

IN THE OLD GRANGE GARDEN.

BY C. R. CRESPEL.

We were in the old Grange garden
Where herons stood with warden
Near the rose trees red with blooms;
And the golden sunshine brightly
Drifted through the branches lightly,
Making gay the odoriferous glooms.

On the lawn a sun-dial olden
Caught the slanting sunbeams golden,
Which, with sweet and softening grace,
With warm touches brightly tender,
Threw their strange alchemic splendor
O'er the moss-greened, time-worn face.

You were humming a love-ditty,
And you whispered, "O, the pity
That the roses fade so soon!"
O the glowing summer weather!
O the days when we together
Felt the world and life in tune!

Pushing back the branches trailing
All across the dial, and veiling
Its quaint legend from our sight—
Read you in a voice of scorn,
"If unclouded be love's morning,
Love will die at fall of night."

Saying softly, roses casting,
O'er the words "Our love is lasting,
Mocking words you speak, O, Dial,
Know you not, love born in pleasure,
Never fills its fullest measure,
Until darkness comes, and trial?"

Sweet those days of summer brightness,
When our hearts eclipsed the lightness
Of the summer-hearted birds!
Dear, I often wonder whether
You recall those days together,
With those days, O love, your words!

When the glowing summer glory
Faded from our love's sweet story,
When around us fell the night,
You passed on, dear, careless-hearted,
I?—his over! we are parted,
Yet I love in love's despite.

When the future's veil was lifted,
Each had from the other drifted,
Down life's river, far apart;
Yet your face, with sweet persistence,
Shines across the dreary distance,
And lies folded in my heart!

THE RED-HAIRED ENGINEER.

By the Author of "So Blue: The Story of a Gilted Girl," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER I.

"Estelle, are you ready?"
A little shriek of horror is the answer,
and in another moment Estelle Verries
comes flying down-stairs, boots unbuttoned,
neckkerchief unfastened, hat and gloves in
hand.

"My angelic Mary, if you scold me I
shall die! Blame the chair you have put
into my room. It is positively too seductive
—I could not keep awake in it. Suddenly
I hear a great strike of the clock; I jump
up and find I have only a little tiny five
minutes to dress in! Ah! dear, patient
Mary, forgive the foreigner and her abominable
ways."

"Never mind about apologizing, child,
but button your boots and put your hat
on."

"My boots!" Estelle looks down at them
in despair, and then dropping on her knees
in the hall, tries to do them up with her
weak little fingers.

Mary Cotterell pulls her up, orders her
peremptorily into a hall-chair, and drawing
a button-hook from her own pocket pro-
ceeds to do up the high foreign boots.

"There! Now turn slowly round, and
let me see that you are all right."

Estelle obeys submissively. "I hadn't
time to do my hair again," she explains.

"So I see; but as it is always round, that
makes very little difference. I suppose
you must do now. Put on your gloves;
and where's your parasol?"

"Up-stairs. I don't want it."

"Yes, you do. I'll get it for you."

Estelle doesn't object at all; but when
Mary comes down again she flings both
arms around her, and calls her her best-
beloved cabbage.

"Tell me, Mary," she asked, as they
walked down the garden on their way to
Mrs. Charlesworth's tennis party, "will that
dreadful red-haired engineer be there—
you know; the man who is so stupid and
gauche?"

"Sure to be," said Mary dryly. "He's de-
voted to Eva Charlesworth."

"Poor girl! I pity her," observed Mlle.
Verries, emphatically.

"Oh, you needn't do that; she doesn't
care a fig for him. And, besides, the
dreadful red-haired engineer, as you po-
sitely call Arthur Rivers, is a very good
fellow."

"I call him a beast!" said Estelle, with
exceeding frankness.

"Now, Estelle," said Mary sharply, "I
won't have you pick up bad words from my
young brothers, and I won't have you
speak rudely of my friends."

"Do you like him?" inquired her com-
panion, stepping forward, so as to get a
good look at her face.

"Certainly," replied Mary, not the least
disconcerted by the mischievous scrutiny of
the dark eyes.

