

"It would grieve me exceedingly," replied the lawyer. "I had already begun to make my estimates for having the old house repaired and fixed over, when this offer came, and, together with Ralph's despondent report, set me to thinking seriously. But, of course, my dear Mr. Bruyn, as you say, we must not allow our plans to fall through so easily. I am disposed now to agree with you that the fault is partly Ralph's. I must talk to him, and give him some advice. These young people need the supervision and advice of their, parents, Mr. Bruyn.

"AFe, that they do; and I mean my daughter shall have it."

Thus under the influence of wine and the blandishments of the lawyer, the old farmer was fully caught in the trap that had been laid for him; and, after some further talk, he started for home, full of thoughts and plans that boded no happiness to Rosa.

CHAPTER XXII.

Some days passed by, and the tolls sbout poor Rosa Bruyn grew more distressing and hard to bear. She could see that her father had fully set his mind on her marrying Ralph Saybrook. She was aware that he was a man who, with all his kindness of heart, never could brook being thwarted in any way and was altogether too practical and coarse in his nature to appreciate her. sentimental objections to the proposed matrimonial agreement. He apparently did not consider that her objections could be anything more than temporary, or that sooner or later she would not forget Claude Rolff and be ready to accept Ralph in his place with all her accustomed cheerfulness and obedi-At the same time, a change was going on in the nature of the old farmer. He had for two or three years retired from the more active labor in managing his farm, and now found time every day to spend a few hours in the village, and was certain to make thither a regular evening trip. This spare time was mostly spent either in the tavern or in the company of lawyer Saybrook. The lawyer not only liked a social glass himself, but was well aware of the effeet of good spirits in promoting a friendly and complying disposition it those he wished to influence, and, interested as he was in securing the welfare of Ralph with the old farmer, he did not fail to ply him with his best liquors as often as he called. Moreover, the old man took pride in supporting the character of a free-bearted burgher, and did not escape from Ronk's tavern of an evening without having indulged in more strong spirits than was good for him. Mrs. Bruyn and Rosa could both notice that the effect of these potations was to increase the irascibility and obstinacy of the head of the household when he was crossed, while the constant brooding to become the possessor of more lands, and particularly of the rich fields and heavy woods adjoining ,on the side of the Rolff estate, became more and more a monomania with him. The means the old farmer took to influence his daughter-or, rather, the attitude and disposition toward her which were a natural result of his feelings and wishes-were such as to greatly increase her distress and weaken her resolution. + He used no harshness toward her. His irritability showed itself rather in a quarrelsome and dictatorial disposition toward his farm laborers, and a faultfinding habit about the house which was a source of great anxiety sto Mrs. Bruyn.

But the fear of seeing Rolff House ge into the hands of a stranger, and α entirely losing the lands he had cover ed for so many years, spurred him on He sat on the front stoop one day, it, his accustomed chair, smoking his pipe It was early autumn, and his eyes could wander over a portion of his own land and down to where the woods and mea dows of the Rolff place joined his own line. Over the crest of the intervening hill, the gables and chimneys of Rolf House rose clear against the sky. It was a beautiful view, and Rosa

who had appeared at the hall door suo-i awhile passively admiring it, in dulging, no doubt, sad reflections as to the future.

"Come here, Rosa," said the farmer She stepped quietly to his side. "See there," he said taking his pip from his mouth with one hand, while with the other he pointed toward Rolf House, "there lies the best bit of land in the whole country. The old house there, in my day, was a grand place and everybody thought it a palace. It's in bad shape now-'twasn't in the Rolf blood to keep it up. Ah, it's bad blood girl it never could keep what it didn's gain honestly. That place now is An thony Saybrook's and he tells me he

is going to sell it if Ralph don't get married, but if he does he will give it to him. A grand place it would be if it was fixed up and the spooks driven out It can be yours and Ralph's, and with it enough money to make it as grand as it ever was. Now, I am going over to Mr. Saybrook's to-night, and if I tel him you are willing to marry Ralph. he'll draw up a deed giving the whole property to you two, and of course wha I've got will be yours, and in my old age I'd be happy to see my little gir the lady of the country." Rosa grew pale, and was silent a moment.

