By MARIE CORRELL.

Copyright 1896 by the Author. CHAPTER I .- Continued.

Days of coherons weather they were - three and lalmy as spring, though it was full summer-happy days they might have proved to Rose Allingham if they had not also been days of ever despening perplexity. She was a very loving little creature—quick to respond to kindness-and she troubled herself desperately in secret as to why she could not, though she tried, be altogether laving to her husband. Something held her back from him-there was some impalpable barrier between his nature and hers that kept them singularly apart, though to all appearances united. The veriest trifles helped to emphasize this curious state of things. One evening, strolling together in the pine woods, she began to think of all the dainty love poems she used to read and be so fond of, and bringing to mind their dulcet teachings she suddenly took her hushand's hand and gently slipped it round her waist, leaning her fair little head confidently back against the shelter of the arm thus encircling her. Then, looking up, with shy, sweet eyes and a ravishing blush, she said softly:

"There, isn't that nice?" He regarded her with a gentlemanly amazement.

"Certainly not! It is not 'nice!" It is anything but nice! I am surprised at you, Rose! I really am. Suppose any one were to meet us walking along in this ridiculous position! Why, they would take us for Cook's tourists-a Cockney 'Arry and 'Arriet out for a stroll! Nothing could be more vuigar and degrading!

He withdrew his arm in haste and walked beside her stiffly erect, scenting the piny aire in virtuous indignation. His young wife said not a word, but walked on also, with crimsoning cheeks and downcast eyes, her little feet moving somewhat wearily. Presently he glared down upon her, with an air of relenting condescension. "Surely you know that demonstra-

tions of affection in public are very bad expression, he answered out manfully: form?" he inquired. She looked up, her soft eyes flashing for once with something very like scorn. "Where is the public?" she asked.

"We are quite alone-alone with the forest and the sunset and with God! But I am sorry if my action offended

"Dear me, I am not offended. Why should I be?" he retorted pettishly. "You meant it well, no doubt. But wherever we are, alone or before witnesses, we must avoid even the appearquote poetry to me. I hate it. 'Alone with the forest and the sunset and with God.' What rubbish that is!" "Is it?" and she gave a little sigh.

"It is not poetry at any rate. It is only "Only you," he repeated. "What do

you mean?" "I mean that I said it. They are my own words, just as they came into my head. Very silly, of course."

He eyed her with dignified wonder. ndeed. Nothing could be sillier. They remind me of the style which the newspaper critics condemn as forcibly He smiled and stroked his black mus-

tache. All at once she locked up at him at it long and earnestly, and Fane with an expression of pathetic pleading in her young face. "Harold," she said in a low, uncer-

tain voice, "are you sure-I mean-do you really love me?" At this he felt seriously vexed. She

was going to be hysterical, or something, he was sure. Women were all alike. "My dear Rose," he replied, with laborious politeness, "I think if you will take into consideration the fact that I have married you, you will scarcely need to ask such a very foolish question. If I had not loved you, should not have made you my wire. That you are my wife ought to be sufficlent for you-the deepest feelings, as you know, have the fewest words. I not?" hope," here his voice became distinctly aggrieved in tone, "I hope you are not going to cry. Nothing is more childish, but perhaps you are overtired and had better go indoors. Pray, remember that we are living more or less under public

place to make a scene in. She raised her eyes to his. They were dry and bright and cold. "Do not be afraid," she said, "I am

not crying, and I shall make no scene.' And, turning from him, she entered it"the hotel in silence. He did not follow her, but remained sauntering up and wishing he could make a picture of her

inspection, and that a hotel is not the

was out in the woods with his easel and of her abundant hair. sketching block, bent on finishing a rather powerful study of a tall pine tree split through by lightning. He had been a very clever man and very scientific. hard at work for more than an hour be- He reads all the heavy magazines and fore he became aware that there was a small white bundle lying, apparently studying verse when one can have so thrown, on the moss at some little distance off. He could not make it out very distinctly, for the shadows of the pines were so long and wide, and presently, moved by curiosity, he got up and went sunlight in which they stood, and Mr. to see what it was. As he approached, it resolved itself into a figure—a slight | ance. little figure clad in white, with a blue ribbon round its waist-and stopping abruptly in his advance, he caught the smothered sound of low sobbing.

