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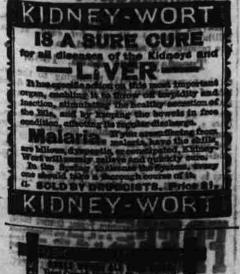
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Doeten

"GOOD BYE."

This common phrase-word idle lisped By school-zirls as they part, For aged matrons has a sound

That echoes to the heart. To England's white cliffed shore, Dame fashion first her finger tips

And murmura "Au reviir." Ah, ceaseless, cruel, social slang, Why cast a blighting spell? lo lexicon will e'er admit

Your idiom for "Farewell." We hear it in the grand saloons, From maiden and mamma, A silly modern synonym-"Ta-ta! my dear, Ta-ta!"

LAURA'S MISTARE.

Laura has just been making out a bill Miss Hayden, to Laura Stetson, Dr., satin everskirt, ruffling skirt, belt \$53." "That's all," said the tired girl letting her pencil drop, and breathing a

"I hope she will pay you to-night," nurmured Mrs. Stetson.

"She is well aware of our needs," was the sad reply. "At the same time she carries her old habits of saving into her new life, for she knows that I will not charge one half the price that a regular dress-maker would. She would have to pay Mme, Soliffe \$100 at least."

"Well, it's a shame," replied her mother, "that you can't get the regular price when you do your work as well, Time was when our father could have bought and sold Walter Hayden, and now you must work your fingers off for his daughter, who has neither your education, nor-"

"Oh don't mamma !" pleaded Laura with a little laugh that was partly hysterical. You only make it worse for me, you see, calling up old times. Just say it will all come right in the fall as papa used to," and with a smile, on her

ips she turned her troubled eyes away. For poor, proud Laura, earning a scanty living for her mother and herself, had a memory of the Haydens hidden in her heart.

When Bart Hayden had gone away, only a year before, she had thought of him for months after, nay, even till now with quickened pulse and heightened color. The Haydens were not wealthy tien, but within a short time they had come into a fortune, and it was rumored that young Bart was also growing rich through lucky speculations.

It was just nine months since the death of Laura's father. He had dropped down suddenly while apparently in the full enjoyment of good health, and and after the funeral it was found that his affairs were in a tangled condition, in fact only a small house was left the widow, through the consideration of the creditors, and that far from comfortably furnished.

Laura the child of wealth and fashion, her father's idol, a delicate, thorough-bred elegant girl, who had heretofore sunned herself in the warm rays of prosperity, and hardly knew whether she had a heart or not, proved herself a herome. Whatever she could find to do she worked at with all her heart. Plain sewing, embroidery, dress-making, for which she had a talent, and concerning which she often laughingly said had she not been rich she might have been famous; everything was undertaken willingly. She accepted the situation, though not without some struggles with price and many secret tears.

Mrs. Stetson thought of the time when a carriage was at the call of her beauti-

"Dear, can't I take it?" she asked, gazing at her anxiously. "You look

Administrator s Notice "I am ill-that is my head aches, but the walk will do me good," Laura responded trying to look bright. "Do you think I would let you carry home my work? No, indeed!" and she bent

over and kissed her mother's forehead. Out in the open air she felt, better, the nervous exhaustion from which she had sufferd gradually left her, and she became interested in the sights and sounds about her. Some of her former acquainces passed her, a few with a nod of recognition, but most without noticing her at all-little things these were, to tell you. Well then good n'ght." but she held her bundle firmly, lifted Laura had not worn her veil. The her head a trifle higher, and passed tears were running down her cheeks as

nurse, who vainly pulled the obstinate child until her face was purple.

"Why Lucy! Why Benny!" exclaimed Laura, for the girl was nurse-maid at the Hayden's, and Benny the youngest hope of the house, "what's all this?"

"Deed, Miss, he's awful," said the girl nearly crying. "When he makes up his mind, it's a tiger he is. Just see him now."

Laura spoke a few words to the boy for a moment.

"We're all at sixes and sevens," saidous. Mr. Bart has just returned from Californy, without no warning at all and brought a young lady with him. I do suppose it's his wife, from what I and made such a time. Now ther's that policeman, so you'd better come."

Laura heard, and for a moment street and houses whirled around so that she had much to do to keep herself from fainting. The words rang in her ears, "I do suppose it's his wife." The strange and sudden revulsion of feeling passed, however leaving her deadly pale. Certainly Bart had a perfect right to get married, perfect right to forget her-of course he had. Men had done such things, ever since the flood, and would probably to the end of time.

The blood burnt her face now, but as she came in the sight of the dwelling it receded leaving ber pale, and almost faint.

She stormed at herself for being so supremely foolish; but the tears were very near her tired eyes for all that.

Huge trunks blocked up the hall. A loud, cheery voice sounded, that struck woefully against her heart, and the first person she saw stalwart, handsome Bart Hayden just coming forward as he issued his orders to the men who were aking the boxes up stairs.

