## SILVER WEDDING.

Twenty-lifth Anniversary of the Marriage of General Alwood, of Madison, Wis,

A Gathering of Five Hundred People --- Many Notabilities Present.

Numerous and Handsome Presents--List of a Portion of Them.

How the General and His Wife Looked --- Toilets of Some of the Ladies.

An Address by the Rev. Mr. Richards--Poem by Benj. F. Taylor ... Letters of Regret.

Special Correspondence of The Chicago Tribune.
MADISON, Wis., Aug. 26, 1876.
The silver-wedding of Gen. David Atwood, editor of the State Journal, and late member of the State Legislature, has just been celebrated with an celar that has proved it to be the

in Wisconsiu, if not in the West, for it combined two attractions, with all the most interesting fon-tures of each: The twenty-fifth anniversary of the wedding day, and the housewarming which usually accompanies the occupancy of a new and elegant home. At least 1,200 invitations were sent out among

the friends whom Gen, and Mrs. Atwood would wish to gather about them at such a time, and, as usual on such oventful occasions, many regrets were received,—some from those who were "over the hills and far away," from other and distinguished friends separated by many miles of blue sea, and from nany who were kept away from a variety of admany who were kept away from a variety of adverse circumstances, but who sont warm tributes of love and remembrance. As it was, when the evening of the 25th of August came, the house was literally "warmed" with a host of congratuating friends, who came to the number of 500 or more, and remained long enough to taste the sweetness of the early morning hours. Such an assemblage of youth and beauty, wealth and brains, but soldom graces a private roof; for there were very many representative and distinguished men, heautiful, accomplished, and educated women, and rising. accomplished, and obtended women, and rising, promising youth. It was not a gathering of the leaders of fashion, a mero scintillation from the fluttering wings of socioly-butterflies, but a social rounion of the oldest and best men and

a social rounion of the oldest and best men and women of the State, with enough of the rising generation sprinkled through to give a brilliant society status to it, and keep time with the inspiring air of the waitz or galop.

THE HOUSE TRALEF

is a very handsome structure, of Waterloo brick, with French roof, dormer windows, and all the new and important features that constitute a family-mansion. It is delightfully situated on Wisconsin avonce, and commands equally fine views of the town and lake,—a valuable desideratum in Madison, where each is so beautiful. It is finished and furnished throughout in tree American style. where once is so beautiful. As is minutes and furnished throughout in the American style. This charming home was Mr. Atwood's present to his wife on the twenty-fifth return of their wedding-day; and its value was represented by

\$1,000 for each anniversary,—\$25,000 in all.

There could not have been a finer night for the occasion, if the heavens had been propilated. The air was cool and clear; the full meen hung like a silver shield in the sky, as if attired for the occasion; and, as carriage after carriage relied up to the door and discharged the lovely, costly freight tiny pink-or-white-shod feet tripped daintly over the carpoted walk, and cager eyes looked up and down and all about with the happiest expression, while coral kips said, sweetly, "Lan's is lovely?"— which included the heavens above, and the earth

soral lips said sweetly, "Lan't it lovely?"—which included the heavens above, and the earth beneath, and the slighble young men in the distance, and the band playing "soft and low" musteal welcome to each and all.

AB THE GUESTS ARRIVED
they went up-stairs to their respective dressing-rooms, and were consigned to the careful hands of a valot or a waiting-maid. All the greatlemen were the regulation suit of black, with white rest and tie, and were attached to danity but-lou-hole meagears. The ladies were employed in wings till they resemble Esquimaux, and they disspreased up the wide stairway with wonderful celerity, to re-emerge from the chrysalis state into a wonderful expansion of light and color. The house was brillantly lighted from basement to ball-room,—which is located at the top of the house,—and floral offerings in great profusion testified to the loving attention of friends. There could not have been a more exquisite selection of flowers that those which filled every room with bloom and fragrance. Upon one table the portraits of Gen. Atwood and his wife were separately framed in flowers, making distinguishing featunes in the floral decreations. Baskets of tube-roses, likes, and geraniums, were placed at every available point. Add to this that every guest carried a bottquet of choice flowers, each lady were them in her hair or on her boson, and had her dross decorated with them, and one can imagine the brilliancy of the reception.

with them, and one can imagine the brilliancy of the reception.

The first duty of the guests was to pay their respects to Gen. and Mis. Atwood, who received them in a somicircle of soms, daugnters, and guests. They have four children, all grown,—two soms and two daughters. The three sisters of Mrs. Atwood were present, and assisted the hostens in dispusant, her graceful confessos. They were Mrs. Scidmore, of Fort Washington; Mrs. Hough, of New Richmond, Wis.; and Mrs. Oaklor, of West Washington street, Chicago. Mrs. Scidmore and Judge Cole were the only witnesses of the first marriage who were present at the silver-wedding.

Passing through the long parlor, the guests reached

Passing through the long parlor, the guests reached

THE MOST INTERESTING ROOM
in the house upon thes particular ovening, where, on tables set apart, \$40,000 worth of presents was displayed to the admiring gaze; and it was by no means certain that all had yet arrived. Three large tables were loaded with silverware, upon each article of which was tied a card with the donor's mane. One table was under the care of Charles A. Beiden, the jeweler, from whom the goods were purchased. The large tables, however, which held the immense assertment of silver mod crystal, were under the superintendence of George Et. Cook, who furnished the majority of the expensive sets to the different varifies who presented them. I have prepared a list of the different presents, with the manes of donors. The silver was solid, very elegantly emboseed, and lined with gold. It made a very time appearance after Mr. Cook had placed it all in systematic order to be seen and examined.

