

A WOMAN'S ERROR

By Marion V. Hollis.

CHAPTER III.

Selwyn Castle crowns the summit of a tall hill, whose sides, covered with trees and flowers, slope down to the sea. No park surrounds it, but the pleasure grounds are extensive and magnificent. There is, too, a deep, clear lake of vast extent, bordered by drooping trees whose branches touch the water. Though there is no park, the Thorneigh woods are close and the River Thorne runs at the foot of the hill.

On this morning, a fair one in June, the windows of the breakfast room at the Castle were thrown wide open; the wind came in, in great perfumed gusts; the flowers outside seemed as though they bowed their heads in greeting; lilies and roses were at their fairest; the sunbeams swept through the flower-shaded windows, and they fell upon a quiet, pretty scene that spoke of home, affluence and elegance.

They fell upon the proud, imperious face of an elderly lady, the mother of the earl, the Honorable Mrs. Gerald Selwyn, a lady who sits calm and erect. There is not a bend in her figure, not a wrinkle in her calm, patrician face; one can see that she is proud to a fault, scrupulous, ambitious, worldly and fond of life.

The sunbeams fall on something else—on the proud, high-bred face of a young girl, who is arranging some lilies so as to form a bouquet—on a beautiful oval face, with a short upper lip and a fresh, ripe under one, with clear, calm, proud eyes, and straight brows—a girl with a long, graceful, white throat and small white hands, with every mark of race about her—a thorough patrician; no smiling, dimpled beauty, full of wild, fresh impulse, such as Violante Temple. A court beauty, this—an aristocrat, with all the haughty loveliness and dignity of a queen. And this young lady, who moves with such calm, serene, proud grace, is called Beatrice Leigh. She is the niece of Mrs. Selwyn, and cousin of Lord Vivian.

Next to her own son, Mrs. Selwyn loved Beatrice Leigh better than any one else in the world, and from the first moment the child entered her house, she had one wish, and it was that her proud, beautiful niece should marry her son.

As children, Vivian and Beatrice spent much of their time together. When he finally went to Oxford, and then into the army, they were separated, Vivian retaining for his beautiful little playfellow a warm, kindly, brotherly affection. She, fed by his mother's continual praises of him, and constant reiteration of her wishes, gradually came to love the brave young captain better than all the world besides.

She looks very fair and serene, as the sunbeams kiss the beautiful face and the white dress; her hair, dark and shining like the wing of a rare bird, is braided round her beautiful head, after the fashion of a Grecian statue, leaving the two pretty, pearly ears to be seen.

"Letters!" cried Beatrice, as the footman entered. "I wonder if Vivian has written; if he is still lingering at that wonderful place—what is it—Woodvears, in Leicestershire? What possible attraction can he find there? Ah! this is his handwriting, I am sure."

From a number of envelopes she selected the one having his writing upon it. Mrs. Selwyn smiled as she did so.

"How quickly you have found out, Beatrice!" she cried. "Now, what does he say?"

She read the letter hastily.

"He is coming to-night," she went on; "and, