A FAMILY AFFAIR,

BY HUGH CONWAY

Author of "Called Back" and "Dark Days."

CHAPTER XXVII—CONTINUED.

This Carruthers was one of those deceptive men who at first glance gave little promise of much strength. Yet if his frame was spare his shoulders were square, and all the weight he carried was bone and muscle. He may be summed up in the simple word wiry; and wiry men, as many a muscular-looking athlete knows to his cost, are not adversaries to be despised. He was far from being one of those marvelous creatures, usually officers in the guards, who, in fiction at least, can crush up silver flagons, toss with one hand a sixteen-stone ruffian over a ditch or a railing, but all the same he had his fair share of manly strength.

After parrying Hervey's blow, he simply jerked out his right arm to the very best of his knowledge and agility, throwing the whole weight of his body into it, and, in the language of what may now be called the revived prize ring, "got well home."

These were the only two blows struck, and for this reason: Hervey, when he received Frank's blow, was standing on the landing. He staggered back and went headlong down the steep stairs. It seemed as if his neck

He staggered back and went headlong down the steep stairs.

must be broken. However he gathered himself up, groaned as in pain, shook his fist at the victor, swore and then found his way out. Carruthers returned to his papers, but the reflections to which this interview gave rise made this afternoon a blank so far as literary work went.

Two days after this his friend Field called on him. "I say, Carruthers," he exclaimed, "you're a nice sort of young man. I sent a fellow who wanted a helping hand to you and, hang me! you gave it to him with a vengeance. Helped him down, not up, though."

"He's been to you, has he?"

"Yes, he called to-day—in splints. Said you insulted him, and chucked him over the stairs. Can't think how you did it. Doesn't seem like you, either."

"I had the best of reasons."

"So I told him, but he won't believe me. You've broken his fibula or tibula, or his tib and fibula."

"His leg! I saw the blackguard walk away."

"Perhaps I'm not right about the names. His arm is broken. He vows he will have compensation. Go to law, etcetera."

"I don't think he will," said Carruthers, significantly.

"Perhaps not, if your reasons were good ones. I don't ask them; but look here, old fellow. He's got no money, and won't be able to earn any for awhile. Don't you think you ought to do something for him?"

"No, I don't," said Frank; but I will. Keep the fellow away from me. But you can pay his doctor's bill and let him have a pound or two a week until he gets all right again."

Field laughed. "You'll find it a costly amusement breaking bones like this."

"My dear Field," said Frank, "if you knew all I know you'd think it was cheap at the price in this particular case."

So by a strange irony of fate for some weeks Maurice Hervey was fed and doctored at the expense of Frank Carruthers.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"I CANNOT LIVE THIS LIFE!"

Beatrice was at Munich. Munich, that city for its size, perhaps, the most regal capital in Europe. Munich, with its fair streets, noble statues, palaces old and new, libraries, museums, art galleries, and fast fleeting reputation for cheap living. Munich, which stands boldly out on a barren plain, no doubt feeling it has little which it need be ashamed to show to the world, except perhaps the vagaries of the eccentric being, its king.

Beatrice never quite knew what induced her to choose the capital of Bavaria for her resting place. Honestly, when she wrote from London to her uncles, she had not settled whither to wend her way. She might then just as likely have gone to Paris, Brussels, Vienna or Berlin as to Munich.

She fixed on Germany for various reasons. She had that feeling, which justly or unjustly, is common to most English people, that an unprotected and not unattractive woman is more free from annoyance in a German than in a French town. She also fancied she knew the German language better than she knew French. The scientific severity of the great Teutonic tongue had always charmed her. She had studied it deeply. She could read it in its classic forms with a certain amount of facility. She believed she could speak it well enough for the purposes of ordinary conversation. Alas! she was but one of the many who, when gutturals, compound words and divisible participles are flying about like hail, find what a fraud is the boasted phonetic spelling, and what an age it takes to feel at one's ease amid the elephantine gambols of the unwieldy language. Nevertheless, for the above and other reasons she chose Germany.

As the party had left Blacktown provided with no traveling indispensables, except the most important of all, money, many purchases had to be made in London. All were, however, made in time to catch the evening train to Dover, and that night Beatrice and her charges crossed the channel. Then it seemed to her she was once more able to breathe. In London she had been haunted by the dread that Hervey would follow and find her. Once out of England she felt safe.

Be it understood that Beatrice was not flying from the shame which a revelation of her foolish marriage and subsequent act of deception would entail; although she would willingly have paid a large yearly sum, so long as her husband left her in peace and kept the secret. Gladly would she have made some arrangement which would spare her pride the mortification of her being known as the wife of a felon. Gladly would she have done all in her power to save her father, her uncles, and such friends as she had, the pain they must feel when all was revealed. Yet it was not on this account she fled. Her one aim was to save the child from the man who was his father.