A magnificont respicher, with bowl and goblet, on an engraved waiter,—from H. H. Giles.

Card-recoiver, with nondent bouquet-holder,—a unique and beautiful table ornament,—from Mrs. Gelbort Ducher, of St. Fat. Minn.

A ladle set in solid sitver lined witts gold,—from Dr. and Mrs. It Dowen.

As upper borry-spoon, from Mr. and Mrs. John Synes, editor of the LaCrosso Democraf, with a sentiment: "May your silver anniversary yet lead to your goldenoue, and that crystalize

John Symes, editor of the Lattress Demograf, with a sentiment: "May your silver amives arry you lead to your goldon one, and that crystalize in happy years finally to a diamond one," A pecularly beautiful unit tasteful present was a transparent horn lee-bucket, bound in sulver bands, about a quart size, with sugar lee-longs,—the whole for a desseit-piecs,—presented by Mr. Lucius Fairchild—American Consul at Liverpool, England—and wife.

A suppol central flower-stand of frosted crystal size in silver, and subtained from a massive and elaborate standard by cheroly.

tal set in silver, and subtained from a massive and elaborate standard by cherubs, with outproad silver wings, was the gift of Mr. Charles D. Atwood, the cheest son, Vice-Consul for the United States at Liverpool. On each side of this clegant work of art is another and smaller plece, of correspondent heauty.

A finely-wrought silver sugar-spoon, creamfalle and berry-spoon, were presented by the How. Secretary of State, whose thoughtful, intellectnal face gave additional tone to the entertainment,

A gold cream-ladle, with rampant cat on the end of the alaborate and examental handle,

was the offering of Mr. Thaddeus C. Pound, ox-Liautemant-Governor of Wisconsin, and wife. Sanator Matt Carpenter contributed him regards in the shape of a very select suiver fishslice, with fork. slice, with fork. Sounter Howe, of Green Bay, adorned the libra-ry with bronze statuettes of Milton and Shaks-

ry with bronze statuettes of Auton and Smasspears,

The Hon. Philetus Sawyer, of Ochkosh, presented a silver opergine, decorated with silver
water-lines,—one of the most imposing gifts of
the evening.

Antique pitchers in bronze, from Mrs. and
Jinige Colo.

Table sait-cellar and spoons, from Mrs. S. A.
White, White-water, Wis.

A set of lee-overam spoons, from Mr, and Mrs.
William H. Ramsey, Grand Rapids, Mich.

A bouquet-holder in white fressed silver was
tendered by James M. Fox, of the Demograt
Company.

tendered by James M. Fox, of the Democrat Company, Contensot of six solid cas-spons lined with gold, large control sugar-spons, with compliments of Judge Octon and lady. Elegant berry-scoop, from Mrn. Henry Coc, daughter of Judge Octon.

One pair silver enulosities for chamber, with wax candless and when exclusive can large them, from Mr. Philip Parsons and Mrs. Waterman, of the Vibas House.

Imap rarsons and Mrs. Waterman, of the Vilas House.

A large clock, with mantel-ornaments in superb design and finish, from Minnie and Kitte Atwood, the young-lardy daughlers of the house. One dezen inti-picks, from Capt. R. E. Jackson and Mr. C. B. Kelson.

An elegant toliet-set in blue and gold, set in a silver atandard, was given with the regards of Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Belden.

Ex-Mayor Gregory and his wife presented a silver card-receiver, very handsome, lined with gold.

A levely solid silver rate Marson, of the Vilas

gold.

A lovely solid silver salad-suite and fork was presented by Mayor and Mrs. S. W. Penney.

A very elegant and costly clock in solid black marble, with ornamental flague and desistas in Generoo bronze, was given with the heavily congravulations of Mr. J. D. Culver—associate editor of the State Journal—and with.

A choice design in a cream-fadle, Dr. William Pos.

A choice design in a cream-taile, Dr. William Pox.

A choice design in a cream-taile, Dr. William Pox.

A sugar-sifting spoon came from Mr. Dean—Conoral Manager of the Northwestern Life Insurance Company—and wife.

One of the handsomest presents, and which was highly appreciated by the recipients, was the handsome lee-see which was presented to Gen. and Mrs. Aswood by the architect and builders of their home. This note accompanied it:

Mr. and Mrs. Darid Mireod:
We would carrestly request you to accomp the feese with the condition of the control of the co

B. WARNISEL,
THOMAS REGAN,
F. SHARP,
F. NALSON,
F. DAVENTOET,
J. SHARP,
CONTRACTORS.

Fish-knife and fork, with the compliments of

Tieh-knife and fork, with the compilments of Fordmand Kuchu.

A splendid soup-tureen, with gold-lined lade, was received from His Excellency Gov. Taylor and lady.

A catic-standard in frosted silver, gold-lined, was given with the compliments of Dr. Hoyt and lady.

A catic-standard in frosted silver, gold-lined, was given with the compliments of Dr. Hoyt and lady.

Silver salt-cellars lined with gold were given by the former Attorney General of the State, Col. Charles R. Gill, and lady.

A butter-knife, messive and elaborate, from George W. Peck, editor of the LaCrosse Union, and wife.

A sirvup-cup with sancer, from William H. Wieeler, a Cadet sent to West Point by Gen. Atwood while in Congress.

A pic-knife from Col. E. Bryant, County Judge, and Gen. Ed Bryant: "May your silver become gold, and be crowned with diamonds."

