(*Continued from First Page.*)

and on Saturday night she succumbed entirely. There was quite a rush of business, but through it all she caught some conversation between some customers—two pretty young girls.

Who was that with you last night at the concert?

That—oh, that was George Elliot. Didn't you know him?

He's got another girl, thought Margy, with a great throb.

The next Sunday night, coming out of meeting with Miss Barney, she left her suddenly. George Elliot was one of a waiting line of young men in the vestibule. She went straight up to him. He looked at her in bewilderment, his dark face turning red.

Good evening, Miss Wilson, he stammered out, finally.

Good evening, she whispered, and stood looking up at him piteously. She was white and trembling.

At last he stepped forward and offered her his arm suddenly. In spite of his resentment he could not put her to open shame before all his mates, who were staring curiously.

When they were out in the dark, cool street, he bent over her. Why, Margy, what does all this mean?

Oh, George, let her live with us, please. I want her to. I know I can get along with her if I try. I'll do everything I can. Please let her live with us.

Who's *her*?

Your mother.

And I suppose *us* is you and I? I thought that was all over, Margy; ain't it?

Oh, George, I am sorry I treated you so.

And you are willing to let mother live with us now?

I'll do anything. Oh, George!

Don't cry, Margy. There—nobody's looking—give us a kiss. It's been a long time; ain't it dear? So you've made up your mind that you're willing to let mother live with us?

Yes.

Well, I don't believe she ever will, Margy. She's about made up her mind to go and live with my brother Edward, whether or no. So you won't be troubled with her. I dare say she might have been a little of a trial as she grew older.

You didn't tell me.

I thought it was your place to give in, dear.

Yes, it was George.

I'm mighty glad you did. I tell you what it is, dear, I don't know how you've felt, but I've been pretty miserable lately.

Poor George!

They passed Esther Barney's house, and strolled along half a mile farther. When they returned, and Margy stole softly into the house and up stairs, it was quite late, and Esther had gone to bed. Margy saw the light was not out of her room, so she peeped in. She could not wait till morning to tell her.

Where have you been? said Esther, looking up at her out of her pillows.

Oh, I went to walk a little way with George.

Then you've made up?

Yes.

Is his mother going to live with you?

No; I guess not. She's going to live with Edward. But I told him I was willing she should. I've about made up my mind it's a woman's place to give in mostly. I s'pose you think I'm an awful fool.

No, I don't; no I don't, Margy. I'm real glad it's all right betwixt you and George. I've seen you weren't very happy lately.

They talked a little longer; then Margy said 'Good night,' going over to Esther and kissing her. Being so rich in love made her generous with it. She looked down into the older woman's thin, red-cheeked face sweetly. I wish you were as happy as I, said she. I wish you and Mr. Woodman could make up too.

That's an entirely different matter. I couldn't give in in such a thing as that.

Margy looked at her; she was not subtle, but she had just come out triumphant through innocent love and submission, and used the wisdom which she had gained thereby.

Don't you believe, said she, if you was to give in the way I did, that he would?

Esther started up with an astonished air. That had never occurred to her before. Oh, I don't believe he would. You don't know him; he is awful set. Besides, I don't know but I am better off the way it is.

In spite of herself, however, she could not help thinking of Margy's suggestion. Would he give in? She was hardly disposed to run the risk. With her peculiar cast of mind, her feeling for the ludicrous so keen that it almost amounted to a special sense, and her sensitiveness to ridicule, it would have been easier for her to have married a man under the shadow of a crime than one who was the deserving target of gibes and jests. Besides, she told herself, it was possible that he had changed his mind, that he no longer cared for her. She had not Margy's impulsiveness and innocence of youth to excuse her.

Also, she was partly influenced by the reason which she had given Margy; she was not so very sure that it would be best for her to take any such step. She was more fixed in the peace and pride of her old maidenhood than she had been in her young. and more shy of disturbing it. Her comfortable meals, her tidy housekeeping, and her prosperous work had become such sources of satisfaction to her that she was almost wedded to them, and jealous of any interference.

So it is doubtful if there would have been any change in the state of affairs if Marcus Woodman's mother had not died toward spring. Esther was greatly distressed about it.

I don't see what Marcus is going to do, she told Margy. He ain't any fitter to take care of himself than a baby and he won't have any housekeeper they say.

One evening, after Marcus' mother had been dead about three weeks, Esther went over there. Margy had gone out to walk with George, so noboby knew. When she reached the house—a white cottage on a hill—she saw a light in the kitchen window.

He's there, said she. She knocked on the door softly. Marcus shuffled over to it—he was in his stocking feet—and opened it.

