AD

ıty.

ruga sit **R**

pletare occurrence and any tresses turning gray. cinding years have registered just three score years to-day. alablu glasses ever near assist my older of the second second second second second alablu glasses ever near assist my

faithful glasses ever near assist my fadde eyo race the lines where dimples shone in happy days game by.

Include it for cheek of rese, for still my face is fair.

Time has loft my teeth of pearl and cheeks a ruly pair.

Itent viet has left me, too, a thankful heart and gay

heart and gay worldly blessing, as I go down life's dusty way.

times think my weight goes on, and yot I am contented, nuite ignore the anti-fat some genius has invented; nry in my inmost soul the skeleton or

rh or Butteric resurrect with cun-

of seem I'm growing old, though a children three children three fond of graudmama, and cling out my knee, I used to cling to one some fifty

gears ago... general face I over saw, framed in a

indeed, but yesterday she called neto her s de whispered. Blessings on you, Trot," the very night she dk d. look as old as I," she said; "your hair

k as one s x, success, you so you need in white;
you darling, once again, and then
Haay good-night."
yi-night, and I shall hear her gen-

t good and the state of the view new me more, called from earth with all its care to see the other shore; ugh well I know her kindly eyes look all those happy sinless days can never be for ot

resomething else I'd love to learn—in heaven twill be esp ained— systery that draped her life, her ten-der be an pained, backy years of widowhood, the tragic

hed her of her joy and pride a

humand years upon some grow old and feeble there, but jonth and jeys return, all the friends we've lived below for whom our hosoms yearn;

ing sweet or dear in life can ever be

idma Grode will be rejoiced to with Grandma Trot.

Elfenstein's Mission

l Remarkable Romance.

BY EMILY THORNTON.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

Ining as dist in their wank, she said:
Las I must leave you now. Dr. Ella, and acain look after the intermy four aunt. In doing so, allow hank you for a pleasant hour." at all: it is I who have been un-rations for your delightful com-slap. Whenever you feel timid . I would be pleased to attend

ik you. I presume I shall be glad eavail myself of your kind offer."

a bright parting smile she then
from hes sight.

Idean les sight.

w daps after the promenade on Dr. Elfonstein was again sumby Miss Nevergail to attend her who was very ill, owing to the test a storm, eating out a sedative, the young ian turned to give it to his comand in handling it their lingers dat the touch his heart leaped bily into a delightful thrill that it an instant feeling of questioning scause.

5." he asked himself, "should this thousexist?" Why was he not meet this beautiful girl calmly, ad here tofore met other beautiful

chal here to fore met other beautiful car can be resolved to be ware of this folly fing gaining such an influence over and to remember the solemn work of the course of life he had down as his, which, if followed, would him of all female society, except professional way, and then once he deternined, if he could not be his feelings, to avoid her preshad by so doing return to duty and distinct of his vow.

Fig. 18 save across the Atlantic was musally propit ous one. It was with the both the physician and anxious hast king saw the termination of wage, for, in spite of their united is Mrs. Nevergati's strength was dy departing.

Elfentein had an unusually tender support of the could not pouncy agrif in such trouble and neverything possible, lead a help-land.

tting resolutions almost as soon ned, he cared for her as a brother, eloquent look of gratitude that upon him as, after seeing them for in the Liverpool home of wain, Mr. Rogers, Ethel placed the his, at parting, and faltered thanks, as he bade her farewell, precing to see her farewell, thanks, as he bade her farewell, xperting to see her more, was a not seen to be forgotten.

his fellow ng his fellow voyagers, our time in pursuing his own

had rolled by his way de perfectly plain, and a pleasant is provided.
Und by including of Levi Perkins, added of the head.

the hotel where he place has taken

I wared, would never again to all a series of his purchased at the series of his purchased at the series of his purchased at the old gentleman, and showing his letters of recommendation, and his written credentials, he had offered to attend to the sick in his place; which offer was accepted, and in a few days the stranger had all the calls for medical advice that he could aftend, and the result was that he bought the practice of the old and wornout man, and became his accepted successor.

