EVENTS IN THE SOCIAL WORLD.

A Season Fruitful in Happy Weddings—Engagement Announcements.

THE KNIGHT-CHABOT MARRIAGE.

Prominent Features of Society Life at the Ocean and Interior Resorts—A Private Picnic at Ross Station — Pacific Coast Weddings—Their Fates to Date—Personal Notes.

A long, pleasant summer season seems likely to fall to the lot of the Coast this year. July is closing and yet the town is "empty." From fashionable watering places, cool mountain-lake sides or tented encampments in shady valleys come happy murmurs of content, and all can share in these joyous evidences of a common, temporary emancipation from care, toil and conventionality. In the city we have been merry too, especially in weddings and home parties, as THE CALL social column day by day has recorded.

Santa Cruz is preparing to welcome the "boy s" of the First Artillery of Sacramento, who inaugurate their annual encampment by the sea next Sunday. Their arrival will be the signal for considerable festivity. The visit of the Mystic Shriners, one of the most exclusive orders on the continent, is also a notable event of the near future.

A distinguished company, including many from this city and Oakland, will attend the Lake Tahoe Chautauqua Assembly on the 11th prox.

A most enjoyable entertainment was given at Harbin Springs on Friday evening under the auspices of the One-Two-Three Club. Miss Quinn of Sacramento opened the programme with a piano solo. A donkey party was next in order, during which Mr. Gus Hyman of San Francisco, a member of the club, acted as master of ceremonies. The pleasant evening concluded with a social dance.

Among the participants of late observed upon the attractive beach at Santa Cruz, many seeking the shade of the newest fancy—the Japanese umbrella—have been noticed: Mrs. Minnie G. Farnsworth, Miss Clara Farnsworth, Mr. J. W. Marshall, Mrs. Luke Robinson, Mrs. A. Spence, Miss M. Spence, Miss Sibyl Nugent, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Butler of Fresno, Mrs. Colonel Thomas P. Hoitt and daughter, Miss Charles Laughlin, Mrs. Colonel Wallace and Miss Upham.

A very pleasant party was given at Mr. John Ledford's residence in Yorkville on the 15th inst., in honor of Miss Maggie Fred, who is visiting the Misses Florence and Laura Ledford.

The Club Frobsinn gave one of its enjoyable parties last evening at Olympic Assembly Hall. It was its regular monthly gathering, and the attendance was quite up to the general expectation.

A pleasant entertainment will be given this evening at Santa Cruz, partly as a benefit for Prof. Ingito Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Shepard and partly as a complimentary benefit to Miss Elizabeth and Miss Ada Parks of this city.

San Rafael has been comparatively quiet of late. Anything like a rush or regularity of gaiety seems altogether incompatible with a reasonable idea of our midsummer season. Only recently did she show a chary feeling that she may hop, and society is now resting and talking about energetic proceedings—in the future. Mr. Bonnie is arranging for a base-ball match, Major Hammond is interested in a bicycle bowling tournament, and even polo has been mentioned. Among the pleasant fairs accomplished, however, was the reception held last Thursday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wilson at their charming residence. The form it assumed was that of a card party for married people only, and a delicious supper was a feature of the agreeable occasion.

Engagement Notes.

The engagement is authoritatively announced of Miss Georgiana B. Edwards, daughter of the late Captain William S. Edwards of the United States Coast Survey and grand-daughter of the late Surgeon D. S. Edwards, U. S. N., to Dr. Channing H. Cook, son of the late Mr. Elisha Cook.

The wedding of Miss Georgia L. Schell, daughter of the late Mr. Theodore L. Schell of this city, and Mr. Francisco Antunes Guimaraes of Brazil will be solemnized in Santa Cruz next October. The young lady has been residing abroad with her mother for the past four years. Both Miss Schell and Miss Edwards (of the preceding announcement) are great-grandnieces of the late Samuel Woodworth, author of the "Old Oaken Bucket."

The marriage of Mr. John P. Jackson, son of Colonel and Mrs. J. P. Jackson of this city, and Miss Bessie Adams, daughter of the late Hon. John Adams of Oakland (whose engagement was recently announced in these columns), will take place on the 30th prox.

Further interesting particulars of the Dargie-Sedgwick wedding have come to hand with the formal invitations. The ceremony will take place on the 31st prox., at St. Luke's Church, at 8:30 o'clock in the evening. There will be only one bridesmaid, Miss Alice Livingston. The Rev. C. L. Miel will officiate, assisted by Rev. W. W. Davis. There will be no formal reception, but the united pair will receive congratulations at the Palace Hotel.

The wedding of Mr. Richard Husing and Miss Mamie Agnes Kane will take place at St. Rose's Church this morning at half-past 9 o'clock.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Elias B. Cohen and Miss Mollie Levy, both of this city. They will receive their friends Sunday, the 3d prox., at the residence of Mr. E. Levy, 786 Folsom street.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Felix Bruck to Miss Henrietta Davis, both of this city. They received their friends yesterday at the residence of Mr. D. Davis, 526 Fulton street.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Leopold Cohen to Miss Sillie Aaron, both of this city. They will receive next Sunday, the 3d prox., at 2229 Hayes street.