An elegant berry-lifter, with compliments of Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Fenny, of Chicago.

A silver vase in the shape of an antique nitcher, from Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Hobbins.

A glass and silver iloral basket, from Miss Jossia Baker.

An nish-receiver in the shape of a small tank and frog, by Master Watson H. Wyman, Cindinati.

A eliver borry-scoop, from Mrs. H. L. Patterson, of St. Louis, with compliments and regrees.

An ash-receiver in the shape of a small tank and frog, by Master Watson H. Wyman, Cincinnati.

A allver berry-scoop, from Mrs. H. L. Patterson, of St. Louis, with compliments and regrees. Six individual salts, lined with gold, from Judge Bladey.

Ladle-sot, comprising one large and two small ones, calsorately angraved and gold-lined, from the Hon. E. W. Reyes and lady.

A fruit-standard, from G. R. Cook and L. Farrington,—very elegant.

Compliments and regards accompanied a princely gift of a dessert-service from Judge J. G. Hopkins; Col. E. W. Keyes, Chairman of the Ropublican State Committee and Postmaster of Madison; Col. E. O. E. W. Keyes, Chairman of the Ropublican State Committee and Postmaster of Madison; Col. E. O. E. W. Keyes, Chairman of the Ropublican State Committee and Postmaster of Madison; Col. E. Tomas Revnolds, Possion Agont; Gen. Henry Harndon, Collector of Internal lovennes, and the captor of Joff Davis; Capt. F. W. Oakley, United States Marshal; W. S. Man, Assistant Marshal. This club represented the United States Court and Post-Office.

A very pictry set of salt and mustard spoons was thus spicily presented:

With the regard of an obliged and esteeming friend, who shreetly wishes that the brightners and prosperity of your allver weedling may culminate in the crowning flory of your sollver weedling may culminate in the crowning flory of your sollver weedling may culminate in the crowning flory of your sollver weedling received on this auspicious ovening was a coffee-nen of elaborate overlanaship, from the following gentlemen: Col. W. J. Cowlelin, the Hou. William Dennis, and L. B. Consuell, of Jofferson County, A pair of frosted crystal colory-glasses, in an elegant silver stand, were presented by Prof. and Mrs. Alex H. Irish, and lady, of the Park Hote, sent a card-receiver that was characteristic of themselves,—a claste and elegant design.

Ex-Gov. Washburn contributed a choice fruitupoon.

Ex-Gov. Washburn contributed a choice fruitupoon.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Goodrich, of Milwaukee,
an ice-cream-cooler, and gobiel, unique and
charming.

From Mr. and Mrs. Harlan M. Page, a silverliou paper-weight, with gold base, and this
legend attached:

Hoping this will protect the papers of your desk
better than a "Mutual Friend."

A tender little love-offering was some wax-lilies
from two little girls, Hattie and Kilan Giles.
An anti-Macassar in red and white, with silver
coin in the centure, bearing the dates 18.0--1874.

Col. George A. Black. Secretary of Hush Teveri.

from two little girls, Hattie and Educ Giles. An anti-Manassar in ed and white, with silver coin in the centre, bearing the dates 18.0—1871. Col. George A. Black, Secretary of Utah Tevritory, sent dates and congratulations on a silver trade-dollar.

Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Glaze, of Fond du Lac, send a berry-secop of solid silver, and "deeply regrot their inability to be present at your silver-welding and house-warming, but sond you this souvenir as a token of their friendship and good will. As frying makes Hip Van Winkle say, "May you live long and prosper,"

The Hon. David Hall, late Speaker of the Assembly, sont a set of heavy silver table-spoons. If I would give any space to toilets, and it would give any space to toilets, the rest of the presents, easily and superb as they are. Where every article given was of the best, I can only ask the reader to imagine the brilliancy and splender of the collection. By the same montal effort of vision I must ask assistance in conception of the collection. By the same montal effort of vision I must ask assistance in conception of the collection, for it is ufferly impossible, in the brilliant kaleidoscopie of beauty and fashion, to gaze long enough with a discrimination that shall give each belie of the evening her just due. It is not enough to say, "The snowy whiteness of her lace deliu harmonized with the cellicate pink of her lavender silk train;" there is still the splender of the flesch to describe.

THE BRIDE OF TWENTY-TIVE YEAR AGO.

dross, which befined into anotheryst great with its met the opal splonder of her lavender silk train; "there is still the splender of the flesh to describe.

THE BRIDE OF TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO
was, as then, the cynosure of all doyes. In this ago of lavish deeplay and princely luxury, the tending its overdross and out-do. How refroshing then, to see a lady drossed in such absolute good laste as Mrs. Atword had cyniced in been robbette for the coromony. With a handsome, well-preserved form, and a face pencil-like in its purity of complexion, there would have been a ressaunble oxcuse for an elaborate and ornate costume. Mrs. A was drossed in the very refinement of good tasic, with a gould deforence to the silver that is beginning to weave a crown for her doclining years. Her dross was selected in Paris by Mrs. Lucius Fafrehild and Mis. Deau, and was a handsome silk, of a balo, lustrous poar tint. It was not made in any extreme of style. The waist was a basque with short skirt. The back of the diess had an overdross, but the front breadths were alterned with plantibous and flowers, and lace intermed with plantibous and flowers and putils, and partly covered with a lace fall, composed of ribbous, white lace, and flowers. The lady was the embedding of the continuous of dross, potsessing the way located the cont

ered roles of Paris musiin. Miss Minnio At-wood wore blue trimmings and turquoise Jewelry. Her blende hair was dressed becomingly, and decorated with blue feathers, ilowers, etc. Miss Kittie Atwood were a similar dress with pink trimmings. rimmings.

