

Harper's Magazine during 1887 will contain a novel of intense political, social and romantic interest entitled "Narka"—a story of Russian life by Kathleen O'Meara; a new novel entitled "April Hopes," by W. D. Howells; "Southern Sketches," by Charles Dudley Warner and Rebecca Harding Davis, illustrated by William Hamilton Gibson; "Great American Industries," continued; "School Studies," by Dr. R. T. Ely; further articles on the Railway Problem by competent writers; new series of illustrated stories by E. A. Abbey and Alfred Parsons; articles by E. P. Roy, and other attractions.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Table listing Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, Harper's Bazar, Harper's Young People, and Harper's Handy Series with their respective prices.

The volumes of the Magazine begin with the Numbers for June and December of each year. When no time is specified, subscriptions will begin with the Number current at time of receipt of order.

1887. Harper's Weekly. ILLUSTRATED.

Harper's Weekly maintains its position as the leading illustrated newspaper in America and its bold, original illustrations of the highest quality are never stronger than at the present time.

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The volumes of the Weekly begin with the first Number for January of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the Number current at time of receipt of order.

1887. Harper's Bazar. ILLUSTRATED.

Harper's Bazar combines the choicest literature and the finest art illustrations with the latest fashions and the most useful family reading.

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The volumes of the Bazar begin with the first Number for January of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the Number current at time of receipt of order.

1887. Harper's Young People. An Illustrated Weekly.

Harper's Young People has been called "the school of the young" and the justice of this commendation is amply sustained by the large circulation it has attained both at home and in Great Britain.

TERMS: Postage Prepaid \$2 Per Year. Vol. VIII, commences November 2, 1886. Single Numbers, Five Cents each.

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OFFICE—FRANKLIN BANK.

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A FRANK CONFESION. Merchant (to applicant for a job)—You know n'y thing about figures, Uncle Rastus?

Uncle Rastus—Yes, sah. Merchant—Well, if I were to lend you five dollars, and you promised to pay me one dollar each month, how much would you owe me at the expiration of three months?

Uncle Rastus—Fif' dollars, sah. Merchant—I'm afraid you don't know much about figures.

Uncle Rastus—No, sah, but I specs I knows all 'bout Uncle Rastus.

HE FELT DEEP REMORSE. His gratitude caught at those words, and the drowning man lifted to catch at the proverbial straw. He lifted her hand, and suddenly and fondly pressed his lips on it. She showed no confusion. Was she sorry for him, poor wretch!—and was that all!

They walked on arm in arm, in silence. Crossing the last field, they entered again on the high road leading to the row of villas in which Miss Pink lived. The minds of both were preoccupied. Neither of them noticed a gentleman approaching on horseback, followed by a mounted groom. He was advancing slowly, at the same pace as his horse, and he only observed the two foot passengers when he was close to them.

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He was dressed in a perfectly made traveling suit of light brown, with a peaked felt hat of a darker shade of the same color, which, in a picturesque sense, greatly improved his personal appearance. His pleasure at discovering Isabel gave the animation to his features which they wanted on ordinary occasions. He sat his horse, a superb hunter, easily and gracefully. His light, amber-colored gloves fitted him perfectly. His obedient servant, on another magnificent horse, waited behind him. He looked the impression of rank and breeding of wealth and prosperity. What a contrast, in a woman's eyes, to the shy, pale, melancholy man in the ill-fitting black clothes, with the wandering, uneasy glance, who stood beneath him and felt, and showed that he felt, his inferior position keenly! In spite of herself, the tracherous blush flew over Isabel's face, in Moody's presence, and with Moody's distrustfully watching her.

"This is a piece of good fortune that I hardly hoped for," said Hardyman, his cool, quiet, dreary way of speaking quickened, as usual, in Isabel's presence. "I only got back from France this morning, and I called on Lady Lydiard in the hope of seeing you. She was not at home, and you were in the country, and the servants didn't know the address. I could get nothing out of them, except that you were on a visit to a relation." He looked at Moody while he was speaking. "Haven't I seen you before?" he said, carelessly. "Yes," said Lady Lydiard's. "You're her steward, are you not? How d'ye do?" Moody, with his eyes on the ground, answered silently by a bow. Hardyman, perfectly indifferent whether Lady Lydiard's steward spoke or not, turned on his saddle and looked admiringly at Isabel. "I begin to think my luck has turned at last," he went on, with a smile. "I was jogging along to my farm and despairing of ever seeing Miss Isabel again— and Miss Isabel herself meets me at the roadside! I wonder whether you are as glad to see me as I am to see you! You won't tell me, eh? May I ask you something else—are you staying in our neighborhood?"

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He tried to speak lightly, on his side. "I have no time to be jealous while I have your affairs to look after," he answered.

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She was not only perplexed, she was really distressed. "Don't take leave of me in that cold way!" she pleaded. Her eyes dropped

"After giving your promise!" Moody gently remonstrated.

Isabel met that objection with a woman's logic.

"Does a promise matter," she asked, "when one gives it to a dirty, disreputable, presuming old wretch like Mr. Sharon? It's a wonder to me that you trust such a creature. I wouldn't!"