She believed he could legally claim her boy. She knew he was villain enough to take him by force or fraud if the chance occurred. The moment Harry was in Hervey's hands she saw she would be at his mercy. She would be forced to submit to any conditions, however exacting and humiliating, in order to regain possession of the one thing which was left her, the one thing she could love, or was permitted to love. Flight gave her a respite; gave her time for consideration. It was the simplest and easiest way out of the difficulty. So she decided upon it.

Once out of England they traveled by easy stages, and eventually reached their destination—Munich. The city on inspection seemed as suited as any other to Beatrice's needs, so she hired a furnished flat, engaged a good-tempered, handy Bavarian servant, and settled down to that quiet, calm life which she had in her letters to the Talberts described herself as living.

These letters were sent under cover to a friend of Mrs. Miller's, who posted them in London. As English stationery can be procured on the continent as easily as everything else that is English, the letters conveyed no information which could be used to discover the retreat. Beatrice dreaded sending them; she feared that some unforeseen slip connected with them might disclose her abode. But it seemed so unkind not to let her uncles know she was alive and well. She did not write to her father. She fancied her proceedings would not trouble him much, and felt sure that any letter sent to him would run the gauntlet of Lady Clauson's unkind comments. She trusted to Horace and Herbert to let him know all that they knew.

Beatrice made few, if any, chance acquaintances. Some people never do. Just as there are men whom other men never think of asking for a cigar light, so are there women to whom other women do not make the first advances. Beatrice, with her reserved but polite manner, classical features and distinguished bearing, no doubt conveyed the idea that she was a star not to be encroached upon without the passport of an introduction.

So for society she and her boy and her faithful slave, Mrs. Miller.

However much a mother may love her child, she is not blamed if she finds that his constant company does not give all the pleasure the world can give. However faithful and intelligent a servant may be, the mistress may with a clear conscience look beyond her for a companion.

So Beatrice's life grew once more dismal and colorless. So much so that under its present conditions the late life at Hazlewood House, when contrasted with it, seemed a wild round of variety and dissipation.

She had her books and her music, but she had no one with whom to discuss the books, no one to listen to her music. She took lessons in painting from one of the thousand artists in the great art center, Munich, but this was but an aid to kill time, and unbroken with any ambitious aim. She had her thoughts. These she shunned as much as possible. It seemed to her that there was nothing upon which she could look back with pleasure, nothing to which she could look forward with hope. She often recalled Carruthers' assertion that in spite of manner she must have some dream of happiness, and she sighed as she thought that now less than ever did life show any joy of which she even dared to dream.

Beatrice was sitting one afternoon in the room she called her studio. She was alone and in deep thought. She had just finished one of her periodical letters to her uncles. It was lying near her, directed but not sealed. Beatrice was wrestling with the temptation of sending a message to Frank. She could not bear to picture him thinking her cold and heartless. Should she add a line to her letter? Should she even write him a letter? But what could she say to him? Nothing, absolutely nothing! Besides, provided he had not yet learned the truth, the most conventional message from her would raise hopes never to be realized. Poor Frank! why did he learn to love her? Why did she love him? No, not that! She was happy that she loved him; that she had found the power of loving and trusting still hers. Yes, hopeless as such love was, she rejoiced that she could love such a man as Frank. But no word, no message must be sent.

"It is a part of the price I must pay for my folly," she said as she sealed her letter. Her eyes were full of tears as she did so. Mrs. Miller entered and saw her emotion.

"My sweet, my dear," she said, "what is it? There is no fresh trouble?"

"None, the old one is enough," said Beatrice. Mrs. Miller looked at her solicitously.

"You are thinking of the man who loves you?" she said soothingly.

"Yes," said Beatrice with recovered composure. "Yes, I am thinking that I may have wrecked his life as well as my own."

"No, no, my poor dear. It will come right. You will be happy—he will be happy."

Beatrice smiled a hopeless smile.

"It will be—it is written," continued Mrs. Miller. "Nothing can change it. God's arm is not shortened. His purposes——"

Beatrice checked her sternly. Since Sarah's outbreak in the train all signs of fanaticism had been at once repressed by Beatrice. "My letter is ready," she said; "take it and direct it to your friend. There are envelopes."

Sarah glanced at her mistress, who was once more deep in thought. She took two envelopes and also a stray half sheet of notepaper. Then she went into another room, and hastily writing a few words on the paper, placed it in an envelope, addressed it, and inclosed it, with Beatrice's letter, in the packet which was to go to her friend in London.

Beatrice resumed her painful train of thought. Writing home had made her feel utterly wretched. It was now May; nearly five months had she been living this dreary life, and keeping every one in ignorance as to where she was. How much longer must it go on? She could, of course, leave Munich whenever she thought fit, but every other place would be just as dreary to her. Locality matters little when a sea of trouble surrounds one. Let a man count up his happiest days and he will find the place in which he spent them contributed not much to their happiness. Beatrice, who was now somewhere about twenty-three, had most certainly a right to expect some happy days in this world.