The engagement is announced of Miss Josie Kahlert to Mr. Samuel Simon, both of San Francisco.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Samuel Harris to Miss Henrietta Rehwald. They will receive their friends next Sunday, the 3d prox., at her parents' residence, 1511 Clay street.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lu Baum of this city and Mr. S. Bluestone of Colusa. The wedding will take place in this city on the 6th prox.

The Knight-Chabot Wedding at Oakland.

A private wedding of much interest took place Saturday noon across the bay. The principals were Mr. Robert Smart Knight, a well-known young gentleman of this city, and Miss Henrietta Chabot, eldest daughter of the late Remi Chabot. The match, the preliminary engagement to which was almost unsuspected outside the two families, is very agreeable to Mrs. Chabot, upon whose decision, according to the will of her late husband, the marriage settlements of the daughters were made to depend.

The ceremony took place at the handsome home of the bride's mother, corner of Twelfth and Madison streets, Oakland.

The decorations in the rooms were simple, artistic and prettily. A bower of vines in the drawing-room were trailings of evergreens and smilax. The bay-window presented a handsome and inviting appearance, being a perfect bower of roses, smilax and other flowers. A dainty canopy of ferns and flowers in the bay-window had been arranged for the bridal party.

Promptly at noon the sweet strains of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" were heard throughout the house, and the bridal party slowly came downstairs in the following order: Mr. Knight and Mrs. Chabot, Mr. Harry Converse and Mrs. Knight, Miss Josephine Chabot, Mr. H. Martin and Miss Henrietta Chabot. The bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. Martin. The couple were attended by Mr. Harry Converse as groomsman, Miss Josephine Chabot as maid of honor, and the Misses Catherine and Clara Chabot as bridesmaids. The ceremony was performed by Rev. C. W. Wendte, pastor of the Unitarian Church, and only the near relatives of the contracting parties were present.

Mr. and Mrs. Knight left in the afternoon for St. Helena, where they will remain until Monday. They will return to Oakland to-night and leave again on the 9 o'clock overland train the same evening, bound for New York. After remaining in New York a few days and visiting the principal points of interest Mr. and Mrs. Knight will sail for Europe on the 9th of August.

They will be accompanied on their visit East and to Europe by Mrs. Remi Chabot, mother of the bride, and Mrs. Peder Sather.

Monterey Notes.

The Country Club's fourth annual shoot duly came off on Saturday. The colors of the rival teams were proudly worn by their various fair "backers," and considerable interest was taken in the event. The teams were as follows: Reds—A. C. Tubbs, Captain; Messrs. D. B. Gillette, Charles Josselyn, R. B. Woodward, D. T. Murphy, W. B. Tubbs, C. E. Worden, J. D. Redding. Blues—F. K. Webster, Captain; Messrs. E. T. Preston, H. H. Woodward, F. L. Wooster, George Crocker, F. W. Tallant, J. A. Robinson, Alex Hamilton. The "Reds" won, and the five pretty medals were distributed as follows: The first prize went to Mr. Robert Woodward, the second to Mr. Fred K. Webster, the third to Mr. Joseph W. Redding, the fourth to Mr. Fred W. Tallant and the fifth to Mr. W. B. Tubbs. Mr. John K. Orr acted as referee, Mr. Clinton E. Wardley as field captain and Secretary Quay as time-keeper. Luncheon followed, served on the grounds, amid the strains of concert selections by the military band. There was the usual dance in the evening and sacred concert yesterday, at both of which Noah Brandt's Orchestra officiated admirably. For the rest, there have been donkey cart drives, dress parade gatherings, tennis and private parties innumerable, and every day some new divertissement is evolved among congenial sets of the fashionable world here concentrated by common consent.

Private Picnic at Ross Station.

A pleasant private picnic was given yesterday at Ross Station, near San Rafael. Among those present were: Miss Ella Dalton, Miss May Brandon, Miss Nellie Crowley, Miss Bella Holland, Miss Katie Sendsovern, Miss Alice Duffey, Miss Nellie Tierney, Miss Mamie Cole, Miss Amie Kenion, Miss Lizzie Harrison. The gentlemen present were: Messrs. G. Duffey, E. Kenion, F. McGinn, G. Harvey, T. Flynn, A. Campbell, F. Thompson, A. Jenning, T. Collins, F. McDermott and E. Ryan. A very enjoyable time was spent by all present.

San Jose Jottings.