Dr. Jennings lived only two days after Elfenstein's arrival, for a third severe shock laid tilm at rest from his earthy labors forever.

shock faid film at rest from file earthly labors forever.

He died lamented by all, having, in truth, been to the inhabitants of the place for years and years a "beloved physician."

place for years and years a "beloved physician."

The funeral was a large one, and after the day, with its many excitements, had passed, Dr. Elfenstein again visited the house where the dead had so recently lain, and asking to see the daughter, Mrs. Stewart, he offered to rent the cottage, furnished for a year, provided Mrs. Clum would remain in it, as formerly, in the capacity of housekeeper.

This offer relieved Mrs. Stewart of what had been an anxiety, and as Mrs. Clum was delighted to still retain her home, all due arrangements were immediately made, papers drawn up and signed, and one week from the day of his arrival we find "Earle Elfenstein, M. D.," upon a sign beside the door of the pretitest cottage in the place, and that young disciple of Galen busy night and day attending to the large practice so suddenly thrown upon his hands.

CHAPTER VI.

tending to the large practice so suddenly thrown upon his hands.

CHAPTER VI.

SIR REGINALD GLENDENNIG.

The daly mail had been handed him, as usual, just as he had commenced his breakfast, and one letter that he had then received had discomposed and made him surly and cross, which a fearful oath made evident to all.

"Jimmy, you young rascal, don't stand gazing there, but attend to your dutes. Lady Contance, just stop gazing in that reproachful way at me, and eat your breakfast! I know what I am saving, though your looks seem to dombe it.

This was by no means an unusual moud for her hustand to be in, and Lady-Constance Gandenning, whenever she saw the peculiar expression float over his fare that it now wore for it was an ugly look that for years she had been accustomed to meetly, knew well that it was best to make no remark, but quietly leave him to himself by vacating the room as quickly as possible.

The cfore she, as well as her only brother's orphan son and daughter, who had been left in their change, finished

the room as quickly as possible.

The ctore she, as well as her only brother's orphan son and daughter, who had been left in their charge, finished their breakfast in silence, and, with as much dispatch as decency would permit, then strolled to their own amusements, leaving the lord and master of the establishment to giower at the unwelcome sheet he still held in his hand, undisturbed by their presence.

"Perdition!" he muttered. "What deuced luck is this? After my not going to the funeral of my sister and thus, by my absence, showing that I had not overlooked her piebeian marriage, to think that these people have forwarded such a letter as this to me is absurd! I do not care if it was written by her before her death. They might have known I did not wish it. Take charge of her husband's niece, forsooth! The girl be hanged! She may go to the aims house for all me! I will not have a thing to do with her.

"Suppose my brother-in-law did die,

Suppose my brother-in-law did die and his wife also, and suppose the girl is left alone, that is no sign that I should be transmeled with her presence and guardianship. Not I will nover notice

be transmeled with her presence and guardianship. No! I will nover notice the stuff written there by word or deed."

So saying. Sir ke ginald turned to his library, tossed the onensive letter into a drawer of his bookease, locked it, and, putting the key in his pocket, rang the bell furiously for a waiter, ordering him to have the group bring to the door a young horse named Tempest at once, as he intended to ride.

The barnet stalked to the piezza.

ne mended to ride.

The baronet stalked to the piazza, where he stood impatiently slashing a lovely trained clematis with his whip, until Michael appeared, leading a fiery young horse by the bridle.

"Add't your leading."

"Adn't your lordship better take Jerry this morning? This beast is very wild and skittish like, and I fear ye may 'ave trouble to old 'im."

and skittish like, and I fear ye may ave trouble to 'old 'im."

"Bring him hither. If he feels wild so do I, and our moods will suit," was the sullen rep.y.

Springing upon the back of the handsome creature, Sir Reginald Glendenning dashed away, just as his nephew, Robert, a young man about twenty years of age, appeared upon the desorted plazza.