She began to ask herself the questions which had recently been framing themselves in her mind. Had she after all acted in the wisest way? Was her life to be quite marred by that one act of folly? If she turned and firmly grasped her nettle, would the sting be fatal, or even more than she could bear? She was, like most of us, a blending of contradictions. She was wise and foolish; brave and timid; proud and humble, as pressure of circumstances forced her to be. She began to loath this hiding, this shrinking into corners. Could she never herself to come forth and face the worst?

What was the worst? The worst was her dread of losing her child. What if she wrote to Horace and Herbert and told them everything, begged them to forgive the harmless deceit which she had practiced; intreated them to see this man and make such terms as they could? Might she not, when they had assured her security and peace, face such scorn as the world would throw her?

Then she began to wonder if Hervey had revealed the truth! If her father, Lady Clauson—here she shuddered—her uncles knew that she was this man's wife. Although she had just been resolving to make it known to them, the thought of their being in possession of the knowledge was horrible to her. Yet all this while they might have known it—might have heard it from Hervey's lips. This thought half maddened her. She must learn if it was so.

She thought regretfully of that peaceful life at Hazlewood House. Horace and Herbert's little womanish ways seemed part and parcel of the pleasant home. She thought of old Whittaker, of William Giles, of the other servants. She thought, with a pang of deeper regret, of Sylvanus Mordle, who had also found in her the woman he could love. She even thought of young Purton's well-meant but unsophisticated advances. Then, of course, she thought of Carruthers—thought of him more than of all.

And Frank? Did Frank know, and if so, what did he think of her? Or, when he knew, what would he think of her? Did he, would he, curse her very memory? Ah, so far as her love was concerned there could be no hope for better days.

At this juncture Beatrice broke down, just as she had broken down when she refused Frank's love. She laid her head on the table and sobbed bitterly. Sarah returning from posting her letter found her so, and of course knelt beside her, cried with her, and soothed her.

"I cannot live this life!" sobbed Beatrice. "I cannot live it longer!"

"I cannot live this life," sobbed Beatrice, "I cannot live it longer."

"My pretty dear! my poor darling!" said the woman, her hard features transfigured by pity, and smoothing the girl's brown hair as a mother might have done.

"I can bear it no longer," said Beatrice. "I will write and tell them all. Tell them how I have been wronged—how I have wronged them. No," she exclaimed, starting to her feet, "I cannot do it. There must be other means. He is mercenary. Oh, I will give him all if he will keep silent and leave me in peace—leave me and the boy in peace."

"Let me go to England and see him," said Sarah.

"You!" Beatrice started at the idea.

"Yes. Let me go. He is a wicked man, but he can do me no harm. Oh, my dear mistress, let me go. I can hear what he wants—make him promise and put that down in writing. Let me do this for you, my dear. By the love I bear you I ask it."

"How could you find him?"

"He is sure to be in London. If not, there's those who can tell me where to find him. Say I may go. Let me go to-day—to-morrow."

Beatrice mused. After all, the suggestion did not seem so absurd. Sarah was by no means a fool. She could travel to England alone perfectly well. She could hear what this man asked now. Why should she not let her go?

Mrs. Miller seemed on thorns of suspense. "Say I may go," she whispered.

"I will think. I will tell you by and by. Send my boy to me; I will think with him in my arms."

So the "shorn lamb," as he was now called, came to his mother, and all the afternoon Beatrice considered Mrs. Miller's proposal. The more she considered the more inclined she felt to give it her countenance.

In the evening she told her she might go. She gave her many instructions which were not to be exceeded. She was to find Hervey and hear his demands. She was to be firm, and above all have it clearly understood that he must sign a deed of separation, in which he relinquished all claim to the boy. Mrs. Miller nodded grimly. She was not likely to err on the side of mercy.

"Take plenty of money," said Beatrice. "Give him money if he asks for it. Make him understand that I have not concealed myself to save my money. That he can always have."

So it was arranged. Fully one-half of that night was spent by Mrs. Miller on her knees. She was alone—Harry slept with his mother as often as with his nurse—so she could offer up her wild prayers without interruption. If ever a fanatic wrestled with the Supreme Being in prayer it was Sarah Miller that night. For what did she pray? Perhaps it is as well not to ask, but to be contented with the assurance that she prayed for Beatrice's happiness.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE MADONNA DI TEMPI.

Beatrice's letter, after having been perused and commented upon by the Talberts, was sent on to Frank Carruthers. A note from Herbert was inclosed with it. "You will see"—he wrote—"that this letter is as unsatisfactory as its predecessors. It gives us absolutely no information as to where she is or why she left us. Now that we are assured of her being well, and, we suppose, safe, our feeling about her prolonged and unexplained absence is more than regret—it is, in fact, serious annoyance. We find it quite a strain to answer inquiries about her without contradicting one another."

