

few appearing to the Hawthorns—The Hawthorns had a right to it, as it had to the fishing in the Oxough water—and in this pew the family deposited themselves on the first Sunday after their coming. People see each other in church; this is a good thing, in truth, it is the end of going to church to worship in the company of our fellow creatures; but, like every other good thing, it can be put to bad uses, such as criticizing glances, uncharitable thoughts, etc. The minister, but more especially the minister's wife, is apt to think in an exceedingly wicked way in any one to sleep in church, and it would not be good to advertise a prize for the best essay in defense of the weakness, although a great preacher was not offended, nor did he seem to consider it a deadly sin, when a young man fell into a dead sleep as he was long preaching. Self-made men are probably not such humble worshippers as men who have not been made at all; still, Mr. and Mrs. Wright, with the perpetual consciousness of intensely comfortable circumstances, all owing to their own good guidance, were religious people, and they went to church from the best of motives. Partly owing to this, and partly to the fact that their powers of observation were not quite in their first juvenescence, they did not see every one that was in it; but Miss Wright listened attentively to the services, and could not help mastering the population of the district at the same time. In particular, in a pew on the other side of the church, below a gallery and immediately under her eyes, she saw the manager of the mill, his mother and what she knew must be his sister; and in this girl she instantly recognized the distressed damsel to whose appeal for the loan of a shilling she had not only refused to listen, but whom she had told that she did not in the least believe her story. Their eyes met, and the recognition was mutual; Katie withdrew hers with an unpleasant sensation, and Sarah felt her face grow red and warm.

Next day Miss Wright wrote to her cousin thus:

"DEAR JAMES—Do come here immediately; I want to show you something you would like to see."
S. WRIGHT.

"The Hawthorns, July 20, 18—"
To which he rejoined:

"DEAR SARAH—I can't come; I am busy among my turnips, and unless it is something of great importance you must excuse me. Truly yours,
J. JAMIESON.

"Justine, July 20, 18—"
"DEAR JAMES—It is very important. Do you personally see turnips? Do come."
S. WRIGHT.

"The Hawthorns, July 21, 18—"
"DEAR SARAH—At times I personally see turnips, and the eye of a master is worth much. Tell me what I am to see, and I'll judge if I can come."
J. JAMIESON.

"Justine, July 21, 18—"
"DEAR JAMES—I won't tell you what you are to see, but please don't neglect your turnips on any account. I am yours affectionately,
S. WRIGHT.

"The Hawthorns, July 22, 18—"
"DEAR SARAH—Is it a thing I could see between Saturday night and Monday morning? I could come then, if that will do. Yours ever,
J. JAMIESON.

"Justine, July 22, 18—"
"DEAR JAMES—That will do, capitally. You must see it on Sunday—you can't help it—but we must not speak of it on that day. I shall expect you; don't fail me."
S. WRIGHT.

"The Hawthorns, July 23, 18—"
Accordingly Mr. Jamieson arrived at the Oxough station on the next Saturday evening. Miss Wright met him and drove him up to the Hawthorns.

"Well," he said, "what is it I'm to see?"

"You'll find that out when you see it."
"When am I to see it?"
"To-morrow."

"Can I not see it to-night?"
"Well, if it were to take strong measures we might, but it will be better to wait till to-morrow."

"Strong measures! What can it be? Where am I to see it?"
"At the church."

"At the church! It's not a grave, is it? Is Osgan or the Venerable Bede or Mary of Lorraine or John Knox's first wife buried here?"

"Certainly, they may be, all four of them. It's a grave you are to see, but you must look grave when you see it. Mind that, above all things."

"Shall I be inclined to laugh? Is it funny?"
"Oh, very funny. But we had better say no more about it; you'll see it in good time, and you won't need me to point it out."

"Very well; I'm not curious. I feel as I do when I'm reading a story where there is an extraordinary mystery always kept before you; you know that nothing can possibly happen to justify the expectations that have been raised. However, if I get away on Monday early in the morning, I don't mind."

"Certainly, you can go by the first train, and I'll drive you down with great pleasure, and very likely we shall see you all summer again."