He was in personal appearance very tall, with a magnificent figure, dark complexion, handsome features, and large, speaking black eyes, while his whole air portrayed the pride that he had so richly inherited from his own immediate family.

"Bellel" he exclaimed, as his sister, a beautiful brunette, followed him. "See our worthy relative dashing down the carriage way at that break-neck speed. Zounds! if I were to ride in that savage way, he would rate me soundly for it for the uext three days. I wonder what news that letter could have contained to infuriate him as it did. Do you know, he is always terribly provoked when he rides like that."

"I do not, neither does Aunt Constance.

"I do not, neither does Aunt Constance.
I should like to read it though, would

a should like to read it though, would not you?"
"Yes; I wonder where he put it?"
"In the drawer of his book-case, where he keeps letters not answered. I wish I could unlock it, but the key has gone down the carriage way in the old gent's

pocket," replied the unfilial girl.
"Well, since you express a wish to see it, perhaps I can aid you. Seel this key looks as though it might fit any lock," returned the young man, readily enough falling into the suggestive mood of his stater.

sister.

Laughing at the impulsive mood of her brother, the young girl turned stickly with him, and both glided with the library and the library and the key fitted; a fact Robert well have, as it was not the first time it had

be stapping letter, written in a page of the stapping letter, written in a page of the stapping letter, written in a same of the stapping letter as quickly returned to its stables since, and the drawer revolved, as they had found it.

On the envelope was written, "To be sont to Sir Reginald Glendenning, Bart., after my death."

after my death." Bir Reginald Glendenning:

solve we say acquired tendenning, ports, after my death."

Sir Reginald Gloodenning:

My Daka Buorthum. You will doubtless be surprised to receive this letter from one who has been so many years separated from her 'amily, in consequence of having mafried, secretly, for man of her choice. Allow me merely to say that when you read this, the sister fix you come loved will have passed away, and, therefore, she trusts that all hard feelings that her marriage may have occasioned (a marriage that was a happy one until the bond was severed by the death of the devoted husband) will be buried foreyer. Brother, I write tolyou now in order to crave.—Invox at your hands. My only child died in infancy, and just twenty and a haif years ago, I, with the consent of my busband, took charge of a little-girl of genetic blood, and—some pleasant future prospects, and gave her the love of a true mother: On her twenty-first birthday she will be at liberty to open certain documents laid aside for her, and then will come into possession of her own property, for some little awaits her majority. Until then after my death, she will be friendless and alone. Now, I ask if you will care for her until that date (October 5) is reached? Can after my death, she will it e friendless and alone. Now, I ask if you will care for her until that date (October 5) is reached? Can she not her own property for some she not in some way be of service to you, and thus compensate for her board and trouble? Do this for me, my dear Ethel, and my different seister.

"Of all impudent proposals, that is the climax!"—ejaculated Beile, indignantly.

"Of all impudent proposals, that is the climax!" ejaculated Beile, indignantly. "Take her into his own family, indeed! I will bet the minx don't come here, if I can help it. She is no earthly relation to him."

"Your opinion will not be asked, sister mine," returned her companion in evil deeds; "and you must remember that you are supposed to know nothing of the contents of that letter. But do not be alarmed. Our relative looked too much like a thundercloud to be cajoled into receiving her here."

tents of that letter. But do not be alarmed. Our relative looked too much like a thundercloud to be cajoled into receiving her here."

"Yes; that is true, so we need not be anxious," was the girl's reply, as she hastened from the library.

Need we stop now, after relating such a scene, to describe the wholly heartless characters of these relations of Lady Constance Glendenning?

Induged from infancy by their own parents as much as by the Lady Constance, whose whole affections had constance, whose wondered at that they developed with each year selfish and unamiable dispositions under her foolishly fond sway, until at last they demanded as a right the induspence of every whim or capitice, even at the expense of honor or the welfare of these around them.