Naturally the envelope which bore Herbert's handwriting was the first opened by Carruthers, and of course he read Beatrice's letter before he read Herbert's. He searched the former in vain for his own name, little thinking how the writer had sat for a long time before she could bring herself to seal her letter without sending him a crumb of comfort. He then read Herbert's commentary and smiled faintly as he drew a ludicrous picture of Horace and Herbert making counter statements to their friends. He mused a while, holding Beatrice's letter in his hand. Her fingers had touched that sheet of paper; so he actually pressed it to his lips, and in doing so caught a faint lingering odor of what he remembered was her favorite perfume. It was clear that Mr. Carruthers' disease was as rampant as ever.

By and by he turned to see what else Fate had brought him. Nowadays Fate shoots many of her arrows from the general post-office. Carruthers found among other letters one addressed in a woman's handwriting. It had been sent to Oxford and at Oxford redirected to London. He opened it carelessly and found it contained a half sheet of note paper, on which was written: "Remember your promise. Wait, oh, be patient and wait!"

Carruthers threw it aside with a bitter smile. He well knew who was the writer. Wait. What was there to wait for? However, the sight of those words brought back the memory of that strange nocturnal visit; of the woman's earnest, even impassioned appeal to him, to "wait five, ten, twenty years for the one he loved." Why should she write now and repeat the appeal? She who knew everything; she who had accompanied Beatrice and who was probably with her now.

He could not get the memory of that strange creature with her dreary belief, yet unswerving faith as to his own future, from his mind. At the time the woman's earnestness had impressed him more than he cared to confess. Superstition is a quality to the possession of which no man of our time is willing to own, not even to himself. Yet nine men out of ten are superstitious.

Carruthers told himself that such hope as he had gathered from Mrs. Miller's words was simply gathered because he believed her to be in Beatrice's confidence. Here he was wrong. It was the woman's broad but absolute assertion, uttered with the passionate inspiration of a prophetess of old, that happiness in this world awaited him and Beatrice, which had been of aid to him in his trouble. If faith can move stubborn mountains, why not a heart which is willing enough to move in a particular direction?

And now this woman repeated her message, and, as Carruthers read the letter, told him his case was no more hopeless than it was months ago.

He took the note which he had crumpled up and tossed away; he spread it out and read it again. He found, moreover, that it was written on paper similar to that used by Beatrice, and upon turning it over he saw on the back a few words in pencil. They were written so faintly that he had to carry the note to a strong light in order to decipher them.

The words were "Madonna di Tempi," and to the best of his belief, as experts say when giving evidence, the handwriting was Beatrice's.

Want did the words mean, and how far would they aid him in finding Beatrice? He soon settled in his mind that "Madonna di Tempi" must be the name of a picture. But what picture? Where was it to be found?

Of course, it did not follow that supposing he could ascertain all about this picture, which might or might not be a world-famed one, that he would find Beatrice near it. Nevertheless, the clew was worth following. He would have followed a finer clew than this to the end of the world on the chance of its leading him to Beatrice. So he at once set about the task of getting information, if information could be got, respecting a picture called the "Madonna di Tempi." He hoped, but his hopes were not very strong. Indeed, he could not help comparing his case to that of the fair Saracen's, who found her lover by the aid of two words. Yet she was better off than he was. She at least had the name of a place for one of her talismanic words. He had the name of what he supposed to be a picture; nothing more.

Mr. Carruthers was not one of the finer circle of art worshippers. His sallet, his *sturm und drang*, his emotional days, were well over before the era of blue and white china. He had no rhapsodies, written or spoken, to arise hereafter and prick his conscience. He had not bowed his knee to the intense, nor sacrificed on the altar of the incomprehensible. He was fond of pictures as pictures, and was bold enough to say he liked what he did like and that he disliked what he did dislike. Hence it will be at once seen that his opinion was worth nothing to any one except himself.

Having found the knowledge not indispensable, he could not, like many men, check off on his fingers the principal productions of the grand old masters and name the spot of earth on which each one could be found. But like the man who, when challenged to fight, replied, "I can't fight myself, but I have a little friend who can," and forthwith struck down his challenger with a short, stout poker, Mr. Carruthers, if he did not know these things himself, had a friend who knew.

This friend was a Mr. Burnett, a recognized art authority.

Frank found Mr. Burnett at his rooms, writing—critiques on the recently opened exhibitions most likely.

"Do you know any picture called the 'Madonna di Tempi?'" asked Carruthers.

"A picture called the 'Madonna di Tempi.' Ah, yes. The 'Madonna di Tempi.' Painted by Raphael. You have heard of Raphael, Carruthers?"

"Where is it?" asked Frank quickly.

"It is in the Old Pinakothek."

"In the what?"

"My dear Carruthers, how ignorant you are. I thought you studied Greek at Oxford—Pinakothek is derived from a Greek word——"

"I know all that, but where is it?"