The San Jose Spoon Club, a society which has remained intact since its organization, gave a pleasant luncheon at the Vendome on Tuesday by the San Francisco members to those dwelling at San Jose. The table decoration consisted chiefly of an artistic "scattering" arrangement of sweet peas, which were mucl admired. A reunion on the first Tuesday of next July was agreed upon unanimously in the enthusiasm deservedly occasioned by the delightful affair. Among the members are: Mrs. F. S. Chadbourne, Mrs. Charles Moses, Mrs. C. A. Norton, Mrs. T. G. Washington, Mrs. McKay, Mrs. R. Chute, Mrs. A. H. Vall, Mrs. Dr. Potts, Mrs. Dr. Pierce, Mrs. D. M. Campbell, Mrs. S. R. Johnson, Mrs. J. D. McDougall.

On Wednesday there was a pleasant excursion to Howell Lake, near Los Gatos, in the Santa Cruz Mountains. There were plenty of young folks in the party, and the beautiful drive, some exciting fishing and a delightful lunch more than compensated for a very early start. The party consisted of: Mrs. Ada Dore, the Misses Dore, Mrs. Deming, Miss Nellie Boyd, Miss Grace Thorne, Miss Mary Bowler, Mayor Rucker, Mr. D. M. Murphy, Mr. Charles Gilbert, Mr. Howell C. Moore, Mr. Morgan Hill, Mr. Will Manning, Mr. W. L. Gill and Mr. Walter Thorne.

Mr. Naglee Burke entertained a small party of friends most delightfully on Monday at the country residence of the Misses Naglee, daughters of General H. M. Naglee, uncle of Mr. Burke. The guests were: Miss Nellie Boyd, Miss Grace Thorne and Miss Mary Bowler, and their escorts, Messrs. Walter Thorne, W. F. Wilson Jr. and Frank Willey.

Besides, there have been several close tennis matches and numerous informal entertainments, such as ever conspire to render the Garden City irresistibly attractive to visitors.

Parties to Take Place.

The Young Men's Institute of this city will give a special entertainment next Monday evening at the Grand Opera House, and a ball at the Mechanics' Pavilion the following evening.

The Catholic Ladies' Aid Society, No. 11, will give their quarterly entertainment and social at Saratoga Hall on Thursday evening next. The proceeds will be for the benefit of the sisters in charge of St. Joseph's Home for Incurables.

Golden West Circle, No. 43, C. O. F., will give an entertainment and ice-cream social at Shiels' Building, 32 O'Farrell street, on Tuesday evening next.

Zenobia Lodge, No. 13, Legion of the West, will give a public installation and third anniversary party at Union-square Hall on Tuesday evening next.

California Castle, No. 1, Knights of the Golden Eagle, will give a literary entertainment and social at Union-square Hall next Wednesday evening.

La Grippe Club will give its initial social at Hinman's Hall next Sunday evening.

The Minuet Club will give its fourth monthly hop at Irving Hall to-morrow evening.

The Pigs in Clover Club has issued invitations for its first anniversary party, to be held on Friday evening next at Odd Fellows' Hall. Special preparations are being made for the affair, which will comprise several elements of novelty.

Excelsior Lodge, No. 1252, K. and L. of H., will give their third anniversary ball at Odd Fellows' Hall on the 7th prox.

Phœnix Council, No. 780, A. L. of Honor, will hold its regular monthly social and entertainment at Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street, on Wednesday evening next.

Pocahontas Council, No. 3, Degree of Pocahontas, I. O. R. M., gives an entertainment in Ruby Hall, 320 Post street, on Monday evening, the 4th prox.

The Beulah Club will entertain as usual on Friday evening next at Mission Music Hall, corner of Howard and Twenty-first streets.

Young Ladies' Institute No. 1 will hold an entertainment, social and reception next Wednesday evening, at Irving Hall, 139 Post street.

A complimentary benefit will be tendered Mr. Charles E. Black of the Del Monte by his numerous patrons at Irving Hall on the 17th prox.

The Amorita Club will give their first annual ball at Irving Hall next Thursday evening.

The friends and patrons of Academy of Art Academy will give a social at their hall, corner of Seventeenth and Noe streets, on next Saturday evening, August 2d.

The second party of the Zig-Zag Social Club will be given at Mission Opera Hall on the 15th prox.

Alcatraz Circle, No. 58, C. O. F. of A., will give their first entertainment and social at St. George's Hall Saturday evening, the 30th prox.

Lorley Social Club, C. of F. will hold their third anniversary on the 10th prox. at the San Francisco Turn Verein Hall, 323 Turk street.

The second party of the Peerless Club will take place on Friday evening, the 22d prox., at Union-square Hall.

The Pleiades will hold their second session Friday evening, the 8th prox., at Mission Opera Hall.

Liberty Relief Corps, W. R. C., will give a literary and card bonbon party on the 8th prox. at B'nai B'rith Hall.

Pacific Coast Weddings.