the limbs of the sly and sturdy rogue. Hosa Bruyn was by nature the very pattern of a dutiful daughter She shrank with a reluctance amounting to anguish from the thought of placing Lesself in open rebellion to her father's wishes, but there appeared no other alternative save to surrender herself an unwilling victim to a hateful man llage.

her anguish and conflict of mind caused her to grow paler and sadder of demeanor, but her strong physical nature was not of a kind to bend speedity to trouble, however overwhelming it night be. The anxiety of her motiler for her was much increased. The tender-hearted matron at last began to read the secret of her daughter's a'sorbing love for the errant heir of Rolff liouse. She was drawn into deeper sympathy with her feelings, and the anguish and suffering on one side goat the tender condolence on the other at last broke down the vestige of a barrier to perfect confidence that had exsted between them. Rosa conferred to her mother all her hopes and doubts and sorrows, and earnestly sought ber advice as to the course she should pursue. It was but meagre comfort the good matron could give.

"It is a decision, my dear child," she said, "that must rest with your own

heart. I shrink from advising you, to your happiness is so dear to me that should I unhappily direct you wrongly I could never forgive myself. It is easy to see how, from your father's point of view, your marriage with Ralph should appear very desirable. He seems to be a pleasant young man, and his keen ness, good character and steadiness are naturally qualities that appeal to the favor of a man like your father. Besides, he will be quite rich; and the fact of Rolff House being likely to be his inheritance is another thing in his favor Since you were a little girl, you father has talked of your being one day mistress of Rolfi House, and of seeing coured to its old dignity. Although

never liked Claude, this hope induced im to look favorably upon his attenons to you. Had Claude remained home, and settled down as heir to the coute left him, all would have beer well. But his strange departure, and the stranger results that have followed by which the Saybrooks seem to nave secome the owners of nearly all his property, have greatly embittered your lather a feelings toward him. He seem. to regard the idea of your marriage with him as a thing to be prevented a all hazards. For my part, although I had always liked Claude, and believed in his truth and sincerity, I must ceaass his hurned desire to get away as soon as his aupt was dead, his strange B < fic s to raise money, his unaccount and atter all have shaken my former fails in him of trust that every sus pressi against him may be untrue, but you know, my dear child, that this is a world of temptation, in which the noblest and best sometimes fall, and we can fully trust no one." "I know Claude's faults." replied

Risa, "I know that he was ambitious and recaless of the opinions of those he did not care for, but I would stake my life on his truth and goodness."

1, too, have believed as you,

sympathy as well as curiosity, and, de termined to fathom what he already conceived to be a plot of his hated enemy, he gradually and skillfully drew from Rosa the whole story of the scheme to force Ralph Saybrook on her favor as a suitor. "So, so," muttered the old man, after

he had learned every detail of the matter, "they would force you to marry

young Ralph, and they are to fit up Rolff House as a bridal present, ehi Now, by all the good angels, that scheme should never prosper Let me advise you, rosebud. I am old enough to be a little wise, and in this matter I feel so deep a sympathy for you that f long to help you, and I think I have a nian in my head that will do it. I can see that you shrink from disobeying your father, although the thought of marriage with Ralph is as repugnant

to you as can be. Well, as I understand it, that old fox has caught your fathe with a promise that he will fit up Rolfi House for you and Ralph when you are married. Perhaps he means to, b there may be difficulties in the way that he little dreams of. Ah, he's a crafty villain; but we will be crafty too. Now rosebud, mark me. You go back home and tell your father that you have made up your mind, and that you wi marry Ralph on one condition. Let that condition be that the wedding shall not take place till Rolff House is repaired and restored to its former grandeur. Now, don't look astonished trust an old man who would give his life for you, and would rather see you dead than married to Ralph Saybrook My word for it, they will never go fai in the work of repairing and restoring Rolff House. Strange things have happened in the old house, and stranger things may yet come to pass. The popular belief is that it is haunted. course, this is silly, yet there is a mystery about the house, and, my word for it, it will never be repaired and restored save by the rightful heir. A least, the plan I propose would give you time, and relieve you for awhile from the strain of anxiety that is undermin ing your health, and so far it would be good. It will take a long time to fully repair Rolff House, and much may hap