Good evening, Marcus, said she, speaking first.

Good evening.

I hadn't anything special to do this evening, so I thought I'd look in a minute and see how you was getting along.

I ain't getting along very well; but I'm glad to see you. Come right in.

When she was seated opposite him by the kitchen fire, she surveyed him and his surroundings pityingly. Everything had an abject air of forlorness; there was neither tidiness nor comfort. After a few words she rose energetically. See here, Marcus, said she, you jest fill up that tea kettle, and I'm going to slick up here a little for you while I stay.

Now, Esther, I don't feel as if—

Don't you say nothing. Here's the keetle. I might jest as well be doing that as setting still.

He watched her as she flew about setting things to rights, in a way that made her nervous; but she said to herself that this was easier than sitting still and gradually leading up to the object for which she had come. She kept wondering if she ever could accomplish it. When the room was in order, she sat down again, with a strained up look in her face.

Marcus, she said, I might as well begin. There was something I wanted to say to you tonight.

He looked at her, and she went on:

I've been thinking some lately about how matters used to be betwixt you an' me, and it's jest possible—I don't know—but I might have been a little more patient than I was. I don't feel the same way now if—

Oh, Esther, what do you mean?

I ain't going to tell you, Marcus Woodman, if you can't find out. I've said full enough; more than I ever thought I should.

He was an awkward man, but he rose and threw himself on his knees at her feet with all the grace of complete unconsciousness of action. Oh, Esther you do not mean, do you?—you do not mean that you would be willing to—marry me?

No; not if you do not get up. You look ridickerlous.

Esther, do you mean it?

Yes. Now get up.

You are not thinking—I cannot give up what we had the trouble about, any more now then I could then.

Ain't I said once that would not make any difference?

At that he puts his head down on her knees and sobbed.

Do, for mercy sake, stop! Somebody will be coming in. It is not as if we was a young couple.

I am not going to till I have told you about it, Esther. You haven't never really understood. In the first of it, we was both mad; but we are not now, and we can take it over. Oh, Esther, I have had such an awful life! I have looked at you, and an awful life! I have looked at you, and—Oh, dear, dear, dear!

Marcus, you scare me to death crying so.

I will not. Esther, look here—it is not the gospel truth; I am not a thing Mr. Morton now.

Then why on earth don't you go into the meeting house and behave yourself?

Don't you suppose I would if I could? I can't Esther—I can't

I don't know what you mean by can't.

Do you s'pose I've took any comfort sitting there on them steps in the winter snows an' the summer suns? Do you s'pose I've took any comfort not marrying you? Don't you s'pose I'd given all I was worth any time the last 10 year to have got up and walked into the church with the rest of the folks?

Well, I'll own Marcus, I don't see why you couldn't if you wanted to.

I ain't sure as I can see myself, Esther. All I know is I can't make myself give it up. I can't. I ain't made strong enough to.

As near as I can make out, you've taken to sitting on the church steps the way other men take to smoking and drinking.

I don't know but you're right, Esther, though I hadn't thought of it in that way before.

Well, you must try to overcome it.

I never can, Esther. It ain't right for me to let you think I can.

Well, we won't talk about it any more tonight. It's time I was going home.

Esther, did you mean it?

Mean what?

That you would marry me any way?

Yes, I did. Now do get up. I do hate to see you looking so silly.

Esther had a new pearl-colored silk gown, and a bonnet trimmed with roses and plumes, and she and Marcus were married in June.

The Sunday on which she came out a bride they were late at church; but late as it was, curious people were lingering by the steps to watch them. What would they do? Would Marcus Woodman enter the church door which his awful will had guarded for him so long?

They walked slowly up the steps between the watching people. When they came to the place where he was accustomed to sit, Marcus stopped short and looked down at his wife with an agonized face.

Oh, Esther, I've—got—to stop.

Well, we'll sit down here, then.

You

Yes; I'm willing.

No; you go in.

No, Marcus; I sit with you on our wedding Sunday.

Her sharp, middle-aged face as she looked at him was fairly heroic. This was all that she could do; her last weapon was used. If this failed, she would accept the chances with which she had married, and before the eyes of all these tittering people she would sit down by his side on these church steps. She was determined and she would not weaken.

He stood for a moment staring into her face. He trembled so that the bystanders noticed it. He actually leaned over toward his old seat as if wire ropes were pulling him down upon it. Then he stood up straight, like a man, and walked through the church door with wife.

The people followed. Not one of them even smiled. They had felt the pathos in the comedy.