I find it impossible to recall what

THE GENERAL bad on, or how he wore it. I know that his hair was silver, but not for that occasion alone. Ho was worthy, on that as on all other distinguishing periods of life, the grand old name of gentleman.

the caunot asks move in this life that which is already in a color, and move in this life than with it is caunot asks move in this life than with it already and thouse.

Ob, taxton AND HIS STATELY WIFE, who begins to the already in the color, and friends, color, and the color of the color o

was on a par with all the rest of this charming fote,—a perfect success. The great dining-toom was hung with pictures and garlanded with llowers, and the Brussels carpets were hidden under a cloud of canyas. The tables were loaded with deficacies and substantials. The bridescakes occupied each end. They were white with ad with deficacies and substantials. The bridescakes occupied each end. They were white
with ornaments, and decorated with silvored devices; a pair of hands clasped
tovingly on the frosting, and on
the third linger of one hand gleamed a
silver ring. At the sides were various salads,
cold ments, sandwiches, charlotte-russes, pyranids of loc-gream, water-leakes, and mnearoni, kisses, and superine cofee and tea. The
distinct way of the silver ring, and standards of eake, ornamented the whole
length of the table; and the display of family
silver out the sideboard was quite imposing. The
servants were tried and true, and ran the extra
machinery smoothly and happily.

Bofore the daucing for the evening began, the
flov. Mr. Richards, Congregational minister,
spoke touchingly to the long-wedded pair, and
all leads were bowed in a moment's solemn
acknowledgment of the touder appeal.

Has abutess

Was as follows:

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was as follows:

was as follows:

If the ADDLESS

Life has its clouds for all, they fell us, but surely innight they show only their silver liming. For their
brilliant faces reflect only the brightness of that our
of blowsing inta has been shining over you fer a quarter of a century. Few ure the couples who stand under the wedding-bulls in life's young prime who may
hear together the silver chimes ring their gay peals
for the twenly-fifth anniversary. You are of the elections favored. And now life only turns back a leaf in
the book, that you may have another beneymon, and
top-at in your maturer years the happy rounnee of
youth; and may it be for let you round out another
quarter-century together, that you may touch that
polden unlestone whose glitter we disvern far down
the yours. Few of m heard the philpited your limits
and spot once, but these hands thus chasped to-night
hearts.

congratulations. I wish I could send you a "silver lining" for every dark cloud that may in the future overshadow you, and make it so bright that you might always see it; but I ran powerless. I will pray Our Future to do this. As you are now in your new and the seutiful home, surrounded by loved ones, may all be eventually gathered "in that house not made with lands, eternal in the Itsevine." Yours sincerely.

LANK FOREST, Aug. 22, 1874. G. A.P. HARVEN. With this onds. a faithful record of the great silver-wedding at Madhson.

MY HERO.

"Disismy s'ip, an' me's de Doot ob Edin-

"No, Dollie, you sin't. I'm the Duke, and you're the Duchess. A girl can't be a Duke, you silly!"

"Mo's not silly dirl, an' me tan be de Doct.

"Mo's not silly dirl, an' mo tan be de Doot.
Mayn't me be a Doot, an' wear dold buckons,
Lolly dear? Donge sess me mayn't."

"What a bloke you are, Dollie! as if you could
be a Duke! Way, yon'll wear a crown it you're
the Princess.—Princess.—what's her name? Now,
hold your head still, do, and l'll put it on. I
won't play with you, Dollie, if you're so 'diculous, an' don't do what I've telled you.

THERE, Now!"

This threat extinguishes Dollie—poor, small
Dollie of 4! She submits to be hauled ponder-

THERE, NOW!"

This throat extinguishes Dollie—poor, small Dollie of 4! She submits to be bauled pondorously from the old wicker chair on the lawn (H. M. S. Galatea for the nence) by George's stout arms; and to have her wee, round face, and shining, crocus-colored curls, made hideons by a stiff, unwieldy crown of brown paper pinned together by nurse. It is much too big, so big that it drops down ever the baby brows and blue eyes; and Dollie has to hold it up painfully with one dimpled paw in order to get even a lattle glimpse of George, who is busy attiring himself in an old zonave jacket of mine with gold buttons. Somehow, though Dollie has never heard of woman's rights, she feels that hers have been trampled on at present; and that Goorge—dogmatic 7-year-old George, with shargey golden hair cut across the forehead, and falling ever his sailor collar behind—has decidedly the best share of life; and that she. Dollie, must submit, or be left to enjoy her fominine rights in loneliness. Above, the sky is very, very blue, a deep vault of dazzling sapphire just blistering on the horizon with white. The very trees seem to hang their heads under the weight of green. lang their neads under the weight of green, lands of set of pathy petals upon the yellowing enerals of the lawn. The jessamine which covers the front of the rectory is like a night beneath the tropics, it is so mernsted with white, gleathing stars. The bands of scarlet geraniums and azuro-uppod nemophyla, under the practice on the edge of the fawn, make my eyes neine with their painting lare. Even the weight of fragrance from those lall, mon-white lifes and rhady souting banks is too much on such a day, plant and the start of the painting and the start of the lawn, while lifes and rhady souting banks is too much on such a day, plant appears to the first of the lawn, while lifes and rhady souting banks and an art of the first of the lawn, while lands barely closed of the cancilvoid work in wards, which "of the cancilvoid the law, sun-brimmed waters, the whistic of the law, sun-brimmed waters, the whistic of the law, sun-brimmed waters, the whistic of the loss of divide the lawn, and the faint, swoot lingle of the bolls on their lanness. Mrs. Poveril, the rector's wide wed sister, who lives with him since his wife's death, is out paying calls in the pony-carriage. My master is in the study working, I suppose for heat seems to make him lale), and George and Pollic releares a rovised dultion of the marriage ceremony under the magnelia troe. "Will you love, ward up, and bay at me?" says Gootge, calady uniting the offices of priest and bridegrown in bis own person; and Dollic answers: "Es, Dorge; but of let me dive in do s'ip wis oo aferwards," with a wire precaution which it is a pity other brides are not allowed to follow. I shut my eyes, and feel drowsily, deliciously, deliciously, deliciously, deliciously, deliciously, deliciously, deliciously, deliciously, deliciously and the start of the favority of the meaning of the favority o

