

LAMIA.

Lamia, thou art wistful wise, With knowledge born of sorrows; Lamia, thou hast mystic eyes, Fall of sweet t-morrows. Lamia, thou hast lashes fair, Long and soft and curling; When thou left'st them—ah, that rare— The glance sets blood a whirling. Lamia, thou hast lips so red, A man might glacially sever Soul from body and lie dead To kiss them warm forever. Lamia, that's the whitest arm That ever lace enfolded; Venus must have lost a charm When that fair limb was moulded. Lamia, that's a dainty hand, With diamonds on it basking; A man might give up house and land If he'd get that for asking. But, Lamia, I will kiss thee not, For all thy smiling pensive,— I'll ask thee not to share my lot— The racket's too expensive.

Cheer Up! Help is at Hand.

"I'm afraid I shall have to be taken to the hospital or to the poorhouse. I've been sick so long that my husband, good and kind as he is, can't stand the worry and expense much longer." No, you won't, dear wife and mother. See what Parker's tonic will do for you. Plenty of women as badly off as you are, have been rescued almost from the grave by it. It will build you up, curing all ailments of the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is simple, pleasant and safe.

Princeton Tribune: We take it for granted that every country newspaper office is familiar with the subscriber who is dead sure that he is not so far in arrears by at least a year. And most old publishers have occasionally seen the man who is certain from his habit of paying his honest debts, as they accrue, that about two years credit should be added to the way-back figures indicating the date to which he had last paid. There is nothing novel or strange to the old publisher in his experience with these subscribers, but did you ever meet a man who insisted that your list was wrong and that he justly and honestly owed for a year or two more than your list called for? We did, and he was here the other day, and the experience was a novelty. We told him we were willing to settle by the printed list. He said he was not, for he knew he was right. The credit mark on his paper had been wrong all along. He owed it to us, he had received his money's worth and wanted to pay for it. And it took about fifteen minutes searching of stacks of receipt books to convince him that he was mistaken. When convinced he picked up his money with the remark, "that he supposed it was much easier to convince a man when the account was that way, than when it was the other." We like this kind of a man. We do not want any more of his money than belongs to us, but we like him all the same.

A FAMILY AFFAIR.

By HUGH CONWAY.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN OUTRAGE ON WHITTAKER.

Carruthers, when Horace and Herbert went forth at the call of duty, had asked that Beatrice's letter might be left with him. As he had fully proved his right to be admitted to the family council his request was readily granted. With the letter in his hand he went into the library and pondered what had happened. The question he had to solve was what motive could have been strong enough to force Beatrice to take such a step!

He had heard from Horace all about the claim made upon the child, and this had excited a number of angry and some days been troubling him greatly, namely, Beatrice's abrupt departure from London. But here he could see no strong motive. The claim was abandoned, or at least lay quiet. Besides, Beatrice, as he judged her, was far more likely to fight than to fly. He dismissed anything to do with the boy, or at least put it aside to be inquired into collaterally.

Herbert, too, had hinted his idea about an attachment, Frank having ascertained that no shadow of suspicion of such a thing hung over Beatrice, sternly put it out of sight. Besides, there were one or two recollections which he carried always with him and which rendered such a vulgar, unworthy explanation something not far short of sacrilege.

He reckoned Beatrice a woman of superior abilities, logical and perfectly able to foresee consequences. He felt that she would not have acted as she had acted without carefully considering what it entailed. No romantic, girlish impulse had hurried her away; no eccentricity of character had led her to snare such a course. The reason, whatever it might be, was to her mind amply sufficient.

She was unhappy. Her own words said so. Did some danger overhang her? Did some evil threaten her? What danger? What evil? Why could not he, Frank Carruthers, be at her side to shield and aid? Heaven knows he would do it and seek no reward.

He groined. He was very miserable and cast down. It was in this very room he had bemoaned his first sorrow. He had recovered from that and had encouraged himself to hope that the woman he loved would, after all, be his. And now to come and find her gone—gone without a word—gone no one knew whether—no one knew why! To feel that she was dying from some menacing evil and yet not knowing what. He was very unhappy.

