued to be employed until the introduction in 1887 of a new code by the chief signal officer. In 1884 he became professor in the United States signal service, and was-charged with the organization and equipment of a physical laboratory in connection with the bureau in Washington, with the introduction of a systematic observation of atmospheric electricity, and with the investigation of methods of determining ground temperatures. He was the first to establish stations in the United States for the systematic observations of earthquake phenomen. Immediately after the Charleston cearthquake, on the "last of Augus, 1886, he wisted that city and made a report upon the agitation, with a co-seismic chart of the disturbed area. In 1886 he resigned from the government service to accept the presidency of Rose Polytechnic institute, Terre Haute, Ind. Professor Mendenhall has lectured extensively throughout the United States on subjects that relate to physics, and in Japan gave public lectures on scientific subjects to general audiences in the temples and theaters of the city of Tokio, resulting in the establishment of the first public lecture-hall in the empire. He received the degree of Ph. D., from Ohio university in 1878, and that of LL. D. from the University of Michigan in 1887. In 1887 he was elected to the National Association for the Advancement of Science.

Ex-Governor Augustus O. Bourn, the



William I

1878 he was lieutenant-colonel of AUGUSTUS O. BOURN, the First BattalU. S. CONSUL-GENERAL I on of R hode TO ITALY. Island cavalry.

He was a member of the state senate from 1876 to 1884. He was governor for two terms, from 1884 to 1886, receiving at the second section the largest majority ever received by a Republican governor at a contested election.

In 1887 and 1888 he was again a member of the senate, and chosen by the Republican members as their leader. He

In 1887 and 1888 he was again a member of the senate, and chosen by the Republican members as their leader. He was the author of the "Bourd Amendment" to the constitution of Rhode Island, whereby foreign-born citizens were admitted to vote upon the sean qualifications as American-born citizens. This amendment was adopted in 1888, and the first election affected was that of 1889, when the Republicans carried the state. Prior to that a property qualification was required of foreign-born citizens. By this amendment all American citizens who have resided in the state and town the prescribed time can vote, on being registered. No taxes are required to be paid as a requisite for voting, but a compulsory tax of \$1 is "wied yearly on all such citizens, whether registered or not, for the support of the public schools. In the towns, on all questions involving an expenditure of money, and in the election of city councils, none but taxpayers can vote. Governor Bourn has traveled extensively, and is acquainted with French, Spanish, and German, and somewhat with Habian.

Giass Electroplates.

Electroplating of glass and porcelain has been accomplished by M. Harson of France. The chief difficulty heretofore has been to obtain a conducting surface to which the metal would adhere. The patentee uses chloride of gold or platinum dissolved in surphuric ether, to which sulphur dissolved in some heavy oil is added. When warm, this compound is laid on with a brush. The object is then heated until the sulphur and chlorine is completely volutilized, the gold or platinum adhering closely to the surface.—Exchange.

WEIGHTY MATTERS

In the dim light all evening
The poor rocking-chair
A full double burden
Had managed to bear.

And it patiently bore it.
With faithfulness meek,
Nor betrayed how it suffere
By murmur or squeak.

But there came from its depth In a voice soft and low; "Do you think, Harry dear, That we heavier grow?"

"I am sure," he said, "Laurs,
No lighter you've grown."
"And I think," she said slyly,
"You'r 'cholding your own."
"Chicago Tribe

SNUBBED.



THINK he was very impertment, and he ought to be snubbed!" and Miss Nettie Archer, aged 19, drew her graceful figure up to a straight line, and lifted her head up an inch higher. inch higher.
"My dear Nettie!" said

Miss heien Archer, aged 56, in a tone of remonstrance, "what a very vul-

ation of remonstrance, "what a very vulgar expression!"

"Snubbed? Oh, no; everybody understands it, and it expresses just what I mean. The next time we meet Mr. Sidney Barclay, I shall most certainly snub him," with a strong emphasis upon the objectionable word.

"I thought he was very polite," said Miss Heien. "What should we have done without his help, stuck in a horrid hole, and the ponies just praneing and hole, and the ponies just praneing and rearing, and not really pulling at all. We might have been there tili now."

"Oh, some one else would have passed, auntie! I don't deny that he was very useful, and very polite, as you say. But he had no business to—" and here Miss Nettie paused abruptly, walked to the other end of the sitting-room, and struck up an animated conversation with the canary.

"It Barclay bad containly acked to the

canary.

Mr. Barclay had certainly asked permission to call, after giving his card to Miss Holen, but he need not have been in such a hurry, Nettie thought, as a glimpse of his tall figure coming up the garden walk interrupted her remarks.