pen in the meantime -1 feel assured w can trust the future. The good Lord will help us. He always helps those who put their trust in him Do as counsel, rosebud, and if all does no turn out well we shall at least have time to arrange new plans.

The hearty eagerness with which the old man entered into the subject of he troubles, his kindly sympathy, and ready advice, were very grateful to Rosa He seemed for the moment a good angel sent to comfort and helt her fits advice appeared to her wis and shriwd, but she hesitated to use any deception toward her father. Ok Carl, however, used his best endeavon to convince her that some craft was pressary to meet the crafty scheme: of the lawyer, and urged his plan se confidently that she was at last fully convinced that if she gave her promise as advised she would most probably

never be called upon to fulfill it. And so, her spirits much restored, and deeply resolving the subject in her-

was sitting in his accustomed chair or but yei the stoop as she entered the yard smok Lilieves that story?" ing his pipe Rosa did not seek to avoid him, as she might have done, hac she not had old Carl's plan in her mind On the contrary, she boldly approached him, and, stopping beside his chair leave it to old Carl' placed her hand on his shoulder. The old man looked up and was evidently

which involved the renair and restora tion of Roiff House, he proceeded about the business with a nervous, restless fretful energy peculiar to him.

As he had anticipated, he found that there existed a prejudice among the me. chanics and workingmen of the place against having anything to do with the old house. Few would confess that they were superstitious or timid enough to be afraid of the ghosts, if any there existed, in broad daylight, yet all seemed to have a convenient excuse for not engaging in the lawyer's employ. It was evident that the mysterious death of Leb. Sackett was not forgotten, and that the popular mind was disposed to take the most superstitious view of that tragic occurrence.

The lawyer's task was not rendered any easier by the action of old Car, Crum. That worthy had of late faller into one of his freaks of visiting Rock's bar-room of an evening, where of course the proposed changes at Rolff House formed one of the chief topics of gossip Over pipe and toddy, many were the wonderful stories revived or invented ir regard to the old mansion. Old Car' would sit and listen to these, leaning back in his chair, his head sunk on his chest and half hid by his round, broad shoulders, while his red face and keep blue eyes, framed in by his floating frowsy white hair and beard, and hall seen through the veil of smoke from his short pipe, gave him the appearance of some old magician, whose occult knowl edge might well extend to whatever wa mysterious and unaccountable. Bu when appealed to for his opinion or any of the superstitious tales in regard to the old mansion, the old fellow would simply reply with a grave shake of the head, which seemed to indicate that he wasn't disposed to reveal what he knew about the matter. Only once did he open his lips on the subject.

It was late one evening. The barroom was filled, and among the company were several who had been approached by the lawyer with a view to engage their services in the repairs a Rolff House Of course, the conversa tion was directed to that all-important topic.

"Well, for my part" said one of the oracles a pursy, downright little man who spent most of his abundant spare time in the bar-room-waving his righ hand encigetically as he talked, wouldn't go near that old house for any nioney-no not for all the treasure then ... the great vault, that old Magnus Rolff sold his soul for No gentlemer -no. sir And why?"

"Perhaps because you are afraid you might have to do some work," replied the landlord, sarcastically, There v as a titter from a few of the

CITCLE

No, sir, no, sir," replied the little man, nothing daunted, and growing more serious in his manner, "because sir, there's no telling when old Magnui Rolff may be let loose from the inferna regions to visit his treasures in the old house. Who wants to meet him? don't gentlemen. Leb. Sackett's fate is taken up by New Brunswick women. warning enough for me."