A notable wedding occurred in Livermore on Thursday last, uniting two of the oldest families in the State. Miss Christian Alviso, oldest daughter of Hon. Valentine Alviso, was married to Frederick Y. Chapman of this city, second son of the late Henry Chapman of Sacramento. The groom's parents were married in San Jose in 1849. The bride's great grandfather was a Spanish officer who came to California in 1776, while on the mother's side, her grandfather was the late Robert Livermore, pioneer of 1822.

Last Tuesday Mr. George Zoll and Miss Ida Kobold, eldest daughter of Mr. C. Kobold, proprietor of the Irvington Hotel, were quietly married at the residence of the bride's father. After the ceremony the happy couple came to this city and departed for Chicago, where they will spend some time.

Mr. Tavars and Miss Minnie Rose were united in marriage last Thursday by the Rev. Father Pimentel at St. Joseph's Church, Mission San Jose. Mr. and Mrs. Tavars will reside in Oakland, where Mr. Tavars intends engaging in business.

Society Personals.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Wickersham and Miss Lizzie Wickersham are at Willows Camp, Bolinas.

Mr. Frank G. Newlands is at Reno, Nev., after a brief visit to Carson City.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Jennings are summering in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Pierce of Oakland are staying at Cypress Lawn, Napa County.

Dr. Alexander Hunter is visiting Santa Cruz.

Mrs. T. T. Williams has returned to the city from Santa Cruz.

Lieutenant C. M. Perkins of the United States Marine Corps has taken his place at the Presidio. He is soon to be ordered to the United States steamer Essex.

Dr. Herrill and Colonel Morcean are sojourning at Santa Cruz.

Mr. T. P. H. Whitelaw and Miss Whitelaw have returned from a visit to Victoria, B. C.

Mr. Will J. Gardner of Sacramento was in London on the 5th inst., and on the 30th, and intends coming from there to Paris and thence to Carlsbad, Germany. He will return to California the latter part of August.

Miss Mary Tichenor, niece of Mrs. S. J. Tichenor of this city, has returned home after a three weeks' visit in the neighborhood of Redwood City.

Colonel Haymond came up to this city from Mountain Boom recently.

Mrs. Ellsworth, the Misses Ellsworth and Miss Grace Cidsholm have returned home to Niles after a pleasant visit of a couple of weeks at Pacific Grove.

Mrs. Jerome Madden has gone for a vacation to Allen Springs.

Ensign Henry K. Benham, U. S. N., who has just completed a cruise on the Chicago and finished his course as a naval cadet, graduating with honors at the naval academy, arrived at the yard on Wednesday on a visit to his father, Rear Admiral A. K. Benham, commandant.

Mr. Pancost went to Vallejo Thursday from this city with a party in the steam yacht Agulla on a visit to Lieutenant Filette of the Adams.

Judge J. H. Boalt left for a trip to the Eastern States last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Austin, of Santa Barbara, have arrived here en route for Japan, and will probably continue their journey thence round the world. They sail on Thursday next.

Mr. E. J. Coleman has returned to the Del Monte.

Baron and Baroness Von Schroeder will return from their residence in San Luis Obispo County next Friday.

Miss Nellie Joliffe is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Wooster at Del Monte.

Miss A. Doucherty is visiting Mrs. Ransom Powers at Santa Rosa.

Lieutenant and Mrs. S. E. Woodland have returned home from Ben Lomond.

Miss Irwin has returned from a visit to Miss Miss Dimond at Menlo Park.

Mrs. C. Mead has returned to her home in Oakland, after a visit to Nevada City.

Miss Lizzie Clarke of Napa will return from Monterey this week and take up her residence here.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Heller (nee Sachs) are located at the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Dare and Miss Dare are at La Honda.

Miss Pauline Deane and Miss Edna Bullard have been spending a pleasant vacation at Bella Vista, San Mateo County.

Miss Etta B. Love and Miss Lulu C. Leonidas have returned from a two weeks' visit to Mayfield and Halfmoon Bay.

Mr. Robert A. Brachvogel has returned from Chicago, where he has been on business. He will return again shortly.

Mrs. Frank Leslie is coming West on a lecturing tour.

Professor Anderson is visiting in Sacramento.

General Nelson A. Miles is stopping a few days at Los Angeles on his way home from Arizona.

Mrs. S. B. Whitney of Petaluma will take a house here and remain till her daughter's education is finished.

Mrs. W. H. L. Barnes is still at Santa Cruz.

Miss Lizzie Felton of the Southern Pacific road, Oakland, and Miss M. A. Sessons left on Saturday for Cazadero, where they will spend their vacation.

The field of the Methodist Bishops is a very wide one. Bishop Fowler is in California, Bishop Ninde is at Salt Lake, Bishop Newman is in Japan, Bishop Warren in Denmark, Bishop Foss is in the Alps and Bishop Hurst is elsewhere in Europe.

SAID IT FOR A HOAX,

But the Common Law Stepped in and Honored Him.

Society in Lincoln, Nebr., is somewhat torn up over the sensational situation in which John Schultz, a handsome and wealthy druggist, finds himself.

