#### Literature.

#### All's Well That Ends Well.

"Then you won't come with me, May?" "Don't put it so disagreeably," Lady jot!" Haworth says, coaxingly. "It is not that I won't, you know, Fred, but merely that I do not feel inclined to go to Lady Lechmore's with you. I have a bad headache."

"So you had the last evening we were invited to Lechmore House!"

"Ah, but that was a real headache!" May answers, naively; "but--"

to-night is evidently ordered for the occasion!"

"Not quite," May says, forcing a smile. fall. "I really shall have a headache if you speak to me again in that tone."

But Sir Frederick does not seem much inclined for bardinage; there is a heavy frown on the handsome face, and a look of pain in his dark gray eyes, which make his young wife's voice falter when she addresses him, and the little hand she lays | breaks off, and the smile dies awayupon his arm is unsteady.

"Don't be vexed, my darling!" she whispers, softly. "It is not worth while. It will be a very stupid party, Fred, and I should be bored! Make any excuse for me you like, as you think you ought to go, and I will stay up for you, and we liation!" can have a chat when you come back-What! still cross, dear?" she adds, trying to speak gaily.

"I thing I have some reason, May!" he answers, gravely. "This is the second time that you have refused to accompany me to Lechmore House, and Lady Lechabsence."

said, earnestly, "but-"

need prevent you spending an hour at be no need. I shall be safe then." Lechmore House. You can go in that dress, cannot you?"

Lady Haworth glances down at her pretty dinner-dress with a smile.

"Not exactly," she says, carelessly. "But that need not matter, for I am not going, Fred."

"You have quite made up your mind?" he said, coldly, shaking off her hand with a little anger. "You will not come?"

make a martyr of myself to please Lady the pocket of her dress, she reads it at-Lechmore," Lady Haworth answers, pet- tentively.

"It is not to please Lady Lechmore," he says, quickly; "it is to please me? Come, little wife, be reasonable," he adds, taking her into his strong arms. "Go and dress, if you think it necessary, but indeed you look pretty enough for anything as you are."

"Don't insist Fred," she said, wistfully; "I do not like to refuse you, but indeed," resting her head wearily upon his shoulder, "I do not feel up to it tonight, Lechmore."

"Nonsense!" Sir Frederic's patience is evidently coming to an end, and his voice is sufficiently sharp to startle May considerably. "I insist upon your going! Your headache is but a pretext, and it is one which will not satisfy me! If you have any other motive for refusing to accompany me, say so frankly. I can excuse anything but a deception!"

Every shade of color faded from Lady Haworth's cheeks and lips. Never during the two years and a half of their wedded life had her husband spoken to her in that tone, and never has she seen that angry glitter in his eyes when they are turned upon her.

Startled and greatly moved, she turns almost mechanically to the door and makes a few steps toward it, but she is trembling so violently that she is obliged to stop midway and catch at the back of a chair for support.

But Sir Frederic cannot see the pallor of her face, for her back is turned toward him, and he misinterprets the movement. "Did you understand that I ordered

you to go?" he says, sternly. "Yes," she replies, very quietly.

"And you will go?"

"No." The little monosyllable is the only word she can force her lips to utter, and during the silence which follows it seems

the only sound she heard." "No!" he repeats, slowly. Then without softening his stern voice, he adds, "What am I to conclude from this, May? Do you consider yourself free from the vows you made at your marriage?"

as if the beating of "her own heart were

"Fred!" The name breaks from the pale, parted lips like a cry of pain, and she runs toward him, holding out her hands in earn-

est entreaty. "Fred, my dearest, don't be angry! Forgive me for disobeying you, but I cannot-I cannot go to-night;"

"This is childish!" Sir Frederick says, impatiently. "You must have some reason for such a persistent refusal. May," he continues, harshly, laying his hand upon her shoulder. "Are you deceiving me? You know that I can forgive anything but that. Have you any special reason for staying at home tonight?"

"There is a moment's pause, during which May Haworth's sweet eyes go swiftly in one earnest appeal to her husband's face, which is grave, and stern and harsh.

"No," she replies; then, before he has

time to speak, she goes on, half petulant- sweet! It seems base indeed to suspect and hearing the carriage, had darted is barred by his wife, who, white and nervous that I feel quite hysterical, and I should only break down altogether if you | tenderness. drag me into a hot room to smile and chatter to people for whom I don't care a

as he turns away from her, and without to hers, and he had felt that there could another glance at the fair, agitated face, be no happiness in his future life if she he leaves the room, and in two minutes | did not share it; and as he thinks thus after May hears the sounds of the carriage wheels driving rapidly away.

feels, she does not follow her first inclination and throw herself upon a sofa to find in the wrong to insist on her obedience in "The one from which you are suffering relief in a good fit of crying. Two great hot tears well up in the pretty eyes and giveness-dear, gentle heart!-easily. roll down the pale cheek, but no more

> May resolutely chokes back her emotion, and puts back her pocket-handkerchief with an air of decision

softly, "and it will not be difficult to win is, is a very uninteresting companion. I my pardon when he comes home. He she grieving at his harsh words and ab-

the pretty drawing-room, clasping and home at once, and they will make up unclasping her hands in her agitation, their difference and enjoy that reconciliawhile the color comes and goes in her tion which the poet calls "the feast of beautiful, earnest face.