Estelle let go of her arm, and held up
both hands in amazement.

"You are funny, you English! You
positively like people because they are
good!"

"Certainly," replied Mary again.

"But men never are good" answered Es-
telle, changing her ground.

"Oh, indeed!"

"My mother says so, and she knows."

"Your poor mother was unfortunate in
her experience of them; but surely, because
one Englishman was a wicked husband to
her, she would not condemn all the rest?"

"Oh, that is only part of what she knows,"
said Estelle, confidently. "She has seen a
great deal of life, and she has always taught
me never to trust any man at all, however
good he may seem."

Mary was silent, not liking to say what
she thought of such training.

Estelle's French mother had been forced,
when hardly more than a child, into a mar-
riage with a wealthy Englishman, who had
treated her with neglect and brutality, and
finally deserted her. Released from galling
bonds by the intervention of the law, she had
immediately quitted his hated country, and
retired with little Estelle to a quiet suburb
of Paris, where the child was brought up
to call herself French, and to hate every-
thing that was English. Yet, when an in-
vitation came from Mrs. Cotterell for Es-
telle to spend a whole summer with her at
Copenhagen, the girl's reluctance to go was
overridden by her mother, who never forgot
that the Cotterells, husband and wife, had
been the only people in England whose
sympathy she had been able to accept or re-
ly on. So Estelle nerved herself for a visit
to her native country, and, once at Copen-
hagen, found to her surprise that she was
going to enjoy herself. She found English
country life charmingly novel; she particu-
larly liked the admiration accorded to her

beauty and vivacity; and she took at once
to Mary Cotterell, who had much of her
mother's intelligent tact and thoughtfulness.

The two girls had walked on another
hundred yards or so without speaking, when
Mary was roused from her reflections by
feeling her arm suddenly pinched. Look-
ing up, she discovered rapidly approaching
them the young man whose "goodness" had
been so summarily disposed of by Estelle a
few minutes previously.

He certainly was not a beauty.

Slightly above the average height, and
disproportionately large, he not only had
no good looks to boast of, but carried him-
self particularly badly, with a kind of un-
dignified shambling, his head forward and
his hands forever in his pockets. Estelle
managed to convey her opinion
of him to Mary by a rapid little
grimace and shrug of the shoulders before
he came up to them.

"How do you do, Mary? How do you do,
Mademoiselle—er—I really forget your
name."

He put out his hand in an unthinking
way, much to her displeasure. He ought
only to have bowed; and how dared he to
forget her name! Her reluctant little fingers
just touched his.

Rivers saw now, and his lips twitched
with amusement.

"Beg your pardon, I'm sure. I'll only
bow another time," he said, bluntly. "Hate
shaking hands myself; it's a barbarous cus-
tom. I suppose you are bound, like me, for
Charlesworth's, Mary?"

On her assenting, he turned and walked
beside her, without asking whether his com-
pany was desired or not.

"If you were polite, Arthur, you would
offer to carry my racket and shoes," ob-
served Mary, laughing. "You can't imagine
what a bad opinion Mademoiselle Verries is
forming of you."

He took the things from her, rapidly
glancing up and down Estelle, who looked
bewitchingly pretty under her rose-lined
parasol.

"Quite right, too," he returned, with a
smile. "You see, Mademoiselle, I've no
sisters to tick me into shape."

Estelle was not sufficiently well up in
English slang to understand quite what he
meant by this; but gathering from the
pleasantness of his smile that it could not
have been anything rude, she condescended
to answer.

"I've no sisters, or brothers, either," she
said naively.

"Ah! I thought so."

"Why?"

Rivers had guessed it from her manner,
which was very much that of a spoiled only
child; but he managed to escape blunder-
ingly from telling her so. By this time
they had reached Mrs. Charlesworth's
lawn, and with a short, "Oh, can't say; in-
tuitively, I suppose," he hastily crossed over
to where the fair, slender Eva Charles-
worth was standing, racket in hand, talk-
ing to the favorite and scapegrace of the
place, Hal Armitage. Neither of these two
particularly wanted him, and after a little
while Eva gracefully sent him back to Es-
telle, who did not play tennis, and who had
been left stranded on a garden chair, while
the rest of the guests were occupied with
the game. She felt so neglected and un-
comfortable that it was quite a relief when
Rivers came and sat down beside her.