"Your ignorance is deplorable. The old Pinakothek is in Munich. Munich, you may know, is the capital of——"

Frank jumped up. "Thank you," he said, "I am so much obliged."

"Not going, Carruthers! Oh, sit down and have a chat. Tell me all about your book. You must be dying to tell me all."

"No, I'm not. I must go now. Good-bye."

"But where are you going?"

"The words you read have fired me. I am going to Munich to see the 'Madonna di Tempi.'" And before Mr. Burnett could get out another question Carruthers was gone.

"The words you read have fired me. I am going to Munich."

The smallest slips ruin the most cleverly devised schemes. The omission or the addition on a bill of exchange of a simple mark called a "tick," sent Messrs. Bidwell & Co. into retirement at the country's expense, instead of enjoying the fat of a foreign land at the cost of the old lady of Threadneedle street. An act of Beatrice's, that of penciling down in an idle moment the title of a picture which had struck her fancy, brought Mr. Carruthers in hot haste to her hiding place. Fate is turned by a feather!

A Lesson in Tennis.

They played at tennis that summer day—
Where was it? Oh, can it Mount Desert—
The place matters not; I will simply say,
They were playing tennis that summer day,
And she wore a short and striped skirt.

He played but ill—'twas his first essay—
And she his partner and coach was both;
Though perhaps not "up" in the points of play,
Yet she knew the game in a general way
And to give him points seemed nothing loath.

He did his best, but his best was poor;
The balls served to him on his side staid;
And thus it went on for a round or more,
Till, anxious, he ventured to ask the score,
"The score? Why, its Thirty—Love," she said.

"And Love? What is love?" he fain would know
Yet blushed to ask it, for he could see
What pardonless ignorance he must show;
But she calmly answered him, speaking slow,
"Why, Love is nothing, you know," said she.

* * * * * * *

The sun of that summer day is set;
The season is gone, as seasons go:
But his heart was caught in that tennis net,
And they might have been playing partners yet,
Had she not given her answer, "No."

He plays no tennis at all this year,
But he mopes, and moans, and sighs—heigho!—
That fate is so hard, and life is so drear;
And, worse than all else, he remembers clear
That "Love is nothing"—she told him so.

—C. F. Coburn, in Century "Bric-a-Brac."

A NEWSPAPER FILE.

It was two days after Aunt Priscilla's funeral, and Sue and I were sitting together by the kitchen fire with that hush over our spirits still which follows a death and a burial. All the afternoon we had been busy in getting the house to rights, not meddling yet with the things which had been hers and were now ours, but by dint of open windows, sunshine, and furniture dusted and rearranged, trying to restore to the rooms that familiar look which they had lost during these weeks of anxiety and trouble. A few days more and we must face a future which was full of terrors. Meanwhile custom, as well as inclination, accorded a brief respite in which to think of her who was gone and of each other with the clinging fondness of those whose lives, never before parted, were about to separate.

She sat on a low stool, her head against the chimney jamb. It was the chimney of Aunt Priscilla's youth; she would never alter it—one of the wide, old-fashioned kind, with pot-hooks and blazing logs, and a bake-oven at one side. The soot-blackened bricks and faint red glow made a background for my sister's head, with its great twist of fair hair and lily like slender throat. Sue is very pretty, prettier than anybody I ever saw. I recollect a picture as I looked at her—a picture of Cinderella sitting in just such an attitude by the chimney side. She was equally picturesque at that moment; so far as looks go, equally worthy of a prince; but, alas! no fairy godmother was likely to emerge from the apple-room for our benefit. Aunt Priscilla, who in a small way had enacted that part toward us, was gone, and her big rocking chair, which we had no heart to sit in, swung empty in its accustomed place, type of a like emptiness which we were conscious of in other things, and would feel for a long time to come.

Neither of us spoke for awhile. We were tired and spiritless, and John Slade was coming presently to look over things, and so we saved our words.

Dr. Slade—John—was Sue's lover. Their poor little engagement had been formed two years ago. How many years it was likely to last nobody could guess, but they held on to it bravely and were content to wait. Pretty soon, as we sat waiting, his step sounded without on the gravel, and with a little tap—courteous, but unnecessary, for the door was never locked—he entered, gave Sue a gentle kiss, me another, and sat down between us in aunty's rocking-chair. It was a comfort for him to do that. The house seemed less forlorn at once.

"Well, children, how has the day gone?" he asked.

"Pretty well," replied Sue. "We have been busy and are tired, to-night, I think. I am glad you are come, John dear, we are getting lonely and dismal, Cree and I."

Lucretia is my name, but Sue and Aunt Priscilla always called me "Cree."

John adjusted a stick on the embers and, with one daring poke, sent a tongue of bright flame upward before he answered. Then he took Sue's hand in his broad palm, and, patting it gently, said: "Now let's talk over matters. We ought to decide what we are to do, we three."

