MY LADYE'S LOVE.

What need have I for stars or moon?
My Ladye's love doth grant me noon.
No nighte is here, no coudlet nighe,
Fear hath no sting, so passeth bye.
Shine brighte or noe,
Love flouteth woe.
My Ladye's eyes do yield me lighte;
If cold the wind,
Call I to mind
My Ladye with soft silks bedighte.

What lack have I of joy or blisse
When I can wot me of a kisse?
The longest way doth count a mile,
So sweet the dreams which me beguile.
My Ladye fayre
Hath thwarted care,
My heart is in the spring alwaye;
For dear delighte
Doth give the nighte
The sweetest essence of the daye.

A PARENTHESIS.

"Stand back!"

And the huddled crowd on the narrow platform—whiling away a tedious wait in the divers ways known to the British excursionist—swayed like a field of wheat and tottered. Then there was a little panic among them, a crashing and falling on one another, and a stifled cry that the roar of the northern express muffled.

And when the train had whirled through, and the thunder and vibration were past, the two hundred-odd souls, waiting for its tardy successor, realized that something had happened. Three in the rear of the throng had had the life well-nigh pressed out of them—one, a woman, was badly crushed between the wall and a trolly laden with milk-cans.

"Fetch the doctor," urged one and another.

Suddenly some one made his way through the crowd. Partly by virtue of his height, partly of the load he carried, a pathway was cut for him on the instant, and he went on with his burden to the station gate. Here he halted.

"Foster!" he called.

A lath of a man threaded his way deftly to his side, and to him he said:

"Tell them to get a bed ready at the King's Arms at once."

"It only wants five minutes to the London train, Mr. Frere," suggested the station-master at his elbow. "And we could get Dr. Gill here in an hour."

Frere paused a half-second. "But in what condition?" he asked.

"Well, not at his best," allowed the station-master.

"I shall go on to-morrow. Keep back my bags, will you, Buxton? Foster can bring them across to the inn presently. I shan't drive back to Dun Moor to-night." And he preceded his portmanteaus thither with the woman he carried, as composedly as if it had been his original intention to dine and sleep in a wayside inn 300 miles from town.

Men who have travelled their thousands over half the countries of the globe have a knack of shaking down easily and at short notice. He had; and generally came off fairly well; at any rate, in his native county, where he was a popular and conspicuous figure, for whom the rustics cherished a vague awe as for a person who had dived deep into strange sciences; weathered strange hardships, and contributed strange books to the erudite literature of their land.

"Well, sir," remarked the landlady, when the injured woman was safely established under the funeral trappings and prehistoric monsters of the most wonderful old bed in the Peak. "Well, sir, I always do say as it was a pity you didn't stay among us to do what you seem cut out for, instead of facing wild beasts and wild men in outlandish foreign parts with but a fair-cooked meal once in six months and never a night's rest to speak of!"

Worsley Frere laughed, adjusting the final bandage on the arm of his unconscious patient.

"Who knows but that I may come to it yet, Mrs. Greenfield? Nothing like having half a dozen trades to fall back on. I shall look in again before I turn in. Give the patient a little brandy now and then. We must have Gill here the first thing in the morning."

For Gill a message was accordingly dispatched next day; and Frere, scribbling telegrams in the bar-parlor, went out to meet him.

"One of the pleasure-seekers come to grief, eh?" said the little surgeon jovially. "I heard something of it last night; but when they told me you were here I knew better than to come. Who is she?"

"No one knows. Not an excursionist. Buxton tells me she had just booked for town when the accident happened. Come and see her. She slept fairly and is conscious now. A bad case, though."

She was propped up against the huge pillows when they entered together, her cloud of hair lost in the dark background of grotesque carved figures.

The examination and consultation occupied but a few minutes, during which the object of it kept her large eyes on the two faces with a curious speculative calm. That the men differed in their opinion was evident to her, though they spoke scarcely half a dozen words, and she dealt with the dilemma in the curious frank manner that had already puzzled the landlady.

It was when Frere came back into the room after a brief adjournment. A bar of sunlight fell across the bed and streaked the unbandaged hand that lay before her on the sheet. She greeted him at once.

"You are the doctor who attended me last night? I wish for no second opinion."

Her manner, imperious yet simple, impressed him as a little inconsonant with the severely plain garb he had seen her in the night before; and he said, almost in the tone with which he might humor a child: "Dr. Gill is a clever man; moreover"——

"I don't like him!"

"Moreover, I am not, as he is, a doctor by profession. I have walked the hospital, but"——

"But you don't mean to bother yourself with me. Tell me; he believes that it—it must come off?"

Frere, taken a little aback by the quick intuitions of this girl, winced, looking at the uninjured and beautiful hand lying at his elbow.

"They are my one charm," she said slowly to herself.

And as he had formulated no opinion as yet on her points, he did not challenge the words. He was a man who generally said little, thought a good deal and eschewed compliments.