"I doubted him just as you do," Moody answered, "when I first saw him in company with Mr. Troy. But there was something in the advice he gave us at the first consultation which altered my opinion of him for the better. I dislike his appearance and his manners as much as you do—I may even say I felt ashamed of bringing such a person to see you. And yet I can't think that I have acted unwisely in employing Mr. Sharon."

Isabel listened absently. She had something more to say, and she was considering how she should say it. "May I ask you a bold question?" she began.

"Any question you like."

"Have you—?" She hesitated and looked embarrassed. "Have you paid Mr. Sharon much money?" she resumed, suddenly rallying her courage. Instead of answering, Moody suggested that it was time to think of returning to Miss Pink's villa. "Your aunt may be getting anxious about you," he said.

Isabel led the way out of the farm house in silence. She reverted to Mr. Sharon and the money, however, as they returned by the path across the fields.

"I am sure you will not be offended with me," she said, gently, "if I own that I am uneasy about the expenses. I am allowing you to use your purse as if it were mine, and I have hardly any savings of my own."

Moody entreated her not to speak of it. "How can I put my money to a better use than in serving your interests?" he asked.

"My one object in life is to relieve you of your present anxieties. I shall be the happiest man living if you only owe a moment's happiness to my exertions."

Isabel took his hand, and looked at him with grateful tears in her eyes.

"How good you are to me, Mr. Moody!" she said. "I wish I could tell you how deeply I feel your kindness."

"You can do it easily," he answered, with a smile. "Call me 'Robert,' don't call me 'Mr. Moody.'"

She took his arm with a sudden familiarity that charmed him. "If you had been my brother I should have called you 'Robert,'" she said; "and no brother could have been more devoted to me than you are."

He looked eagerly at her bright face turned up to his. "May I never hope to be something nearer and dearer to you than a brother?" he asked, timidly.

She hung her head and said nothing. Moody's memory recalled Sharon's coarse taunts when he pressed the question. What had she answered for her—she had turned pale; she was looking more serious than usual. Ignorant as he was of the ways of women, his instinct told him that this was a bad sign. Surely her rising color would have confessed it, if time and gratitude together were teaching her to love him! He sighed as the inevitable conclusion forced itself on his mind.

"I hope I have not offended you!" he said, sadly.

"Oh, no."

"I wish I had not spoken. Pray don't think that I am serving you with any selfish motive."

"I don't think that, Robert. I never could think of it you."

He was not quite satisfied yet. "Even if you were to marry some other man," he went on, earnestly, "I would make no difference in what I am trying to do for you. No matter what I might suffer, I should still go on—for your sake."

"Why do you talk so?" she burst out, passionately. "No other man has such a claim as yours to my gratitude and regard. How can you let such thoughts come to you! I have done nothing in secret. I have no friends who are not known to you. Be satisfied with that, Robert, and let us drop the subject."

"Never to take it up again!" he asked, with the infuriated pertinacity of a man clinging to his last hope.

At other times and under other circumstances Isabel might have answered him sharply. She spoke with perfect gentleness.

"Not for the present," she said. "I don't know my own heart. Give me time."

His gratitude caught at those words, and the drowning man lifted to catch at the proverbial straw. He lifted her hand, and suddenly and fondly pressed his lips on it. She showed no confusion. Was she sorry for him, poor wretch!—and was that all!

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before his, and her lips trembled a little. "Give me a kiss, Robert, at parting." She said those bold words softly and sadly, out of the depth of her pity for him. He started; his face brightened suddenly; his sinking horse rose again. In another moment the change came; in another moment he understood her. He touched her cheek with his lips he turned pale again. "Don't quite forget me," he said, in low, faltering tones, and left her.

Miss Pink met Isabel in the hall. Refreshed by unbroken repose, the ex-schoolmistress was in the highest frame of mind for the reception of her niece's news.

Informed that Moody had traveled to South Morden to personally report the progress of the inquiries, Miss Pink highly approved of him as a substitute for Mr. Troy. "Mr. Moody, as a banker's son, is a gentleman by birth," she remarked; "he has condescended in becoming Lady Lydiard's steward. What I saw of him, when he came here with you, prepossessed me in his favor. He has my confidence, Isabel, as well as yours; he is in every respect a superior person to Mr. Troy. Did you meet any friends, my dear, when you were out walking?"

The answer to this question produced a species of transformation in Miss Pink. The rapturous rank-worship of her nature faded, speaking to one of her equals she would have looked taller and younger than usual; she was all smiles and sweetness. "At last, Isabel, you have seen birth and breeding under their right aspect," she said. "In the society of Lady Lydiard you cannot possibly have formed correct ideas of the English aristocracy. Observe Mr. Hardyman, when he does me the honor to call to-morrow, and you will see the difference."

"Mr. Hardyman is your visitor, aunt, not mine. I was going to ask you to let me remain up stairs in my room."

Miss Pink was unaffectedly shocked. "This is what you learn at Lady Lydiard's," she observed. "No, Isabel, your absence would be a breach of good manners; I cannot possibly respect a superior person to Mr. Troy. Did you meet any friends, my dear, when you were out walking?"

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