"We ought to fraternize," he said, draw-
ing his chair rather forward, so as to get a
good view of her face, "since we neither of
us play this all-engrossing game. Are you
over in England for long?"

Estelle allowed herself to be gradually
drawn into conversation, and was getting
quite interested in comparing notes with
him about the Riviera, when an amused,
approving little nod and smile from Mary
brought the color to her face. She was a
complete child in many respects, and her
vanity at finding herself blushing was so
great that the tears started to her eyes.
Rivers wondered what on earth had hap-
pened, but if his manners were abrupt,
his good feeling was rarely at fault, and he
showed tact now.

"I brought home no end of mementos,"
he continued quietly, "and among
them some flowers from Mentone—roots, I
mean—which I planted in the garden here
for Miss Charlesworth. Would you like
to see them?"

Estelle sprang up, ready to go anywhere
rather than continue to sit with her face
in full view of all the players. She was
sure every one must be looking at her.
But in a very few minutes, thanks to
Rivers' tactics, she was herself again, and
inwardly determined to pay Mary out.

This little episode had cured her of her
dislike to the young engineer, and before
the evening was over her feelings had
undergone a further revulsion. She and
Mary were asked, with some of the other
guests, to stay to the eight o'clock supper
at Mrs. Charlesworth's; and later on there
was a general vote for music. Estelle was
known to have a beautiful voice, but she
was exceedingly nervous, and could not be
prevailed upon to sing till Eva suggested
that she should be supported by a violin
obligato.

"That would give me courage," Estelle
admitted, "and I know this song for voice
and violin; but who is the virtuoso?"

"Oh, my fiddle and I are at home in
this drawing-room," said Rivers, coming up
quickly, and drawing out the case from
under a low settee.

Estelle regarded him doubtfully, mak-
ing up her mind that she should stop
singing at once if his playing did not
please her. She need not have been
alarmed. He was a thorough musician,
and soon she confessed to herself that
she had never been accompanied with
such instinctive sympathy. Her mellow
voice gathered strength and evenness as
she felt she could rely on the response of
his violin to its faintest inflections, and at
the end of the song their eyes met in a
glance of mutual understanding and ad-
miration.

Hal Armitage turned to Eva Charles-
worth with a significant chuckle.

"Our good Arthur is smitten," he said—
"settled and done for."

Eva followed the direction of his eyes,
and appraised Estelle critically.

"I hope it may be so," she answered
gently.

CHAPTER II.

For a week or two Estelle went about in
a frame of mind which is apt to upset the
calmest natures, and which, in a girl of her
excitable temperament, took the shape of
extreme fitful alternations between turbu-
lent gaiety and fearful depression. She
would have worked herself into a fever had
it not been for the sincere good sense and
unobtrusive sympathy of quiet Mary Cot-
terell, who understood her visitor well.

Then one day she darted into the house,
dragged Mary to her room, and there burst
out crying and laughing wildly. "I am so

happy!—so happy!—oh, Mary, can't you
guess?"

"What a child you are, Estelle! Of course
I can guess, and I'm as glad as ever I can
be, dearie. Tell me all about it."

"I was in the garden, and he came up the
path—oh, I can't go on now—I'm just over-
whelmed—frantic—my heart's beating all
over me!"

"That dreadful red-haired man?" said
Mary, mischievously.

"How dare you call him dreadful! Yes,
yes, I know that's what I said, but then I
began to like him just a tiny little, and then
it went on crescendo—crescendo—forte—
fortissimo!"

She waved her hands as if conducting an
orchestra, and ended on tiptoe, tossing them
high above her head.

"So, after all, you have found a man you
can trust," said Mary, half-jokingly, and
not at all prepared for the sudden cloud
that settled on Estelle's face. She did not
answer at once, and then her tone had
changed.

