LOVE FOR A DAY.

CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

"Nellie---I will not call you 'darling' since it grieves you---will you try to listen to me? For the sake of old times and the old dear love, let me tell you all that has happened. You will judge me mercifully; you were always kind, and I---oh Nellie, I am not happy! I am the most miserable man in the whole wide world. If I were happy, if I came to you in the insolence of a prosperous love, if my face were bright and my heart light then, ah, then you would have reason to spurn me, to hate and despise me! But you have a true woman's heart, my lost love; and women are always pitiful, always merciful. Listen, Nellie, before you judge me. Mind, I am not excusing myself—even in my own eyes I am a pitiful fellow. But you will hear and judge."

The wild tumult of passion was dying down; the rapture and ecstasy of happiness, followed by the passion of despair, had exhausted me. I sat down again on the grass; my strength failed me. I leaned my head against the trunk of a tree; the wind brought the odor of the lilacs to me fresh and sweet. I grew calm with the serenity of despair. I would listen to all he had to tell me, and then rise up and go from him.

My thoughts grew confused, everything was dim and indistinct in my sight; and when I came to the real consciousness of what was passing, Mark was kneeling before me, holding my hands tightly clasped in his, and speaking in a clear, low voice.

CHAPTER XI.

"When I went away, Nellie," said Mark, "I did love you with all my heart. Do you remember how my father teased us, and called my love 'lad's love'?"

"And said it would die as soon," I remarked.

"It was a lad's love, Nellie, but it was honest, eager, and true. You filled my heart, and I had no thought save for you. I would have given up going to India but my father was not willing. Would to heaven that I had! I left England, Nellie, in the hope of returning at the end of four years and making you my wife. My father's death was a blow to me. I should have come back then, but I could not throw up my appointment. I shall tell you the candid truth, Nellie; I will not hide one word, one thought from you. During the first year of my absence, I loved you as truly and dearly as ever. You were never out of my thoughts by day or by night, I lived for you. The second year---ah, Nellie, if I wound you, I wound myself more deeply!---the second year I found myself thinking more of my work. I had been promoted, and the difficulties of my profession engrossed me. I thought less of you but I loved you just the same. I own that some little coldness crept into my letters, that at times I missed a mail; but my heart was true to you. One thing that had an evil influence over me was the constant 'chaffing' of my comrades. It was strange that the cry of 'lad's love' should be used in India as it had been in England. They laughed at the number of letters that came in your dear hand writing, Nellie. They laughed at the number I sent away. They said that it was 'lad's love,' that in a few years time I should laugh at it, that all the boys suffered from it; and, though at times I blushed over it, yet my heart was always true to you, Nellie."

He stopped and looked into my miserable face. I could not keep my lips from quivering, and my eyes were heavy with unshed tears.

"Nellie," he said, "have you heard any news---anything about me?"

"Not one word since you wrote last," I replied.

"Then," he said, with some little hesitation, "you do not know what name I bear now?"

"Your own, I suppose," was my listless reply.

"Yes, my own, but it is a new one. Is it possible, Nellie, that you do not know who I am and why I am here?"

No suspicion of the truth came to me; indeed nothing was further from my thoughts.

"How can I know?" was my impatient answer. "I have never heard any one mention your name.

He was silent for a few minutes, and then continued slowly—

"I know not which part of my story is the hardest to tell. It was in the beginning of the third year of my absence from England that a strange event happened. It was so unexpected, so bewildering, that for some time I seemed to lose my senses; and you know, Nellie, that I was in many respects what my father called me—merely a lad. I was so dazzled and bewildered that I forgot all I ought to have remembered. My first thought was of you, and I ought to have written to you; but I let two or three mails go without writing, and I intended to surprise you. I had to go to England at once, and I knew that I could reach you as soon as my letters could. I did a strangely careless thing: I left no address, forgetting that you would probably go on writing. I thought I should soon see you. Nellie, do you follow me? Do not look at me with such sorrowful eyes. You see that up to this time, the third year of my absence, I had done nothing specially worthy of blame. I had been shy and self-conscious about my love, when I ought to have been bolder and more courageous. I had allowed my time and thoughts to become engrossed in my profession, at the expense of my love; and I set sail from India, still thinking more of your surprise and delight than of anything else. But, Nellie, I have not told you what the strange event was. Can you not help me, Nellie? Can you not guess what called me back to England and to you?"