"What do you think I shall take of fence at your nonsense? Not a bit."

"We shall see."
Next morning the Wrights and their guest were seated in their gallery in very good time. Miss Wright watched the people coming in, and at length, when she saw the Bertrams enter, she fixed her eyes on her cousin's face to note the effect. The Bertrams were seated in their seats with their faces full in sight before he noticed them, then all at once he saw and knew the eyes that had glanced on him from the carriage window at Summers station, and he bent his head and smiled with the kind of expression people have when they find out they have been pleasantly fooled. He turned to Sarah and whispered, "Who is her what is she?"

"Hush! hush!" she exclaimed, gravely; "it's a subject we must not speak of to-day."

"Will," said Kate Bertram as she and her brother were together in the garden in the evening, "was the gentleman who was in the Wrights' seat today the person who was with them when they were here?"

"Yes," said Will, shortly.

"Well, he was the man who lent me the shilling at the railway station, you remember?"

"I remember well enough; he was the man, was he?"

"Yes, and Mrs. and Miss Wright were the two ladies who would not believe a word I said."

"Not Miss Wright, surely?" said Will.

"Yes; she said to her mother that asking money on some pretext was becoming a regular dodge at all the railway stations."

"I could have supposed that of Mr. or Mrs. Wright—they are narrow minded people, and narrow minds are always suspicious—but I can hardly believe that of her. She must have learned it from them, and her own dispositions have not asserted themselves yet."

"But how will they agree?" said Katie.

"They'll never agree after they are married, they are so different."

"Except that they have been seen speaking together, there is nothing to make any one suppose they have the least intention of marrying."

"I think it would be a pity," said Katie.

"A great pity," said Will; "it is always a foolish thing for cousins to marry."

"Oh, they are cousins, are they?"

"Yes; he called Mr. Wright uncle, so I infer they are cousins. You should go and call on her, Katie."

"I call on her! Why, she won't think me as I go home. You have got acquainted with my cousin Sarah, I suppose?"

"Yes, a little."

"And how do you like her?"

"Very well; she is frank and kind."

"And clever," he said. "I wondered how she made such a mistake about you at Summers town."

Katie blushed and said, "I don't like to think of it."

"But you don't object to my thinking of it; it is pleasant to remember one's meritorious actions."

"You must have thought me wicked for a whole fortnight."

"No, I didn't; I merely suspended my opinion. Were you far beyond Summers town that day?"

"Not beyond it at all. I was visiting an old friend of mamma's who lives two miles to the west of it."

"Then perhaps you don't know the country farther on?"

"No."

"Justine is five miles farther on; that is where I live and where I was born. I succeeded my father in the farm. There are only three of us now—myself and two sisters—and they are both married."

"I'm ready; I don't mean to miss this train either." And they started.

When they came in sight of the manager's house Sarah said, touching his arm: "James, the blinds are still down; she must be sleeping. They say even a criminal is holy while he is sleeping; what must she be?"

"It's a pity you are not sleeping too, I think," said he. "The manager is not asleep, at least; there he is, standing at his gate."

"So he is; we must speak, even at the risk of losing the train." And she drew up. "Do you think," she said to Mr. Bertram, "that it would be convenient for Miss Bertram for me to call as I come back—I am anxious to speak to her? I would have called last week, but the country air, and the thing I want to speak about hanging on my mind, made me bashful."

"Quite convenient. I will tell her to expect you."

"And tell her I should like if she would go up with me and stay till evening if she can."

"I know of nothing to hinder her, and I'll come and bring her home."

"Good-by, then. We haven't a moment to lose; Mr. Jamieson must catch the train—it is of the last importance!"

"Now," she said, "here you are, James, in time. I'll not come out, as I can't leave Gip. Good-by! We shall not expect to see you till November, when you have got the harvest well in, but I'll write and tell you what I think of her. What a pity you could not stay till to-morrow! Farewell!"

"Farewell!" said he. "I think you'll find Mr. Bertram's conversation informative, as the newspapers say."