"Taura-my dear Miss Stetson!" exclained the young man, burrying to-

But Laura's face was like steel. She made a cold little bow.

"Welcome home, Mr. Hayden," she said, in a set cold voice. "I came to bring some-" she could not say eth word-'something for your sister. I generally go to her room. Is she there." He fell back a little. Strange how the

ight went out of his face. "I-I rather think she may be en gaged," he said in a blundering confused way, there might have been a little anger in the voice, "but yes, perhaps

"He didn't like to speak of his wife, and no wonder," half sobbed Laura to her humility. "Please forget it."

you had better go up," and he turned

"What in the deuce makes her act so coldly?" muttered young Hayden; then in a tender voice, "but she might have seemed just a bit glad to see me, I think," and then kicked a box out of his path and went moodily to the door.

Anne Hayden was alone. "So glad you brought it," she cried; and oh! doesn't it look beautiful?" and he shook out the creamy satin with exclamations of delight.

"Sit down, won't you? I've so much to tell you. Bart has come home."

"Yes, I know it; but I cant wait-not a moment. It must be getting dusk, and—and." She grew desperate with the fear that Anne should see the tears, and stopping snatched up, the bill, and placed it in the hand of her patroness.

"Oh, so sorry, I suppose you won't mind waiting for the pay until next

"We are out of coal and wood," said Laura, her cheeks crimson, "and in fact we need the money."

"Dearme! Dear me! I was so thought-less as to spend every cent I had. But stop—I'll go down and nak Bart."

Laura felt as if she could sink through

"Stop !" she said detaining Anne by a hold on her arm, her face quite white and proud again. "I can wait, never

"I'll run around, perhaps. Must you go? You don't know how much I have

bravely on. Turning a corner she came she hastily descended the steps of the

full upon an unexpected tableau. A house, and Bart Hayden who happened smartly dressed boy with a feather in to be there saw them. Oh! the humilihis cap, kicked and struggled with his ation of that proud spirit! She threw a half defiant glance at the pitying face; then with a gesture that repelled him, she almost flew down the street, nor hardly drew a breath until she was at home.

> How dreary and meagre it all looked! The few cheap dishes, the scanty tablecloth, the half covered floor, the wornout chintz on the chairs and lounge.

"I'm dreadfully tired mama: let me lie, down," she cried in a suppressed voice in a low tone, and he ceased struggling and threw herself down on the creaking old lounge.

"What is the matter my darling? I the nurse, "and the missus is orful nerv- | see-she didn't pay you of course, and not a stick of wood in the house. Oh! the heartlessness, the wickedness of those who are rich."

A loud rap. Laura hid her face. Her heard-and it quite upset the missus, mother answered the call and in strode Bart Hayden, almost defiantly.

At least you will welcome me, Mrs Stetson, he said, the old, fine ring in his

Laura sat up, calm and cold again. "Anne sent this by me," he said, and laid a sealed envelope on the table.

"When did you get home?" Mrs Stetson asked as soon as she recovered from her surprise.

"Only a few hours ngo," was Bart's reply. "I brought cousin Jack's wife with me, she was ordered home for her health, and Jack | couldn't leave, so 1 took Mattie in charge. Poor girl, I am afraid home is not going to help her much, or indeed anything else."

Laura made an almost imperceptible movement. She was far from cold now her very temples burned.

"Well, good night," he said, stealing a glance at Laura as he rose after answering Mrs. Stetson's inquiries, "I've done my errand, and Mrs. Stetson, you at least, will let me come sometimes and and talk with you, won't you, for the sake of old times ?"

To be sure," was the quick answer "If you will come to so humble a place. You see how the wheel has gone round with us. Poor Mr. Stetson-"

"Yes, I heard," he said pityingly, "long ago. Anne wrote me. But I am not one of the fickle kind Mrs. Stet-

This with a reproachful glance at Laura.

"Good night!" he said the next minute and bowed to both women.

He had reached the door, when a faint voice called : "Bart !"

He came back with a half suppressed eagerness in his manner, and glance wary but anxious. "I was just a little rude to night," she

said, looking dangerously beautiful in "Indeed I will," and he seized her

hands, his eyes radiant ""I understand you were always such a sensitive little creature! So you forgive, ch?" he blundered. "It was you who were to forgive me,

I believe," said Laura demurely, her lips quivering, ready to cry and to laugh

"Mrs. Stetson, will you allow me to whisper?" asked straightforward Bart. "Certainly," saie the old lady her heart beating quicker. What was going to happen? Had poverty done its worst for them? Was there indeed bright hope for the future?

Bart put his full shining beard close to Laura's ear, and the second time said the mystic words that had so long lingered in her memory.

Laura did not repulse him. He felt then that her heart belonged to him, that it had never gone to any othe,r

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