CHAPTER X. Continued.

"I have told you that I walked in my garden with a feeling almost of rapturous thankfulness on the morning of The child's birth. At nightfall of that day I paced along the same path, under the same blossoming trees, with the despair of death upon my heart. Margaret was sinking fast. All through that night I wrestled fiercely against the well-nigh accomplished will of God; I called Him as only those bereft of reason call; I sought to turn away the inevitable by my weak prayers, my resolutions, my passionate promises for the future; and I prayed in vain, Jane! Soon after daybreak she died. She never asked to see the child, nor took any notice when they tried to rouse her by speaking of it. But a little while before death, I thought I saw more light gathering in her eyes, and I asked her to speak to me once more. I suppose some vague shadow of my meaning reached the poor soul, just fluttering out of its pain, for she spoke. Yes, Jane, yes-she spoke-

"Not of me-not of my child-not of anything belonging to the life in which I had ever known her. The name she called upon was not mine; the place and time of which she murmured were n place and time of which I knew nothing. Faint whispers of love, faint parting promises-none of them for mewere the last sounds I heard from the lips of the woman I had made an

"Well, I have wished since that my daughter had lived. The probabilities are that she would have loved me. She would at least have been something for me to have called mine-my very own-without fear; and sometimes now I picture myself with a bright-baired little daughter sitting beside my fire in these gray November nights. But at the time of my first stunned misery the loss of that feeble little life could bring no additional pang. A fortnight after Margaret's death her grave was opened to receive her babe, and I stood beside it, and heard the service read again, with a feeling almost of relief that now, indeed, all was over! I had no more to hope for, no more to fear, no more to lose-all was over!"

"And the words, Mr. Follett?" cried Jane, who had forgotten herself and her own sufferings more than she had done for weeks, as she marked the keen, passionate emotion of the vicar's usually impassive face; "the last words you ever heard her speak?"

"Were simply what I have already said, Jane, words of love and promise given to another man than me! I ought to have told you that my engagement to Margaret was a very short one. I met her first at a large village festival in a remote part of the country, and in less than two months she was my wife. Her father was the squire of the parish, a man of considerable means, and from the first it somewhat surprised me that he and his wife should look so favorably upon my suit, considering that I had nothing whatever to recommend me personally, and only a little village parsonage to offer to their daughter. I understood afterward why they were glad at her accepting the offer even of a poor man's love. Yes, Jane, I understood it all but too well at last.

"Margaret's mother was in the same room when her daughter died, and of course heard the words she uttered as clearly as I did myself. She offered me no explanation of them, nor did I ask for any, until after the child was gone; then, just as she was preparing to leave my house, I asked her-I was quite calm and unmoved, I recollect-to tell me what they meant.

'A very few explanations sufficed to show me the extent to which I had been deceived. Margaret had engaged herself, when she was almost a child. to a man of whom her parents disapproved, but, after vainly trying every means to shake her in her misplaced attachment, they at length gave her a tardy consent to the marriage, part of the contract being that Margaret should not marry till she was nineteen, and that her lover in the meantime should go to the West Indies, and set about the improvement of some property he had inherited there from his father.

"The story neither concerns you nor me. Jane-I need not go into its details. A few weeks after Margaret's lover left England news came to her father that the vessel in which he sailed had foundered.

"And Margaret's heart broke!" cried Jane; "she ought not to have married

you, Mr. Follett!"

"Jane, I don't much believe in breaking hearts. It is a favorite figure of speech, but I don't think we have much evidence to go upon in the subject. This I think, that if they had let her take her grief naturally, and from the hand of God, she would have got through as other people get through such strokes, both to body and mindas I, in time, got over my loss in her. But they were afraid, her mother and father and friends, to tell her the truth at first, and in their wisdom they invented a falsehood. Her lover, they told her, was faithless-had married another woman even on his passage

"She took down his picture from the next night at the nearest county town. hopes, save in as far as they afforded and black, only the backs, and not the "I suppose, once carried away by him-the machine, the priest-a clew bellies, being used.

their own falsehood, they had none of them the courage to go back to the truth. At all events, they let her go to the ball-dressed, her mother informed me, like a bride in white, and with bright flowers upon her hair and in her breast. My poor little Margaret! she never wore a white dress and flowers again, save once-and that was on a day well-nigh as fatal in its results, the day she became my wife."

