

HONY HAND AND ACTIVE BRAIN.

How, now, Hony hand, Telling in the crowd, What is there in thee or thine That thou scornest me and mine...

Thou canst't plough and delve, Thou canst't weave and spin, On thy brow are streaks of care...

Granted Hony hand! High's the work you do; Spring-time sowing, Autumn tithing, And the red-wine of the grape...

Yet, good Hony hand, Why should'st thou be vain? Why should'st thou be proud, Boasting of thy strength and pill...

Dronees there are no doubt; Let not all who see them, Flesh and blood are not the whole, There's a heart of the soul...

Many a noble heart, Many a regal head, Labors harder for our native land Harder than the homestead hand...

AFTER MANY DAYS.

AN ENGLISH ROMANCE. BY W. H. S. ATKINSON.

Away on the dear old Yorkshire wolds in merry England, just at the foot of the bold hill known as the Beacon Top...

You ought to see Beacendale, for it is the very sweetest of English rural villages, whether you look at it from the 'Top'...

Methodist farmers and Church-of-England farmers meet and are the best of friends every Saturday at St. Olaves Market...

That it only, it was gnawing at one side of Ferguson's heart as his love for Annie was gnawing the other. Something lay heavily on his mind...

By the way, said George Mitchell, who was present, and now just caught at what they were discussing: 'at Milton market, on Saturday, I was shown a paragraph in the 'agony column' of the Times...

He had spent much time on this picture, and had succeeded beyond his wildest hopes. It had become the greatest pleasure of his life to sit before it...

Then Mrs. Maria Mitchell's married daughter, talked to Annie Handford of Ferguson, and Annie said: 'I never knew whether I quite really loved him...

Weeks passed away, and it was soon pretty evident that this Wilson was deeply enamored of Miss Handford, and it was also plain to the most careless observer...

As the evening advanced, Annie to take a walk with him on a stilt in a shady lane, with the red sunset shedding its glow upon them...

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to Thorpe farm for the sake of the ride over the wolds and a quiet day at the old farm house.

Evening came, and, as usual, they walked down the lovely lane which led to the village and church. This was not their first visit to Beacendale church by any means...

He felt that he had met his fate, and all through that service he was trying to devise a plan whereby he could become acquainted with this girl who had so completely captivated him at one glance...

That evening on their way home the two friends called on an acquaintance, and, while seated there, puffing cigars, they heard soon the sound of merry, girlish voices...

Many Sundays passed on, but each one found Ferguson over at the Thorpe farm and always to church in the evening. Sunday was the bright star which kept his eye upon all at the week before...

It appears that these young ladies and their mother were spending a few months at this charming village, in a house rented for the purpose by their father...

Five years have passed away, and changes have been wrought even in that short time. Thorpe farm is occupied by others than John Fielding and his sister...

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The next week's Milton News contained the following paragraph: A warrant has been issued for the apprehension of William Ferguson...

The news came like a thunderclap on the little world of Milton, where Ferguson was well known and respected. It was the talk of the town...

When Ferguson got into Wales, he thought he might safely take time for breathing and looking around. On that Saturday afternoon he had, on his way west, called in to take one more look at a gloomy farewell of Annie...

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er it was so? 'Oh, no,' she replied, 'it was all fancy; I never loved until now; besides,' she added, 'I could never wed a thief, you know.'

'Don't you think, if you saw him, you could love him as I know he loves you?' 'O, never, never! Don't speak about him, please; all that is gone and past years ago, and we need never mention his name again.'

'Annie,' said Wilson, 'Miss Handford, forgive me for deceiving you. I came down here only known to George Mitchell, just to take a look at old scenes and old friends. I am Will Ferguson. I never meant to speak to you of love, but from the moment I beheld you again, I was no longer master of myself.'

'Miss Handford, try to control yourself,' said Ferguson, 'and think no more of what has occurred; let us return.' They walked mechanically to the house, in perfect silence...

She consulted with her great friend, Mrs. Maria, who advised her to wait a bit, and let her father know all about Will Ferguson.

If Milton had felt disgraced by Will Ferguson when he fled a defaulter, it now did its best to try and give him a firm footing once more. The local newspaper contained a long laudatory paragraph commending his honorable conduct...

So old Mr. Handford wrote to his daughter and bade her please herself; he was satisfied Ferguson had learned a lesson from the past, and meant for the future to do well. And thus it came to pass that Will one day in October, received a letter from his friend Mrs. Maria Smith...

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appearance in society since his return from Europe, and Mrs. B.—had secured him, though by dint of strategy, for that one evening, at least, as she announced triumphantly to her guests.

He was quite a lion, for his paintings had won him fame, and already riches enough to secure comfort. When little had become barren and distasteful to him he had sought consolation in his work, and had grown to love it with the intensity which insures success.

Jessie Handbrook was there. She had failed, although it was four years later, to secure the rich husband. She had not altered, but looked as fresh and beautiful as ever as she stood under the full light of a chandelier...

'Miss Handbrook? What pleasure!' She felt her hand grasped cordially, and thought she noted a look of interest in the speaker's brown eyes.