The sitters in the pews watched Marcus wonderingly as he went up the aisle with Esther. He looked strange to them; he had almost the grand mein of a conqueror.

MISCELLANEOUS

ORIGIN OF THE BISHOP PIPPIN.

A retired merchant, residing at Lancaster, furnishes the St John *Sun* with some interesting information touching Nova Scotia apples. He says: In the year 1810 (75 years since) the duke of Kent, Queen Victoria's father, and the Rev. Dr. Inglis, bishop of Nova Scotia, brought out from England a slip off an apple tree. They had a narrow escape from shipwreck on Sable Island, and the bishop said, if he lived to get home he would plant the slip of apple tree. On his arrival at Kentville, N. S., he had some talk with the Dnke of Kent. There existed doubts of the apple tree growing in Nova Scotia but the duke was fully confident that by proper culture the tree would take root and flourish. The bishop replied that as it was early in May, he would plant the tree, hold a thanksgiving service, ask God to bless the Bishop Pippin (as the tree was named) and all the other apple trees. So, early in the morning, some one hundred persons assembled at the church and after service went to the farm and there witnessed the planting of the apple slip. They then went to the bishop's house and partook of a bounteous breakfast. God's blessing was asked that the tree would prove good for man and beast, and so it has come to pass, for the Bishop Pippin as an apple has been in use for over 70 years both as table and cooking fruit. Of his experience in the apple line, our retired merchant says: Having built a schooner for the New York trade I went up in her in the autumn of 1826. As we had head winds off New London, I hailed the steamer bound for New York and got to that city in ten hours but the schooner did not get up for three days. After looking over New York city I went to Philadelphia and there I could get a large cargo of breadsuffs much cheaper than in New York—bread stuffs such as scratched or fine wheat-flour same as used for the troops, corn meal and rye flour, then much used for bread making by everyone, I ordered a large cargo to be shipped in a month and it paid me a good profit. On my return to New York I found my vessel had not got in, though she arrived a day after. During the interim I ran against a sloop just in from Albany with a full cargo of Newton Pippin apples, onions, hickory nuts, chestnuts, etc. I found I could get the apples at 80 cents a barrel by my finding the barrels, so I engaged 100 barrels apples, 40 barrels hickory nuts, at 40 cents a barrel, and chestnuts at $1.00 per bushel. I engaged a cartman who brought me at the wharf alongside the sloop, 150 flour barrels. The same being filled with the Gennesse flour, a young man, a passenger headed up the barrels for me, and they were all stored on board the schooner the same day. I had room for 300 barrels reserved for my freight. After loading the schooner we had a nice run of three days to St John, and I sold my invoice to a good profit, as everything was cheap at New York. I may remark that the Newton pippins were a nice spicy apple, but the trees all died about forty years ago.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

'I can't see dat Prof. Trespass Johnson am in de hall to-night,' said Brother Gardner as he looked up and down. 'De fack am, I didn't 'zactly 'spect he would be. Sartin events have occurred to render his absence a necessity. De Seckretary will turn to his name on de roll and scratch it off, and write across it in red ink de word 'expelled.'

When the Secretary had carried out the request, the President continued:

'Up to a y'ar ago Prof. John was an active, respected member of dis club cause, but he was industrious as a man. If he couldn't get work at a dollar an' a half a day he got it for a dollar. If he couldn't hev roast duck fur Sunday he put up wid a beef-bone soup. His family had plenty to eat an' to w'ar, when rent day cum round he had de cash ready for de landlord.

Just about twelve months back some white man told the Professor dat he had he had just as good a right to a pianner, gold watch an' span of horses as a rich man. He was told dat de aristocracy war coining money out of his labor. He was made to believe dat de pusson who wouldn't pay two dollars to hev a kitchen whitewashed was an oppressor. It was pounded into him dat, if he sot on de fence all summer an' talked agin de blue-blood of dis kentry, somebody would furnish him roast turkey all winter.

Many of you saw how he was affected. He began to hate honest work. His mouth began to grow bigger, an' his cloze growed seedy while his importance increased daily. When his woodpile grew low he cussed Vanderbilt. When his flour barl was empty he reviled Jay Gould. When his children becum ragged he ripped at capital. When his wife becum bar'-fut he swore at de aristrocracy. When his landlord bounced him for non-payment of rent he howled an' raved about oppressors an' tyrants.