He had come down with such news for her—news which even as a friend she would have been glad to hear. He had breathed no word of it to her in London, had resolved to say nothing about it until all was settled. At last he saw his way to giving up the droguery of teaching what he bitterly called Frank. He had for years been a thrifty man, and the money he had saved was not a small sum. For years he had dreamed of literature as a profession, and now he saw his way to a realization of that dream. His political articles had attracted attention. He had been offered an important journalistic post. A manuscript from the printer he expected great things was in the printer's hands. He saw a certain amount of renown, if not fortune waiting for him. All this he had come down to tell Beatrice before he went back to Oxford, wound up his affairs, and bade the classic town farewell.

It seemed as if, whenever he counted on draining the cup of joy, it was struck from his lips!

He must find Beatrice. Sacred as her wish not to be traced might be to Horace and Herbert, Frank felt that it did not affect him. He would not of course stoop to calling in detective aid, but the utmost he could do to solve the mystery should be done. To Frank, Beatrice's flight appeared in a far more serious light than it did to her uncles.

He must go and look at her portrait. There was a fine one in the drawing room. He went there, stood before it for a long time, and to the representation of herself vowed that she was the fairest woman on earth, well worthy for a man to live or die for. Then he began to retrace his steps to the library. As he crossed the hall he saw a strange sight.

Whittaker, the irreproachable, the dignified, with indignation written in every line of his black-coated limbs, was standing at the front door against which he leaned his full weight, whilst with his right hand he was struggling with some object which prevented him from quite shutting the door. Closer examination showed Frank that this was the end, about six inches, of a stout walking stick—a contemptible object, yet, as it was held, powerful enough to foil the old servant's efforts. Whittaker was puffing and blowing, not so much from his exertions as from anger. His face was as red as a turkey cock's. Nothing impressed Frank more strongly with the feeling that unusual things were happening at Hazelwood House than the sight of this respectable old retainer in such abnormal difficulties.

"What's the matter?" he said, going to the door. "It's a man, Mr. Carruthers," puffed out Whittaker. "What does he want?" "He asked for Miss Clanson, sir; I told him she was away from home."

"Well, what then?" Frank grew interested. The parties outside and inside remained in the deadlock. "He asked for her address, sir; I told him I did not know."

"Well, what then?" "He called me a damned liar, Mr. Carruthers," said Whittaker, with supreme emotion, and in a voice so low that it showed how ashamed he was of the occurrence—"a damned liar, sir." The repetition sounded almost fearful.

"Open the door and let me have a look at him," said Frank. "I wouldn't, Mr. Carruthers, if I were you, sir. I believe he meditates making an attack of personal violence."

"Never mind; open the door. He won't personal violence me, and you can stand behind me."

"This, as he was a head and shoulders taller than Frank, Whittaker felt to be sarcasm. However, being accustomed to obey, he opened the door, and Frank found himself face to face with a man about his own age. A strong looking, muscular fellow, dressed in the very height of fashion—too far up, in fact, to look a gentleman.

Maurice Hervey, of course. Having given Beatrice more than 24 hours' grace, he put in execution his threat of looking her up. Not that he expected to see her; not that he was prepared with a plan of action in case she proved recalcitrant; but he knew the call would alarm her. It was only when he heard from Whittaker that she was out of town that the idea of her attempting to evade him by flight occurred to him. It completely threw him off his balance, made him disrespectful to the old servant, and even when that functionary replied as a gentleman's servant should in such straits, by simply closing the door, induced him to put his stick between the door and the post.

Hervey looked at Frank; Frank, little guessing what this man's existence meant to him and Beatrice, looked at Hervey. "Well," he said, coldly. "I wish to repeat a few inquiries which I made of the servant when he so unobsequiously shut the door in my face," said Hervey.

"I beg to repeat the servant's answers which you so unobsequiously received," said Frank. "You do not know her address?" "If you are speaking of Miss Clanson, I do not."

Hervey hesitated. "You are not Mr. Talbert?" he said. "I am not," said Frank, coldly. "Mr. Talbert can no doubt give me the information?" "No doubt. But I presume he will want to know your reasons for asking."