"And I was so sorry, so very sorry to vex him," she goes on in a moment, the door, having exchanged a few words more may justly be annoyed at your speaking half aloud in her restless agita- of farewell with his host, and begging tion. "I was so grieved to see the pain him to excuse such an early departure to "But I really meant to go, Fred. I as well as anger on his face. My dar- her ladyship, someone at the piano beshould like to have gone with you," she ling! He is always so good to me, and so gins to sing. The voice is a beautiful one patient with me. But after this evening | -a tenor of surpassing sweetness, and "Surely your head is not so bad that it I will never vex him again. There will very highly cultivated, and its beauty

> Even as she speaks a little timepiece on a mantel near her chimes out ten silvery | tentively, and the words, familiar as they strokes, and Lady Haworth starts violently at the sound; then shivers and glances round the room as if she is afraid that there is some unknown presence watching her.

For a moment only, then her terror seems to pass away, for she laughs a little -not a very musical laugh, nor a very "I do not quite see that I am bound to merry one-and taking out a letter from

"Half-past ten o'clock," she says, meditatively. "In the grounds. It was just a little unreasonable of him; he might have let me send it by post: but, however it will only be for a few minutes, and then I shall be free. Ah! how bitterly I have repented my disobedience! How wrong it was of me-how very, very

er, but once more Lady Haworth con. ing in his ears, Sir Frederick leaves the quers her emotion; and crossing over to and you know that I never cared for Lady the mantlepiece, holds the letter to the flame of the candle until it is reduced to ashes, then she goes over to the French window, and opening it, looks out into der "Home," with some pleasure at the the quiet grounds.

blue starlight sky, and a soft, flower- ultation at the thought of the reconciliascented breeze moving among the plants | tion. in the flower-gardens and the trees in the shrubbery.

All is very still and quiet both in the grounds and in the house. The household were lingering over their supper, and there was no one to wonder why her ladyship was leaving the house alone at that time of night, looking, too, so pale and nervous as she passed out of the drawing room into the quiet starlit night.

sent a gay and animated appearance when Sir Frederick Haworth enters them, but he is far too preoccupied and unhappy to take much heed of their brilliancy; and the look of pain had deepened in his gray eyes when, having excused his wife to his hostess, who received the excuses with smiling concern and the slightest uplifting of her delicately-penciled eyebrows, he mingles with the guests who throng the gaily lighted salons.

It is the first serious disagreement he has had with his wife during their married life, and he feels it keenly, all the more because he cannot help suspecting that she must have had come reason for refusing to accompany him other than the headache which was her ostensible ex-

She is generally so unselfish, so selfdenying, so heedless of her own wishes, but so careful to meet his in every way, that it seems strange beyond all things to think that she would thwart him in this matter, which, though it was trifling in itself, had been magnified by the earnestness of his desire that she should go with

Strive as he may, he cannot forget that unlucky quarrel. He had lost his temper, certainly, but he had had good reas-

She had seemed well enough all through dinner-a little pale perhaps; but then she was often pale, and had never been of the dairy-maid order of beauty. And it was only when he had mentioned Lady Lechmore's soirce that she had complained of a headache. She had started a little, he remembered, and had seemed confused. Oh, surely there was some mys-

ly, half pleadingly, "How is it possible her even for a moment. She loves him away. for me to go now? You have made me so deeply and truly, and she has always proved her love for him by her care and

And then his thoughts go back to the past, to the first time he had seen her at her father's house, when his heart had "Another excuse," he says, haughtily, seemed to pass from his own keeping inthe bitterness of his anger against her which is thrown around him in a quaint dies away, and his heart softens toward foreign fashion. Heavy-hearted as her little ladyship her; and if she were anywhere near him then he would have told her that he was such a trifle, and he would win her for-

What is she doing now? he wonders, dreamily, listening to the music and keeping up a desultory conversation between the pieces and songs with a pretty little dark-eyed woman, who is think-"It is our first quarrel," she says, ling that Sir Frederick, handsome as he will forgive me anything-anything," she rupt departure? Is she fretting at the misunderstanding? How big and beau-"anything but deceit," she resumes again | tiful her eyes looked with the tears standin a moment. "And he must never | ing in them. It is a long, long time since know. Oh, if I only had had cour- he saw tears in her eyes, he thinks, and age to tell him at the time? If I had had a resolve follows the thought, a resolve courage what it would have saved me! that he will never again bring them there What anxiety-what terror-what humi- if he can help it-his pretty, gentle, loving wife! At any rate, he need keep her She began to pace rapidly up and down no longer in pain or distress—he will go love!"