Yet, she considered, what was she going to say? She could not tell her aunt that her indignation was caused by a look of devotion and admiration, perfectly respectful, yet certainly startling, after an acquaintance of less than half an hour. She was still absorbed in contemplation of the canary when Mr. Barclay entered the room, and spoke to her aunt. If he saw her, he took no notice of her, making courteous inquiries as to Miss Helen's state of health after the annoying interruption to her drive the previous day, commenting upon the weather, admiring the display of roses in front of cottage, and seemingly oblivious of everything but the lady in the armehair at the front window.

The room was not a very large one, but Nettie stood in a bow window at the other end, lace curtains valling her, without really concealing her. She had not spoken since Mr. Barclay entered, but gradually an amazed wrath rose in her bosom. She was not accustomed to be ignored entirely. Miss Helen, placifly working insane devices upon craxy patchwork, caught a glimpse of the rising color and indignant eyes, and had a mischievous enjoyment of them. Mr. Barclay was a fine-looking man of five or six-and-twenty, a gentleman in every word and movement, and it must be admitted that, as a rule, Miss Helen was not, when her niece was present, a-ually the reciplent of all the attention of such a visitor.

The gentleman himself was not so unconscious of that veiled figure in the bow window as he appeared to be. Mossdaie, the little cluster of cottages two miles from the sinall village of Avon, was not a fashionable resort. New Yorkers and Brooklynites had not invaded it. The cottages were owned by women, as a rule—farmer's widows who had left the farms to sons or sons-in-inw, and lived in modestcomfort in these

ried away by delight and amazen that he forgot the brevity of the quaintance until that one look that he forgot the brevity of the ac-quaintance until that one look that rankled in Nettle's mind called forth such a quick, indignant flush, such a haughty up-lifting of the small, dainty head, as recalled his scattered senses. He was on his guard again, when Miss Helen, by an appeal to Nettle's memory, forced her to leave her temporary shel-ter, and advanced to greet the now cool, self-nossessed young lawyer. Parfect

self-possessed young lawyer. Perfect courtesy, cold as ice, was in his exchange of greeting; and once more Nettie's quick, impulsive nature was stung by the

quick, imputsive nature was stung by the absence of any sign of the admiration too manifest the day before. Plqued, she allowed herself to thaw, then to try to waken fresh faterest; never descending to any coquetry, but letting her natural vivacity, her quick intellect, have full play. The power of conversing, drawing out the best of her companions, answering with quick companions, answering with quick comconversing, drawing out the best of her companions, answering with quick comprehension, yet never absorbing the talk, that is so often an art acquired by long study and practice, was Nettie's natural gift. Without insincerity she could take deep interest in all passing events, all charce acquaintances. For the hour, each one was the center of her thoughts, and there was such a delicate flattery in her frank betrayal of this interest that Nettie Archer was unanimously voted as charming as she was beautiful.

Sidney Barclay felt all his defences

beautiful.

Sidney Barclay felt all his defences
giving way. He once more forgot that
two days ago he had never even heard of
Miss Archer, and his big, dark eyes became again quite too eloquent.
When he took his leave, pathetically
implored by Aunt Helen to take pity on

their loneliness whenever he had a leisure hour, that lady's eyes swinkled maliciously.

"I owe you an apology for misunderstanding you this morning, dear," she said, demurely. "I did not quite bomprehend what you meant by the word, 'snub."

and Nettie, her already brilliant roses deepened in hue, made a rapid exit.
"H'm!" Miss Helen murmured; "the son of my old friend, Margaret Barclay; his father's par.ner.—h'm! I don't see that Julius can object to an acquaintance."

that Julius can object to an acquaintance."

Julius being Nettie's father, was very particular about the individuals introduced to his only child, the most precious of his many possessions.

"But next time I will snub him!" thought Nellie, rebelliously. "Aunt Helen muss have seen that he was snubbing me. That could not be endured."

For two days Mr. Sidney Barclay forced himself to keep away from the pretty cottage. On the third he found it in direconfusion. In the narrow hallways packing-boxes, trunks, bales of carpets—all the signs of a breaking up. In the dismantled parlor, Miss Helen, weeping profusely.

"My brother" she solved, in a page.

mantled parlor, Miss Helen, weeping profusely.

"My brother," she sobbed, in answer to his sympathetic inquiry, "was thrown from his carriago yeşterday, but I had to arrange for leaving her."

"Will you make me useful?" Sydney said with such evident sincerity, that Miss Helen accepted the offer aconce.