Several days ago it was announced by Schultz that he had married Mrs. Bedford, a charming widow, employed at the Bond Hotel, and he publicly introduced her as his wife. The lady was congratulated by all her friends on her remarkably lucky capture.

Schultz announced to-day that the marriage was all a joke and a hoax, but the lady will not listen to this. She admits that there was no marriage ceremony, but since he has publicly acknowledged her as his wife the act constitutes a common law marriage and she is his wife. She has appealed to the courts to sustain her claim.—St. Louis Republic.

Robert Pingey, a good farmer near Marshall, hurt his finger with a rusty hay fork the other day and died Wednesday of blood poisoning. He left a widow and several children.

FULL-DRESS SUITS FOR HIRE, SUITABLE FOR balls, parties, wedding or receptions, on reasonable terms, at Original Misfit Clothing Parlors, northwest corner Post and Dupont streets.

SYMPATHY.

We talked together, you and I:
It was a queenly night in June;
Low hung the moon in yonder sky,
And on your cheek low glanced the moon.

Your gentle hand was mine to hold;
My ill-fed heart began to speak;
And ever, as the tale was told,
Dear friend, the moon was on your cheek.

Old loss that would not let me rest,
Old grief that slept, but ever lay
A languid load upon my breast,
Awoke, and wept themselves away.

Up climbed the moon, slow waned the night,
And still you bent to hear me speak;
I drank the comfort of the light
In those bright tears upon your cheek.

From off my life the burdens fall,
Still in their grave through tranquil years
They rest, those weary sorrows all,
That faded in the light of tears.

DANSKE DANDRIDGE, in Harper's Bazar.

BRIDE MAY'S LITTLE SECRET.

So you are coming back to your senses; the crazy month is at an end and you are beginning to see the world as it is. I dare say you don't relish the change, but it is inevitable, and no worse for you than for other people."

Cyril Warren smiled, though he reddened a little, too, and instead of taking the chair the speaker indicated he stood by the mantle-piece looking down upon her. Mrs. Macarthy, or "the Major's widow," as her acquaintances were in the habit of calling her, was still a handsome woman, though upward of 50, tall, portly, erect, and by virtue of much shrewdness and an ample income, she contrived to be looked up to as the most important member of her family.

"If you mean that as May and I have been married nearly five weeks and cannot afford to make holiday any longer, but must settle down, I to my desk, she to her housekeeping, you are right. But I can't see what there was irrational in thoroughly enjoying ourselves at the Isle of Wight. The scenery was pretty, the weather delicious; we were in the open air all day, walking as long and as far as we pleased, resting when we were tired and discovering for ourselves nooks and chines far more picturesque than the hackneyed ones of the guide-books."

"And now you must be content with the more prosaic discovery that you are mere mortals—that this bride of yours can be as peevish and extravagant as other women."

"May will never be either!" said the young man, proudly. "Why do you predict evil, Aunt Penelope? We did not marry imprudently nor hastily; but had known each other long enough and well enough to warrant our union. May is a right good girl, and I will not hear her disparaged."

"She has a pretty face, and men seldom look further," retorted Mrs. Macarthy. "But sit down; you know I hate to see any one fidget. Sit down!"

"Thanks; but as your welcome is not a very kind one I should prefer to call upon you another time."

Now Cyril Warren was Mrs. Macarthy's favorite nephew. He never truckled to her for the pelf she would lavish upon those who pleased her; he was never afraid to uphold an opinion that did not agree with hers, and, instead of coming to her for help when the bankruptcy and death of his father threw him upon the world he had accepted the first thing that offered, and, by dint of sheer industry and perseverance, worked his way up to an excellent position.

Sometimes she admired his independent spirit. Sometimes it vexed her that he never asked her for assistance, but submitted to be looked down upon by his cousins, the Misses Todhunter—city people with a pedigree and a half—rather than attempt to emulate them.

"Don't be foolish, Cyril," she added more placably. "Of course you loose your lunch by coming five miles out, and I dare say you have some with me. I have nothing to say against little May, except that she comes of a bad stock."

"As her mother died after little May and her father soon afterward," observed Cyril, drily, "I don't see how they can have had much to do with her virtues or her foibles."

"That's the mischief of it. Now, do help yourself. This fricassee is sure to be tasty, for I went into the kitchen and superintended it. That's the mischief of it, you foolish boy. What, neither beer nor wine? Dear, dear, what will these temperance notions bring you to? Consumption, at the very least. Try this pasty, it is excellent."

"That's the mischief of it," she repeated for the third time. "May was brought up by the Leitsoms, her mother's relatives. Didn't I know him when he was a subaltern in the Major's regiment; idle, reckless, dissolute?"

"Please remember that Captain Leitsom is dead," she was reminded.

"True; but he has left two or three sons, just like himself, and a widow, who, judging from appearances, is just the helpless giddy doll she was in her youth."