wanted.
"Out in the peny carriage, sir, I believe, to

hor mother, even as I remember her, weak and wasted.

"Out in the pony carriage, sir, I believe, to pay calls."

"And bring young Glyn home. By the way," with a sudden start, "I did tell you, did I not?"

"What, sir?"

"About this boy's coming."

"Boy! No."

"How very stupid I am; and Emma told me so particularly to montion it. He is one of the second of the secon

smile,

"Alt I my dear, you are young, and your sympathies are all with the young and living. Where patness are an with the young and nying. Whole are you going?"
"To see about the things Mrs. Payeril wished

one good after much of this carth's slavery; and I have been slaving hard to-day. Go and ELUMY FOUR PEATRERS
for the conquering nero."

"The childron's feathers," I put in laughingly, as I nun off; but, all the same, after I have seen to the decoration of the table with all vases of rones and Jensamine, and shallow baskets of I luscious strawberries, and white and scarlet cherries; after I have assisted nurse to law out Dollo's while from and blue sash and Georgic's Bunday suit, I slip away to the porch, retwist the oril of wavy bronze-colored hair on the top of my small, vain head, change my limp morning gown for one of lilac musitu, fresh and crisp as altarch and flutingirons can make it, and even go to the length of tucking a little knot of white seringa and immonsecuted verbeau into my belt, where I hope Mrs. Poveril won't notice it. Idon't rean' to leave laysham vicarace, even for home, when there are too and my mouths there already. Dollo does not disapprove of the adornment. Seated on thy bed, with ner starohed skirts spread round her like a cheese-plate, she looks on gravely, and casy with a demure sigh when all is done; "Now tate me down. Oo welly pitty, I slak; uncrewelly oilty zan papa!"

Wo, I and the childton, cufor the drawing-room hand-in-land, George prancing "like the Shall's pink horse," and Dollie hanging back with all her weight, one fat finger tucked latit-way down her throat in shy dread of the stranger. Between the two I am rather fusicid and breathloss, and only get a glimpse of Mrs. Peveril and beside her a tall, shim lad, in light gray the children's good angel," he saye, with the moving the rows as grown-up Miss Chifford."

Of course it is lortibly awkward. Of course my lace is search with confusion, and my hands grasp the children's good angel," he saye, with that sunle in the voice when her of the saye is the children's good angel," he saye, with that sunle in the original state to be proud for Lot me introduce Cart. This is Mrs. Poveni's litch way of solting things to right to be c

that searred right hand.

We are all gathering cherries in the orchard this morning—we, meaning George, Dollie, and I, been endous. Above our bead a light green imposity of leaves fusiles softly in the fresh breeze, and the countless scarlet, whiting, translucent balls glinten ruby-like in the sunshine, against a sky all glorious cobalt-blue, and piled-up masses of white. Under our feet is the short, sweet grans, green as enerald, and started with goldon, wide-lipped butter-cups. George and I spring, and stretch, and clutch at the type fruit, while little Dollie site on the grass and laughs as the crimson showers rattle into the deap basiket prepared for them. George's one idea now is soldiering.

"Oh, Miss Leslie," he cries, his left check perilously distended by an unusually big "black heart," "don't your wish you was a soldier, like Cousin Carr?" (Capt. Glyn is a cousin of the Powerits, so my pupits have adopted him.) "It would be so jolly." You could dress up like a man, you know, Bill Sumpkins, the blacksmith's son at Cherley, went for a drummer bey, and had his leg blown rights off by a builtet, you know, and I'm sure Mrz. Stumpkins would lend you his jacked and trousers. Bill is no bigger than you 'cepting about hore, you know, and gots slightly taken in at the waist," mys a taughing voice; and turning round, I see Capt. Glyn leaving my waist with two purple-stained, stickly hands. "You goos in fluor, you know, and gots slightly taken in at the waist," mys a taughing voice; and turning round, I see Capt. Glyn leaving against the trun's of a cherry tree, his bright blue eyes dancing with amusement. It is very odd, but, like "Annie's liktle lamb" in the nursery song, "Whoresoe'er the 'children' are that 'soldier's' sure to follow." I suppose I ought to object to it; but I don't.

and I like being near him, looking at him, and listening to his light, daving take. I think he had enjoyed a picuic to which he had gone with the Gore-Langtons, he said twas "beastly stapid," and that the only pleasant five minute

"Well, Miss Leslie, what do you say to Coorge's proposition? I shall second it most heartily, provided you promise to culist minus regiment. I don't think I could suffer you to appear in any other; against regimental rules, you know,"

regiment. I don't think I could suffer you to appear in any other; against regimental rules, you know."