"Mary, you told me he was devoted to
Eva Charlesworth."

"Oh, did I?" said Mary, much embar-
rased. "Well, I used to think so, but
clearly I was mistaken."

"No, you were not. He told me about it
himself. He says a long time ago he asked
her to marry him, but she wouldn't. She
said she liked somebody else, but he mustn't
be angry with her; they must always be
friends. So he took it very quietly, and
stayed near her till I came, and then he
found out he only cared for her like a brother,
but for me in quite a different way. He
says she is very good, but I hate her. I am
frightened of her; she is so pretty and
sweet, and I'm such a rough, undignified
baby!"

"Do you mean that you are going to be-
gin by being jealous?" asked Mary, quite
coldly.

"I have told him he must never let me
see him near her!" declared Estelle pas-
sionately.

Mary's first impulse was to be indignant,
but the memory of Estelle's training came
into her mind, and she resolved to be very
patient and gentle with her. For the mo-
ment she dismissed the subject lightly.

As to Arthur Rivers, he walked away,
too full of the happiness Estelle had con-
ferred upon him to think seriously of her
confession of a jealous disposition. In the
consciousness of his single-hearted devo-
tion to her, he thought it impossible that
that she must quickly learn to trust him.
There were other considerations that
seemed to him of more importance, and
especially he had on his mind the difficult
letter that must be immediately written to
Madame Verries. But gradually he became
aware that Estelle's distrust was far deeper
seated than he had conceived possible, and
it is hard to say which of the two suffered
most: Estelle, alternating between jeal-
ousy and remorse, or Arthur, under the con-
tinual necessity of behaving not only to
Eva Charlesworth, but to all women, with
unnatural familiarity, and of restraining
with his angry betrothed. Estelle honestly
strove to crush the unworthy feeling down,
but their deep roots in her temperament
and education put forth fresh shoots as
soon as the old ones were killed off. At
last a crisis arrived.

Eva Charlesworth had long ago promised
to marry Hal Armitage as soon as he should
be able to keep a wife, but her parents
would allow no open engagement, as Hal
was a harum-scarum fellow, with a great
distaste for hard work, and correspond-
ingly little prospect of making a sufficient in-
come. The poor girl was beginning to suf-
fer from the effects of long waiting, and to
feel, though she never doubted her lover's
affection, that he was not doing all he
might to forward their marriage, when it
was mentioned before her one day that
Arthur Rivers had a voice in the appointment
of manager for some engineering works in
New Zealand. Eva resolved to make an
appeal to him on behalf of the man she
was ready to follow to the end of the world,
and an opportunity presented itself shortly
at the Cotterells', where she was spending
the evening.

"I want to speak to you in private pre-
sently, Arthur," she said in a low voice,
almost as soon as they had shaken hands.

Arthur bowed with the stiffness required
of him by Estelle, but his words were cor-
dial. "Whenever and wherever you like,
Eva."

"In the conservatory, then, while Estelle
is singing," she replied, indicating by a
nervous little laugh her comprehension of
possible difficulties.

Soon Estelle was called to the piano. At
the end of her first song she missed Rivers,
but it was not till she had finished a second
that she discovered that Eva had also ab-
sented herself. In a moment her indignant
jealousy surged up, and, trembling all over
with suppressed fear and anger, she went to
the head of the steps which led down into
the conservatory. Two figures were stand-
ing below her, half hidden by a tall palm.

"You know I will do all I can for you,
Eva," said the man.

"I know you have always been better to
me than I deserve," said the woman, her
voice hardly under control. "You will
keep my secret now, Arthur?"

"I will keep your secret and serve you,"
said Rivers, with just that strong gentle-
ness in his voice which Estelle thought he
had no right to use to any one but her.
The miserable girl clenched her hands and
teeth in the effort to restrain herself, con-
scious of the unfitness of making a scene,
but self-control was not to be learnt in a
moment, and passion asserted itself.