"They have been very kind to May," said Cyril.

"Of course!" Didn't they have her small property to live on? Wont they live on you now that you have taken her to wife?"

"No," he responded firmly. "On this point May and I quite understand each other. She will do what she can for Mrs. Leitsom and I will assist the young men in getting respectable employment, but nothing more."

"Humph! we shall see—we shall see! I'm afraid you expect too much. A girl accustomed to such shifty ways as they practice—"

"But Cyril could bear no more.

"Aunt Pen," he said, coldly, rigidly, "I cannot and will not listen to such insinuations. If you knew May better you would be ashamed of your injustice."

"Whose fault is it that I do not know her better? Why, yours. Why haven't you brought her to see me?"

Cyril thanked heaven in his heart that he had not done so. He was the sorest of ordeals which his timid bride was to be exposed.

"May is too busy at present to pay visits, and, frankly, I cannot ask you, as I intended doing, to go and see her while you are under such ungenerous suspicions of her truth and loyalty to her husband."

"Here's much ado about nothing!" cried Mrs. Macarthy, with uplifted hands. "Because I speak my mind, as I have a right to do."

"No one has a right to suggest evil of my wife in my hearing!" he interrupted.

"Well, sit down again and finish your lunch. You will not, you foolish boy? Cut! what a temper you have! I pity the poor girl who will have to cope with it."

"Good morning, aunt Penelope!" said Cyril stiffly.

"What, will you go? Yet stay, I have something here for the bride. I suppose I must be like other people and make her a present on her marriage."

She pulled open a drawer of her desk and produced from it an exceedingly pretty and valuable set of pink coral ornaments set in fine gold.

It was just such a set as May had admired in a jeweler's in Bond street, and for a moment Cyril Warren pictured the girlish ecstacy with which she would clasp the necklet round her white throat, and the bracelets on her rounded arms. But after what Mrs. Macarthy had said of May how could he let her wear them?

"Your gift is like yourself, very handsome," he stammered—"but, you must forgive me for saying that I cannot accept it. I would not let my wife lay herself under obligations to anyone who calls her ill-tempered, extravagant and dishonorable."

"You are a fool and a puppy!" cried aunt Penelope, turning her back to him in her rage. "Take those trinkets and be hanged to you. When she looked round he was gone.

CHAPTER II.

AT HOME.

"Half a minute before your time. Oh, you dear, punctual fellow!" cried the bride, opening the door as soon as he swung back the gate of the little fore-court of the tiniest of villas in which the newly wedded pair began housekeeping. "How tired you look! how dusty you are! I'ever I wish for riches it is because you have to work so hard for me."

May, who was turning over some music, found the piece she wanted just then, and struck the opening chords. Did she or did she not hear his remark, and was it merely his fancy that she blushed and looked confused?

When Cyril Warren came home on the morrow and went upstairs to wash his hands and change his coat, his first glance was at the corner where he had seen the bride last. They were there, and again they bore the traces of having been worn.

"So you have been out to-day," he said significantly as he seated himself at table.

"There was no mistake now. May was crimson to the brows, and there was a pause before she replied:

"I went to the linen-draper's to match some ribbon."

"And nowhere else?"

Again May hesitated.

"I called at a shoemaker's to inquire the price of slippers. I might have new ones for Mrs. Todhunter's soiree."

Cyril asked no more questions. She was not answering truly; she was keeping something back. Good heavens! could Mrs. Macarthy be in the right after all? and was May—his May—his beloved, trusted wife—capable, after all, of deceiving him?

CHAPTER III.

HER SECRET.

Lying awake beside her that night, long after she had fallen asleep, Cyril Warren pondered over the blight that threatened to mar his wedded happiness.

He did not blame May for it. He began to think he had expected too much from her when he had believed that she could live with such people as the Leitsoms without catching the infection of their want of principle, their recklessness of their word, their readiness to stoop to petty falsehood and mean evasion. Away from them she was all sweetness and candor. During their honeymoon she had not had a secret from him—why did she prevaricate now?

The season might—nay, must be this: the Leitsoms were visiting her during his absence; or she—always inclined to think he judged them harshly—had gone to them and was ashamed to avow it.

A trivial circumstance confirmed him in this suspicion. Happening to want more change that morning than he had in his purse, he applied to May.

"No, don't take it out of your housekeeping money. I don't want to inconvenience you; so let me have that sovereign I gave you for your own use. I can return it in the evening."

May hung her head. She had it not.

"Then you spent it on the slippers of which you were speaking. Was not that extravagant?"

"They were only seven-and-sixpence; but I did not buy them after all," she faltered.

"And yet you are penniless. May, you have given that sovereign to the Lettsoms! It is as I foreboded; they are preying upon you, in spite of my prohibition."

"No, no!" she cried, tearfully, half frightened at his sternness.

"Then what have you done with your money?"

And, as before, May hung her head and made no reply.