The vicar stopped. "And at this ball she was told the truth!" cried Jane. "Oh, Mr. Follett,

who had the heart to tell it her at such a time?"

"Well, Jane, I don't understand much about these things, but I fancy your sex-far too tender-hearted though they are in general-bave some merciful and special faculty granted them for not feeling too deeply the distresses and disappointments of each other. At all events it is, I hear, from women's hands, not men's, that the most Spartan stabs to women invariably come. Nearly all the people at that ball knew that Margaret was ignorant of her lover's death, and men danced with her, her mother told me, and looked grave, and constrained, and as though they wished the dance was over, while she rattled on, full of high spirits and excitement, and with a brilliant flush upon her face. But just before supper two girls-young girls of her own age, and friends of hers-were speaking, perhaps unintentionally, of Margaret, as she passed with one of her partners, and saying how well dearest Maggie bore her bereavement, and what a wonderful blessing it was to have such iron nerves, and wouldn't people have thought she might, at least, have appeared at this ball in mourning?

"She walked straight to her father, with a face cold and white as the face of any corpse, and bade him take her home at once. She never upbraided him or her mother; but from the hour she knew the truth, she seemed callous to everything in life, and utterly cold to their grief and to their remorse. Her lover had been dead about a twelve-month when I first met her, and some likeness that she saw, or thought she saw, to him in me awakened the first sign of life and spirits that she had yet shown.

"I pass over needless details, Janethe poor deceit toward me, the despairing hope of her parents that in marriage she might forget the past, the passive indifference that I mistook for angelic, girlish diffidence. I have told you the facts; she married me; she never loved me-you can imagine all the rest. She married me and died; and with her buried, not love alone, but my youth and my belief in happiness-all that a young man's hear sums up in the word 'life.' From the hour that I knew that Margaret had never loved me, I was old. I have. never felt any spring or vivid hope or black despair since then. With me, these things died a sudden death. In natural lives, you know, they molder with the slow decay of on-coming years. Who shall say which is best, Jane-to know intense happiness, and intense misery, early, and then have done with both; or to have them spread out, at intervals, over twenty, thirty, forty years of ordinary life? I am inclined to think I am as content as most men. I would not exchange my lot-with that of any man blessed with wife and children in this county. No great affliction can come upon me. The sun can rise upon no day that will find me robbed of all I care to live for by night. What happiness I have is selfcontained. I think it is best so."

"And I think such a state unnatural and dreadful!" cried Jane, with sudden energy. "I think it is death in life; and I say better real death, a thousand times, than live in the selfish, stagnant, lonely content that you say is so satisfactory. Mr. Follett, you deceive yourself in thinking you would not exchange it for the common cares and chances of affliction that fall to the lot of lives whose happiness and whose misery depends upon others."

The blood shone through her frail cheek; her eyes glowed; a strange tremor, not at all aesthetic, made itself felt at the heart of the Vicar of Chesterford. It came before him strongly what a fool Gifford Mohun had been; what a jewel beyond all price this was that he had thrown away.

"Jane, is it better, do you think, for men and women to be content with the inevitable"-and, whatever the tremor at his heart, the vicar's voice was usually cool and steady-"better be content with human life as it must and ever will be, or to bewail the glories of our lost Eden-the Eden at whose gate there stands a fearful angel, the spirit of our own dead youth, waving us back for evermore."

"Mr. Follett, I think, though my actual life is to be loveless, I am glad to have the time to look back upon when -when Gifford cared for me, and that I would rather keep that recollection of him and be miserable-God help me! -as I am, than forget him and grow happy in such a state as you describe.' For a man of eight and thirty, who had fully done with youth, Mr. Fol-

lett was smitten with a strange pang at Jane's words. He remembered suddenly and with a great clearness that out, and she need never think of him he had come as a priest to console one of the little ones of his flock; that with this girl's lovely waxen cheek and wall, and all the presents he had delicate clasped hands he had just as given her, and his letters, and burnt much to do as with the angel carved tion, one by one; and when she had in stone that hovered above the altar done she laughed, and told them never in Chesterford Church. He had come to mention his name before her from to console her, and, with this exclusive that hour; and she went about the aim, was laying bare the secrets of house as usual, and was quite gay and that distemper of the heart called excited, and insisted she would go, 'to love, through which, in his long sealed show people she was not broken-heart- youth, he too had passed. What mated,' to a public ball that was to be held tered it to talk of himself or his last