"I'll wait and see him." "I don't think you will. Of course I have no power to prevent your calling again, but you will not suit here."

Hervey assented. "Will you try and turn me out?" he said, defiantly.

Frank thought that even an aroma must be cunning and subtle if it managed to escape the lasting, energetic parson. The tea was certainly good. "Now," said Mordle, stretching out his long legs, "tell me the news."

During the process of tea making Frank had been reflecting. He saw that he wanted more aid than Horace and Herbert, whose one idea was to conceal Beatrice's flight from the neighboring gossips, could give him. He knew that Sylvanus was true as steel, and would keep the secret. He hoped to gather from him some useful particulars as to Beatrice's everyday life during the last few months. So he told Sylvanus the news—the whole news.

And having told it, Frank Carruthers saw what few, very few in this world have ever seen, that was the Rev. Sylvanus Mordle looking the picture of utter misery and self-reproach. The change in the man positively startled Carruthers.

"It's been on my mind ever since," said Mordle, dejectedly. "What's been on your mind? For mercy's sake speak out if you have any clue to give."

"I have been very wrong. I ought never to have yielded. But I did. I couldn't refuse."

"Did what? Pull yourself together and tell me what you mean."

Mordle did so, and gave Frank the whole history of the expedition to Blacktown, Frank, who a few hours before had heard all about the Rawlings claim, tried to relieve Mordle's mind, and to a certain extent succeeded. However, the curate still retained the impression that the visit to the "Cat and Compasses" was in some way responsible for the girl's flight. Frank had some trouble to get him to promise to withhold his confession from the Talberts.

He resolved to find this woman whom Beatrice had visited, and to learn what occurred at the interview. He felt half inclined to veer round to Horace's original theory, that Beatrice had fled to insure her pet's safety. Perhaps the man with whom Whittaker had struggled was a lawyer's emissary. Beatrice might have paid her mysterious visit in order to delay proceedings. If so, her strange act was but an act of folly, and all would come right in the end.

"Ah, I forgot to whom I was speaking. I beg your pardon, Whittaker—I quite forgot."

"Yes, sir, you did," said Whittaker, with true dignity; but, nevertheless, if only in order to show there was no ill-feeling, taking the two half-crowns which Frank tendered him.

Whittaker was not so anxious to ascertain Beatrice's whereabouts. Leaving out of the question his ungentlemanly behavior to Whittaker, instinct told Carruthers that he was not of the class from which Beatrice drew her friends. Spurious metal; no eighteen carat stamp anywhere, he felt certain. Horace and Herbert would look gentlemen, whether dressed in the pink of fashion or lounging about in rags—not that they ever did the latter—so, although he was too modest to add his own name, would Frank Carruthers. But this fellow!

Suddenly Carruthers started from his un-happy musings. Why had he let the man go? Why not have forced him to say for what purpose he wanted the address? He took his hat and ran quickly down the drive to the gate in the hope of overtaking the man. He ran right down to the village, but saw nothing of him. Hervey had caught a passing cab, and was now well on his way back to Blacktown, and carrying the pleasant reflection that Beatrice's manner of getting out of her difficulty had put him into a cleft stick. He began to wish he had been contented with money, and foregone revenge. In the nineteenth century an attempt at revenge proves a failure in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred.

Although Carruthers did not find the man he wanted he found some one else—Sylvanus Mordle. Sylvanus and his tricycle formed the centre of a sympathetic group of villagers. Something had gone wrong with the metal gear, and the curate, scolding as if a found red tricycle was one of the greatest unexpected blessings that can visit a clergyman, was examining wheels, spokes, cranks and chains. Various suggestions, some prompted by rustic wit, were hazarded by lookers-on: "Get the stagers!" "want's a leg, poor thing!" "light a fire under him, sir," etc., etc. Sylvanus took the jokes of his flock in good part, but, presently looking up, saw Carruthers among the spectators. He left his helpless machine, and the two friends shook hands warmly.

"Here," said Mordle, turning to his flock, "bring that affair to my house, some of you. Now, old fellow," to Frank, "come and have a chat. Heard you were to be down this week, so I came to my lodgings." He took Frank's arm and swept him away.