That "three" was very comforting to me, but John always is a comfort. He was "made so," Aunt Pris said. And he certainly carries out the purpose of his creation.

"Did your aunt leave any will?" he went on.

"Only this," and I brought from between the leaves of the big Bible, where we had found it, a half sheet of note paper, on which dear aunty had stated, in her own simple form, that she left all she had to be equally divided between her nieces, Susan and Lucretia Pendexter. Squire Packard's name and Sarah Brackett's, our old washerwoman, were written below as witnesses.

"Very well," said John. "That's good in law, I fancy; or, if not, you are the nearest relations, and it's yours anyway. What property did your aunt own besides this house?"

"She had an annuity of $250 a year and $50 more from some turnpike stock. That's all, except the house and furniture, and there is a mortgage of $300 on that. 'Squire Packard holds it. The annuity stops now, doesn't it?"

John looked as though he wanted to whistle, but refrained.

"Your aunt was a clever manager," he said—"a capital manager. She made a very little go a great way, didn't she? I don't know any one else who could live on $300 a year with a mortgage interest taken out. You have always seemed cozy and comfortable."

"We always have been. But we had the garden, you know, and the cow; that gave us two-thirds of our living. Aunty was a wonderful housekeeper, though. Isn't it a great deal cheaper to feed women than men? She always said so."

"I suppose it is. Men are carnivorous. A diet of tea and vegetables doesn't suit them very well; they are apt to grumble for something more solid. Well, my dear girl, our summing up isn't very satisfactory. Even without the mortgage you couldn't live on $50 a year."

"No. And I've been thinking what we could do. So has Cree, though we haven't spoken to each other about it. I might teach a district school, perhaps. And Cree——"

"I could take a place as plain cook. There isn't anything else I can do so well. Plain cooking, with dipping and soap fat by way of perquisites;" and I gave a laugh which was meant to be merry.

"It is hard," said John, with a moody look on his face which was foreign to its usual frank brightness. "How much a little money would sometimes do for people who can't get it, and how little it is worth to other people, who fling it away without a thought of its value! A thousand dollars now. Any rich man would consider it a mere bagatelle in his expenses; but if I could command the sum it would make us three comfortable for life."

"How do you mean? What would you do with a thousand dollars if you had it, John?"

"I'll tell you. Langworthy is going to sell his practice."

"Oh!"

"It is a large practice, for the country, you know. It brings him in six or eight hundred a year—sometimes more. He has a chance to go into partnership with his brother out West somewhere, and he'll sell for a thousand."

"But, John, some people like you better than they do Dr. Langworthy."

"Yes, some people do. But the question is, will they like me better than the other man who buys Dr. Langworthy out? If I were that man I should command both practices. It is a chance, don't you see? But a new man coming in has a chance to cut me out."

"I see. What can be done?"

"Nothing," with a rueful glance. "That's the worst of it. I can only keep on and hope for the best. But it is hard when with this miserable thousand dollars I could double my chances and make a nice home for you two. Sue, darling, don't cry."

She had laid her cheek down on his arm, but she wasn't crying, only looking sadly into the fire.

"If we sold everything, all this which aunty left us—the home, everything—couldn't we get the thousand dollars?" I asked desperately.

John shook his head. "I couldn't let you do that, Cree, in any case. You'll want your share some day yourself; it mustn't go into buying a practice for me. But, apart from that, houses sell so badly now that this wouldn't realize much over the value of the mortgage at a forced sale. And the furniture, though worth a good deal to keep, would go for nothing at an auction. This plan wouldn't do at all for any of us."

"Still, there's no harm in thinking about it, and seeing what we have and what it's worth," I urged, loath to give up any ghost of a chance. "We may do that, mayn't we, John?"

"Of course. That is a thing you must do sooner or later. Look over the house and make a list carefully, and we'll consult and fix on approximate values. Don't hurry about it, though. Next week is time enough, and I know you need rest."

"Rest is the very thing I don't need and can't take," I cried, impetuously; "something to fill up the long days and keep us from thinking and getting blue is what we want. We'll make the list to-morrow, John."

A little more talk and he rose to go.

"Did you stop at the postoffice, John?"

"Yes; there was nothing for you."

"Not even the *Intelligencer?*" asked Sue, languidly.

"I forgot to tell you. There has been a great fire in New York, and the *Intelligencer* is burned out. Abner brought the news over; it was telegraphed to the junction. They say the building is a total loss, so I suppose there won't be any publication for awhile—some days, at least."

"Poor aunty! how sorry she would be!" sighed Sue. "Aunty took the paper ever since it began—forty-five years ago. She never missed a number. There it all is, up-stairs—stacks and stacks of it. She is proud of her file. It's no use at all now, I suppose; is it, John?"

"The ragman will give you a penny a pound for it," I suggested; "that's something."