"Pooh" said a large, red-whiskered posed largely of society's leading spirpleasant faced man, one of the few its, is exacted to indorse the movement mind, she returned home. Her father Br ptics in the place in regard to the as a matter of principle, regardless of sties told about Rolff House. "Why

The old man was accustomed to these

the head, which, however, was more ef-

mence their labors there.

gular. Unusual sound, occurring the night, to work on the sensibilitie a Lervous or timid person. Much same effect was produced on the lcourageous of the workmen by the my terious sound. All day long it did re vary in intensity or in the regular an notony of its occurrence, but, to the ee: sitive nerves of those who attributee it to some supernatural cause, it graduruy, as the close of the day drew on scemed to assume a deeper and more solemn if not menacing tone. That night the strange sound the

had been heard in Rolff House was its talk of the village, and the more tak workmen had their fears wrought or by the warnings and prognostication: of evil they heard on every hand.

The next day not half of the workmer appeared to resume their labors at R dr House. A number of them, however made their appearance, quite resolved not to be easily frightened.

They went to work, and the mysterious sound was heard as before. By noon, the panic had been communicate: to others, and they did not return, and before night still others had left their posts. The next day, the building was practically deserted.

[To be continued.]

"Twa

Perha

So wii

With 1

'Twas

With

And

Of fe

'Mid

there

ing,

great

For

Desire

oppr

voke

Whiel

hand

fast;

anot

"Till 1

turn

"There

Out

"Endo

And es

For a

Then

And

Com

Is stan

Worsd

And

And

00600

3000C

Vermon

beautify

on Lak

front o

through

across

rises th

and ha

summer

like bu

It is

spot, ar

ally spe

pitable.

enjoyat

changed

guests:

at the

well-me

village.

perhaps

masters

charact

these,

city, wł

cation

The s

The **n**

The

22

And je

But

BIRDS ON HATS.

Fair Pupils in New Brunswick N. J School field Mastam Lehman's Request Promises made by several hundred girls attending the public schools of New Brunswick, N. J., to refrain from wearing song birds upon their hats have caused consternation among the milliners of that city, but if adhered to it will afford the residents of New Brunswick an opportunity of hearing a grand opera singer at a nominal cost.

Mrs. Mary R. Jordan, the musical instructor in the public schools of New Brunswick, received a letter lately from Mme. Lilli Lehmann, a grand opera singer, in which she promised to sing in that city in November if the girls attending the schools would forswear the wearing of birds in their hats This is in accordance with the principles of the Audubon society. which aims to discourage the use of birds for trimming purposes.

The girls readily agreed to dispense with the birds, even at the risk of being considered out of fashion, and Mme Lehmann has been advised by Mrs Jordan that the compact will be faithfully kept Some of the girls, who belong to the best social circles in New Brunswick, are doing their best to interest their friends in the crusade, and the milliners are at a loss for means to counteract the movement.

Dispensing with the birds promises to become a popular fad, which will be The City Improvement Society, com-

any interest its members may feel in the talented soloist. "I do," responded the little man promptly "There's no doubt about it. There was a noticeable lack of birds He's been seen more than once It's upon the spring bonnets sold by New gospel truth, gentlemen. Here I'l Brunswick milliners

The generous-hearted girl was deeply grieved thus to see herself the innocent -cause of trouble to others.

A Toward herself, however, her father was more than usually kind. He treated her obstinacy in clinging to her faith in Claude with a bluff and hearty ridisule, but under it his love for her shone out in a certain tenderness of look and tone that belied his curt words.

Ross recognized this, and it added to the difficulty of her position. Her nature was naturally a self-sa crificing Were her own happiness alone inone. volved, she felt that she could yield without a murmur to anything that her father wished. But her word was blighted; deep in her heart she felt convinced of Claude's constancy and faith, she could not face the reflection of his returning one day to find that

she had been weak and false. Thus, all the efforts of her father b convince her of Claude's unworthines only resulted in her clinging more firm ly to her faith in him.