"Can't give you more than a cup of tea," he continued, "tobacco and tea—that's the worst of being in the church. Can't dare to offer a friend whisky until after 19 o'clock at night. An enemy might go by unawares."

He rattled on merrily, and appeared to be in the highest spirits. This, of course, was because he felt certain that Frank's second visit to Oakbury would not have been paid had Beatrice remained an unobtainable prize. Frank only came again because he felt sure that a second attempt would be an success.

"Lots to say to you—lots," jerked out Sylvanus as they entered his rooms. "Fancy writes me that you are going to give up coaching. Won't to hear all about it, but wait till the tea's made. Ever see me make tea?"

"Wonderful thing tea is," he continued. "Chop tea helps Christianity tremendously. Great blessing. He put the already steaming kettle fully on the fire, and opened a canister. "I-I, Sylvanus Mordle, found out the error of modern tea-making. People make it as they made it twenty years ago, when it cost seven and six a pound—sponful each head, one for the pot. I go on a sliding scale, according to price. He absolutely shoveled in the tea, and dashed the boiling water on it. "Now two minutes, and then pour. The aroma, the soul of the tea, is caught. Taste!"

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He tried very hard to take this view of the case, but he could not. No, there was more, much more, in the background, and he felt that the man he had seen held the key of the puzzle. He cursed his own unreadiness of resource in having let him go so easily.

CHAPTER XXV.

ANOTHER PAINFUL TASK.

The dinner that night at Hazelwood House was a dreary affair. Frank did not see his hosts until the gong sounded. Their calls had kept them so long that they were obliged to dress in a hasty way to avoid unpunctuality in their own persons, a thing which would have amounted to a kind of moral suicide. The conversation whilst Whittaker was in the room was naturally forced. Frank could indeed tell them of the contemplated change in his life, but as all the while he was thinking how Beatrice would have received the news, his communication was made with none of his usual vivacity. Horace and Herbert were mildly astonished. They trusted—in that way which implies doubt—that it would be for the best. To give up a certainty for an uncertainty seemed a pity; but of course Frank knew his own mind was best. A remark with which Mr. Carruthers mentally agreed.

It seemed quite in order with the misfortune of the house that the bottle of 1858

should have been shaken in some way and appeared cloudy, not to say thick. It might have been as thick as pea soup for all Frank cared.

Nothing, or next to nothing, was said during dessert about the recent painful event. Frank sat sody and silent. He was working out problems; connecting Beatrice's flight with the man of the afternoon and the visit to the inn. For Beatrice's sake he was now fighting for his own hand. Horace and Herbert he eliminated from the inquiry.

His moodiness affected his hosts, and upon his refusal to take more wine they suggested an adjournment to the drawing-room. Frank agreed readily. At any rate he could sit there and gaze at Beatrice's portrait.

"Do you mean to take any further steps?" he asked. "I think not," said Horace. "Herbert and I have talked the matter over and feel there is no more to be done. We saw a great many people this afternoon, and I am sure have left a general impression that Beatrice has gone to visit friends."

"It was a most painful duty," said Herbert, "that on we felt must be performed. In fact, it was due to ourselves to forestall gossip."

"I am sure Frank quite understands the situation," said Horace. "It must have been most painful," he said; "you must have felt like two Spartan boys with a joint foe under their clothes."

"Yes," said Herbert, simply; "we did." "I have often heard the simile used," said Horace, "but its great strength never struck me until now."

Carruthers gave a short, quick laugh; he could not help it. The brothers looked surprised. They could see no reason for any approach to merriment. A biting sarcasm came to the young man's lips, but he restrained it, and in a moment was glad he had done so. It would have wounded these two kind, middle-aged men, who, no doubt, were unable to realize the anxiety raised in his breast by Beatrice's flight, as he was unable to comprehend the importance of the consequences which they were making such sacrifices to avert. Seeing things in the same light is a matter of constitution, education, and training.