"How should I? You may tell me safely; nothing can hurt me now Mark. I have realized the fact that you are married; nothing more remains."

"I hate myself for having to tell it," he said, his face flushing; "but, Nellie, I was only a lad, and the news completely bewildered me, Do you remember that once when we were together I asked you about your friends and relatives? You replied that you were almost alone in the world; and I told you that, while I had some very wealthy relatives and some very poor, I knew but little of either. There had never been any correspondence, nor even the slightest acknowledgment of any kind. My father was a most peculiar man; he did not like his poor relations. His dislike was not caused by their poverty, but because they had offended him many years before, and he had never forgiven them. As to the rich members of the family, he was too proud to seek to know them; nor could he allow me to speak of them; they took no notice of us, nor we of them. Lord Severne---Baron Severne is the proper title---of Severne Court and my father were second cousins."

In one moment I saw it all.

"You are Lord Severne, Mark?" I cried.

"Yes, it is so, Nellie; I am Lord Severne," he said gravely.

"And Lurline—your wife is named Lurline." I said.

"Yes, my wife is named Lurline. Now you understand. I did not know that you were here, Nellie. I never dreamed of seeing you when I came out this morning. I am here as Lady Yorke's friend and guest; Lurline is with me."

He stopped, thinking perhaps that I should speak; but what had I to say? Words were useless.

"Now you know what has happened, Nellie," he continued. "In the third year of my absence this news came from England—Lord Severne of Severne Court was dead, the brother who should have succeeded him was drowned in returning from Italy, and the two sons of his brother, the heir, died from fever at school—two generations swept away. My father, had he lived, would have been Lord Severne; he was the next heir, and both title and estates are entailed. As my father was dead, I was the next heir. My father had never given me to understand that there was the most remote possibility of our succession. I do not believe he ever thought of it himself; he was only second cousin, and at that time Lord Severne was a strong healthy man, his brother the same, and the boys at school gave every promise of a long life.

"Now all was changed; they were dead; and, as I was the nearest of kin, I became master of Severne Court and Baron Severne. Nell, as truly as there is a heaven above us, my first thought when I heard this news was of you. 'What will my Nellie say?' I cried aloud: and I felt proud to think that I could make my fair and beautiful love Lady Severne.

"If I had written one line to you, then all would have been different—my life and yours; but I was restless and excited. I had so much to think of, so much to do. I was pleased, proud, agitated, but not untrue to you then, Nellie, I swear it, not untrue.

"The letters sent by Messrs. Norton and Son were most peremptory in their summons. I must return at once. Fortunately there was a young Englishman who could without difficulty take my place, and I was free. My friends and comrades were honestly pleased with my good fortune, and we parted on excellent terms. Nellie, when I started in the 'Queen of the Seas,' bound from Bombay to London, my thoughts were all of you. Oh, my true love, my lost love, how shall I tell you what happened then?

"I deserve to be shot as a traitor, as a coward," he continued, with passionate bitterness. "When I look back I cannot think what folly, what madness possessed me. I am sure that my good fortune had in some measure turned my brain.

"On the second day that I was on board I began to take an interest in my fellow-passengers. My romantic story was known amongst them---how from a simple engineer, glad to earn an income of a few hundreds, I had suddenly and quite unexpectedly come into possession of a title and estates worth sixty thousand per annum. On the second day of the voyage I walked about the deck amusing myself with the novel sights and sounds, when, Nellie, I saw one of the most beautiful women I had ever beheld in my life---beautiful as a dream or a vision, but, ah, Nellie, not half so fair and winsome as you!

"I had seen but little of women. I had never been thrown much into their society. I hardly remembered my own mother; sisters and cousins I had none; you and your mother were the only two with whom I had ever been on friendly or intimate terms. I loved you. I understood your simple noble nature; I knew your true earnest character; but I was perfectly ignorant of the acts of women. I thought they were all like you; their caprices, fascinations, charms, arts, and intrigues were all unknown to me. Never was prey more easily caught. I hate myself when I think of my own folly.