The old farmer was withal amuse with her display of firmness, and rather admired her spirit. Had it not been ils frequent visits to lawyer, Say office and the skill with which contolial of schemor played of

'The place is Claude's, father," she said finally; "it was left to him; it ought to be his!

'Tut, tut, girl; he gave it away for the money to waste and riot in a foreign land. It's his no longer. I knew he would never keep it; but I never thought he'd be such a dunderhead as he was about it."

"He was cheated, there is fraud somewhere: Claude would never have given up Rolff House," replied Rosa, speaking low but with painful intensity

"What's done is done, girl," said the old man, resuming his pipe. "I saw the paper deeding the old place away, and it had Claude's name to it. I know his writing well enough. He's lost it, and lost it for good, and there isn't much chance that he'll ever come back here. Come, Rosa, give up your foolishness about Claude, and take a man that's got brains, and knows how to make money and keep it, too. You'll never get a better chance."

"Oh, father, you do not know what you ask me," replied the poor girl, breaking into tears.

"Yes, I do; I ask you to give up a vagabond and scamp for a steady, honest young fellow, who's got everything I want the man that marries you to have. Don't be foolish, girl. It's too good a chance to throw away. I don't want to see anybody else have that

property. I've always wanted to buy it, to settle on you when you marry; but now it can be yours with just a word. When Ralph speaks to you next time, Rosa, take an old man's advice, and don't put him off for a poor coot ,who never meant to marry you." Poor Rosa could not reply. She attempted to speak, but her tongue re-

fused to perform its office. Finally overcome by her feelings, she turned and walked slowly away and entered the house, her manner showing only too plainly her deep agitation.

The olu man turned and gazed after her as she slowly disappeared.

"Ah, poor girl," he muttered. "She's sore hurt by that young scamp, and I was fool enough to let it all happen when I might have nipped it in the bud. But it's better she should suffer now for a little while than all her life. Rosa."

She'll come around. I can trust her she's got rare good sense; and as soon as her eyes are opened, she'll think more of Ralph than she ever did of that vagabond."

And with this comforting reflection, the old farmer puffed anew on his pipe, and turned his thoughts to the bargains he could drive with the shrewd lawyer when it came to arranging the terms of the marriage settlement.

CHAPTER XXIII.

It was not usual, in the early part of the present century, for wives to oppose their wishes to those of their husbands, especially when they were men of property and character in the community; still less was it permissible for a daughter to question the authority of her father. But Love has been a rebel in all ages. The conventions of by a sacrifice of filial duty that I can society have never been able to bind escape a fate I shudder to think of."

dear child," said the mother, we must remember that Claude's very generosity and carelessness of the world's criticism would be the qualitie that would expose him to the mos temptation when cast upon his own resources out in the world."

Rosa was silent. She could see the soundness of her mother's reasoning It was but an echo of the fear that had always lain at her own heart. And yet -yet she still clung to her faith in her lover, she knew not why, perhaps, as the drowning man clings to a straw, be cause it was the only hope left of safety to her perishing dream of happiness Although it consoled her greatly to hav her mother's full confidence once more Rosa could profit nothing by her coun sel. She was left still to her own unaided resolution to make the decisio so important to her future weal or woe On the morning after her conversa tion with her mother. Rosa, full of an guish and undecision, arrayed herself for a walk in the open air, hoping the clear, bright day, the fresh breeze, th songs of the birds, and the cheerful aspect of Nature, would revive the intens strain of her feelings, and enable her to think and decide more clearly. Sh bent her steps almost unconsciously down the road and into the lane that led to the old woods where she had taken leave of Claude. She was sud denly impelled with an irresistible de sire to visit the spot where they had parted. She wandered down into the wood, and soon was seated in the place where she had listened to his last words. She remained a long time, giv. ing herself up to sad reflections, and each moment feeling her resolution grow stronger to dare and endure everything before she would break the faith she had here pledged to remain

true to him forever. After awhile, she arose and walke on, following the path that wound in the direction of Rolff House, Suddenly she came on the figure of a man, sea ed on a rock by the path, and partially concealed by a large tree. She stopped and uttered a little cry, when he turned his head and she saw that it was Carl Crum.