"I have no doubt I shall. Just come down a peg, will you, and ask me to help you with beauty in distress!"

"Thank you; I don't need help, but I'm not the less obliged. Good-by!"

IX.

It was curious that that week after, the following Monday, when Mr. Bertram left the mill between 5 and 6 o'clock, he met Mr. Jamieson. They shook hands.

"You are on the way to The Hawthorns, I suppose?" said Mr. Bertram.

"No, I was not thinking of going to-night; I am just going home again."

"Indeed! but you'll come in for a little! Have you time? I am going in to tea, and it will be ready. Katie, my sister, will be glad to see you; too, she told me it was you who helped her in her strait at the railway station."

"Did she remember me?" asked Mr. Jamieson eagerly.

"Of course she did; she hasn't had so many adventures as to forget that one; and I feel obliged to you for helping her."

They went in and found Mrs. Bertram and Katie waiting for Will; they were both much pleased to see Mr. Jamieson.

"I didn't know when you were here before," said Mrs. Bertram, "that we were obliged to you for being kind to Katie when she was in perplexity."

"I knew you as soon as I saw you in the church," said Katie.

"So I did you," said Mr. Jamieson.

"I wonder a little at that," she said, "for I don't find many people have such a good memory for faces as I have."

"Ah, but I don't remember every face I see," he answered.

"You'll be on your way to The Hawthorns?" said Mrs. Bertram.

He had to explain again that he was not on his way to The Hawthorns.

The manager thought, "if he were engaged to Miss Wright he would never be so near without going there; even if he is here on business he would have turned it so as to go there."

Mr. Bertram was by no means a dunce, but the idea of Katie having a lover had never dawned on him; she had had no lover yet. Mrs. Bertram, with the pride of fallen fortunes, had not cultivated society of any kind; Will had attended to his business late and early, and had not cultivated it either; so Katie was much in the position of the lovely young Lavinia when the pride of swains crossed her path.

It was a warm summer evening, and with the window thrown up they sat and talked till Mr. Bertram got impatient, for he had to go to the mill again; and he wondered how long his guest meant to stay. One train hour was past and another imminent, with no sign of movement. At last he said he would run over to the mill and come back in a little. Then Mr. Jamieson said they would look at the garden till he returned, and Katie went out with their visitor to show the garden.

Katie, in light summer garments moving about among flowers, showed to much greater advantage than she did wrapped in a dark cloak, as Mr. Jamieson had first seen her. She looked very happy and serene, but she did not talk much, nor did he. He had meant to sit in judgment on her, but he could not more do it than he could fly. She stooped over a flower bed and pulled a pansy. "See," she said, "if you gaze into that flower a while you'll catch yourself wondering it does not speak—at least I do often."

"Thank you," he said, "I'll put it in my buttonhole. Perhaps it will speak to me as I go home. You have got acquainted with my cousin Sarah, I suppose?"

"Yes, a little."

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them to bear them up under the burden of riches. But the aunt whom Mr. Jamieson had been on his way to visit when youth and beauty in distress appeared to him, presented the bride with a sumptuous bound book of travels entitled "Forty Days in the Desert." She must have thought this an appropriate gift for people entering on the honeymoon, as she repeated it on the occasion of Miss Wright becoming Mrs. Bertram, which event occurred in the course of another year. The presentees enjoyed the joke; there are times when even a small joke is as sweet manna in the mouth of desert.

Mr. Bertram had before his marriage got a partnership in the mill, and Mr. Wright, having bought The Hawthorns, proposed resigning that place of residence in favor of his daughter and her husband, but Will declined it; he knew that being obliged to such a man as Mr. Wright would be a disadvantage. He frequently offered and having it offered very frequently, Sarah was quite willing to live in the manager's house till her husband could afford a better one. Mrs. Bertram Senior continued to live in her son's house, except when she visited her daughter; and if, as is said, mothers and daughters-in-law always disagree, this case must have been the exception that proves the rule, for the two ladies agreed admirably; while Mr. Bertram, by diligently holding his tongue and letting his father-in-law speak, found much favor in that gentleman's sight. Mr. Wright, being the kind of self-made man who thinks when he takes any one by the hand that he makes him too, felt that when Will became his son-in-law he, by reason of reflected consequence, became a man of mark and consideration; even Mr. Jamieson, who was a student of scientific progress, although Mr. Wright did not at all approve of them, he quoted to others with pride, but then, as he said, "Mr. Bertram was a practical man as well as a dreamer."