Suddenly she laid hold of his bronzed capable fingers and clinging to them, said under her breath, gaspingly:

"Save it, save it for me if you can! Don't listen to him! His sympathies are deadened! Use your own judgment!"

It had urged him all along to disagree with this once-brilliant, half-soddened little man; but he did not tell her this, only calmed her with a brief matter-of-fact word, and told her she must not waste her powers in fancies.

Then she looked at him straight out of her wide, fearless eyes; and he turned and took out his watch, not choosing to acknowledge to himself that she had read his thoughts.

It wanted fifteen minutes to the departure of the London express.

He put it back again, and when he did so had changed his plans.

"I will do my best for you, Miss"—— his deep eyes met hers pleasantly.

"Miss Marjoram," she replied to them.

And he did his best, being a man as good as his word.

Gill, in his usual, casual, light-hearted fashion, cried off contentedly, and said he would send round Forsythe from the cottage hospital across the moor. A day later Forsythe came, and there was a brief parley between himself and the man whose degrees were far ahead and whose experience far behind his own. And then a faint odor of chloroform filled one wing of the old inn, and an hour afterward Miss Mary Marjoram woke to a knowledge that the crushed hand had been saved in the hope of final restoration.

"Not beautiful now," she said next day to Frere, when he came to see how she was progressing; "but I thank you. And I thank God that it was not my right hand."

She considered the sound limb pensively, stretching and spreading the long slim fingers with a mournful smile. "It can still work and accomplish."

"What?" he asked, to divert her thoughts. "Samplers? No—those were our grandmothers' right, weren't they. Antimacassars? Our mothers claim those. But you of to-day demand—nothing."

His sarcasm did not escape her. She lay back on her pillow smiling thoughtfully.

"You dislike the wide field for us," she said. "Why?"

"I will tell you to-morrow; you have talked enough for to-day; and I want you to give me your friends' address, so that I may write to them."

She colored suddenly. "That," she said, "you needn't trouble about. I am an orphan." And though, when she was established on the sofa in the big parlor below, he came often and regularly to see her, she never spoke to him once of her belongings.

Of other things they talked much.

His distaste for society and society women did not touch him in his intercourse with this stranger. She was of another world—full of simple candid questions and variable whims—now eager in defence of this modern development, now strangely indifferent, even ignorant, on another; a puzzle that by its very complexity interested and attracted him curiously. One day he would leave her, sure in his opinion that such ingenuousness could be but the outcome of an uninstructed mind; the next, by some quick grip of a subject, she had persuaded him that her ignorance was simulated. And as the days grew into weeks, the charm of her individuality grew too.

He had gone back to his brother's house at Dun Moor, but generally found some excuse or other for riding over to King's Arms, Brescoe.

John Frere chaffed him for his devotion to a "case," but Mrs. John shook her head and remembered that misogynists—and Worsley had always professed himself one—are converted by the simple medium of a glance.

One day she drove over with flowers, grapes and a little patronage, to see the invalid. "Phyllida" was the name she had bestowed on the stranger, to meet the sort of adjectives with which her brother-in-law had painted her.

Now, Mrs. John was a brisk, wide-awake little person, who prided herself on reading riddles, and came to Brescoe quite assured that she would quickly find out whether the young woman possessed a grandfather, mind or manner.

But Miss Marjoram, reading letters in the wide window, with a pucker upon her broad white brow, was in her most uncommunicative mood.

"Simple, ingenuous, timid! My dear Worsley, she is the veriest bit of ice—disdainful ice, too! How blind men are!" cried the small lady on her return to Dun Moor Manor.

Mr. Worsley Frere, who was putting a few sporting and scientific trophies into a box, turned his deep eyes on his sister-in-law doubtfully. "Are we?" said he; "I suppose we are."

To prove how blind he felt himself impelled to ride over to the old coaching-inn for the second time in three days.

Mrs. John watched him start, and, standing under the venerable porch, said to herself, "Phyllida, indeed! But your learned man is always a bat!"

To the bat, nevertheless, Miss Marjoram accorded her usual bright smile.

"You have brought them! How nice of you. You give me such peeps into an unknown world that I forgot my enforced rest."

He opened the box he had brought with him, and spread out these signs of his activity before her—photographs neatly mounted with infinitesimal notes at the foot of each; specimens of the African flora and fauna, and scraps of all sorts; and, with her hands folded in the pathetic attitude he had begun to know so well, she listened to his description of the expeditions in which each item had been secured, and laughed and sighed her comments.

Suddenly, with a change from the wistful to the peremptory, "Mr. Frere," she said, "why do you grudge the wide field to women in a world where there is so much to do and see?"

"They are unfitted for it. Home should be their province."

She laughed disdainfully. "Home! The word is nothing to some people, if it is everything to others. With you, I suppose, it is meant to cover a multitude of desires. But it doesn't often. If you, keen on scaling mountain tops or crossing deserts, had been condemned to tread feather-beds—how would you have liked it? Men are so"—— She halted.

"So what?" he asked, amused at this unexpected display of temper.