Just then Whittaker brought in tea, and whilst he handed it round Frank had leisure to rejoice, inasmuch as he had kept his tongue in command. But misfortune had not yet done with Hazelwood House. Frank, in moving his arm, knocked down a cup, and sent its scalding contents over one of the several delicate little Chippendale tables, the pride of the Talberts' hearts and the envy of their lady friends.

The simile of the Spartan boy and the fox must have seemed even more appropriate to Horace and Herbert as they smilingly assured Frank it was of no consequence, none whatever. They did not even ring for aid. This, however, was because Whittaker, who had witnessed the catastrophe, was already on his way to the scene with an armful of soft cloths. He mopped and dabbed and wiped the table as tenderly as a mother might perform the ablutions of an infant who suffered from some irritation of the skin. Horace and Herbert watched him for a while, and then, no doubt thinking their apparent carelessness had cooled Frank's mind, joined in the rubbing and wiping. They twisted up



Horace and Herbert joined in the wiping of the corners of their glass cloths, and poked them into every little corner and interstice exactly as a cleanly nurse would have explored the ears and eyes of her infant charge. Frank was compelled to stand by all the time and feel what a clumsy ruffian he had been. He sighed his relief as Whittaker at last gathered up the dusters and departed.

Conversation languished. The misfortune to the table seemed to have driven Beatrice into the background. There is nothing like a second grief for driving out the first. Frank felt that Horace and Herbert were still thinking of that ill-used piece of furniture. He was right. Presently Horace slipped out of the room, and returned with a small bottle of furniture polish and a piece of flannel. Gravely and deliberately he began polishing his slender-legged Chippendale treasure.

Frank could stand it no longer. There is a limit to penance, namely, human endurance. His nerves, after the events of the day, were highly strung, and he felt that if he watched Horace any longer he must burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter.

"Can't we go and smoke?" he said. "Certainly," said Herbert, whose mind was now more easy about the table. He accompanied Frank to the dining-room, where, by and by, Horace joined them. He brought with him an unmistakable odor of furniture polish, so that Frank's remorse was, by the medium of his olfactory nerves, still kept awake.

"There is another painful duty to perform," said Horace, helping himself to a cigarette. Frank could not help thinking that the unmentioned painful duty was connected with the table. "We feel that we are bound to let Sir Maingay know what has happened."

"Of course. He is her father." "Yes, he must be told. We think it better to make the communication orally." Horace was one who never misused the word "verbal." "We shall run up to town to-morrow and see him."

Frank had already been framing in his mind various excuses for a sudden departure. He felt that, fond as he was of Horace and Herbert, their constant society would at the present juncture drive him half mad. He jumped at the chance of escape. "I'll go with you," he said.

"I protested against this, but Frank was firm. 'My dear fellows,' he said, 'I have opened my heart to you. I have told you my true reason for paying this visit. How can I possibly stay here with Beatrice away?'"

He had his way. It was arranged they should all go to London on the morrow. Frank suggested that before going they should inquire if Beatrice had drawn any money from the bank. So on their way through the town the next day Horace and Herbert had an interview with Messrs. Furlong & Co., and ascertained that their niece had taken out thousand pounds with her.

When they came out of the bank they

found Frank missing. Indeed, he kept them waiting fully five minutes before he reappeared. He had just been round the corner, he said, looking at some of the quaint old Blacktown houses. The truth is he had been to the "Cat and Compasses," then the expansive widow d landlady, and ascertained the address of her worthy friend, Mrs. Rawlings. No doubt the Talberts could have given him this, but he did not care to trouble them for it.

As William Giles had accompanied his masters in order to drive the horses back, the Talberts, until they were in the train, could not make known to Frank the result of their inquiries at the bank. Frank heard the news gloomily. The sum taken by Beatrice showed that she meant her absence to be a prolonged one.

"Did you get the numbers of the notes?" he asked. They had not done so. "I should get them. The first one she changes can be traced back, and we shall know where she is."

"I should never have thought of that," said Herbert, admiringly. Horace said nothing. Conscience told him he would not have thought of it, but self-respect bade him hide the fact.