"Arthur," she said, in a low, choking
voice, and stepping down toward him,
"you are a traitor—you have deceived me—
you—!" she could hardly speak, and now
she put one hand to her head, while the
other, extended, forbade his approach. So
she stood for a moment, then her figure
swayed, she missed her footing, and he
only caught the words, "Ah, you have
killed me!" before she fell at his feet, sob-
bing, crying, raving, flinging herself about
in violent hysterics, like one possessed.

Eva, shocked beyond measure, called
Mary Cotterell to her aid, and, with as lit-
tle fuss as possible, they got Estelle up-
stairs, where she continued all night in a
state of half-delirious misery and rage.
The only thing she was distinct and per-
sistent about was that she would never see
or speak to Arthur again. He left the house
in despair, pinning his only hope on Mary,
who promised to bring the poor girl to rea-
son. "Leave her to me for a few days,"
she said, and Rivers obeyed, devoting all
his energies to getting Hal Armitage the
colonial post desired for him by Eva.

Estelle, sorely ashamed of herself by
now, heard the news of his success from
Mary, who added an explanation of the part
played by Arthur.

"Are you satisfied now?" asked the latter,
with the sternness she found more salutary
than gentleness.

"Why hasn't Arthur been to see me?"
asked Estelle, looking down.

"You went too far this time; you forgot
that he has his pride."

Estelle sprang up and dropped on her
knees beside Mary's chair. "Let me go to
him! Not to his house—I don't mean that
but somewhere where I shall meet him!
Oh! my dear Mary, do this one thing more
for me, I implore you!"

"I don't think you deserve anything of
the sort," said Mary sharply, and nothing
like a promise could be extorted from her.

It was, therefore, of course, only a singu-
lar coincidence that the following day
Arthur should be walking through Copen-
hagen Wood just when Mary and Estelle
happened to be nutting there—or, rather,
Mary was nutting, while Estelle stood by
in her Frenchified dress, and never so much
as took off her gloves. It was lucky, too,
that just when Arthur came upon them
Mary should be high up from the ground
in a thick bush, and quite out of sight and
hearing behind the leafy screen which com-
passed her about.

Where were Estelle's low spirits now?
She had meant to be very humble and peni-
tent, but it was never any use for her to
decide beforehand how she would behave,
and now, when she saw the "dreadful red-
haired man" approaching her, the pleasure
of it was so great that everything else went
out of her head. There was a stile be-
tween them, and hastily gathering a field
daisy, she went and stood her side of it,
with a face full of childish gaiety.

"He loves me a little, much, more, not
at all," she began, rapidly counting out
the petals, and glancing mischievously at
her lover, "a little, much, most of all!"
she ended triumphantly, expecting him to
clear the stile in a moment, and punish
her with kisses for her bad behavior.

But Arthur did nothing of the kind.
There was not a vestige of a smile on his
worn face, and he looked at her so gravely
that a sudden fear and heart-ache took
possession of her.

"Arthur, forgive me," she said timidly,
and, taking in both hers the hand he had
laid on the stile.

"Am I never to be more than the play-
thing of your jealous caprice, Estelle?"
he asked sadly.

"Ah, you are cruel! You are torment-
ing me, humbling me!" cried the girl, her
cheeks flaming. "You think I have not
suffered. Arthur, for pity's sake do not
look at me like that!"

What could the man do? Did he not
love this wayward child, with all her un-
justifiable distrust of himself, better than
anything else in the world?

First the position of their hands changed,
for he put out his other one, and took both
her little ones into his strong grasp. Then
his tone softened: "Estelle, Estelle, how
long will this phase last?"

"I will never, never doubt you again!"
she exclaimed passionately.

"Never till next time," said Rivers, with
a just preceptible smile. "How am I ever
to feel safe?"

She would have protested, but he si-
lenced her. "Words are useless, my child,"
he said. "We must begin again from the
beginning." And therewith he got over the
stile, and proceeded to make love so col-
lightly, that when Mary descended from
her perch and insisted on going home, Es-
telle thought and called her a "horrid bore."