"The beautiful woman was walking up and down the deck; her veil was thrown back, and the sea-breeze had brought a lovely bloom to her face. Her graceful carriage, so free, so stately attracted me first.

"I saw her lay her hand on the rail. She was looking over at the passing waves; the hand was white as a snowdrop; a wedding-ring shone on it, with broad bands of diamonds and sapphires. 'She is married,' I thought. Then little as I understood the mysteries of a lady's attire, I perceived that the coquettish line of white defining the form of her beautiful head was a widow's cap.

"'Who is that lady?' I asked of Captain Luttrell.

"His eyes brightened, as did the eyes of every other man on board, when they rested on her.

"'She is a Mrs. Nugent,' he replied---'a young widow returning to England. Her husband, Captain Vere Nugent, died a few months since. I will introduce you to her;' and the next moment I was bowing before a beautiful young widow, who seemed still a child."

CHAPTER XII.

"Lurline is my wife now, and I will not say one word against her. I will not even say that I could do so. She was certainly the most beautiful, the most fascinating woman I had ever seen. She looked so young that it was almost impossible to believe that she had been a wife and was a widow; but I knew afterward that she was at least ten years older than we thought her. I will not describe her to you; you will see her and judge for yourself.

"Nellie," continued Mark, "there is as great a difference between you and Lurline as between a simple natural lily of the valley and a gaudy artificial camellia. I saw it afterward; but at first she took my senses captive, and held them in thrall. I remember how she puzzled me, how I watched her. One of the first things that struck me was the subtle odor of sweet violets that seemed to envelope her. Everything belonging to her—her sables, shawls, books fans, gloves—everything had the same sweet odor of fresh violets. That charmed me. Oh, Nellie, I was a rash foolish coward, but I never thought of loving her, and I never dreamed of marrying any one but you! Every man on board was in love with her; but she favored me and I was weak enough, young and foolish enough to be flattered by this preference, to feel proud and delighted when the little court of admirers had to make way for me, when she laid that white gemmed hand of hers on my arm, dismissing the rest with a little nod of the head, saying, 'I will accompany you, Lord Severne. I should like a quiet promenade.'

"It pleased me to mark hot angry jealousy in other men's eyes; it pleased me to note how they envied every mark of preference which this beautiful woman showered upon me. Still, Nellie, I never dreamed of being false to you.

"At first I was attracted by her great beauty, her fascination, her low sweet voice her nameless charm of dress and manner, then by her decided, open preference for me shown at all times and in all places.

"I never thought that rank, title, or money had anything to do with it; I believed it was myself alone that she cared for. Ah, Nellie, perhaps even a stronger man than myself might have succumbed! I shall never forget the nights on the ocean, with the stars like golden meteors in the sky, the sea dark, silent, mysterious and solemn. Such nights they were—the sea and sky so calm, and that beautiful face looking into mine! Ah Nellie, you taught me love, and it will never die; she taught me passion, and it is dead!

"I began to forget you, my darling. I must tell you the whole truth. The memory of the sweet face under the lilacs grew fainter; the passionate beautiful face of the woman who showed this marked preference for me almost maddened me for a time.

"There can be no excuse for me, Nellie. I offer none. But remember that for the first time in my life I was flattered by all the subtle flatteries that a clever and beautiful woman could use. The balance of my reason was gone. She had roused passion that yet was not love in my heart. I was driven on by the anger of those whom she slighted for me; and one night—one fatal night, when the moon was shining brilliantly, and the sea was calm as a lake—we stood together at the end of the vessel. Her fair white hand stole into mine; her beautiful face was raised to mine, pale with emotion, her eyes glistening with tears. I forgot you, Nellie; I forgot honor, truth, and loyalty. I bent down to kiss her, and —Well, I cannot tell you how it happened. I am speaking the truth, Nellie. I would not hide one thought from you. I feel sure that when I bent my head to kiss her I had no thought of asking her to be my wife; but before another half hour had passed I had promised to marry her, and —Nellie, love, listen—from that moment to this I have never had one single happy moment—not one. There could be no drawing back—no hesitation even, for I found the next day that the whole of the passengers knew that Lord Severne and the beautiful Mrs. Nugent were engaged.