Just as he is making his way toward tempts Sir Francis to wait for the song.

Standing near the door he listens atare, strike him, and bring a pain to his heart-a strange undefinable ache:

"In love, if love be love, if love be ours, Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

'It is the little rift within the lute That by-and-by will make the music

And ever widening, slowly silence all.

"The little rift within the lover's lute, Or little pitted speck in garner'd fruit, That rotting inward slowly moulders

"It is not worth the keeping-let it go; But shall it? Answer, darling, answer

And trust me not at all or all in all."

The song ceases, the rich, soft notes Once more the sweet lips begin to quiv- die away, and with the words still lingerbrilliant throng.

There is no delay in finding the brougham, and Sir Frederick throws himself back upon the cushions, and gives the orsurprise he will give May by his early re-It is a fine summer night, with a dark turn, and a feeling of almost boyish ex-

Ten minutes suffice to bring him home; the carriage is driven round to the stables, and Sir Frederick, instead of entering by the hall-door, which the footman holds open so obsequiously, goes round through the flower-garden to the drawing-room window, anxious to render the surprise more complete.

But instead of surprising, there is surprise in store for him! The window is open, and the drawing-room is untenant-

The waxlights burning softly in the pretty room show that Lady Haworth has not retired to rest, but Sir Frederick glances around in vain expectation of seeing the graceful, slender figure, and the fair face of his young wife.

He enters the room, slowly, a sense of disappointment creeping over him as a nearer inspection proves it to be empty, and he stands for a moment or two wondering a little.

Perhaps she has gone up to the nursery for a few minutes, he thinks presently, to see the little son of whom she is so proud and fond; and he throws himself into the chair in which she had been sitting, and waits with as much patience as he can muster for her reappearance.

Five minutes pass away, then ten, and Sir Frederic's small amount of patience is exhausted.

He goes up to the nursery, but little Fred is fast asleep, and the nurse tells him that her ladyship has not been upstairs that evening. Neither is she in her own rooms, for he looks in her boudoir and in her dressing-room, then returns rather disconsolately to the drawing-room.

He has hardly been in the room five seconds, when the open window makes him start and laugh slightly,

"Of course she is gone out into the grounds for a breath of fresh air," he says, half aloud. "Imprudent girl! I daresay she has not even put a shawl

He crosses the room, and steps out on to the terrace leading down to the flowergarden and pleasance. There is no one in sight, and he strolls on, wondering where May can have concealed herself.

Probably she wanted to give him a sur-And yet May is so good, and true, and prise as he had wished to astonish her,

He goes on slowly, when suddenly, as he turns into a covered walk leading to the shrubbery, he catches sight of two figures standing at the end.

There is not sufficient light to distinguish their features, but he sees that they are of opposite sexes, and that the woman wears a trailing white gown such as his wife had worn that evening, and that the man is enveloped in a large cloak,

Sir Frederic's heart seems to stand still in a sudden fear; then it begins to beat furiously, and for a moment he cannot move; then he walks rapidly towards

He sees that two faces are turned towards him in swift, startled surprise, and that something-a small parcel or a letter -is passed from one hand to the other; then the man rushes away, and is lost in the thick darkness of the shrubbery; and Sir Frederic hurries forward, his passage

trembling and terribly agitated, throws herself upon his breast, clinging to him with unsteady, clasping hands, and uttering little cries of terror and entreaty.

(To Be Continued.)

Absent Mindedness.

"Charlie Youngpop's bady is beginning to talk now. "Has Charlie been boring you with

stories about it?" "No, but I sat near him at the lunchcounter to-day and I heard him say absent-mindedly to the waiter girl, 'Dim me a jinky water please.' '

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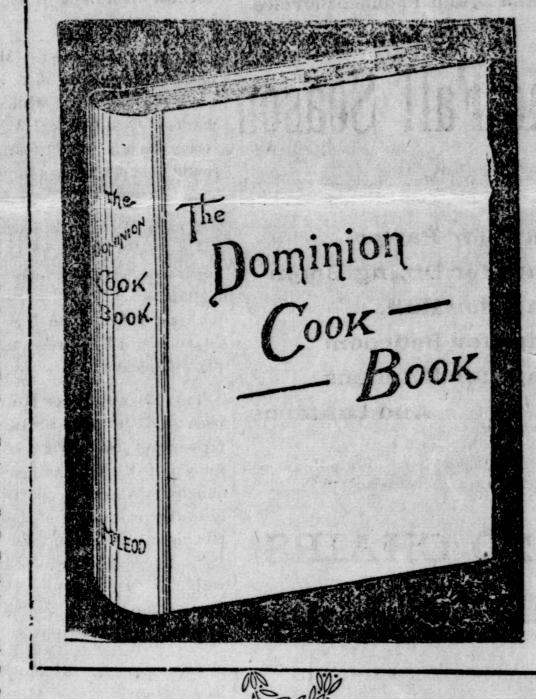
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