to the source, and so, perhaps, to something like a cure, of his poor listener's

"I thought as you did once, Jane. as all mourners have ever thought, that to brood inactive over a grave was less bitter work than to let the grass grow there naturally, and to come back to the commonplace duties of a bereft life. Don't think I mean to reach to you, child!" for Jane turned her face away impatiently at the first whisper reminding her of Miss Lynch and of admonition; "I don't think it is in your power to feel differently to how you feel. I only tell you that I once thought the same, felt the same utter repubnance to the very thought of consolation or forgetfulness, as you do now, and rallied from it, Jane; that is the real reason that I have been talking to you so long. I recovered from the mortal stroke that laid low every hope and interest I possessed on earth. Will you let me tell you how?"

"If you please, sir. But remember all constitutions are not equally strong. You strike me as being made of iron; and I-I am very weak!" and she held up before him two little, warm hands, frail and transparent as porcelain. What would be a blow to you would be just death to me. I have no rallying power, bodily or mental. Miss Lynch says so; Mr. Huntley said sowhen he saw his tonics weren't going to do me any good."

"Huntley is a fool!" exclaimed Mr. Follett, warmly. "I beg your pardon, Jane; I mean Huntley talks about things of which he is most profoundly ignorant. No rallying powers! What does he know about rallying powers, the struggle of life against death-the greatest of all the mysteries that lie hid in us-when he doesn't rightly understand what spirit it is that moves one muscle in this poor little hand of vours?"

He took her hand, and Jane long afterward remembered that his own trembled; then he dropped it suddenly, and began-as one may return to the reading of a book-at the exact point in his own narration at which he had left off. I think he found that drawing any but an indirect parallel between his case and Miss Grand's led him into rather different roads to those he had laid down for himself when he quitted his vicarage gate an hour before!

"My wife's mother left my house, Jane, and I kept up no further acquaintance with her or any person connected with Margaret's family. One or two female relations of my own kindly proposed, when they heard of my bereavement, to come and keep my house for me, but I refused all their offers. I should have shuddered to see another face save hers at my table; utter silence was better than to hear the sound of any other voice than hers in my study. Besides, what community of interest could any alien life have with mine? I had had one interest, one happiness, one intense, passionate delight in living, and it was gone. All I asked for or desired was to be left alone, to hear, to see, to read nothing reminding me of a world beyond this narrow one that hemmed in my own existence and its misery.

"I am telling yea of what happened fifteen years ago-a year before I came to Chesterford, and first saw your little face, child-yet every individual and distinct torture, out of the crowd of tortures that made up my life then, is as vivid to me as though I had gone through them not a year ago.

For a great ma first blow fell on me I remained as one stupefied. The long summer days, the short, bright midsummer nights dragged over me-one dreary nightmare of dull pain-and I gave no cry to heaven for help.

"Margaret had never loved me-Margaret's lips had never given me one kiss of true love; and she was dead, and my child was dead, and I was alone. I realized each fact thoroughly, and repeated them again, and again, and again, as the brain involuntarily multiplies one sickening image in bodily fever, but I felt nothing in the last degree approaching to sorrow for myself or for what I had lost.

"This was the first natural stage, the first stunned condition to which mind and body are alike subject, you know, after any very violent blow. It passed away in an hour, in a moment, as a servant asked me for some direction about a common domestic matter in no way bearing on my affliction-it passed away, and I awoke to know real and passionate and despairing grief.

### (To be Continued.) A Russian Deathbed.

A scathing arraignment of the real rulers of Russia-the priests of the Orthodox Church—is a leading article in the World's Work. Mr. Percival Gibbon, in his account of "The Church's Blight on Russia," tells the following incident to show the fatal grip of a besotted clergy on the ignorant Russian

There is a dreadful tale which I have told before in another place. It was given me as authetic, to illustrate the condition of the priesthood of the Orthodox Church. Let it be a picture. A hut, in which a man lies dying, sodden with fear lest he may pas; ere the last sacrament be administered to him. The shaggy, long-robed pope has come, and the gear is laid ready; but ere he will get to his work and unburden the poor soul he will have an enhanced price for it. The wife of the dying man comes from the side of the squalid bed and pleads with him. He leers and is obdurate. Then a son will compel him, and they fight about the room, while the shaking patient stores from his pillow. The priest seizes the bread and tries to break it. for broken bread may not be blessed, while the son of the dying man grasps his arm to save it, and in the wrestle the little loaf crumbles at last, and the sick man closes his eyes with a sigh of despair, awaiting damnation.