"Weak, cowardly, disloyal—ah, yes I know I was all that! But I have suffered horribly. From that hour to this I have been a miserable man, for I found out that it was you I had loved after all, and that the love of the lad was better than the passion of the man. There were times when I resolved on telling her, but it would have been useless. She had decided on marrying me, and I knew that my intentions were quite secondary to hers. When it was too late, my heart went back to its first allegiance. I found my engagement to this woman of the world a very business like matter. There was no nonsense, no delay. We were married three weeks after the 'Queen of the Seas' reached London.

"Ah, Nellie, you have suffered, but my pain has been greater. My conscience gave me no rest. Night and day your image was with me, night and day my folly and cowardice were ever before me. I longed, yet dreaded to see you. If I had known that your mother was dead, and that you were waiting for me in the old home alone, I should have gone to you, no matter what had happened; but your letter did not reach me."

"It was returned to me," I interposed.

"As soon as my affairs were settled," he continued, "I went abroad. Lurline preferred it. She said she never cared to live in England and, in truth I was indifferent on the subject, knowing that no place could ever be the same to me again. At Mentone we met the Yorkes, and I liked them very much. I was a miserable, haunted, gloomy man. My wealth brought me no happiness, because I had lost you. I found rest in talking to Lady Yorke. She seemed to think I had some great sorrow in my life. I do not suppose I should have returned to England, at least for some years, had not imperative business compelled me to go to Severne Court a few weeks ago. Oh, Nellie, there are some disappointments too bitter, too great for words! I shall return to Italy; I cannot live in England."

"Why?" I asked.

His face clouded, an angry gleam came into the eyes which had been full of pain and despair.

"I cannot tell you why, Nellie, but my life is blighted. I cannot stay anywhere for long."

"Shall you ever live at Severne Court?" I asked.

"Never," was the gloomy reply. "The punishment of my folly is that I shall be a wanderer on the face of the earth."

"But why, Mark—why?" I cried, beginning to forget my own trouble in his.

"There are some things that a man cannot speak of," he replied, "cannot even think of, or lay bare to his own heart. This sorrow of mine is one of them."

"Then, Mark," I could not help saying as I looked sadly at him, "you have ruined all the happiness of my life without securing your own."

"That is just what I have done, Nellie. Between the remorse I feel at the loss of you and the sorrow of my secret, I am the most miserable man in the world."

Ah, Mark, my lover, I read in your face that your folly had cost you dear! We sat in silence for some time, the wind stirring the lilac-branches and bearing to us sweet gusts of perfume. We had not been there an hour, and already it seemed to me an eternity. I knew that we must part. Time was passing, and I should be wanted. Then the full force of my misery rushed over me like a lava tide. How could I ever take up the duties of life again? My heart and soul had no strength, no life. Where should I turn for help or comfort? For alas! I had given my whole heart to a man who had married another and had forgotten me!

"Mark, what shall I do with the rest of my life?" I asked wearily. "I cannot die just because I wish to die. I am like a ship without a rudder. Love of you, whether living or dead, has hitherto filled my life. What am I to do?"

"I cannot tell, Nellie," he replied. "Are you happy here with Lady Yorke?"

"Yes—as happy as I could be anywhere without you," I replied.

"Then do not go away. We will do that, not you. We will remain for a few days; then I shall say that I am summoned to the Court on business. Nellie, forgive me for what I am going to say. All I have in the world ought to have been yours—and I have such abundant wealth; let me give you what will keep you in comfort and affluence."

I could not be angry; his eyes were full of tears, and his lips quivered.

"No," I replied, gently, "you must not do that, Mark. I do not care for money. I would rather have had one true word of love from your lips than all the money you possess."

"I should be so much happier, Nellie, if you would let me do this. Let me buy for you a pretty little home. In the midst of my misery, let me have the one gleam of comfort that you have no worldly cares."

"No!" I cried, with quick impatient scorn. "Can you not understand that I would rather—a thousand times rather—die of hunger by the roadside than accept even one crumb of bread from your hands?"

"Will you ever forgive me?" he said. "In the years to come, when you remember that I am—ah, a thousand times!—more unhappy than you, and when you remember that I can find no comfort because it is all my fault, will you not try to forgive me? Think of me as you did; forget this interval of folly and falsehood. Think only of Mark with his honest 'lad's love;' forget Mark, the man who failed you—will you, Nellie?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

FROM THE PHONOGRAPH.