"Capl. Glvn," say I primly, and stripping the chornes vigorously from a long, slender bough, "If you were more used to children, you would know that they never talk arything but non-sense.—George capecially."

"Why, Miss Lewile, you know you told me there's nothing you'd like better than to have crossed the Prah with Cousin Carr, if you been a man," ories George. "Carr, do ask Mrs. Stumplins about the Jacket; she'll do it lor you. Our cousins about the Jacket; she'll do it lor you. Our cousins about the washings. Mrs. Stumpkins our washerwoman, you know; and she han't sent home ONE OF MISS LESCIE'S STOCKINGS, AND.—"

"George!" a shrick of deprecation, drowned in a ringing laugh from Carr City.

"Well, Emily said it was yours, Miss Leglie. But what 'ond you do about your hair? Coustin Carr's is short."

"Yea," says Capt. Cityn, Dersisting in oncouraging George's volubility. "I am afraid I should have to cut off some of those auburn treases. Regimental rules, you know."

"Aunt Emma takes hows off at night," puts in George confidentially. "That's much infeer. Emily says she buys all her hair in London; lut Miss Leelle hasn't got money enough. Sho's too poor, you know. In the put of the proper when I'm a man I'm, when in the proper when I'm a man I'm, when in the further George would have ton on dealy the nor all my—"

INV—"

If now much further George would have run on within the protection of Cipt. Glyn's arms and Capt. Glyn's meeting ayes is uncertain; for at this moment Dollie, who has been sitting quietly on the grass at my feet, stuffing chorries into her little pink mouth, sees no such a doleful rear that it trowns all else, and I forget George in snatching her up in my arms, and asking anxionsly is sho hurt. "What is it, my darling?"

Anxionsly is she dute. Wrate is h, my dis-ling?" "Don't do away. Lelly. "I sy wis me an' papa, Mo don't want oo do away." Dolly sobs between every roar, and with fat arms chasped round my neck as I carry her away to two r d the house. Some one stops us before we reach it—some one whose study window looks out on, the orchard—and cake."

"What has happened? Is my little girl "What has happened? Is my little girl done, cir."

"I have about the things Mrs. Peveril wished done, cir."

"Make haste back then. I will take care of the bairs."

"You't they trouble you, sir?"

"You't they trouble you, sir?"

"You't they trouble you, sir?"

"Arg man Awar wis man."

"Cuthin Care's doin'to "Arg man Awar wis man."

"It is some nonsouse of George's," 1 put in hurrically, almost crossly; but why should my ridiculous faces grow so red, and why are children so irrational? "He wanted me to be a soldier, and Dollie took it in carnest. Dollie, how can you be so silly?"

But my master takes the little goosey in his arms, and does not laugh as I think he might. On the contrary, there is a stronge look, half sad, halt severe, as he says."

"Don's socid Dollie became her love for you makes her soldies half sad, halt severe, as he says."

"Don's socid Dollie became her love for you makes her soldies half sad, halt severe, as he says."

"Don's socid Dollie became her love for you makes her soldies."

I think it is a don's ped! sloud if you were to go from us; but I am aradid we should all cry out torribly in private."

I think it is about this time that things begin to go wrong: not very wrong—lu such a poacutal your persons. I have not he different from unat; and the worst of it is that there is no cartiny came for it, and that there is no cartiny came for it, and that there is no cartiny came for it, and that there is no cartiny came for it, and that there is no cartiny came for it, and that there is no cartiny came for it, and that there is no cartiny came for it, and that there is no cartiny came for it. Both and ways in a hurry and a lidge how. Georgo's spelling is tedlous, and Dollie's A B C wearing. My clothes won's gon as acasily as usual, and my hair takes an immense time "dolng." George twice tells me I am "cross," and I tell him he si naughty, and we have words on the subject; while Dollie, instead of sticking to me as usual like a little leach, silps away to nurse, and says in self-defense when sought for, "Lolly nobber thim to ories now." But how can I tell stories when I am listening to those torribe ones of Carr (dyn's Ashlautee adventures? and would not any one be cross when, if George would only finish his spolling quickly, Capt. Givn has promised to row to make it is to hope to read the promised to prove the subject

"Mr. Clifford has taken the children," I say pettishity.

"And are not you thankful? I should have thought you would be delighted to get rid of the little plagues. Why, they are always plastered to your side."

"Indeed they are not." I crv. "They used to be; but now they are quite—quite glad to go to their papa. It is very—," and here I choke and try to wink away something misty in my eves.

end try to white away something musty it my oyes.

"And you are jealous!" exclaims Carr.
"Jealous about a couple of thresome brats! I wish to Heaven I were in their shoes for one-balf hour. Why, you ought to bless old Clifford for his paternal affection."

half hour. Why, you ought to bless old Clifford for his paternal affection."

I say resentfully, "He is only 4i."

"And therefore old, in comparison with myself of 25 and you of 21."

"How do you know my age?"

"George fold me. Please don't look so indignat. I can't help your pupil's confidences. But I must say I was glad to hear it."

"I must say I can't guess why!"

"After that solemn age a young lady is out of leading-strings, and is froe to be as unworldly and happy as she pleases. I like freedom."