The Talberts went to their favorite hotel, and Frank, who wished to be free and unfettered in his researches, went to his. The next day the brothers called on Sir Maingay Clanson, and Frank found the way to 142 Gray street, the purveying establishment of Messrs. Rawlings Bros.

He asked for Mrs. Rawlings, and not knowing whether it was Mrs. John or Mrs. Joseph, was compelled to describe her as the one who had been at Blacktown some few days ago. That was Mrs. John. Mr. and Mrs. John were away. Would not he be back for at least a week. No one knew exactly where they were. In their absence, caused perhaps by another wild goose chase after a supposed son, Frank was compelled to defer his researches. His heart was very heavy. It seemed to him that he would only find Beatrice by the prosaic way of tracing back the bank notes. He wished he had not suggested this course to Horace and Herbert.

He went down to Oxford and settled his affairs as best he could. He arranged with Mordle's friend, Fanshawe, a brother coach, to take such pupils as he could send him. So utterly unfit did he feel for work that he was glad to think that his new appointment did not become a fact for six months; so that, except for the book which he had to see through the press, he would have nothing to occupy him but the search for Beatrice.

Horace and Herbert were more successful in their search for Sir Maingay than had appeared. He was very heavy. But his effusiveness only covered a certain fear with which, perhaps on account of their striking resemblance to his dead wife, the baronet always regarded his tall, grave brothers-in-law. To his mind, a widower who marries again had better make a clean sweep of all his first wife's relations. A painful duty, yet due to one's self, as the Talberts would say.

"So glad, so very glad, to see you, Horace," so delighted, Herbert, exclaimed Sir Maingay. "How well you both look! never saw you looking better."

They told him they were very well. "You don't seem to grow a day older. No family cares to vex you. Most men keep young as bachelors. A family means responsibility as well as pleasure, you know." Sir Maingay nodded his head contentedly as one who knows all about it.

"We have something to say to you about Beatrice," said Horace. Now, Beatrice was the very last subject which Sir Maingay cared to discuss with his brothers-in-law. Although they had never said so much, he felt that they altogether disapproved of his conduct with respect to his daughter. He felt that they thought he should not have gone abroad and left her to herself, although she had been so left by her own expressed wish. To some people, especially those whose consciences were ill at ease, the Talberts' grave, unspoken censure was more terrible than vituperation from any one else.

"About Beatrice," said Sir Maingay. "Not ill, I hope? I thought her looking far from well when she left here."

"No, she is not ill—but we are in some anxiety on her account."

"Ab, I think I know. I think I'm quite prepared for what you are going to say." Horace raised his eyebrows. "You are?" he said. "If so, it will make our task easier."

"Much easier," said Herbert. "Well, you are going to say that young Carruthers is in love with my girl. He cannot have done so; I saw it then. He told me he was going down to your place."

"Yes, that is part of what we were going to say." They had decided it was as well to let Sir Maingay know of Frank's ambition. "Well," said the baronet, "I like Carruthers. Besides he is a kinsman of yours. I assure you, my dear Horace, my dear Herbert, I can never forget the many happy years spent with poor—" he actually hesitated for the name. Think that of all young wives who believe that their husbands will be incomparable should death remove you!—with a much beloved member of your family."

"Thank you," said Horace, quietly. He recognized the fact that Sir Maingay meant well.

"Besides," continued the baronet, "Beatrice is entirely her own mistress. She has a will of her own. I have no power over her fortune, which, by the by, is almost as large as my own. This is just as it should be, because with those sons of mine it will be impossible for me to add to her income at my death." So he rattled on, bringing out what was really a justification of himself.

"My dear Maingay," said Horace, mildly, "would it not be better if you heard what we have to say and made your comments afterwards?"

"It would be a great deal better, Maingay," said Herbert. From the days of their first acquaintance they had always assumed this air of superiority over the respectable nobleman. He had never even struggled against it. So he obeyed and was silent.

They told him all about Beatrice. Her letter they could not show him, having forgotten to ask Frank to return it. Sir Maingay listened, but did not appear much upset.

"We will of course take any steps you wish, or aid you in any steps you may take," said Horace in conclusion. "It's a nuisance, but I don't see any steps to be taken," said Sir Maingay, composedly. "Neither do we. But we felt it right you should know at once."