The old fellow arose and greeted her with outstretched palms, in which she placed both her own hands.

"Well-a-day," he exclaimed. "who would have thought to meet you here. rosebud? But I am glad to see you taking the good medicine of air and sunshine, although, judging from your

pale cheeks, you do not take encligh of it. Ah, I love to see the cheeks of the young rosy, and their eyes bright with all straight. Never shall you leave this happiness. You do not appear happy,

"I am not happy," replied Rosa, feeling all reserve depart in the presence of the old man's pleasant face and kindly smile: "I am very, very unhappy."

"And no doubt I can guess the reason therefor," replied old Carl, shaking his grizzled head. "I hear it reported that you are to marry Ralph Saybrook. Ah, it grieves me to hear so. I am no judge of human nature if that young man is not as cold and heartless a villain as ever ground the faces of the poor or murdered a woman by slow degrees, No, no, he is no mate for you, rosebud, and I need not ask to know that you

can never give him your heart" "There is no promise-no engage ment," replied Rosa, anxious to clear self any further in the implied consent herself from the implied rebuke of the to marry Ralph Saybrook. old man's words; "but, alas, my fathe urges me to accept him, and it is only These sad words aroused old Carl's solved on carrying out the scheme

and the second second

had replied only with a grave snake of puzzled a moment by her bright and cheerful look ingly. "It has done you good Where have you been?"

"Down through the woods, and over toward Rolff House, father," was the reply. 'Well, what was there to see there?'

he asked, half suspiciously Her sudden return to cheerfulness was evidently puzzling to him

"There was much to be seen." she of his agents, to enter Rolff House for replied, keeping in mind the carrying the purpose of despolling it " out of old Cari's advice. "For one thing, there was Rolff House. I must decide, you know, whether I will like it for my future home." "Eh?- so, so, to be sure, to be sure,"

over his face "It's very proper you prophesied that if any attempt was should do so. But you'll be sure to like it when it is all fixed up again. Ah, of Magnus Rolff would be roused iron men in London." it was a grand place once, Rosa." his grave to resist it

"So you have told me, father," she replied: "and I have made up my mind that if it is fully restored to its ancient dignity I would like to be mistress of .it.''

These words had a decidedly enlivenpersistency, flattery and ridicule, and ing frect on the old farmer. He looked at his daughter again, as if he was not quite sure he was not deceived in what he had heard; but the glance seemed to reassure him. "I am glad to hear you say so," he

disposed to believe in the ghost stories replied, cheerfully, "I've always said and were ready enough to accept hu you'd wake up yet and know what is best for you. Why, any girl might be terms. proud to be mistress of Rolff House So the work of restoring and repair-When it is fixed up again, Ralph and ing was begun at Rolff House. A force you can live there like king and queen." of laborers was put to work in improv-

"But there's one thing, father," Ross made haste to say. "I have never beer satisfied that Mr. Saybrook has a good title to the house. It seems so strange that Claude should make it over to him There may be some deception about it I hope you will allow me to refuse to matry Ralph till the house is fully repaired and restored, and the title is

made perfectly clear. "To be sure I will," replied the bluff with reluctance, and that they were "No need to advise me prepared to witness some strange deold fellow. about that. We must have a writter velopments. Even had nothing mysagreement, and they must carry everyterious occurred, some of the more thing out to the letter. I'll see to than Yes, yes, by my dunder, we'll have that house, little girl, till there's a place fit

"I have one more favor to ask father." said Rosa.

man, now in the best of humor.

more to me than he is now till after Rolff House is fully repaired. thing might happen, you know.' "Of course, of course-that shall te as you wish," answered the old man "It's always well to be careful. Keer him off; yes, yes-'twill hurry up matters. Ah, you're a shrewd little girl that's my own Rosa now."

on his cheek, Rosa turned and went in the house, anxious not to commit her-

CHAPTER XXIV. Lack of energy was not a characteristic of lawyer Saybrook. Having re-

nervousness of the listeners.