How a Man Felt When He Heard His Words Repeated.

Up town there is a phonograph, and the man who is running it is a hotel owner, says the Lewiston Journal. He had a caller Tuesday whose "dander" was up. The room was quite full of people, and the caller had an insane desire to give his man "a piece of his mind." He did so. He berated him up hill and down. He didn't leave him, as he expressed it, in any kind of shape. All the time the object of the attack had on the counter by his side the phonograph, in action, only the caller didn't know it. When he had finished the Lewiston man said:

"Are you done?"

"Yes, I am done," was the reply.

"Just one moment," was the rejoinder; "I want you to hear what you said," and the merciless phonograph was reversed and the record pronounced through the machine so that he could hear it.

A blush overspread the caller's face. He listened in wonder and surprise. As oaths and epithets flowed out of the machine, the exact reproduction of his own vituperation, he moved away, and when all was done a man more sheepish and ashamed could not be found. Said he, after a moment's thought, turning to the Lewiston man: "I have had a valuable lesson. No man who would talk like that in public has any right to be considered. I want you to pull that record, as you call it, off from that machine and give it to me. I'll pay for it."

It was done, and the caller stood by the counter uttering apologies and whittling into pieces the wax cylinder that contained his remarks.

CALL AGAIN, MR. MANSFIELD.

How the Actor Went to See Mr. Stevenson and Met the Latter's Friend.

I heard a very good story the other night about Richard Mansfield and Robert Louis Stevenson which has never been published. Mr. Mansfield was in London preparing for his American tour. There was some difficulty in regard to the production of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," so he felt that he ought to meet Mr. Stevenson and have a thorough understanding in regard to the matter. Accordingly, the next day he sent a note to Mr. Stevenson asking for an interview. "Meet me tomorrow at 10 a. m." was the reply,

The next morning Mr. Mansfield presented himself at the lodgings of Mr. Stevenson. He was unfit to be out, as he was suffering from a bad cold. However, he felt that it would be improper for him to break the appointment. He sent up his card to Mr. Stevenson. In a few moments the servant came downstairs. "Mr. Stevenson will see you presently."

In a few moments a gentleman entered the room. Mr. Mansfield arose, thinking he had met Mr. Stevenson. He began to cough violently and sneezed several times. When he finished one of his fits of sneezing he looked up and said. "Oh, I beg your pardon, I thought you were Mr. Stevenson."

"No," said the gentleman, "I'm Lloyd Osbourne. I am Mr. Stevenson's friend." Then the following conversation took place:

"You are Mr. Mansfield, I presume?"

"Yes, that is my name."

"Beautiful day, Mr. Mansfield."

"Yes, the weather is charming, But, Mr. Osbourne, I have an engagement with Mr. Stevenson."—Here Mansfield again begins to cough and sneeze.

"You have a bad cold, Mr. Mansfield."

"Yes, a very bad cold. It's your London weather. I would like very much to see Mr. Stevenson."

"O, yes, to be sure. You want to see Mr. Stevenson. That is a very bad cold, Mr. Mansfield."

"Mr. Osbourne, I appreciate the fact that I have a very bad cold. I did not come here, however, Mr. Osbourne, to tell you all about my cold. The fact is, I want to see Mr. Stevenson, and as my time is limited I would like to see him at once. I am to sail for America tomorrow, and as I have many engagements for today I want the interview at once." Mansfield again begins to sneeze and cough.

"Yes, Mr. Mansfield," said Mr. Osbourne. "but your cold you——"

"Well, I will acknowledge again that I have a cold. It is of great importance that I arrange this at once. I cannot talk about my cold all day."

"But, Mr. Mansfield, that cold"——

"Damn the cold. I——"

"But you cannot see Mr. Stevenson. You have such a bad cold, and Mr. Stevenson will not meet a gentleman with a cold. He fears it is so catching, you know. You'll have to call again."

Exit Mansfield.—Boston News

HE DID NOT LIKE THAT TEST.

How an Optician Unwittingly Insulted His Customer.