# Love and Cookery.

Among the middle classes bad cooking is quite as universal as in the working classes. If only English women would not turn up their pretty noses at cookery and the art of housekeeping, they would find themselves amply rewarded in the affection of their families and the domestic proclivities of their husbands, says the London Graphic.

The styles which will prevail in furs the coming season are the various grades of muskrat, natural, blended



better liked or more fashlonable than the ever favored blue and green mixthe blouse Eton and none that suits a greater number of occasions. It is



smart, jaunty and very generally becoming, it involves fewer difficulties for the amateur than do the tightly fitted coats, and it can be worn at all hours of the day. Here is one that is eminently simple at the same time that it is eminently chic and smart and which appropriately can be made of the light weight velvets, velveteens and broadcloths, and, indeed, all suitings that allow of being tucked with success. As illustrated, cloth in one of the new shades of sage is trimmed

New York City.-There is no coat smart example is an invisible plaid of ture, is tight fitting and has sleeves a trifle more roomy than the coat sleeve. In reality this coat is an Eton jacket to begin with, the skirts being stitched on like the front and sides of a man's Prince Albert. The welvet collar and cuffs are finished with folds of blue, green and russet cloth.

POWHATAN

A Good Old ludian Name Ti

The name of that old India who ruled over most of east

ginia in the earliest Colonial

not called as much now as

formerly. It survives in good

hawtan County and in the Po

pipe, and in six different postor

sas they have Powhattan, wh

suppose is a mis-spelling, fo

a mispronunciation of Powhata

many people of this generation

forgotten, if they ever knew

was about a half mile below

mond, while his winter quarter

in Gloucester, and that he was

nately a good friend and a great

of Capt. John Smith, and that I

the father of Pocahontas, from

descended many Virginians of d

But so it was, and all that s

thing makes us close connection

his. However, he was of a rovi

position and moved his town of

tepees-from place to place, and

hack driver's history" only th

died at his sometime home nea

We do not fail to remember

Powhatan was the name of the

River before the colonists int

their ships and skiffs upon it-bu

Once, it was quite common for

Powhatan" and girls "Pocahor

but not so now. We can well u

stand how the latter name ceas

be agreeable to ladies since the

diminutive of it was "Pokie," but

the royal name of Powhatan sh

have fallen into disuse is not so

vious. However, a period came

provision had to be made for the

petuation of the fame of George W

ington, Thomas Jefferson, Lafay

John Marshall, Patrick Henry

drew Jackson and Winfield Scott,

to have their day, and yet later

Beauregard, Ashby and other Con

erate names attained popularity.

fashions change in names as they

in clothes, and just now, there

tendency to turn back to old far

registers and reproduce the names

the long ago and it may be that

shall have soon a new crop of "P

hatans." We are not so hopeful ab

When she and John Rolfe had "ma

tion of the sound of "Manhattan." Let

second accent 'on "tan."-Richmond

Modern Romeo and Juliet.

Juliet was the ideal age, about four-

she had just come out of Sunday-

Side by side the two girls walked

where Juliet could see a young man

who was standing half way down the

she cast a demure glance in his direc-

tion-but quite as though she were

looking miles beyond him-and then in

Just as she reached the corner-it ier

was beautifully timed-Romeo crossed ree

fer to the maid as "a little girl,"

der. He was undemably good look-

bowed to the two girls and took off his

hat, with a sweep as he met them."

But he went on his way, leaving Juliet

though she was almost up to his shoul-ta,

ing, and he was also courteous, for he E

we can see.

Then

other "patriot fathers."

ginia boy bables to be chris

city, known as Powhatan.

is another story.

tion.

King Powhatan's summer

different States of the Union.

#### Severe Tailor-Mades.

The plainest, most severe tailor cuts are smart this year, while half-fitted and tight-back coats are both worn Not the box coat-this is ever an ugly fashion and, saying for children, never becoming. Coat sleeves are all large, leg o'mutton, but fuller than in the spring. Turned-back cuffs, embroidered or of silk or velvet to match the collar, make an attractive finish to model otherwise a trifle too plain.