"By Jove!" he muttered. "Mrs. Allingham! Indescribably pained and uncomfortable at this discovery, he was about to with a standoffish yet would be patronstep noiselessly back to his easel with-

out uttering a word, when the girl suddealy raised her head, and, perceiving him, started up, nervously trying to the young man modestly. "Mrs. Allingcontrol herself.

I-I beg your pardon," he stammered. "I-I came out here to make a

Not of me, I hope," she said, with a little tremulous smile. Then, without the least pretense or affectation, she dried her eyes with a tiny lace handkerchief and began to laugh, though a tri-

"I came out here, not to sketch, but to cry," she confessed naively. "You know it's very nice to have a little weep all to oneself sometimes." 'Is it?" and he reddened foolishly.

"I should have thought"- But he could not devise any fitting end to the sentence, and she looked at him with a touch of wistfulness in her dewy eyes. "May I see your sketch?" she said, picking up a large pine cone from the

iivisions with intense interest. "I have often noticed you wandering about with your easel and paintbox. You are Mr. Francis Fane, are you not, and you are

staying at the same hotel as we are?" To all this he assented, walking beside her dreamily and always thinking what a child she looked. As they drew near the spot where he had left his easel he woke up to consciousness of prosy etiquette and endeavored to realize that his companion was net a woodland sylph as she seeemed, but a "married

lady" of position. "I'm afraid my poor sketch is hardly worth your looking at, Mrs. Allingham," he began formally. She interrupted him by a little gesture.

"Oh, you know I am Mrs. Allingham?" she queried, smiling. "Of course I do," he answered, somewhat amused and surprised at her tone,

'Everybody at the Pension Gutsch knows you by sight." She mused a little, still intent on the mathematical partitions of the pine cone she held. Suddenly she locked up.

"And what do they say of me?" asked. Fane was quite taken aback by the directness of the question. Meeting her



Tm afraid my poor sketch is hardly eyes, however, and noting the inquir ing candor and weet innocence of their

They say you are very young and very pretty. You could hardly expect them to say or to think anything else, could you?"

She smiled and blushed. "Oh, I don't know," she said. "You see, I thought they might think mewell, funny! He stared

"Funny?"

"Yes. Because it does seem funny, doesn't it, for such a little thing as I am, to be a married woman? Some peoance of vulgarity. And pray do not ple must think it curious. Fancy, a married woman! Oh, I am quite old enough—I am 20—but I don't seem to be tall enough or big enough," and she spread out her pretty hands expressively and with a charming smile. 'I don't know quite where I got all my silly ideas from, but when I was at school I used to think a married woman meant somebody fat and important looking. who always were a cap at breakfast and a bow of velvet on the exact top of her head by way of full dress at dinner. "Silly!" he echoed. "I should think I did, really." And her eyes sparkled at sound of Fane's joyous laughter. "Of course I know better now, but then"- Here she broke off as she saw the easel just in front of her, with the

unfinished sketch upon it. She looked watched her, feeling somewhat curious to know what sort of criticism this baby faced creature would pass upon it She studied it from every point with close attention, and her eyes grew soft

and serious. "It is very human," she said at last. 'The poor split tree tells its own history. You can see it did not know any thing. It grew up quite happily, always looking at the sky and believing that no harm could befall it, till all at once the lightning struck it to the heart and killed it. And in this picture of yours it seems to ask, Was it my fault that I fell? Of course you mean it as an emblem of some noble, ruined life, do you

He heard her with a certain wonder and reverence-her voice was so very sweet and grave.

"I cannot say I ever thought of it in the way you see it," he answered, "but I am very glad and proud that you find so much poetry in my poor effort." "Poetry? Oh, no. I am not at all

poetical," she said quickly and almost shamefacedly. "I used to be rather fond of reading Keats and Byron, but I never do that now. My husband does not like

"Indeed!" murmured Fane vaguely. down on the turf outside, smoking a as she stood before him in her little white gown, with a picturesque, broad The next morning Mr. Francis Fane | brimmed hat resting on the sunny curls

"No," she went on confidingly, "h thinks it such nonsense. You see, he is thinks it is very silly to waste time, on much prose."