But she was laughing, now, with the childlike look in her eyes. "So discriminating and wise. They know just which is the most reprehensible and clamorous among the new women. Let me see if I can touch them off in right order." She laid her soft, sound hand before her, and beginning with the index-finger, said soberly: "First, the lady-orator."

He nodded, smiling; her pretty warmth was diverting.

"Then—the lady-journalist." She paused, with her wide eyes on him questioningly. Her appeal—there was nothing didactic in Mary Marjoram—pleased him in some subtle way.

"Or shall we put the lady-journalist first?" he said, entering into her mood. "She is generally aggressive, square-toed and badly dressed."

"Three things that no wise man would pardon," she agreed, meditatively. "Third"——

But just then Mrs. Greenfield entered with tea, and she dismissed the subject with a half-petulant laugh. "Don't let us waste ebbing daylight over such an unattractive section of society as the advanced woman," she cried. "You haven't told me half about your African adventures."

And with question and answer they whiled away the twilight.

It was two days before he came again—a glowing October evening.

"Dr. Forsythe says I am almost well. I shall go next week. I must get back to work."

"Work?" he said, for in her playful, dependent ways she had never struck him as a working woman.

She laughed low at his perplexity. "Hats and bonnets must be made, you see, Mr. Frere, even though the season is over." And though she had not declared herself a milliner in so many words, her remark sent an odd stab through his big frame.

He got up and went to the window.

"This being so," she went on cheerfully, "you see how much, how very much I owe you, who saved my hand to me to stitch and seam and gather pence. Mr. Frere, I thank—I do thank you."

He shrugged his shoulders irritably. "It was nothing."

"Well, 'nothing' if you will. That is your point of view. It isn't mine."

He stood still, staring at the yellow sky and the bare, far moors.

"Miss Marjoram, do you believe in marriage between people of different tastes?" he presently asked, abruptly. "Do you think, for instance, that an artist would be happy with an artist—a literary man with a literary woman?"

"Most probably not," she said shortly.

They were silent for a time; then she resumed in a different tone: "I have been quite happy here alone out of the beaten track. I wonder—I wonder how your holiday has agreed with you? A little pause in an adventurous life—a full-stop between two sentences—is that it?"

"Yes," he said carelessly, "a parenthesis—a pleasant parenthesis."

He didn't know it would be his last word with her at Brescoe. When he rode up a few days later he found Miss Marjoram had gone. She had been sent for suddenly—abroad, Mrs. Greenfield said. The telegram was lying on the table. He picked it up mechanically.

It was addressed to the Honorable Mary Marjoram by Lady Joanna Pierpont, at Bordighera, and said merely, "Come at once."

"It seems," remarked the landlady, standing by, "that she was quite a great lady—a writer, and rich, with my Lady Joanna Pierpoint for aunt, and all sorts of fine connections. But she had disagreed with them. The old lady wanted her to stay at home and do nothing, and Miss Marjoram wanted to go out and do a great deal. She told me she got tired of sitting on a cushion and sewing a fine seam. Well, it's every one to their tastes. And, whatever hers were, she was the pleasantest-spoken young lady I ever came across."

Worsley Frere rode home slowly, and going, found himself face to face with a problem. A great blank had suddenly entered into his life, and he was trying to argue it away. He labored for a night and a day, and then he told Mrs. John Frere that he was going to take a run to the Continent preparatory to his voyage to Africa.

It was just a week later that he came across a slight figure leaning—in a brief absence from a sick room—toward the sleeping Mediterranean. The palms and villas of Bordighera were around; behind, steeply and sharply, rose the picturesque buildings of the old town, the cathedral dominating them.

He was a man of prompt measures, and, having examined his heart, knew it. "What made you do it?" he said quietly, sitting down beside her and displacing an armful of roses she had laid along the seat.

She turned, and a quick, unbidden glow sprang into her eyes.

"A love of the unconventional," she said lightly; "the same reason that made me shy against poor Aunt Joanna's social routine and turn journalist. I came to Brescoe to contribute a column on its cottage-hospital, and I met—yes, it must have been there I met you. I wonder, shall we meet again, for I must go in to my invalid now. She is very ill. Goodby."

Her casual manner angered him.

"This is ridiculously inadequate to the occasion," he said firmly, getting up and standing so that she could not pass him. "We meet after ten days—days that have meant much to me—and you wonder flippantly whether we shall see each other again."

"Yes," she acquiesced, with her eyes unflinchingly on him. Her hands were trembling though.

"Don't you know that I have travelled two days to see you—to ask an explanation which our frequent intercourse and your whim justify?"

"Whim!" she said coldly; "to you, at least, I am not called on to explain my actions. The time was a mere breathing space—a lull. I couldn't help the accident, any more than I could help being indebted to you."

He folded his arms, looking at her, but her eyes were on the curve of the bay that held the silent sea.

"You could help the deception. Why should you have pretended to be what you were not?"

She faced round on him suddenly.