"Quite so. As I said, Beatrice always had a will of her own. She is full of strange freaks—full of them. As you know for some extraordinary reason she wouldn't be presented, and can't live in the same house with her mother—"

"Her mother!" exclaimed the Talberts in a breath, and glancing simultaneously at a certain picture on the wall; an upright landscape which filled the space once occupied by the portrait of Sir Maingay's "Aunt."

Fanny Beaumont went through Patagonia and shot some niggers or something. There's another lady who roughs it in Italy and Spain. Fancy Spain, Herbert? You know what a beastly hole Spain is. Women do all sorts of out-of-the-way things now."

"Some women," said Horace, severely. His ideal woman, if he had one, did no strange things. "However, if you are contented, there is nothing more to say."

"I'm not contented. It's a nuisance to think of a child you love, wandering heaven knows where. But she'll turn up all right again. Ah! here's my wife; we'll hear what she thinks of it."

Lady Clanson entered, looking, as usual, very beautiful. Horace and Herbert rose and greeted her with solemn gallantry. They were always particularly attentive and courteous to Sir Maingay's second wife. This lady attributed to her charms. She was quite wrong. The Talberts were only anxious to show that if Sir Maingay chose to marry again it was a matter of no concern to them.

Lady Clanson was told the news. She turned to her husband triumphantly. As any better bred people sometimes do, she forgot herself. "I always told you she would do something disgraceful," said her husband.

"My dear! my dear Isabel!" said Sir Maingay. He glanced timidly at his brothers-in-law.

Horace and Herbert rose like two figures worked by one spring. Their calm eyes looked down their straight noses and concentrated their gaze on Lady Clanson, who turned very red.

"Madam," said Horace, "the members of my family, and, I believe I may say, of Sir Maingay's family, are not in the habit of being disgraceful things. Beatrice may have left us unobsequiously, but I am certain, her reason, if known, would meet with her father's and with our approval."

Lady Clanson at once saw her mistake, and apologized humbly; an apology which the brothers accepted gracefully. Then, after having been shown the nursery treasures, they took their leave.

"Maingay does not improve as he grows older," said Horace. Herbert shook his head mournfully, as one who wished to gain say a fact, but dare not.

Lady Clanson, in spite of her apology, told her husband that Beatrice had done something disgraceful. "Oh, no, my dear," said Sir Maingay. "It's only a freak. You know, I won't say for what reason, she can't come back here to live. Well, she's grown tired of life down at Oakbury. I don't wonder at it. Horace and Herbert are two regular old women. They darn their own stockings, make antimacassars, and all sorts of things. She was ashamed to say she was tired of the life, so went off on her own account."

Here was yet another motive attributed to Beatrice. Nothing is more risky than the attributing of motives. It is as dangerous as prophesying before the event.

[To be Continued.]

Worth Thinking About. When your health is poor and you are suffering from general debility, get a bottle of NICHOLS' BARK AND IRON, it will help you.

Among the laws passed at the late session of the legislature is one which provides that persons injuring or destroying any character of property in any cemetery or avenue or lot thereof, or any person hunting or shooting within limits of such cemetery, or who shall violate any of the rules and regulations of any cemetery board may be fined in any sum from \$5 to \$100, such fines to go to the cemetery association, and damages may be recovered from the offender.

Of the twenty-two pall-bearers at Abraham Lincoln's funeral, only seven are alive. The seven are: Gen. Simon Cameron, Eihu B. Washburn, Colonel H. G. Worthington, Rev. Mr. Green, Clay Smith, Alexander H. Coffroth, Henry L. Dawes and John Conness. The dead pall-bearers are: Lafayette S. Foster, Edwin D. Morgan, Reverdy Johnson, Richard Yates, Ben. F. Wade, Schuyler Colfax, Gen. U. S. Grant, Gen. Henry Wager Halleck, Gen. W. A. Nichols, Admiral W. B. Shubrick, Colonel Jacob Zeller, Admiral David G. Farragut, Orville H. Browning, Thomas