An old man dressed poorly but cleanly entered the store of an optician in Forty-second-street the other day and stared about it in a vacant way at the boxes of spectacles, the opera glasses and the magnifying lenses. He was particularly well fitted for taking in a good deal at one glance, for one eye had an outward cast to it that swept the horizon due east, while the other was looking due north.

"What can I do for you?" asked the optician.

"My eyes are acting contrary," was the reply, as the customer fixed the shopkeeper with one optic, and with the other followed a nurse-maid who was wheeling a baby past the window.

"I should think they were," said the optician. "You want a pair of glasses, I suppose?"

"Yes, I do, if you can give me a pair that will make both my eyes see the same thing at once."

"I could give you such a pair," was the answer, "but I don't think they would help any on the whole. The lenses would have to be of such a nature as to draw the focus of your straight eye halt way around to that of your crooked one, which in turn would be forced over to meet the former. This would so strain your eyes that you would not see any better than you do now with the straight one alone."

"Well, if you can't fit me," said the visitor, "I'll go to some one who knows more."

This irritated the optician a little, and, seeing that he had a cranky customer on hand, he quickly set up his card with letters and figures of various sizes on it, and asked the man if he could read the top line.

"Yes, I see it," said the customer.

"Read it out loud, please," said the optician.

"I tell you I see it all right."

"Perhaps you only think you do. Read it aloud please."

"Do you think I don't know what I know?"

"I want you to read it aloud."

"I won't do it."

"Then I can't fit your eyes.

"Then I'll go somewhere else; (rising) I didn't come here to be insulted."

"My dear sir, I didn't insult you."

"You did, sir."

"How?"

"You tried to make a fool of me?"

"How?"

"By askin' me again and again to read that sign."

"I don't understand."

"I can't read you idiot," and the victim flung himself out of the shop while the optician collapsed.

THOUGHT SHE WAS COLORED.

How a Nurse In a Russian Family Received the Young Master's American Wife.

A very interesting talker is Count Eugene de Mitciewicz, who resides with his family in a fashionable uptown boarding house. The Count is very popular among the guests, he is a good story teller and is heard at his best when relating tales of Russian domestic life.

"Shortly after my marrirge," said he to a circle of listeners the other evening, "I went with my wife to visit my home in Russia. Now, you must know that in certain parts of Russia the lower classes know as little about this country as they do about the moon. Particularly was this so at the time of which I speak.

"Our family, had at that time a nurse in their employ who came from somewhere east of Moscow. She had been told that far away America was peopled with colored folks, and naturally when she heard that the "young master' was returning home with an American wife, she concluded that I had married a colored woman.

"This nurse, among her other accomplishments spoke French fluently. She was an imaginative creature and something of a poetess. She felt that it would be an incumbent on her to do something toward welcoming my wife to our home. Accordingly she wrote a poem in her honor.

"This poem tastefully decorated with black ribbons, was handed to me upon my arrival. And what do you think was the title of the poem? Simply this:—

"A la belle Affricaine.'

"That was a staggerer, you may be sure. Mutual explanations, however, followed, and the nurse, during our stay, was ever at my wife's side ready to pay homage."

Stevens and Toombs,

Mr. Stovall, in his new life of Robert Toombs, draws an interesting sketch of the strong friendship that existed between the great Georgian and Alexander H. Stephens. They were as unlike as two men could be mentally and physically. Mr. Stephens was delicate, sensitive and serious, while Toombs was impetuous, overpowering and defiant. Stephens was small swarthy and fragile, while Toombs was leonine full-blooded and majestic. Yet their regard for each other was most affectionate, and the last public appearance of Toombs was when, bent and weeping, he bowed his gray head at the coffin and pronounced the funeral oration over Alexander H. Stephens.—New York World.

A Duel In the Rain.

Sainte-Beuve, the famous critic had received a challenge to fight. On the day fixed for the duel it rained in torrents. The combatants were placed in position; Sainte-Beuve held a pistol in one hand and an open umbrella in the other, When his opponent protested, the illustrious writer replied: "I don't mind being killed, but as for getting wet—not if I know it!"—Le Petit Parisien Illustre.

Her Speech.

Americans, we are often told, have a natural turn for speech-making.