"Because," she said fiercely—"because I happen to be one of those unlucky women who can't find their whole content in nursing a poodle, writing twenty letters a morning, driving out once a day, and being fawned on for their expectations. I got away from it all—for a year. It was Aunt Joanna's arrangement, though we quarrelled over it. And I went in for writing. But I didn't see why, having taken up my anonymity, I should drop it again. I was Miss Marjoram simply—a woman with a calling when I left Aunt Joanna. Why should I be anything more to you, of whom I knew so little?"

"We met under exceptional circumstances. Our intercourse"——

She interrupted him. "Our intercourse! What was it? A parenthesis—a pleasant parenthesis in two busy lives. It has passed. And the sentence goes on as if it had never been. It was your own phrase."

"My own phrase!" he echoed. "Perhaps so—a week ago. Women haven't the monopoly of changing their minds. I have changed mine. That month is sentence, chapter, book itself to me."

She moved from him, fear in her eyes.

"You are jesting, Mr. Frere," she said under her breath. "It is a poor revenge."

"Revenge!" he said, in his deep vibrant tones. "You are hard to melt, still harder to woo. Cannot you tell, Mary—cannot you tell I am in earnest?"

Over the sea the darkness was stealing; the sibilant croon of the waves came up to their ears from below. But still Mary Marjoram looked over its placid breast, and was silent. To their right, the faint lines of the distant Esterels, Mentone, Monte Carlo, and the grand dim mountains; below, the murmurous Mediterranean; around, unbroken hush wherein two hearts alone seemed to beat.

At last he moved toward her, covering her restored but still delicate hand with his strong one. Then she looked at him, something else than fear dawning in her eyes. If surrender was in them with tears, she would not let it pass into her words.

"I thought the lady journalist headed the list of your aversions, Mr. Frere?" But the assumption of audacity did not deceive him.

"A week ago. Now, 'If you would sit by me thus every night, I should work better, do you comprehend?'"

She laughed low, recognizing the quotation.

"And you believe in marriages between people of the same tastes?" she said.

"Quite!"

"I don't think I do," she said slowly, rising and gathering up the scattered roses. "I shouldn't like to see Mr. Frere married to an 'aggressive, untidy, square-toed person'—his love of the orderly and beautiful would suffer too much."

But in her dainty diaphanous frock, with flowers in her belt, and mirth in her eyes, she stood but a few inches from him and courted his refutation.

"Aggressive, untidy, square-toed!" he repeated.

And suddenly she found herself in his arms, with his kisses on her brow.

"Your own fault, Mary," he said, when he held her at last away from him, all rosy and charming under night's kind shadows. And straightening her old lace ruffles, she merely said resignedly:

"Well, I have warned you. Two of a trade never agree. But"——

"They will!"

And it is sure that the two people who went down the hill toward the little town half an hour later, went hand in hand.—(The Argosy.

AN ARTIST'S PORTRAIT.

AND A STATESMAN'S AUTOGRAPH.

Mr. Gladstone has a "Visitors' Book," on the pages of which every guest at Hawarden leaves his signature, with sometimes a pleasant sentence or two, or, in the case of an artist, a sketch. The

quaint goblin sketch of Burne-Jones, made by the painter himself, is one of the most amusing things in the book. In its odd way it is astonishingly expressive of the original.

Li Hung Chang's signature is another interesting item in the book. First of all, little Miss Dorothy Drew approached Li, holding in one hand the book, open at a fine, large, full page, and in the other her own paint-box, which was cleaned up for the occasion. Li beamed, and did not shrink from the task. In a few minutes the work of art was brushed in in sepia, to the immense relief of everybody. "One of the characters," says Mrs. Drew, "means 'written by,' as if any other than Li could possibly have done it."

AN INFECTIOUS LAUGH.

From The Detroit Free Press.

"There's nothing in the world more contagious than good, hearty laughter," declared the manager who had a rough-and-tumble time of it in his earlier days, but is now on the warm and sunny side of "Easy street."

"One time, down in Southern Ohio, I struck a town that was really virgin soil for the theatrical missionary. There wasn't a minute of daylight that our posters were not surrounded by a crowd with mouths and eyes wide open. When night came the hall was jammed, but it couldn't have been a less responsive audience if the penalty for laughing had been solitary imprisonment for life. The show wasn't half bad, and yet we couldn't get a hand or even a smile.

"While the people on the stage were guying the crowd and talking about the comforts of the Arctic climate, who should appear at the window of the box-office but big Bill Meeker, that I used to know at home. He was a travelling man, and with him was 'Shorty' Tompkins, just as big and just as jolly.

"'For heaven's sake, "Bill,"' I broke out, 'get right in there, you and your friend. Set that laugh of yours to going. Cut loose for all you're worth, and see if you can't prove an ice crusher.' No sooner were they seated than 'Bill' caught a joke, opened a mouth big enough to catch baseballs and let forth a roar that dropped icicles from the eave troughs. 'Shorty' joined in, and the players couldn't escape the contagion. Pretty soon some of the old farmers broke into a cackle, and inside of three minutes it was simply pandemonium. People laughed till they were sick. Every act was encored. It was 1 o'clock before we could get the curtain down, and we had over three hundred invitations to return."