As for Lady Constance, her naturally amiable disposition had grown hardened. Life with her violent-tempered husband had proved anything but pleasant, and as she finally saw his ugly features of character being imitated by these children under her charge, she became morbidly indifferent and cold to such a degree that her nearest relatives cound scarcely recognize in the proul Lady Constance (flendenning the once light-harder and gay young cousin, whose society was so much sought in former years by the three brokhers deamed. In those gay, glad, youthful days, of the hard and crul fit ure that iay before two, at least, of their number!

This morning Lady Constance felt unusually dispirited.

Her apa, hetic heart had been moved the night before by a singularly vivid dream. In which she had met once more

Her apa.hetic heart had been moved the night before Lya singularly vivid dream. In which she nad met once more her never forgotten early lover, and the face of Sir Arthur had app ared in that midnight hour with all the realness of life, while she seemed to hear him wall in despair:

"Oh, Constance Constance."

"Oh. Constance, Constance," Starting from this dreary sleep." She tossed restle-sly until morning, and then, after rising, found that the impression made upon her mind had not in the least vanished.

pression made upon her mind had not la the least vanished.

Upon being so roughly addressed at the breakfast hour she had with difficulty restrained her tears, and when once more alone, in the retirement of her own apartment, she sank upon her knees, and weeping bitterly, moaned:

"Oh, Arthur, why was I so unfaithful to thy precious memory? Why did I forget thee so soon, my own, my own? Wretched, guilty woman that I have been, to wed for a title and inheritance so unfeeling and heartless a man as I, alas! have done! Oh, God! forgive this, my sin, and grant ne peace with thyseif alter my weary life is ended!"

Long and bitterly she thus wrestled with her own heart, never stfreing from her lowly posture, unt'l she was suddenly aroused by a horrified scream from lips she knew to be Belle's, while a strange call in tones of anguish for "Aunt Constance" caused her to rise and open the door, where she, too, was startled to see the whole household assembled in the halls, and then the first knowledge of some awful calamity fell upon her heart.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Were Not Full.

A negro woman borrowed a dozen m a neighbor. returning a dozen, brought back only

"How's dis?" the lender asked.
""How's whut, lady?"
"W'y you borrid er dozen eigs frum
me, but dav ain't but erleben yere. How does you 'co int fur dat?"

"I 'counts fur it might easy

"I counts fur it might easy. Dem aig: I got frum you wa'n't right full." "Wan't sight full! Whut you means

by dat?"

"I means dat de wan't full dat de hens what laid 'en wan't fuir dat de hens what laid 'en wan't right honest. Deze sig dat I have fotobed you is full up ter de brim; an' yo' kafut 'spect me ter fetch you er dozen full aiged far er dozen dat wa'n't right full. Oh l's squar', I is."—Arkan-aw Traveler.

The Gascogne was nine days overdue, but came into port alogne.

AN INTRUDER

"To let?" said the agent. "Ready furnished? For a month? Really, ladies, I'm very much afraid I haven't any property in my hands—not at present, at least—that will meet your expectations. I've plenty of unfurnished houses, and plenty to rent for a year. But for a month? There isn't any such real estate in the market—there isn't indeed."

"We don't want an unfurnished

house," said Angela Frost.
"And we have no occasion to use a
house for a year," added Josephine, her

tall. blooming young sister.

The agent bit the end of his quill-pen, and looked at them dubiously, from be

and looked at mem dublodary, this desk-hind the ink-splashed rails of his desk-"We are schoolteachers." Miss Angela explained, "and we have just a month's vacation; and we want to spend it in a healthful country resort, where I can botanize, and where my sister can sketch in water-colors from nature." "Ah!" said the agent—"ah! indeed.

I'm very sorry, ladies, but I don't think there's any property in the market hereabouts that will meet your ideas." "What time does the evening stage leave the hotel?" Josephine asked, rather despondently.

"At five, I believe," the agent replied.
And the two lades went slowly out

And the two ladies went slowly out of the stuffy little room with its high desk, its floor covered with cheap oil-cloth, and its general atmosphere of stale tobacco smoke.