Capt. Glyu's voice is morry, but his eyes are not. Their blue depths are looking into mine vith a tauder, auxious expression. Somehow can't answer by reason of a flutter in my throat. Also my face has turned scarlet; and all of a suddes it flashes on me that the Rector's guest his so be suiseness to be walking with the Rector's guest his sub coins as the sole walking with the Rector's guest his sub coins as the subsciences." I am going home now." I say storning above

governoes.
"I am going home now," I say, stopping abrupity. "So good-by for the present."
"Good-by! and why? I am going home

"Good-by! and why? I am going home too."

"No, you were going to the hall."

"I have changed my mind; I like being with you better."

"But I do not like it."

"Again why?"

"Because—because I don't" (rather lamely).

"No, not at all; but I don't think Mrs. Peveril would be pleased."

"Hang Mrs. Peveril! What could she say but that I am happier with you than with any one else, and would fain snatch every minute—"

"Capt. Glyn, don't talk in that way, please, and puts his hand on my arm.

"Sins Leslie" he says, "why are you so cruel? Am I not unfortunate onough, that you grulke me even the few precious moments of your socioty which makes life bearable?"

"Unfortunate! You!"

"Yes; don't you know? Ah, Miss Leslie—"

grinds his character was recorded and analysis of your society which makes life bearable?"

"Unfortunate! You!"

"Yes; don't you know? Ah, Miss Leslie—Marion, let me call you so onco—can't you pity me at least for my folly, it folly it is,

"Miss Leslie! Papa, I knowed it was Miss Leslie I be stop."

It is George's voice, and it comes through a break in the hedge under which we are walking.

It look up with a start, and see, on the other side, Mr. Clifford with Dollie in his arms and George by the hand. Even in that moment of agitation I think how ill, how awfurth and worn he is looking, somewhat as in hid in the terrible time after Mrs. Clifford's death, note than a year age; but though I try to say something—what I hardly know—in my confusion, he does not look at me; he looks at Capt. Glyu, and to him he says:

"I thought you had gone to the hall, Carr?"

"Was on my way there, but met Miss Leslie harrying home alone, and thought I had better see her safe to the gate. So many tramps about just now."

"Thank you. Now I have met you, however.

flust now.

Thank you. Now I have met you, however,

Will take care of Miss Leslie myself. I hope she will never be in want of protection under my

I will take cere of Mies Leslie myself. Thope she will never be in want of protestion under my roof."

There is something stern, almost menacing, in my master's tone; it makes me tromble instinctively. Capt. Glyn, who, of course, is not so foofish, merely holps me through the hedge (squeezing my hand at the same time, for which I should like to box his ears), lifts, his hat, and departs. I trudge on at Mr. Clifford's side, and fool wofully meltined to cry. It is a miserable walk, and my master's greve, constrained efforts at talking make it worse. Once Dollie bursts out, "Lelly, DOES GUFIIM CARR LOVE OO WELKE—" the distance or here pass make it worse. Once Dollie bursts out, "Lelly, DOES GUFIIM CARR LOVE OO WELKE—" the distance to her nurse, I say heart of the truitse, I say heart of the marrent of the marrent of the truitse, I say heart of the marrent of the marr

only save: "Cortainly you may. Do you mean at once?"

"Yos—that is, if—if you can spare me."
A little while ago I would not have asked it; but how coolly he grants my request. After all, I am nothing to him or any onc—save this soldier boy.
"We will spare you if yon wish it," and then he makes a pause. Is this to be all? Not quite. As I move reatlessly, uncertain whether to go or stay, he goes on:
"I do not like to ask questions, Miss Loslie; but as a Iriend who acres very heartily for your interest, do you mind folling me if you have any reason in especial for going away?"

The kind, gontie tone it breaks down all my armor at a breath, and I burst into a flood of childlesh tears.
"I am not behaving well; I am not pleasing you, or anybody, and I know it; and you, or anybody, and I know it; and I burst into a flood of whildlesh tears.

"I am not behaving well; I am not pleasing you, or anybody, and I know it; and you, or anybody, and I know it; and any one blamed you? I have a goal, afterwards I should do better,"
A kind hand is laid on my shoulder. Not oven this childlish passion can urritate some natures.
"My dear, pray don't cry in this way. You be not you have my shoulder. Not oven this childlish passion can urritate some natures.
"My dear, pray don't cry in this way. You be not you have my house him with the reason, then My dear, you may be frank with me, indeed. Has it anything to do with Capt. Glyn?"

I make no answer; only overy inch of my lace and body seems to burn with shamed scarled busines.
"He admires you," said my master, slowly, "and he has told you so. Yes, I knew that before this afternoon."
"But he never said so before, indeed he did not," I cry, lifting a wet, crimsoned face for a moment. "I should have told you if —"
"I am sure you would," he answern, very kindly, "And now, will you tell me something more? Carr Glyn has said he loves you. Is his low returned?"
"Le—Ohl Mr. Clifford, please don't be any gray.

love returned?"

"I—I—Oh! Mr. Clifford, please don't be an'
gry—"

"My child, it is not you I am angry with.
It is natural you should care for him,
a young, brave soldier, good-looking and goodtempered. It is natural, too—bery natural—
that he should care for you; but he was very
wrong to tell you so, or let you guess it. I
warned him whou—"

"Whon!" My face is still lifted wonderingly.
This is a new revelation, and how bitterly storn
my master's voice has grown!

"Ah! young folks think the elder ones are
blind. I suppose, caring for your happiness
so much made me extra quick to see whou it
was periled. My dear, don't look so pats. You
shall be happy if I can aid you. Only tell me
this: Has Carr Glyn told you that

IR HA LEEDAY ENGAGED?"