De climax cum las' nite. I heard dat he had bin boastin' dat de rich must divide wid him, an' I concluded to watch my hen coop. About 'leben o'clock de Professor showed up. I had twenty-two choice hens. He had none. He was gwine to divide wid me an' gib me 'leben. My frens, I can't 'zactly describe what happened arter I got my paws on him, but I know he went away empty-handed, limpin,' sore and in de hands ob an officer. He am no longer a member ob dis club. If dere am any order members wid socialistic ideas, now would be a good time for him to make a grab for his hat and back down stairs.

A deep silence followed. Not a man moved.

A Curious Case.—The old "Shilling case" has caused great perplexity to the Judges; and after having been tried by as many as fourteen together in June last, it is now declared to have resulted in a perplexing diversity of opinion. The simple facts were that one *Ashwell* asked a man called *Keogh* to lend him a shilling; and thereupon Keogh by mistake took from his pocket a sovereign and handed it to Ashwell without knowing his error. Ashwell, having subsequently kept the 19s, was charged with larceny, and the jury found that he did not know the coin to be a sovereign at the moment he received it, but discovered it soon afterwards and fraudently appropriated the money. Was this larceny? In the Queen's Bench seven Judges held that it was and seven that it was not. In this equality the conviction by the original judge stands good. The principle relied on by some of the Judges was that, in order to constitute larceny, there must be an intention to steal (*animus furandi*) at the time the thing is taken. The real difference of opinion among the Judges related to the question whether this "taking" was the actual taking or could be constructively extended to the moment when the accused knew what he had taken. The law is no doubt the perfection of reason, but common sense would speedily interpret the act as one of stealing.

'Stand up,' said the teacher to the head boy. 'Spell admittance, and give the definition.' This went from the head to near the foot of the class, all spelling the word, but unable to tell the meaning of it, until it reached a little boy near the foot who had seen the circus bills posted about the village, and who spelt the word 'admittance' correctly. 'What does it mean?' asked the teacher. 'Admittance,' said the boy, 'means one shilling, and children half-price.'

STANZAS COMPOSED ON GENERAL GORDON.

Where dual streams unite
To swell the mighty Nile,
There proudly stands for Egypt's right
A strong defensive pile,
And call'd Khartoum—a place that long
Has perpetrated moral wrong.

There in that mart for years,
Is held a human sale,
Regardless of the captive's tears,
His wife and children's wail;
All sold perforce by wretches vile
To vassals languish in exile.

This traffic to suppress,
And British rights assume,
Brave Gordon went plenipotent
To fortress in Khartoum;
There with his foreign force essay
To keep the Mahdi's hordes at bay.

End in that solitude,
Beleagur'd lay the chief,
Solicitous that Wolsley would
Bring him the wish'd relief;
For hope deferr'd and carking care
Had all but brought him to despair.

But slowly came along
The bold relieving force,
For cataracts and currents strong
Delay'd their upward course;
Moreover, too, the foe must bleed
Ere Gordon could be fully freed.

But still they onward held,
Beneath the solar glow,
And when oppos'd they still repell'd
The onsets of the foe;
But unless all, for Gordon fell
Before they reached the citadel.

This, rumor loudly tells,
Thro' some there are aver,
He by the Mahdi's suff'rance dwells
Secluded far elsewhere;
But whether dead or not—his name
Will long be class'd with British fame.

HE CONSULTED THE DIRECTORS.

A large proportion of the cotton mill property in Spindleville is as everybody knows, in the hands of the Haughton family, who got it through the marriage of one of the daughters of the family to the man who started the mill business there. When he died, the property through a series of perfectly natural steps, passed into the control of the Haughtons. Daniel Haughton, the head of the family, was a man of great shrewdness and strength of character. His two brothers, Jacob and Jehiel, were always associated with him; but, while his business proceedings were understood to be with their advice and consent, Daniel always held a sort of veto power over his brothers, and nothing was ever passed over his veto. He is dead now, but the story of the way in which he used to 'consult his directors' is still told in Spindleville.

One day a cotton broker called at the office of the mill of which Haughton was treasurer and offered him a big lot of cotton at a certain price.

This is so large a contract, said Haughton, that I really ought to consult my directors about it. They are inside, and I'll just step in and consult them.

Jacob and Jehiel were in the inner office. Daniel went in and explained the proposition to them and said:

Well, Bro Jacob, do yey think we had better buy that cotton.

No, I don't think we had, Brother Daniel; not at that price.

Well, Bro. 'Hiel, what do you think we had better do about it?

I shouldn't buy it, Bro. Daniel; not by any means.

Oom, said Daniel.

Haughton went back to the outer office, where the cotton broker was waiting.

Well, sir, said he to the man, I've consulted my directors, and I'll take that cotton at the price you named!