"Yes, there certainly is a good dea of prose about," said Fane. At that moment a shadow crossed the

Allingham suddenly made his appear-"Why, Harold," exclaimed his wife,

springing toward him, "I thought you had gone into the town." "I have been into the town," he re plied frigidly, "but I returned a few minutes ago. Perhaps you are not aware it is nearly our lunch hour." Then,

izing air, addressing himself to Fane, 'You are an artist, sir?" "I do a little in that way," replied ham happened to pass by while I was at work, and she has been kind enough to look at my sketch."

"Ah, yes-er-yes. Very good in murmured Mr. Allingham, scarcely glancing at the picture as he spoke. "Rose, it is time we went in. You are staying at our hotel, are you not, Mr. -er-Mr. ''-

"Fane," said that gentleman mildly "Fane, oh, ah-yes. I think I have heard of you in London. You have exhibited, have you not?" "Frequently."

"Oh, yes, er—I remember. Charmed -charmed to meet you. Are you coming our way now?" "No," said Fane, rather brusquely,

"I must finish my work." And he raised his hat courteously as husband and wife in their turn salutground and studying its pretty, polished ed him and walked away together. He

looked after them for some minutes,

looked after them for some noting with an artist's eye the swaying youthful grace of the woman's dainty figure and the sair, uncompremising squareness of the man's.

"In matched in every way," he

and he is teo-conceited." [TO BE CONTINUED.] Blackie, the Enthusiast,

John Stuart Blackie's superabundance of energy is evidenced by the eagerness with which he entered into whatever interested those with whom he came in contact. In his biography we find an extract from a characteristic letter which he wrote while in Reme to a sister who had remonstrated with him fer Leing so much addicted to verse writing

"You see I am verse mad," he wrote 'But you know I am subject to variou kinds of madness, and of frequent recurrence. In Aberdon I get religion mad. Then I got Latin mad. New I an verse mad and drawing mad, and an fast getting antiquity mud.

"Out of this never ending fermentation may something good arise, that may not be eternally driven about by every wind of doctrine. But as it is have no more command ever may whimand fancies than a Leupecked hasbane has over his wife.'

The Ead Art of Dig Hotels, The large hotels of the larger cities are a tremendous power for call where they might be missionaries for all that is good n art. The nouveaux riches from the smaller cities and the well to do of the larger towns coming to the metral-olis pur up at the widest famed justilities as d'ac cept as the gostel of less tast :- art, they call it-whatever manifest tions of apocryphal judgment they see there. A massive pile of architectural ginger read is the exterior to an interior of equally meaningless frippery. Guidy cellings, beds and chairs grounting with cribe lish nents, dining ran sout metals distant offices of divers n. .rides and overmuch gilt, parlors of oppressive elegance, these are set up at once as the ideals of Legitty, the summit of good art. Ween the pilgrin goes back home, he erries persenter standards that will proven huge impell ment to the judgment of r. Ey. later gas eration.—From the "Fie I of Art" in Scribner's.

Sabbath Breaking.

In the article on 'Edmand d'Concourt' in the London spectator reference is made to a statement of his that the Protestants of Glasgow cover their birdeages with cloth on Sundays, because on tids day birds are notallowed to sing in Soul and Now," the article adds, 'Chrastonis' ing jest is made in all simplicity of he are for Goncourt was incapable of humor." remember hearing many years ago, whe in Edinburgh, from a person of worth who was incapable of inventing a joke that in a young ladies' school on the recent occurrence of a total cell se of the sun a stil more effectual obscuration of the sun wa ordered by the hidy at the head of the iouse by having the blinds drawn down se as to prevent any idle breaking of the 'Sal lath" by an exteur observation of the phenomeron. Probably his was a unique example of "blind" obedience to the fourth commandment of the Decalogue.

Overwhelming Arguments. Two well dressed boys had come out to the street to play horse. They had a gay little harness, hung with bells that tinkled softly. There was a dispute as to which one should drive. One of the loys was less strong than the other, but he won his point by diplomacy.

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