He remained by her side the most of the evening, making himself wonderfully agreeable by descriptions of his travels, and when he placed her in a carriage, he whispered softly: 'May I come to-morrow?'

'He is waiting to be sure of me,' she would say to herself. 'He will not risk another refusal. And she became doubly gracious. One afternoon he remarked carelessly, as he sat by her side,— 'I am going away to-morrow, Jessie; shall you miss me?'

'What a question, Ralph!' she replied, blushing. 'You know I shall. You'll not be gone long?'

'Only a few weeks. I shall bring a friend back with me whom I hope you will love for my sake.'

'Indeed I will,' she answered. 'Is he like you?'

'Hardly.' And a curious smile played about Ralph Ashton's mouth as he rose and bade her good bye.

There was later Miss Handbrook received a letter from her friend Mrs. Maria Smith telling him to 'come down and try again.'

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mortal! She looks like sunshine but acts like an iceberg. 'Just as I thought the dreadful monotony of these springs was to be broken by a sparkling, intelligent beauty, the dainty sprite repels all my little civilities, and I am left to amuse myself with my little Russian girl, who is of that tender age when she can tell me as often as she likes that she loves me.'

'Here she comes.' 'Well, Vera, what is the joyful news your tall-tale face seems to have in store for me?'

'Oh, sir, have you met the beautiful lady? She told me such pretty stories, and when I was in my little bed last night, came into my room and said that her mamma was tired and wanted to rest, so she came in to me and sung me such merry songs until I fell asleep.'

'Then she can be affable, and take an interest in something besides herself.' 'Oh, wait till you know her. She asked me if I knew Count Polanski who boarded here, but I don't, do you?'

'No, but run and play, and by and by I will take you for a boat ride.' 'Thank you, I will run down now and look at the pretty boat.'

After sauntering around he bethought himself of his promise and upon approaching the stream, what was his consternation to find that his little pet had seated herself in the boat, and was drifting down the stream.

Just then Adelaide Warren appeared, and the sight of this maniac throwing stones at a lovely child helplessly floating on the water in the boat maddened her, and at any cost, she meant to draw the mad-man away.

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set. Somehow his friend seemed to lose his presence of mind, and was not showing much nerve, as Milne threw off his coat and dashed into the water. Adelaide was sensible and cool, and with his assistance was soon in his boat, and put on shore.

'That night, after her hot bath and ginger tea, she was sitting, wrapped, upon her bed, when Vera came in with a basket of water lilies and water-cresses, beautifully arranged, and with a card for "The beautiful Undine, from Count Polanski."

'How graceful of him to do so, and what exquisite taste,' said Adelaide. 'You will wear one in your hair, won't you to-morrow?'

'No,' said the mother, 'it is best not.' But Adelaide meant to do so or let him know in some way that she appreciated his gift, but the next day, his seat at dinner was vacant, having received a telegram that he must attend to some business in another place.

But to-morrow Dinsmore was to have an answer that would either bind his life and Adelaide's together, or separate them forever. Also, for the plans of mice and men, he was obliged to leave that night on the first train, as his father was dangerously ill.

Adelaide felt secretly glad of her deliverance; she did not understand herself, and felt that she wanted to think, and it seemed that she was not to be allowed to pine for something to interest herself in, as the Count's mother had arrived, and the stately, sad-faced mother took a great fancy to Adelaide, and unbursed her heart as she seldom did to strangers.

Adelaide had missed the Count, but dreaded to make inquiries and concluded it was one of his ill-times, and so had shunned the subject. The mother said that she had been sent for, as he seemed to be much more unmanageable than in former times, and she dreaded the results.

While talking a servant entered announcing the fact that he had escaped, and the search thus far had been in vain.

Adelaide had tried to pacify her and told her that she knew her son well and would help in the search. In the meantime Rex Milne had left the coach, to walk through the forest to the hotel, and before reaching the grounds, heard stifled cries and mumbled talk when, at a turn in the path, he came upon a scene that startled him, and with one leap, grasped a wild, haggard-looking man, and after a struggle that was desperate, freed Vera from his grasp.

She screamed and called to the attendants, who, by the way, had never seen the Count, but had come with the mother to take the place of the old ones, to set him, and, if necessary, to chain him, but at all hazards not to let him free.

Poor Rex, carried away a prisoner, locked in a room, resolved to make some one suffer for the indignities heaped upon him.

The mother had been told that her son had been found, and Adelaide persuaded her to take a little rest before visiting him, as she was exhausted with anxiety. She complied with the request, and it was late when shown to her son's room. Imagine her amazement upon seeing Rex!

'Sir, I was told my son was confined here!'

'Madam, there is some mistake; my name is Rex Milne.'

'Oh, sir! What reparation can I make to you for this insult! and my poor son is still wandering about, free to do any terrible deed.'

'Let me help you,' said Rex, 'then I hope this snarl we seem to have become entangled in may be unraveled.'

When they reached the stream they saw the same individual Rex had encountered before, tormenting poor Adelaide, trying to make her go through the antics of a dog, and threatening all kinds of torture if she did not do better.