Cyril Warren flung out of the house, so angry with her and with those whom he accused of tempting her to disobey him that by the time he reached the city he was racked with a violent headache.

In vain did he endeavor to go through the usual routine. The figures swam before his eyes; his hand was so unsteady he could hardly hold the pen, and he looked so ill that at last the head of the firm espied his condition and kindly insisted on his going home.

Feeling as if either the rattle of an omnibus or the jar of the train would be intolerable, he determined to walk; and as he drew nearer the outskirts of the metropolis the dull throbbing in his temples began to subside; the fresher air cooled his burning head, and, though still languid, he felt considerably better long before he reached the pretty suburban road to which his house was situated.

May was at home, but not alone; he could hear her voice behind the carefully closed blinds of the breakfast-room. He heard her laugh faintly as she made some remark, to which the voice of a man responded.

Admitting himself with his latch-key, he found in the entrance-hall Jennie, the maid. She was stooping at the door of the breakfast-room, apparently listening at the key-hole.

His fierce "What are you doing there?" made the girl start and scream.

He repeated his question; but she shrank back, her distended eyes fixed on him in alarm too overpowering to allow of words.

He strode toward the door, but ere he could reach it, May, who had heard Jennie's shriek, appeared at it, and, seeing her husband, flew toward him.

But not to throw herself into his arms, greeting him joyfully. Her first feeling had been astonishment at his early return; her next was terror, for the anger depicted on his face was unmistakable.

"Oh! forgive me, Cyril; I have been very foolish, I know; but forgive me!"

"What have you been doing with yourself?" asked the young husband, when, dinner over, they sat together watching the moon rise over the opposite houses.

"Hundreds of things," was the laughing reply. "Reaching my little maid—she is dreadfully stupid, but so good-tempered and willing it's impossible to scold her—arranging the pictures, dusting the rooms, making that pudding you relished, darning your new handkerchiefs, and learning the song you bought me; it is so pretty; shall I sing it to you?"

This done, and May cosily nestling again beside her husband, he resumed his questions.

"Haven't you found it dull?"

"I do miss you dreadfully," she confessed, and I often find myself watching the clock; but was too busy to be dull. Besides, I had visitors."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; the dearest old woman in the world; she told me she had been your nurse, and I made her stay to lunch, and we talked about you all the time. Oh! and later in the day I had a call from Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Todhunter. They came in such a smart carriage that they created quite a sensation in this quiet road."

"And frightened my poor little wife?"

"No. I felt nervous at first, and the two girls stare at one most rudely, but when Mrs. Todhunter said she called me for having only one servant to look after, and such a quiet, happy home, I took courage to agree with her. I am a very fortunate young woman."

For this she was rewarded with a kiss, and there was silence till she raised her head from Cyril's shoulder to say:

"I almost forgot to tell you, they left us a card for an evening party; a the dansante, Miss Julia Todhunter called it."

"You would like to go to it?"

May said "Yes" and "No" in the same breath.

"I could wear my wedding dress, couldn't I?" but—

"You shall go, love," said Cyril, decidedly. It would enable him to triumph over Mrs. Macarthy if the Todhunters took up his bride, for they lived in a fashionable quarter, and a respectable Aunt Pen found it good policy to be civil to them. "Give me the card and I will write an acceptance. Did you have any more callers?"

"No," said May, but her voice betrayed hesitation that he regarded her inquiringly. But she did not see it; with her head bent forward she was playing with the lace of her apron, as if she did not care to meet his eyes.

Somehow Aunt Penelope's warning flashed into his mind. Were the Lettsoms intruding already, in spite of his having given them to understand pretty plainly that he disliked men who frequented music-halls and billiard saloons would never be welcome at his house?

"Darling," and he kissed May's forehead, "I am sorry to be obliged to remind you that there must be no intimacy with the Lettsoms. They repaid themselves out of your small property for giving you the shelter of their roof, so there is no question of gratitude due to them."

May sobbed a little.

"I had not forgotten; but I thought we agreed that the subject was a painful one and should not be discussed again? It hurts me to have to write such a letter to their mother; she was always good to me."

This was so true that Cyril had no answer to make. He would have withdrawn the embargo as far as Mrs. Leitsom was concerned if it had not been for Aunt Pen's caustic speeches.

No; he could not have his May classed with such people. He had rescued her from their clutches, and she should have no more to do with them.

He was doubly caressing to his bride that evening, because he knew he had pained her, and on the morrow he committed the extravagance of purchasing her a dozen of gloves in a pretty, fancy box, just fit for a lady's toilet-table.

Thither he went on tiptoe to place it while she was superintending the dishing of a blanc-mange in the kitchen. It would be one of those delightful surprises young wives appreciate; and after dinner he would attend to her interruption by-and-by, he was leaving the room when his eye fell upon a pair of walking-boots by the side of the wardrobe.

They were May's, and they had been worn that day, for there was mud—fresh mud—on the shapely heels.