A birthday gift by the father and the three daughters of the family to the mother was thus naively announced to that lady by the youngest, a girl of ten:

"Dear mamma, this is presented to you by your three children and your one husband."—New York Tribune.

What He Did

Contractor—"Did you offer that alderman a hundred pounds, as I directed?"

Secretary—"Yes, sir."

"How did he act?"

"He looked insulted."

"What did he say?"

"He said I ought to be in jail."

"What did he do?"

"He took the money."

THE late Cardinal Manning was a tall, gaunt man, with a vigorous frame and a large head that was almost completely bald. He had a face that bore the impress of old Roman firmness, and he looked like the picture of a great churchman of old. He was a teetotaler, unlike many of his predecessors, and ate only enough to keep body and mind in a healthy condition. There was absolutely no ostentation about him. When he was made Cardinal an influential member of his flock said to him: "I would like to see your Eminence riding in something better than that shabby old brougham." "Ah!" replied the prelate with a twinkle in his eye, "when cardinals went about in fine carriages they generally went to the devil."

A New Dispensation.

Now when he had milked the kine and his wife had strained the milk into pots made of clay,

The farmer sat himself down and, putting his hands into his pocket, sought for a shekel.

And behold he found none.

Then he said unto his wife: "Why is it that we have so few shekels? Work I not hard from early morn till dewy eve? Yet the shekels disappear as fast as I take them in and I get me none to lay away for a rainy day."

Then his wife answered and said unto him: "I also have been thinking of these things lately and I fear me we are not walking in the right dairy path, in the one that leadeth to a pocketful of shekels. Let us therefore take some good farm papers and learn the uttermost of this business."

And he taketh his wife's advice and subscribeth for a few papers.

After a few months he beginneth to see wherein he had been making mistakes.

And he sayeth to his wife "Let us hasten and do exactly as the papers teach," and they hastened.

Then he selleth all the kine which were poor milkers and investeth of the shekels in a new dairy outfit, and had enough left and to spare to purchase several tons of good feed wherewith to nourish the rest of the herd.

He resolveth to keep winter dairy and breedeth his cows with that object in view.

He maketh granular butter and wrappeth it in parchment paper.

He selleth his butter to persons living afar off in a large city, and he getteth twice as much for it as he got in times past for his buttermilk flavored butter.

He raiseth the heifer calves from his best kine which he has bred to a bull whose name is recorded in a herd book.

He groweth crops for soiling when the drouth comes, and be talketh of building a silo.

His wife resteth and regaineth her strength, by reason of the more convenient dairy machinery her husband had bought.

His children became acquainted with store clothes and go to school, while his big dog churneth the butter.

He worketh not so many hours as heretofore but the work he now doeth is profitable.

Now, when he putteth his hand into his pocket it graspeth many shekels.

He layeth by shekels abundantly in a bank, that when he getteth old he will be provided for.

His wife also employeth a servant girl and findeth time to grow some flowers.

He improveth his farm and keepeth the house newly painted.

Yes, verily, he becometh a model dairyman, chief among the men of that country, and he so enlighteneth his neighbors that they seeing his prosperity, do likewise, so the whole land floweth with milk and fatness.—National Stockman.

Fashion and Piety.

Dr. Talmage says that much of the piety of our churches is being smothered under the fashions. Some of our Christian gentlemen have boots so tight they can hardly walk in paths of righteousness, and they feel in church more like swearing than praying, because their corns hurt; and our Christian women shut out the sun of righteousness by twenty-dollar parasols, lace trimmed, silk-lined, silver mounted. Do not put so much dry goods on your back that you cannot climb into glory. You cannot sail into the harbor of heaven with such a rigging as that. They would level their guns at you as being a blockade runner.

A Misunderstanding.

Cumso (after his return from the parlor)—Lou, what made you say there was a gentleman and his little son in the parlor?

Miss Cumso—The maid said there was a man there with a little bill, and I thought she meant a boy named William.—Epoch.

THOSE who have been declaring that the young men of our colleges are drifting away from Christianity into agnosticism and infidelity could read with profit the census of the religious preferences of the entering class at Cornell. The class numbers 504 students, and of them 284 announce that they are church members and 146 that they are churchgoers though not members of any organization. This leaves only 74 with no church preferences, though it does not necessarily mean that they are destitute of all religion.