"I'm so sorry, Angel," said the young-er. "The air of these pine-wooded glens is the very thing for your

"And the little river in the deer gorge is such an exquisite study for your paintings, Jo," said Miss Frost,

fondly.
"Couldn't we live in a barn?" suggested Jo, with a comical arch of her eyebrows.
"I'm afraid not," sighed Angela.

The real estate agent, in the mean-while, had hardly smoked a pipe and while, had hardly smoked a pipe and read the local paper before the door burst open and a short, stout lady in a

pink hat and feathers came in.

"Mr. Muggeridge," said she, handing him a key, "you may let Ivy Glen or you may sell it—ready-furnished, with a cow, a poultry-house and the pony chaise thrown in."
"Madam," said Muggeridge, bewil-

"I'm tired of it," said the lady. "Susie and Jennie are homesick to get back to the city, and so am I. I've been without a servant since Monday, and now I'm going to take the evening stage to town and meet my husband before he starts for Ivy Glen. I dare say, he'll he starts for Ivy Glen. I dare say, he'll be vexed, but I can't help it. And I've left word at the dairy farmhouse for my brother Duke to follow us."
"You couldn't let it for a month?"

experimentally hazarded Mr. Mugge-

"I'd let it for three days," said the

"I could find you tenants for a month," said the agent. "And perhaps at the end of that time something else might offer.

"Very well," said the lady. "There

is the key.

And away she went; and Mr. Mugge ridge clapped his hat on the back of his head and set off, in hot haste, to the hotel, for an interview with the two young ladies who had so recently left his office.

And so it happened that Jo and Angela Frost took triumphant possession of Ivy Glen, a romantic cottage, half covered with the dark green, glossy leaves of the vine from which it derived its name, with a boudoir, piano all the pictures garlanded with p ferns and dried autumn leaves, and a library of novels.

"Mrs. Fitch mush have been a very

"Mrs. Fitch mush have been a very literary person," said Jo.
"And musical," added Angel.
"As for a servant, one would only be a nuisance," said Jo. I
"I'll groom the pony myself," said Angel. "He's no bigger than a Newfoundland dog—the darling."
"And I'll milk the cow and feed the dear little chickens," declared pretty Jo.

o. "It's really an earthly paradise," said

the elder sister.

the elder sister.
"So it is," assented Jo.
The two sisters passed three days of unmitigated happiness in the deep ravines and cool, flower-enameled woods

ines and cool, nower-enameled woods that surrounded Ivy Glen.

Angela made various valuable additions to her herbarium, and Jo sketched leafy nooks, bits of falling water and sunset effects to her heart's content, until finally a good, old-fashioned rain-storm set in, of a July afternoon, and prisoned them in the cottage parlor.
"How stupid this is!" said Jo, starting

up from her book, as the twilight shad ows brooded darker and darker in the room. "Let's go down to the barn and talk to Dick and Frizzle. Poor dears they must be as lonesome as we are."

(Now Dick was the pony, and Frizzie was the cow; and Jo and Angel were already upon the most affectionate terms of intimacy with them.)

It was quite dusk when Marmaduke Framingham opened the hall door and strode in, shaking the rain-drope from his shoulders, as if he had been a bage Newfoundland dog, and lingur his fishing-creel and tackle of the table. "Lour" he called, all over the table.

in a cheery, stentorian voice_"Los

But, as might be expected, no answer was returned; and he went up to a certain pretty little circular-walled room, where he had been wont to keep his slippers, gun-case and sundry other masculine appurtenance journing with his sister, Mrs. Fitch, at

'It's as quiet here," he muttered, un der his breath, "as an enchanted eas-tle. Where is Lou? where are the children?"

But he paused on the threshold. Even by the waning twilight he could per-ceive that a general transformation had taken place.

A pretty easel stood near the window.

the tall standards of the old-fashioned dress-bureau were knotted with blue ribbons, the chairs were freshly draped ribbons, the chairs were iresnly draped with chintz, and a fairy work-basket stood beside the sofa, while upon the table lay a flower-twined gipsy hat, a bunch of wild flowers, and a pair of the tiplest gauntiet gloves that Mr.