TRIOLET.

Maid with the wistful eyes
And grace of the radiant spring,
Sunshine for you ne'er dies,
Maid with the wistful eyes;
Days pass like butterflies,
Each with a jewell'd wing,
Maid with the wistful eyes
And grace of the radiant spring!

Maid with the voice of gold
And mouth like a crimson bloom,
Why are your words so cold?
Maid with the voice of gold,
Lovers both young and bold,
They send to a dreary doom,
Maid with the voice of gold
And mouth like a crimson bloom.

Maid with the face of a flow'r
And heart of the virgin snow,
Love lurks within a bow'r,
Maid with the face of a flow'r,
Some day you'll know his pow'r—
Subtle his spell and slow!—
Maid with the face of a flow'r
And heart of the virgin snow.

THE PINK SHEEP.

To judge from the laughter which came from that end of the luncheon table, the party sitting there were enjoying themselves. Some of the other people in the room wished they could have heard the mirth-provoking remarks; and yet there was no great display of wit. Mr. and Mrs. Kibble White were in high spirits, for it was the second day of their holiday, and they were prepared to laugh at anything. Mrs. Yates, with "Madame," had arrived in Boulogne only on the previous day, but she had a knack of making personal remarks about the other visitors at the hotel that had quickly established a sort of intimacy between her and her neighbors at table.

They were discussing a man of five-and-thirty who sat rather near them.

"I think he's English," said Mr. Kibble White.

"Impossible!" remarked Madame. "He is too solid, too unintelligent, to belong to your great nation; he is a German."

"No, he can't understand English," said Mrs. Yates, "for I am sure he must have heard our conversation, and his face has never changed."

"I hope he doesn't understand it, for you have been rather rough on him; let us listen to his accent when he speaks to the waiter," suggested Mr. Kibble White.

"No need," cried Mrs. Yates; "I am sure he can only say Ba'a Ba'a; don't you see he is not a man, but just a great Pink Sheep."

The party all laughed, and the stranger was nicknamed the Pink Sheep from that moment.

At the table d'hôte that evening the laughter was almost entirely subdued; Mrs. Yates and Madame soon adjourned to the drawing-room, whence they were followed by the Kibble Whites and by the Pink Sheep, who ensconced himself behind a book.

"You have, no doubt, noticed that Mrs. Yates is somewhat depressed," said Madame; "and I am not surprised at that, for she has had her pocket picked and lost more than £5."

The Kibble Whites expressed their deep sympathy, and after describing the manner in which the loss had occurred, while she stood watching the arrival of the English boat, Mrs. Yates grew communicative and told of her great disappointment. It was impossible to continue her journey. She was on her way to Brindisi to meet her husband, who was coming home from India seriously ill. Her anxiety to meet him was the greater, for she had parted from him in anger caused by jealousy. She had just learned her suspicion had been entirely unfounded.

And now she could go no further, for, acting on Madame's advice, she had taken a ticket only as far as Paris, and, being very badly off, she could not afford to borrow the necessary money, even had there been time to do so.

"Why didn't you let her take a through ticket, Madame?" asked Mrs. Kibble White.

"Indeed, I wish I had, for now she could have gone on, but I feared the people in London would cheat her, and, since I know the manager of a tourist agency in Paris, I felt she was sure to be properly treated if she took her tickets from him."

"You are over suspicious, Madame," said Mrs. Yates. "Last night, when we went to the Casino, you wanted me to give you my watch and jewelry to take care of, and yet, you see, no one attempted to take them."

"And you are, perhaps, too confiding, Mrs. Yates. You see, if you had given me your money to keep for you, you would not have lost it."

"I am not so sure of that," said Mrs. Kibble White, looking hard at the last speaker.

"What do you mean by that remark?" asked Madame, indignantly.

"I mean that I do not see why the money should have been safer in your keeping than in Mrs. Yates's."

There was an uncomfortable silence. Madame rose and went out. As soon as she had left the room Mrs. Kibble White asked:

"Do you know her very well? I don't like her eyes at all. I should not trust her. Who is she?"

"Oh, I think she is all right. She is the Marquise de Montereau."

"Then why has she put her name in the visitors' book as Madame Camboux?"

"She said she liked to travel incognita, because if people knew her rank they would charge more at the hotels."

"She does not look like an aristocrat; her dress is so untidy, and have you not noticed the high-water mark on her neck?"

"Oh, these foreigners have such odd characters."

"I should say, by the look of her, she had none," said Mrs. Kibble White.

Then Mrs. Yates explained how she had answered an advertisement in "The Morning Post," in which a foreign lady of rank asked another lady to join her in a journey to Naples. She told how Madame had promised to give references to two or three well-known members of the English aristocracy, but they were all out of town.