How odd that she had not mentioned having been out! She always averred that she would rather lose a walk than have to take it alone, and would insist on waiting for him.

But she was calling him to dinner; and in catching a glimpse of her flushed cheeks of a great fire that had occurred in the city he was fully occupied for the next half hour.

Then it was May's turn to talk of the garden, and which, with the occasional help of a man, she was effecting improvements; but still she said nothing about having been out.

"Did you do some shopping this morning?" he asked, carelessly.

"Oh! no; I sent Jennie for the binding of that chair-cover, and worked hard to finish it. Does it not look very nice?"

"I thought you had been out."

Putting her aside, he would have entered the room to comfort her companion; but she clung to him, entreating that he would not degrade her husband by listening.

"It is the first time he has been here; it is, indeed!"

"And it shall be the last!" was the stern reply, as, shaking off her grasp, he strode on, May following meekly.

Why, this was not a Lettsom! He found himself in the presence of a stranger, who, with a bow and a stiff "How do you do, sir?"

"MONSIEUR DE VILLON.

"Professor of Dancing and Deportment."

"It was very silly of me, I know," sobbed May, when Monsieur de Villon, being civilly dismissed, had taken himself off, "but I had never learned to dance, and when you decided that we were to go to Mrs. Todhunter's, my ignorance troubled me. I could not bear that you should be ashamed of your little wife, and see her either standing by or making clumsy efforts to imitate more fortunate girls, so I went and saw this professor, and he agreed to give me so many lessons for a guinea. That is how I had spent the money you had asked me to refund. I have practiced quadrilles twice with monsieur's pupils at his house, and I can waltz, and had nearly mastered the mysteries of the mazurka when you—"

"Made a brute and an idiot of myself!" exclaimed her husband, clasping her to his heart. "Oh, my best of darlings, don't hate me, don't despise me for it, and I'll be your partner at your next lesson, and the old Frenchman shall teach us together."

What May—now the happiest of the happy—was talking of the wraps at Mrs. Todhunter's, a majestic old lady in black velvet sailed up to her, nodding approval of the delicate gray silk, so modestly made, high in the neck and unornamented save by exquisite point lace of her own making.

"You don't know me, my dear?" said the elder matron, as she saw the bride blush under her scrutiny. "I am Major Macarthy's widow, and a kinswoman of your husband. I am also—when troubled with neuralgia—such a disagreeable, slanderous, backbiting old woman, that Cyril very properly refused to accept for you a little gift I wanted to send by him. He said I did not do you justice, and he was quite right; but since then I've been to see Mrs. Leitsom, poor thing! Her husband was a sub-altern in Major Macarthy's regiment; and she has told me how she must have sunk under her troubles but for you. I shall assist her sons to emigrate, and she will come and live with me as my housekeeper; and, if you are pleased with the arrangement, you'll wear the cross old woman's gift, and make Cyril forgive me."

May was too pleased to say her nay. She went into the drawing-room on the arm of aunt Pen, with the pink corals clasped on her neck and wrists. She is still in favor with the eccentric giver, and is proving herself the most sensible of wives by never having another secret from her adoring husband. L. C.

A MAD CAT'S BITE.

It Would Not Relax Its Hold Until Drowned by Its Victim.

Mrs. Joseph Kirkbride, a well-known resident of Bristol, has a great fondness for cats and keeps a number of them in her house on Swain street. The other day one of them went mad, and she put it in her cellar. When she went down to look after it a day or two ago the cat flew at her and fastened its teeth in Mrs. Kirkbride's hand with such violence that she was unable to shake it off. Mrs. Kirkbride cried for help, but no one came, and, as a last resort she carried the mad animal clinging to her hand to a barrel of water, into which she plunged her arm, holding it there until the cat was drowned.

The lady is now suffering from severe pains, which, it is feared, may result fatally. She is now under the care of a physician.—Philadelphia Record.

The Czar has issued an edict forbidding applause in Russian theaters. The explosion of bombs in the vicinity of the Czar has made him very sensitive to noises of all kinds.

Mamie's Question.

One summer day, while little May
Was looking at the sky,
A cloud of fleecy whiteness
Went slowly floating by.
"Oh, do come here, now mamma dear."
Cried Mamie in delight,
"And tell me what the angels use
To make the clouds so white.
"Do they use SOZODONT, mamma?
For you said, don't you know?
That SOZODONT, when freely used,
Will whiten like the snow."

The Favorite.

The most popular American dentifrice of the day is SOZODONT. People prefer it because they have found by experience that it really does do what is claimed for it; that it is a genuine beautifier of the teeth, that it is, as its name SOZODONT signifies, a true preservative of them; that it imparts a pleasant aroma to the breath, and renders the gums rosy and healthfully firm. The favorite among dentifrices, therefore, is SOZODONT.

WHEN BEER IS BEST.

**The Proper Way to Drink It Is