Framingham had ever set eyes upon.
"Hello!" said Marmaduke; "Lou's got firl company. And she's put 'em in here, by Jove!"

He struck a match, lighted the pret-

tily-painted candles in the brass sconces and stared blankly around him. At the same moment a clear, flute-like

the same moment a clear, flute-like voice sounded below stairs.

"Come in, Angel, quick! Goodness, how the rain drives in at the door!

What's this in the hall? A — man's coat!'

"Burglars!" shrieked Miss Angela, . who was not as strong-minded in prac-

fice as she was in theory.

"And there's a light upstairs!" cried

"Preserve us!" said Angelia, begin-ning to tremble; "the house is on fire!

Jo, Jo! don't stir a step! I insist that you shall not go up stairs!"

But Miss Josephine deftly evaded

But Miss Josephine deftly evaded her sister's grasp, and rushed directly up to the little apartment which she had confiscated to her own use.
"Who are you, si?" she sternly demanded, as, standing in the doorway, her gaze fell upon Mr. Marmaduke // Framingham. Framingham.

-I beg your pardon," began that gentleman. "Leave the house!" said Jo, in the imperial accents of Queen Elizabeth condemning one of her courtiers to

death,
"Jo, Jo, don't," pleaded Angela, who
had crept up in her sister's shadow
and was now weakly tugging at her
dress. "Perhaps he's got a band of accomplicas outside—perhaps he's a crazy death.

"Ladies," said Mr. Framingham, "if you will only permit me to explain—"
"Nothing can explain an intrusion
like this!" declared Josephine.
"My sister, Mrs. Fitch, the occupant
of this house—"

"We are the occupants of this house," inexorably interposed Miss Frost. "Mrs. Fitch has left the premises

these three days ago."
"I assure you," said Mr. Marmaduke,
"that I was quite ignorant of any such
change of arrangements. I have been on a fishing excursion up the hill, and supposed, of course, that my sister was

("I am quite sure he is a crazy man!"

("1 am quite sure, he is a crazy man?" interposed Angel. sotto voce.)
"And as it is such a stormy night, I beg only to be allowed to pass the night in the barn." concluded the suppliant.
"Your sister left word for you at the dairy farm." said Jo, severely.
"But I came around by the other road," said Mr. Framingham, abjectly. The humor of the thing was too much

The humor of the thing was too much for Jo—she burst out laughing.

"Angel, do stop twitching, my dear," said she. "You may sleep in the barn, Mr.—Mr.—"."

Mr.-Mr. "Framingham, ladies, at your serv e," said the disciple of Isaak Walton.
"Mr. Framingham, then," said Jo.

"But you must have some tea with us first. I am going to cut some cold tongue, and Angel will make some frit. ters, and we have M. Blot's recipe chocolate. I'm really sorry that I mis-took you for a burglar."

a crazy man," said Angel, apologetically. "And we will entertain you

pitably as in us lies," added Jo, with a mischievous sparkle in her eyes. Mr. Marmaduke Framingham

afterwards heard to say that he never, spent so delightful an evening in his life. He engaged board at the dairy farm the next day, and instead of following his sister to the city stayed own a mout the gloss and heard heard. mong the glens and brace. And when Johephine Frost's month of vacation had expired she went back to the city to resign her position in the grammar

fessed, blushing very prettily, when the mistress asked the reason why.

So Miss Angela Frost went on alone with her career in life, and Mrs. Mar-maduke Framingham settled down for life at Ivy Glen.

"For," eald she "I think it is t sweetest spot in all the world."
"So do I," said her young husband.

The Queen's Needle.

Queen Victoria is in possession of a curious needle. It was made at the elebrated needle manufactory at Redditch, and represented the Trajan col-umn in miniature. Scenes from the Queen's life are depicted on the needle. so finely cut that they are only dis-cernible through a microscope.