"We'll weigh the lot one of these days and see what we can realize," said John. "Good night, children."

It was a ghostly task which we set out to do next day. The past itself, the faint, fragmentary past, seems to be wrapped up and inclosed in those bundles of time-worn articles with which elderly people encumber their store rooms and closet shelves. Some air of antiquity exhales as you open them, and mingling with our modern air produces an impression half laughable, half sad. Aunt Priscilla had been a born collector. She loved old things because they were old, apart from use and value, and instinct and principle combined had kept her from ever throwing away anything in her life. Our list was a very short one. A few chairs and tables, a dozen tin spoons and a small teapot in silver, the huge newspaper heap which I had appraised at a penny the pound—these seemed the only salable things; and we looked comically and grimly into each other's faces as we set them down.

"I wish it were possible to eat *Intelligencers*," said I.

"They say newspapers make excellent counterpanes," replied Sue—"warmer than blankets."

John came as usual in the evening. "Here's enterprise," he called as he came in.

"What is enterprise?"

"The *Intelligencer!* Behold it, large as life, and looking just as usual, only forty-eight hours after the fire? That's what I call pluck."

"Isn't it," cried Sue, admiringly, as she drew the paper from its wrapper and held it to the blaze that she might see the familiar page. Meanwhile I took from my pocket our melancholy little list.

"You were right, John. Sue and I have searched the house over to day, and this is all there is of any value—the furniture, a little silver and those wretched *Intelligencers*."

I was interrupted by a startling cry. Sue was gazing at the newspaper in her hand with large, dilated eyes. Her cheeks had flushed pink.

"What is it? What is the matter?" both of us cried in a breath.

"Just read this! Oh, John, I don't believe it! Read."

She thrust the paper into his hand, and he read:

$1,000—The office file of our paper having been destroyed by fire on the evening of the 13th inst., we offer the above price for a complete and perfect set of the Intelligencer from its first number, March 4, 1850 to present date. Any person able to supply a set, as stated, will please communicate with the publisher, P. O. Box 2551, New York.

"A thousand dollars! Oh, Sue! oh, John, what a piece of good fortune! Dear aunt—think of her file turning out such a treasure! It is too wonderful to be true. I feel as though it were a dream;" and I danced up and down the kitchen floor.

John and Sue were equally excited.

"Only," premised the former, "we mustn't forget that some one else may have a file of the *Intelligencer* and get ahead of us."

This wet blanket of a suggestion kept me awake all night. My thoughts kept flying to New York, anticipating the letter which we had written, and John posted over night for the early stage. If it should be lost in the mails! When morning came I was too weary and too fidgety to employ myself in any way. But about noon John walked in, comfort in his eyes.

"Why, John, how funny to see you here at this hour! Why do you look so? You haven't heard yet; you can't, for the letter is only half way there."

"But I have heard! I got ahead of the letter—drove over to the junction, telegraphed, paid for the answer, and here it is."

Blessed John. This was the telegram:

Send file at once. Check ready to your order. P. HALLIFAX.

How we cried and laughed and kissed each other! How much that message meant! To John and Sue, the satisfaction of their love, life spent together, the fruition of deferred hope; to me, the lifting of a heavy weight, home, security, the shelter of my sister's wing, the added riches of a brother who was brotherly in very deed. And all this for a thousand dollars! Oh, how much money can do some times! and at other times so little! We had grown somewhat calmer, though Sue still kept her sweet, wet face hidden on John's shoulder, and quivered and sobbed now and then, when I turned emotion into a new channel by seizing a tumbler of water and proposing this toast: "To the memory of the late Samuel F. Norse."

John seized another and added. "The *Intelligencer*—may it rise like a phœnix from its ashes!"

I leave you to guess if we did not drink this heartily.

Business is Business.

Young Bilkins was utterly devoted to business, but somehow found time to fall in love and ask the girl to marry him. The time was set, and he called on the old gentleman to get his consent. He had a long talk, and that evening came up to see the girl.

"Well," she said, in considerable anxiety, "what did pa say?"

"He said that wheat was going up and there was a fine chance for a man to make a handsome little dot."

"Pshaw! Didn't he say anything else?"

"Oh, yes, we talked about a dozen ventures that might be made, with an excellent chance of coming out ahead every time."

"Bother the business! What did he say when you asked him if you could have me?"

"Wha—wha—what?" he stammered.

"Why, what did he say about me?"

"By George, Mary, I forgot all about it. I'll go he first thing in the morning and see him about it."—*Merchant Traveler.*

GLEANINGS.

A bullet travels a mile in three and two-tenths seconds.

An American scientist says the ivory of Central Africa will give out in ten or fifteen years.

Three thousand habitual smokers in San Francisco expend $1,000,000 a year for opium.

Professor Thormholt, of Norway, has photographed the aurora polaris with partial success.

The first words of General Grant's preface to his memoirs are "Man proposes and God disposes."