"I think you were lucky not to have given her your jewelry last night, or probably you would have lost that, as well as your money," remarked Mrs. Kibble White. Then began a discussion as to what could be done to discover whether their suspicions were well founded, but it seemed impossible to take any steps without something more definite to go upon. Meanwhile, the Pink Sheep, who had finished his chapter, took a cigar from his pocket and was cutting off the end.

"I believe that beastly German Sheep is going to smoke in the drawing-room! Tell him we won't stand it, dear," cried Mrs. Kibble White.

"Défense de fumer," said her husband, excitedly, pointing to a notice on the wall.

The Pink Sheep smiled, bowed, and left the room. Crossing the passage, he walked upstairs. His footfall was silent upon the thick carpet, and, on reaching the first landing he saw a female figure turn out the electric light. He paused a moment; then, walking cautiously, he went to his room. In the doorway he met a woman, and seizing her by the wrist, forced her back, locking the door after him. When he had struck a light, he recognized Madame.

"I beg your pardon," she said, in French. "It is so dark in the passages I have mistaken my room; I must complain that they are so economical of the light."

"If you dislike the darkness, why did you turn out the electric light?"

"I turn it out! What an idea! You are dreaming."

"And yet my eyes are very wide open; but I am glad you have come! I want a few moments' conversation with you."

"With me! You evidently mistake. I am the Marquise de Montereau, and I do not know you."

"That is possible, but I know you, and what I want to tell you is that you must return to Mrs. Yates the twenty-five pounds. I suppose the purse is not now recoverable."

"How dare you accuse me of such an action? You must be a madman; for surely no sane man could be guilty of such insolence."

She rose to go, but, with a gesture, he stopped her.

"Call the hotelkeeper," he said, quietly, "and if you are aggrieved, make a formal complaint against me. In the mean time, you may know that you will not leave this room until you have restored the money."

She sat down scowling at him, and threatening condign punishment for this indignity.

"Don't be impatient, and I will tell you shortly an experience which happened to me," he said, establishing himself comfortably in an armchair. "You don't object to smoke, I think? Very well. Two years ago (lighting his cigar), I was in a small hotel in Lucerne." He looked up suddenly at her, and the corners of her mouth twitched involuntarily.

"There were two maiden ladies there," he continued, "named Jackson, or Johnson, travelling with a companion, a Madame Cambrai, who had answered an advertisement and accompanied them in the capacity of a sort of female courier. She hired the rooms, looked after the luggage, planned their route, and, in short, was very useful to them. Unfortunately, on one occasion when she was carrying a small bag containing about £40 in gold on a crowded steamer upon the Lake of Lucerne, some villain contrived with a sharp knife to cut a hole in the bag, through which the money was abstracted. She was very unfortunate, this poor Madame Cambrai. Her despair was pitiable; she spoke of her carelessness, and promised to work her fingers to the bone to repay the money to these kind Jacksons—or was it not Johnson? They, however, did their best to console her, and being unable or unwilling to spend any more money on that tour, they paid for her ticket back to Paris, and returned home some weeks earlier than they had intended. I did not know all this at the time, I only learned it from them about two days later, when I happened to make their acquaintance in a railway carriage. Their narrative interested me much, for it enabled me to explain the circumstance, which had seemed strange.

"Now I am going to make a confession. I did a mean thing in that Lucerne hotel. I happened to wake in the night; noticing an odd sound and seeing the keyhole of the adjoining room shining like a bright spot in the darkness, I crept softly out of bed and looked through. There I saw a woman in rather scanty clothing. Did I turn away? On the contrary, I kept my eye at the keyhole. It was indefensible, I admit, but curiosity got the better of me, and I saw a very strange thing. On the table lay an open case of surgical instruments, and this woman was cutting part of a morocco purse into strips, then burning them one by one in the flame of the candle. It was a tedious process, and I now got tired of it and crept back to bed."

"All that this story proves is that you are a mean-spirited, shameless fellow, and I know not why you weary me with it," said Madame, trying to look dignified.

"But now comes the entertaining part," resumed the Pink Sheep, "for I recognized this woman as Madame Cambrai, the companion of the Misses Johnson (I think it was Johnson), and you can fancy that I am, if not actually pleased, still much interested to find her at Boulogne, passing under the somewhat similar name of Camboux, in the company of Mrs. Yates, a lady who has mysteriously lost a purse containing a considerable sum; nor is my interest lessened when I see her turning out the electric light and paying a visit to my private room."

"You have told your story, and I now understand how through being deceived by some fancied resemblance to a woman you have once seen through a keyhole, and meeting me just as I have made a mistake in my room, your suspicions have been, not unnaturally, aroused. Still, if you are the chivalrous gentleman your appearence proclaims you to be, you will accept the word of a lady when I assure you that I have never been to Switzerland and that I have never used the name of Cambrai; and you will permit me to pass out."