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Useful he certainly was. Baggage was out on carts summoned by him, and sent to the station where the servan shad failed to secure any conveyance. The household obeyed his prompt orders, system sprang out of the confused hurrying nere and there, and Miss Helen found herself with half an hour's time left to quiet before her young assistant came from a hurried run to his own boarding house to insist upon escorting her to the city.

from a hurried run to as own other to house to insist upon escorting her to the city.

Trouble will hasten friendship far more rapidly than prosperity, and by imperceptible degrees Nettie found herself leaning upon Sidney Barclay, with a comforting sense of his perfectly reliable judgment and sympathy. The invalid watched for him after the first day when he offered service, and was thankfully made most useful. Day after day of the long vacation he had intended to pass in the country, found him in the sick rpom, chatting with the injuredman, gently lifting him, bringing him are gossip of the hour and followed by Netuc's grateful eyes in every movement.

To each of the four the oddity of the situation often recurred, with a wonder that so recent an acquaintance had so quickly become one of themselves; but the fact remained that out of their large

quickly become one of themselves; but the fact remained that out of their lar, selected of friends not one was on the same intimate footing. Most of their relatives and close friends were away for summer pleasuring, and there was no one like Sidney Barclay.

Of this Nettle assured herself again and again as her idolized father crept slowly back to health and strength, and never wearled of singing the praises of his patient companion. For while these two, so strangely thrown together, were realizing that separation would mean weary pain, that the hours spent in close intercourse rolled by on rosy cloudinter duties to the invalid. But when the opening of the law courts called Sianey Barclay back to his professional duties, Julius Archer was not the only one who mourned for his less frequent visits, missed his voice, hungered for the hours of leisure that would bring him. But not until the doctor's imperative orders for Mr. Archer threatened a long separation did Sydney Barclay speak the hope that had become strongest in his hears.

"Florida, before the first frost!" the

"Florida, before the first frost!" the physicians said, and Nettie's heart grew cold and heavy. Florida! And for the whole long winter! A separation of months from one who had won his way to the warm, girlish heart, and would not be driven out!

She had been out to attend to some shopping connected with the contemplated journey, and being detained, was hurrying to her father's room on her return, when Miss Helen met her on the states.

stairs.

"Don't go up just this minute, dear," she said. "Mr. Barelay has asked for a private conversation with your father. Now, Nettle, you will have a glorious opportunity to fulfill the threat you made last summer, and snub this presumptuous young man."

But an hour later she said: "I suppose, then dear, you are postponing this snubbing until after the wedding?"

edding?"
And Nettie could only blush, haugh, and amidst many caresses, whisper:
"Never teil him, that's a darling!"
And Aunt Helen promised she never
would.—N. Y. Ledger.

Mrs. Chamberlain's Popularity. Mrs. Chamberlain's Popularity. Certainly Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain is the most popular woman the United States has yet sent to England; and this fact is another leather for Massachusett's cap. Charming as Lady Randol, a Churchill is, and attractive as is Lady Mandeville, neither of these ladies made such an instantaneous success as did Mrs. Chamberlain. Every one with whom she has been brought in contact, from aer majesty the queen down, has been inade captive by the Puritan bride. Her manuers are perfect, and her bearing is

manuers are perfect, and her bearing is like that of a duchess. Mr. Chamberiain is proud and happy in

Mr. Chamberian is proud and happy in her success, and even the fact that the bride has to chaperone the Misses Chamberlain, the elder of whom is the senfor of her mother-in-law, has not brought a cloud into the sky. She dresses in perfect taste, so that even her rivals can find no fault with her.

The duchess of Marlborough, owing to the unpopularity of her husband, has not had really a fair chance, although she could not hope, at the best, to vie with Mrs. Chamberlain. In spite of reports to the contrary, the American duchess is said by her intimate friends to be exceedingly happy. She has a great name, a proud position, and has been received by those who no longer care to know her husband. The dake himself is an interesting, entertaining and even brilliant man, and their home life is a happy one.—Boston Gazette.

Justice Maule's Way of Putting It.

Justice Maule's Way of Putting It.

"Do you know what an oath is, my child?" "Yes, sir; I am obliged toteil the truth." "And if you always tell tho truth where will you go to when you die?" "Up to heaven sir." "And what will will become of you if you tell lies?" "I shall go down to the naughty place, sir." "Are you quite sure of that?" "Yes, sir; quite sure." "Let her be sworn. It is quite clear she knows a great deal more about it than I do."

A witness once said to him: "My lord, you may believe me or not, but I have told the truth and I have been wedded to truth from any infancy." "Yes, sir," said Maule, "but the question is, how long have you been a widower."—Mr. Sergeant Robinson, in Bench and Bar.