But Mary was too well content with the
completeness of their reconciliation to
mind being abused. Nor had she any fear
for the ultimate stability of their happiness,
knowing that there was in Estelle plenty of
good material, and that Arthur not only
understood her well now, but would con-
quer in the end by sheer force of love and
patience.

Lincoln's First Dollar.

One evening when a few gentlemen,
among whom was Mr. Seward, had met in
the executive chamber without
official business, and were telling of
the past, the President said: "Seward,
you never heard, did you, how I earned
my first dollar?"

"No," said Seward.

"Well," replied he, "I was about 18
years of age, and belonged, as you
know, to what they call down South
the scrubs. People who do not own
land and slaves are nobody there. But
we had succeeded in raising, chiefly
by my labor, sufficient product, as I
thought, to justify me in taking it
down the river to sell. After much
persuasion I had got the consent of my
mother to go, and constructed a flat-
boat large enough to take the few bar-
rels of things we had gathered down to
New Orleans. A steamer was going
down the river. We have, as you
know, no wharves on those Western
streams, and the custom was, if passen-
gers were at any of the landings, they
were to go out in a boat, the steamer
stopping and taking them on board. I
was contemplating my new boat, and
wondering whether I could make it
stronger or improve it in any part,
when two men came down to the shore
in carriages, with trunks, and, looking
at the different boats, singled out mine
and asked: 'Who owns this?' I an-
swered modestly: 'I do.' 'Will
you,' said one of them, 'take us and
our trunks out to the steamer?' 'Cer-
tainly,' said I. I was very glad to have
the chance of earning something, and
supposed that each of them would give
me a couple of bits. The trunks were
put on my boat, the passengers seated
themselves on them, and I sculled them
out to the steamer. They got on board,
and I lifted the trunks and put them
on the deck. The steamer was called
to put on steam again when I called
out: 'You have forgotten to pay me.'
Each of them took from his pocket a
silver half-dollar and threw it on the
bottom of my boat. I could scarcely
believe my eyes as I picked up the
money. You may think it was a very
little thing, and in these days it seems
to me like a trifle, but it was a most
important incident in my life. I could
scarcely credit that I, the poor boy,
had earned a dollar in less than a day,
and as by honest work I had earned a
dollar the world seemed wider and
fairer before me. I was a more hope-
ful and thoughtful boy from that time."

—W. D. Kelley, in New York Star.

CUSTOM and his kingly office oblige
the Prince of Wales to wear some se-
renty odd suits of clothes.

HUMOR.

A DAY off—to-morrow.

SOME shoemakers are notoriously
long-lived—the lasters, for instance.

We have just happened to think that
John L. Sullivan can't box the com-
pass.—Lowell Citizen.

The New Hampshire Gazette is over
a hundred years old. It never chewed
tobacco, smoked, or used spirituous
liquors.

I met the girl of the .
And gently took her .
I thought I'd pop the ?
But I didn't have the s&.

—St. Joseph Gazette.

"HELLO, Judson; how are you?"
"Pretty well, thank you." "How are
you at home?" "Wife says I'm rather
grumpy."—Columbus Spectator.

ETIQUETTE is a studied style of be-
havior for particular occasions. Good
manners stay by a man at any time
and are more important.—New Or-
leans Picayune.

"You want a servant-girl?" "Yes,
a colored one." "Are you particular
about having a colored one?" "Yes,
we've had a death in the family, and
we're in mourning."—Boston Courier.

"Using tobacco in one form," says a
hater of the weed, "usually leads to the
use of it in another." This is doubt-
less true, for when a man first takes
snuff he must et-chew!—Boston
Courier.

A WOMAN in Georgia lived forty-eight
days on water, and then died. Water
is a pretty thin diet, for a fact, but we
know some sailors who have lived
nearly all their lives on water.—Stoc-
ton Maverick.

"It's through no fault of mine,"
complained a tired-looking young man,
"that I came into the world. But I am
here, and the world owes me a living."
"Yes," was the reply, "the world owes
you a living, but you haven't energy
and spunk enough to collect it."—
New York Sun.