"Engaged!" I topeat the words half dizzly,
but something is bobbing up and down in my
leart.

"Yes." he says very gently, "and for the last

"Engaged!" I cepeat the words half dizzlly, but something is bobbing up and down in my heart.

"Yes," he says very gently, "and for the last two years, to Miss Gore-Laugton. To keep that ongagement new, when the love that promoted it is gone as utterly as it must have gone before he spoke to you, would be sin; but rememoer, she cared for him, and—"

"He will care for her again," I break in. "He cares for ber new really, I dare say. This is nothing; it will pass away when I am gone. Engaged! Oh! I am so glad, so glad. But to Miss Gore-Laugton of all. Ahl what dows it matter who it is, so I need not blame myself for having injured him or any one by my folly?"

My master stares at me, at my cyos sparkling and face flushing with joy and relief. I fancy he thinks I have gone mad.

"You acc—glad?" he says, "and yet you love him!"

"Oh! no, no, I don't. That is what I wanted to say, I fixed him so much; he was such a hero, you know, and so kind and pleasant; and —and no one seemed to care as much—But I DON'T LOVE HIM.

I don't think I over could that way—as his

to say. I fised him so unich; he was such a hero, you know, and so kind and pleasant; and —and no one seemed to care as much.—But I don't think I over could that way—as his wife. It was quite different. Oh! Mr. Cliffort, and my face drops into my hands again with shame, "I suppose it was just a sort of flirting, though I nover thought of it; and now I have vered you, and neglected Dollie and George, and they will nover love me the same again. Please, please let me go away at once—to-night."

"Yes, it might be better to go away for a little," he says very low—so low that I can hardly hear; for I am crying bitterly now in very shame and sorrow.
"If you could only forgive me," I stammer out exceedingly humble among my sobe. "If you could et me come back again after a time. I de love Dollie so very much, I couldn't hear to go for good."

"Do you think any of us could bear it?" asked my mastor. The sun has set long age now; but there is a faint green light away in the west, and the secont of the margholias comes heavily upon the fluttering breaths of air. Stooping over me, he takes my hands from my face, and holds them in his own.

"Marion, you said none of us cared for you much. Waich would you rather have, the love which, taken from its rightful owner to give you, must be in some measure dishenering, or that which would have crushed or blotted itself out from all slight or discovery forever if so be the loved one's haupiness might have been furthered even one whit? Marion, look up to me frankly, like the henest little girl you are. I am a great deal older than you, graver and more stupid. Do you think
"You could even in the raised me from purgatory to heaven, the vidiaren would be no joy to me unless it were indeed for your life's happiness." Take time to think of it; and if you are sure.—"

Takt I don't take time. I am too starled, too happy to think at all, to be sure of anything but that my muster lass raised me from purgatory to heaven, the heaven of his love. I don't exactly know what to do. or what I say, so

found my true here in a man of jeace, a solder of Cod.

"Oo tee is yeady," says a small voice at the door. "Me turn to say dood-night."
"Oh! may I take Dollie," I whispered, slipping out of the arms which hold me, "when I go home to-morrow? I will take such immense care of the till—
"Till I come for you! Well, that will not be long; but is it not rather heartless to rob me of Galaxy for September.

A Grent Velocipedo Rince in England.

From the London Times.

On Aug. 3 the race for the Captainoy and sub-Captainey of the Middlesax Bloycle Club took place from Bath to Londou, a distance of 106 miles. The start was from the front of the Abboy, and all the competitors were up to time. Mr. Sparrow (who secompanied the race) started them at eight minutes past 5 o'clook, and, owing to the great number of poople, sessembled, there was some difficulty in passing through the crowd. In a few minutes, however, they were out of the town, and the running was very sharp. Walker and Time were leading. Some of the competitors had to dismount and walk up Box Hull. They all passed through Chippenhean at the rate of 14 miles an hour, and Came (19 miles) was reached in 1½ hours. They passed through in the following order: Walker, Lawar, Tyne, Porcy, Goulding, Spancer, and Peance. No stoppage was madd until Marlborough was reached (39 miles), Walker, Tyne, and Leaver coming in together, the distance being got over in 2½ hours. Sponcer here passed Sparrow and Gaudding. From Marlborough to Nowbury (18 miles) Walker and Tyne led the way. At Hungerford, Goulding's machine gave way through sirting a large projecting stone while going down hull. After an attempt to repair it he got as far as Thatolam, where he was compelled to take the train for London. A Great Velocipedo Race in England.

attempt to repair it he got as far as Insulain, where he was compelled to take the train for London.

Walker and Tyne performed the journey from Bath to Newbury (50 miles) in 45% hours. Leaver and Percy were making good time as far as Woolbampton, but soon after Loaver dropped behind, and was passed by Sponeer at Reading, Walker soon after made a sport, and Tyne saw no more of him. At Twyford Sponeer overhanded Percy, and they had a smart race as far at Cotabroos, where Percy stopped to rest. The arrivals at the club-room at Reussington were as follows: Walker, 8134; Tyne, 8350; Sponeer, 5132; Percy, 6:58; Leaver, 7:155. Walker had been somewhat jeded at Hounstow, but, upon his arrival at the goal, he started, after a few minutes' rest, to meet the committee of the connections. The time made by Walker is one hour less than the fastest stage-coach ever performed the journey from London to Bath in, and is also the best buyde traveling on record, the pace of the winner exceeding 10% miles per hour, including stoppages. Mr. Byserow, has varier, atthough upward of 50 goars of age, followed the whole journey in 15 hours, including stoppages.