If the ill-natured railway clerk happens to see this account of all that hung upon his disabbling humor, what will he think? Let him not be encouraged to do evil that good may come; if Cupid made an opportunity out of his ill nature for shooting an arrow, no thanks to him.—Lippincott's Magazine.

THE END.

WHEN I GO HOME.

When I go home, when I go home to him!
I like to picture to myself his way
Of greeting me, and what his lips shall say
And mine reply; and will his eyes be dim

With mist of joy tears? Will my coming be
As dear to him as mine has been to me?
Will all the glad bewilderment that seemed
So sweet in fancy find its verity

When I come home? Or will some fabled change
Of speech or look or mien the form transform
Who used to wear for him a nameless charm,
Tempering his joy with shadows new and strange?

With shadows darkling for a little space,
And then, O sweet beyond imagining,
The old endearing names and tricks will ring
With the old music, hallowing the place.

My glad heart has no room in it for doubt,
The morning glories clambering at the door,
With leaved and blossoms and tendrils leaning o'er,
Fleeting the sunshine, cannot keep it out.

I love to fancy the felicities
That shall be mine upon that day of days,
The old endearing names and tricks of phrase,
And smiles that haunted all my reveries.

If rain or sunshine be, or gloom or gleam,
The day of my return, sweet o'erpulse
Of gladness, flooding mood and circumstance,
Smile alike across the mists with roseate beam.

When I go home again! When I go home!
My feet have strayed upon these journeyings,
But my heart has never left my side,
To the old haunts; always my fancy comes

Back to the old abiding place to rest,
How'er I wander under alien skies,
And find forever there their paradise,
Love's very self answering my heart's behest.
—Rosalind E. Jones in New York Sun.

Good Luck.

Missionaries and others, who live year after year in foreign countries, are liable to lose something of their familiarity with their native tongue, and sometimes to be troubled about the spelling of very common words.

An English serjeant, who was also a voluminous author, was in Paris, where he made the acquaintance of a kind hearted Scotch robbian. This man had lived for many years at the French capital, and knew every one. The Englishman quite enjoyed walking with him in the Champs Elysees. As the carriage and coachmen raved along the Scotchman was kept continually busy taking off his hat.

"You ought to know the ambassador," he said one day to his new friend. "I will give you a letter of introduction."
So the two men set down, and the Scotchman went to his writing desk.

"Do you happen to know," he said, with a look of mild inquiry, "how many d's there are in the word introduce?"
The Oxford graduate, curiously enough, did "happen to know," and so the note of introduction was written.—Youth's Companion.

A Freak of Nature.

A curious freak of nature was recently discovered. It is a slab of Mexican marble about two feet long and six wide, bearing upon its face a beautiful mountain landscape, which has in some strange way been pictured there by nature. It is now in the possession of Col. A. C. Hawley, formerly adjutant general of Minnesota, and was given him by Maj. Knappen, who owns the quarry in New Mexico where this was found. The major is authority for the statement that the picture in the marble is the exact reproduction of the scenery on the side of the valley opposite where the quarry is located. Col. Hawley explains the curiosity in this way: He says the great cliffs must have been photographed on the marble, when it was in a plastic condition, by the rays of the sun.—Exchange.

A Dying Man's Lesson.

Wasn't it funny, by the way, about Professor Youmans' "The Popular Science Monthly," who sent for his dentist the month before his death and insisted on having his teeth all attended to and new ones put in? Everybody knew he couldn't live, and the dentist told him he was having a good deal of pain and trouble in working. But the professor insisted pretty strongly it was his own business, and if he was willing to pay \$100 for having good teeth to be laid out in, the dentist needn't complain. Do you know how many people are possessed by decaying teeth? They suffer from systems and feel complicated from nothing else than the constant drainage of bad matter from an imperfect tooth or two.—Shirley Dare in Philadelphia Press.