"That is not my intention. You are in error when you say I saw the woman only once through a keyhole, for the lady with the surgical scissors sat opposite to me both the day before and the morning after passing her night in the unusual operation I have described. Nor have I the least intention of letting you leave this room until you restore to Mrs. Yates the money you have stolen from her."

At these words Madame completely changed her tone, and replied, in a low voice:

"Certainly the name of sheep, which your protégée, Mrs. Yates, so aptly bestowed upon you (for you must have heard her if you understand English) is most applicable. You must be a silly sheep indeed if you think that, granting I had stolen the purse, I should be afraid of risking my liberty (to say nothing of the money), when you have no evidence whatever to connect me with the theft."

"As to your risking your liberty, you can be easy upon that score. I am not your judge, nor do I take upon myself the task of bringing the dishonest to punishment; but here is a countrywoman of my own in great distress through your act. She is a foolish woman, no doubt, and her remarks about me were not complimentary; but that is no reason why I should not help her out of the difficulty into which you have brought her."

"Ah!" said Madame, raising her eyebrows, "how stupid I am not to see your hope to get your share of the money, but then with that face how could I read your true character? Let me tell you, however, you, too, are a poor physiognomist if you think I will give you anything."

"We shall see; I do not care to waste further time in explanation, and I give you two minutes to hand over the money." So saying, he pulled out his watch.

"And I tell you at once you can call up the hotelkeeper and do your worst, and you will then learn that it may be a dangerous business to make a charge without a tittle of evidence to support it."

The Pink Sheep looked at her steadily for a moment. "I think you are not French in spite of your good accent. I may be wrong, but I should take you for an Italian; still, I assume you know something of the French law. In another minute I shall ring the bell and tell the servant to ask a gendarme from the Bureau of Police (who must be here by this time, for I sent for him immediately after dinner) to come upstairs. I will say to him, 'Here is a lady whom I have found in my room. All I know of her is that in Switzerland she passed under the name of Cambrai; in London she calls herself the Marquise de Montereau, and at this hotel she inscribes herself as Mme. Camboux.' You probably know that you will be arrested and detained until inquiries can be made. Your luggage will be searched, and no doubt your interesting case of instruments will be found."

Madame had turned very pale. She lifted the skirt of her dress and finding a concealed pocket she drew forth a handful of gold, which she handed to her antagonist.

He took the money and counted it slowly.

"There are only thirteen sovereigns here," he said, "and I want twelve more."

"But how do I know that you will not denounce me when you have them?"

"For that I give you the word of a Pink Sheep—an animal that is not given to lying. Nay, more, I promise that I will not return the money to Mrs. Yates before 9 o'clock to-morrow morning; so that you may be miles away from Boulogne before she knows that the suspicions she already entertains are well founded. In case she should be vindictive and anxious to have you punished, there is time for a woman of your resources to disappear."

Reluctantly Madame produced the remaining sovereigns. As she passed to the door, which was now opened for her, she said, "I don't suppose you are going to be fool enough to give the money to that empty-headed Mrs. Yates; but, in any case, I rely on your promise not to do so before 9 o'clock to-morrow."

The Pink Sheep made no answer.

That night Madame contrived to pick a quarrel with Mrs. Yates. She left the hotel saying that she would not pass another hour under the same roof with her, and declaring that she would take the night boat to London.

The next morning, when Mrs. Yates was at breakfast with the Kibble Whites, a small, heavy packet was brought to her by one of the chambermaids. She opened it and found a rouleau of twenty-five sovereigns, with the following note:

"Madame: You were right. Your travelling companion is a swindler. Before she left I forced her to return your money, which I now inclose. If it is any consolation to you, you may rest assured that she will perpetrate fresh thefts, and so inevitably fall into the hands of the police. In sending you your money, I take the liberty of offering you a little advice, which you will accept or not, as you think fit:

"1. Below you will find particulars as to your route to Brindisi, with times of trains. Information where to get your meals, etc. I advise you to start this day. If you follow these directions you will not need to rely upon chance companions.

"2. Never believe an advertisement without corroborative evidence.

"3. Judge less hastily. Had you done so, you and your husband might have been saved many an unhappy hour.

"4. Take for granted when travelling that every one understands all modern languages, and if you wish to make personal remarks do so in a lower tone. Some people might resent such things more than Yours faithfully, THE PINK SHEEP."

—(St. Paul's.)

HE HOOKED A BULLDOG.

From The Chicago Times-Herald.

Every one recalls the story about the late Billy Florence "fishing" for a farmer's roosters one day when the fish refused to bite, several fine fowls being captured with corn as bait. Henry Guy Carleton found recreation one winter in Florida in "fishing" for crows in practically the same way. But a Chicago novelist who sought a little rest this summer in the upper lake region tells a fishing story which seems to discount the other two performances.

"Three of us had been out trolling for muskallonge," he said, "and had had no luck at all. The savage 'muskas,' which, when full grown, will give a man all he can do to land them, were sulky and refused to accept our challenge and so we had to give up the attempt in disgust. I bade the boys goodby and started for the farmhouse where I was boarding, a couple of miles away across the fields.