#### A Dressing Jacket.

A charming negligee, or dressing jacket, as it is generally known, is made of cashmere with a band of satis ribbon near the edge. The cut is cir cular and the upper revers-like part forms deep points at the sides and in the back, while in the lower part are places for the arms to go through.

#### Blouse Walst With Vest.

Vest effects are greatly in vogue this season and are to be noted upon many; of the newest and most attractive blouses. Illustrated is one which is much to be desired, both for the entire gown and for that separate blouse without which no wardrobe is complete and which allows of variations galore. As illustrated it is made of plaid silk with the tucked front, vest and cuffs of plain but harmonizing color finished with a plain but simple



lucked Blouse Walet, 32 to 40 Bust.

with velvet and handsome buttons, but banding. Any contrasting materials individuality, for the collar and cuffs material, of the material braided or trimmed with banding or of moire or, indeed, of any contrasting material

that may be preferred. and centre front, all of which are and itself consists of the fronts, centre tucked. The neck is finished with the collar and the closing is made at the centre front, the tucked centre portion being hooked over invisibly into tucked to give a box pleated effect at place. The sleeves are quite new ones | the edges and to provide fullness from that are full above the elbows, laid the shoulders. The closing is made in tucks below, a trimming band being invisibly beneath the edge of the left applied over the upper edges of the side. The sleeves are the favorite ones tucks, while they are finished with of the season that are full above the becoming flare cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and a for the medium size is three and a half quarter yards twenty-one, three and a yards twenty-one, three and threehalf yards twenty-seven or two yards eighth yards twenty-seven or two forty-four inches wide, with one yard yards yards forty-four inches wide, for collar, cuffs and belt.

# Ribbons and Trimmings.

Ribeons of taffeta and satin weaves, of very limp textures and in plain colors, are those which have part principally in the making and in the triaming of the models in headwear placed on recent exposition. But Fruch faille and moire ribbons were noticeable on some of the latest of the imported hats; and, as in the piece silks, shot colorings in the ribbons, beside piain colorings, were to be taken account of - Millinery Trade Review.

# Freakishness in Hats.

Freakishness, without doubt, will continue to obtain as a feature in certain of the brims of the new season's hats. Yet there are some evidences of an inclination to modify the effect of the capricious by varying them with brims of simple design, some of which are very little unspringing in adjustment or irregular in outlines; and the flat brim of the sailor being reckoned among the approved .-Millinery Trade Review.

An Invisible Plaid. Like all the rest of these suits this

here again there is opportunity for could, however, be used with success and again the waist of plain color can can be made of broadcloth on rough be combined with plaid or with stripes or with the same material trimmed, or again the little vest might be of velvet with the tucked front of plain silk.

The waist is made over a fitted lin-The coat is made with fronts, back ing, which closed at the centre front, front yest portions and back. The back is plain, drawn down in gathers at the waist line, but the front is moderately deep cuffs.

The quantity of material required



with three-quarter yard any width for centre front, vest and cuffs and three and a half yards of banding.

standing on the corner with an ecstatic glow in her eyes and one hand pressed to her coat over her heart .-New York Press.

> No Charge For Insects. Anent the curious habit of that famous naturalist, Francis T. Buckland, who was usually accompanied on his travels by his pet monkey, the following story is told: At a certain railway station the

naturalist applied for a ticket for the animal. The man at the booking office went carefully over his schedule of charges for animals. "Cows is cows," quoth he, "and so

is donkers. Cats is dogs, and fowls is likewise. Sir, that'll have to go as a dawg." pointing to the monkey. "Well, what will this go as?" laughed the naturalist, pulling a live tortoise from his pocket.

As to this the schedule did not afford any i-formation, and the clerk

turned in scorn from its perusal. "We don't charge nothink for them," he said; "they ain't nothink. They're an inseck!"-Chicago Journal.

### The Mission of the Drama. The temples of the drama are scat-

tered everywhere, in the small towns as well as in the great cities doors are open not Sundays every day of the week. Its tions gather gladly, and not sense of duty, or at the prid conscience. They are in a mood. The thing seen an comes directly to all classes, sexes, to every age. A great quantity of what they see taken into their inner conand, unknown to themsely flected faintly or strongly own lives and their own pe yet we, who think oursely people, let this potent int good or bad find its guidand ever hands it may chance to Metcaif, in the Atlantic.