A Nister to Sorovis in London.

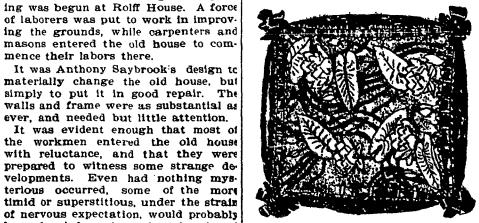
appeals, but of late, as has been said. There has been talk for some time in London anent the formation of a "Eh, been walking?" he said, enquir fective than words in confirming the club for American women on the lines impression as to his knowledge of the of Sorosis and which could be affiliated alleged mysterious events. On this oc with this mother of clubs. The talk, casion, however, he chose to speak. until lately, seemed likely to go u "All I have to say in reply to the in smoke, but within the last few question of our friend," he said, "b weeks the project has taken such form that if anything couuld rouse eld liag that the projectors are confident of its nus Rolff from his grave-if he evel ultimate success.

had a grave-it would be for that piec . lous rascal, Anthony Saybrook, or any Mrs. Hugh Griffith, he proposed presi-Of its need there is no question, and dent of the new organization, speaks Saying this, the old man settled back most 'positively of its being an assured in his chair again, and resumed his fact in the near future.

smoking. His words produced an im "It is intended," quoting Mrs. Grifpression, and were quoted about the fith, "to make the society both select village next day in an exaggerater and useful. It will probably be affilihe replied, a surprised smile stealing form to the effect that old Carl hat ated with the New York Sorosis. It is made to enter the old house the spiri proposed as a club for American wo-

The headquarters of the club will be Spite of all the reluctance he found the Hotel Cecil. There is no doubt among those whom he approached of as to the success of the club, so far the subject, to ongaging in his employ as numbers are concerned. The real to assist in repairing Rolff House, An. difficulty will be to keep a select club thony Saybrook did not grow diswhere American women can meet couraged. He well knew the powers of periodically.

he employed them with all his skill A Daily Hint From Paris. Some he coaxed into acceptance, other The cushion represented is composed he ridiculed so unsparingly for their cowardice that they were fain to give of a square of colored velvet embroidway at last, while a few were not half ered with applique patterns in silk. This square is laid on a rounded cushion of a darker color, and appears as if fastened to it by the four cockades of



ibbon at the corners. The lily leaves are of white satin, laid on Nile green The first forenoon's work in Rolf velvet and appliques, and the steams House had not passed by before al are embroidered in dark green slik. -From the European Edition of the listening to a mysterious sound that Herald.

Alas, Toe Often True,

Miston-Do you try your jokes on, our friends before you publish them? Jokus-I used to. I gave it up for inck of material. Miston-Jokes?

Jokus-No, indeed; friends.

"I must send them all circulars." exaware that they could not distract their daimed the man who was addressed by attention from the strange sound. All day long, at regular intervals of two or his acquaintances as professor. "Those three minutes, it was heard. It did not men who have testified in the investiseem to be in any particular part of ration ought to know about me." the house, but this might have been

"What business are you in?" more apparent than real, owing to the "I have a new system of memory Everybody knows the power of a low raining."-Washington Star.

timid or superstitious, under the strain of nervous expectation, would probably have fancied ere long that they heard or saw something out of the usual way. But something did occur. for a queen to put you in." "Well, out with it," replied the old present in the house were alert and

"I do not wish Ralph to be anything occurred occasionally. It was a low muffled, peculiar boom, that was heard at regular intervals, and soon began to attract attention and remark. It was not loud, and yet it seemed to penetrate every part of the great building and to be heard above the sound of the tools in use. Perhaps the senses of the hearers were sharper from a sort of nervous dread and expectation, but cer-

Bending over and imprinting a kiss tain it is that everybody was soor