A New Use for the Nickel.

Somebody of an ingenious turn of mind gives us the metric system, "not in a nut-shell," but in a nickel. It is claimed that our nickel five cent piece holds the key to the linear measures and weights. The diameter of this coin is two centimeters, and its weight is five grams.

Five of them placed in a row will, of course, give the length of the decimeter, and two of them will weigh a decagramme. As the lighter is a cubic meter, the key to the measures of length, it is also the key to the measures of capacity. Any person, therefore, who is fortunate enough to own a five cent nickel may carry in his pocket the entire metric system of weights and measures.

AN AMERICAN GIRL

By MARY E BLAIR



IN THE spring of 1869 I was induced, for the sake of rest and recreation, to take charge of a young American girl during a tour in Europe. This young girl was Miss Helen St. Clair, of Detroit, Mich. We two were by no means strangers. She had been my pupil since the time when she was the prettiest little creature that ever wore a scarlet hood. I have a little picture, scarlet hood and all, that I would not exchange for the most beautiful one that Grouse ever painted. Not that her face bore any resemblance to the pictures of Grouse. It had neither the sweet simplicity of the girl in "The Broken Pitcher," nor the sentimental graces which he bestows on his court beauties. It was an exceedingly piquant, animated face, never at rest, always kindling, flashing, gleaming, whether with sunlight or lightning. Her movements were quick and darting, like those of a humming bird. Her enunciation, though perfectly distinct, was marvelously rapid. The same quickness characterized her mental operations. Her conversations, ripe with ideas, were always instantaneous. Her promptness and decision of her talent for mimicry and her witchery of grace and beauty won her a devoted following of school girls, to whom her tastes and opinions were as authoritative as ever were those of Eugenie to the ladies of her court. School girls, like college boys, are very apt in nicknames, and Helen's was the "Little Princess," which her pretty, imperious ways made peculiarly appropriate.

I do not know how her parents dared trust her to me for a year beyond the sea, but they did. We set off in high enthusiasm, and Helen was full of mirth and laughter till we were fairly on board the steamer in New York harbor, when she threw herself on her father's breast with a gesture of utter abandonment that would have made the fortune of a dandy on any stage in the world. It was so unlooked for that we all broke down, and Mr. St. Clair was strongly inclined to take her home with him. But so sudden was she in all her moods that his foot had scarcely touched the shore before she was again radiant with anticipation.

I will not linger on the pleasant summer travel, the Rhine majesty, the Alpine glory. September saw us established in the city of cities—Paris. Everywhere we had met throngs of Americans. Neighbors from over the way in our own city greeted us warmly in most unexpected places. But we had not crossed the ocean merely to see our own countrymen. In Paris we were determined to eschew hotels and pensions and to become the inmates of a French home. Everybody told us this would be impossible, but I find nothing so stimulating as the assertion that a thing cannot be done. Two weeks of eager inquiry and we were received into a family which if it had been created expressly for us, it was that of M. Le Fort, a professor in the medical college, a handsome elderly man with the bit of red ribbon coveted by Frenchmen in his buttonhole. Mme. Le Fort, a charming, graceful woman midway between 50 and 60, and a pretty daughter of 17, completed the family. With great satisfaction we took possession of the pretty rooms, all white and gold, that overlooked the Rond Point des Champs Elysees.

My little princess had found a prince in her own country, and, considering the laws of attraction, his sudden appearance in Paris ought not to have been a surprise to her. But, to his discomfiture, and even anger, Helen refused to see him. She had hidden him good-by at home, she said; they would not be married for three years, if they ever were; she was going to devote herself to her music; and she did not wish to see him here. When he had completed his studies and their engagement was announced (it was only a mutual understanding now) there would be time enough to see each other at home. Excellent reasoning! but a fortnight later a tiny hand slipped between my eyes and laid The Figaro a little note on