"I hadn't gone far when I heard a savage growl behind me, and the next minute I was clambering into the branches of a convenient tree with a big bulldog snapping at my heels. It was a mighty close call, and as I swung myself up out of reach I struck frantically at the brute with my trolling spoon. One of the heavy hooks caught him fairly in the nose, and in a moment he began pawing and thrashing about in a wild endeavor to get loose.

"It took an hour to land him. He would run out a couple of hundred feet, dive into the deep clover and sulk and growl. Then I would haul him in, hand over hand, with a hitch around a convenient limb. Whenever I slackened the line away he would go again until I brought him up with a sharp turn. It was great sport. Talk about fishing! Landing a twenty-pound muskallonge is tame and uninteresting when compared with landing a thirty-pound bulldog.

"At the end of an hour he lay down at the foot of the tree and I couldn't induce him to fight. I tied the line tightly about a limb, jumped down out of his reach and ran for the nearest fence. But there was no necessity for hurry; the dog stayed. I told a farmer's boy I met shortly afterward where he could find his dog. I guess he deserved to keep my trolling outfit for recovering it. At any rate, I didn't see it again, for I took a train for Chicago that night."

GUESSING AT WEATHER.

FORECASTING MONTHS IN ADVANCE.

OFFICIAL ATTEMPTS TO PREDICT THE GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE TWO RAINY SEASONS, ON WHICH THE CROPS IN INDIA DEPEND.

The famine in India, which has proved a boon to American growers of and dealers in wheat, but which is an appalling affliction to millions of human beings in England's great Asiatic possession, is the result of the failure of rains in certain parts of that Empire during the last year. This fact draws attention just now to the recent remarkable efforts made under the auspices of the Indian Government to forecast the general character of the seasons several months in advance. These efforts are still crude, and are based on a confessedly imperfect knowledge of the natural laws involved. But in some respects the work is unparalleled. It is performed, not by "cranks," but by trained and eminent meteorologists. The enterprise is conducted in the interest of the public, and not of private speculators. And the guesses, such as they are, enjoy the prestige which comes from official sanction, and are not the outgivings of individual scientists.

It will be remembered that there are three general seasons in Hindostan. From the cessation of the summer rains, usually in September, well on toward the beginning of January, cool, bright weather prevails over most of the country, the prevailing winds, especially toward the latter part of the season, coming from the northeast, and seldom acquiring a velocity of more than a few miles an hour. From some time in January until along in April there are occasional storms which move across Northern India, preceded by southerly winds and attended with more or less precipitation. This is called the "winter rain." The light northeasterly or continental breeze is supposed to predominate during this season; and, therefore, these rains are said to belong to the "winter monsoon." The amount of water actually deposited on the earth is not usually great, and it is very variable. But on it depends almost entirely the success or failure of the "rabi," or spring crops, over a wide extent of territory in the northern half of Hindostan.

Finally, after several weeks of very hot, fine weather (possibly interrupted with thunder showers), the great summer rains set in. These begin in Ceylon in May, and creep up the west coast, so that by the second week of June usually all Western India is getting the benefit of a steady downpour. This sets in over in the vicinity of Calcutta and up along the Ganges in Northern India a week or so later than at Bombay. There may be a short interruption, called a "break in the rains," late in July or in August, with a renewal of the clouds and precipitation; but such temporary cessation is not a regular phenomenon. If the season be a normal one it will continue well into September. Over a great part of India this is the principal rainy period of the year, and upon the continuance of its sheltering cloud sheet and pluvial bounty depends the abundance of the early autumn crops.

The rains, in turn, are due to the "summer monsoon," a wind blowing from the sea toward the land and generally much stronger than the winter monsoon. On the west coast it blows from the west or southwest, whereas over near the head of the Bay of Bengal it comes rather from the south. In the upper Ganges Valley the direction is easterly or southeasterly. In spite of these local and easily explained differences, the air currents themselves all proceed from one general source, the great trade-wind belt, which in winter lies south of the equator, but in summer swings up until it bathes all of India. South of the equator these trades blow from the southeast; but north of that line they curve about and assume a southerly, southwesterly or westerly direction. Whenever there is a "break in the rains" on the west coast it is found that the wind has got around to the northwest.

So far as the weather is concerned—and it is concerned very greatly—the two factors in the agricultural prosperity of the Hindoos are the plenitude and precise location of the light winter rainfall in Northern India, and the duration and intensity of the summer monsoon. And these the Meteorological Bureau now undertakes to predict. The late Henry F. Blanford originated the scheme, having noticed that a heavy rainfall in the Himalayas during the winter was often followed by a deficient summer monsoon. He had also discovered that if the average barometric pressure in Northern India for the few weeks preceding the winter rainfall should happen to be a little above or a little below the mean for many years, a clew would be afforded to the paths of the winter storms.

But the first of these local indications has been found to be only partially trustworthy. Although it has not been discarded, it