Rossini wrote one of his finest operas in bed, and was too lazy to pick up a sheet that had fallen away.

W. T. Stead, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is a great admirer of the American style in newspapers.

At some time in their lives Miss Cleveland, Mrs. Garfield and Mrs. Hayes were all school teachers.

The United States produces nearly 50,000 lawn mowers annually, and exports to every civilized country on the globe.

Bonanza Mackay is said to be a remarkable judge of men, to which instinct much of his success in life since he won a start by luck is alleged to be due.

The wild story is circulated concerning Mayor Low of Brooklyn that he is desperately in love with his wife. Outside of office hours he is generally at home.

In the language of flowers a moss rosebud is a confession of love; a red rosebud implies that the giver considers the recipient young and beautiful, and if she returns a white rosebud she declares that she is too young to love.

Last year's income of the Girard estate in Philadelphia was $950,000. Its real estate alone is valued at $7,346,000 besides the college buildings and grounds. The collieries of the estate produce 1,400,000 tons of coal during the year.

The Rev. William M. Blackburn, D. D., late President of the University of North Dakota at Grand Forks, D. T., has accepted the Presidency of Pierre University, and will at once remove his family to East Pierre and enter on the duties of his office.

Immense quantities of writing paper are used in the Baltic provinces of Russia, but not for writing. As tobacco is extremely scarce, the Russian peasant makes a cigar out of cabbage leaves and writing paper, and this he smokes with perfect content.

A Texas telephone experimenter claims to have perfected a magnetic telephone, the whole appliances of which are a simple transmitter and receiver and a horse shoe magnet. With this and a single wire he claims to be able to send a message around the world. He proposes to secure foreign patents before making application in this country.

The actual cost of what are usually sold as 5-cent cigars at retail is thus stated by one who claims to be informed on the subject: Actual cost of tobacco (namely, what the tobacco-raiser gets for it) for 1,000 cigars, $2; cigar-boxes, $2; wages for 1,000 cigars, $8; packing, $1; stripping 50 cents; total cost of production, $12,50, or 1¼ cents a cigar.

A writer upon coaching in London concludes that the use of the whip is now nearly a lost art, one reason for which is that whereas, in old times almost any animal was considered good enough for a coach, and the stimulus of the lash was a necessity, now only high-bred and not over-worked horses are employed, and there is little occasion for urging.

Ohio has 1,017,000 head of cattle, making 24.8 to the square mile; Illinois 26; New York 18, and Texas, 15.9. For the United States at large this is 8 head for each 640 acres. Germany has 32 per square mile, Great Britain 54. In the United States there are three head of cattle for each four inhabitants, while in Europe there is only one animal for each six persons.

"The Great American Desert" is a thing of the past. The quadrant which this "desert" once occupied on the map once embraced the area now occupied by the States of Minnesota, Dakota, Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas to the Indian Territory—"an area in total equal to nine New Englands." The grain product of this "desert" in 1880 amounted to 642,416,200 bushels.

Last autumn a bookseller named Meyer, of Ronneburg, tied a waterproof label under the wing of a swallow which had occupied a nest at his house, and had become comparatively familiar. On it he wrote a query in German to the effect that he wished to know where the swallow would pass the winter. The bird returned to its former nest bearing an exchange label similarly fastened saying in German also: "In Florence, in Castellari's house, and I bear many salutations."

The instrumental music question, which has been debated annually for fifteen years by the Presbyterians of Ireland, but never satisfactorily settled, well nigh caused a schism this year. Indeed, a number of elders did secede from the assembly for a short time and held an opposition meeting. In a few hours, however, a truce was arranged, but such was the tension of feeling that it was deemed inexpedient continue debate on the subject, which was accordingly postponed till next year.

In 1770 Obadiah Hills went from Newbury to Leominster, Mass., and began making back-hair combs from horn, working in his kitchen with rude hand tools and without an assistant. To-day Leominster is engaged in the manufacture of horn combs, chains, bracelets, lockets, knives, ornamental trinkets and various other useful articles, including horn chains. More than a score of firms are in the business, and hundreds of people are employed. More horns of cows, oxen and steers are worked up in this town than in any other place.

In A. D. 975 the late Empress of the famous Tang dynasty, who was the most beautiful woman of her time, had clubbed feet. She bandaged and ornamented them so successfully that the fashion of cramped feet spread through the whole empire. The Emperor Kang-Hi, the founder of the present Manchu dynasty, in 1762, made a great effort to suppress foot-binding. After issuing one edict that proved ineffectual he prepared another, accompanied with most stringent and severe penalties, but his advisers warned him that if he persisted it would probably cause a rebellion. Thus the conquerors of China were conquered by the women of China. They set their tiny feet on princes' necks. On the men he imposed the shaved head and the cue, and also the shaped dress they had to wear, but when he tried to suppress this practice the women defied him.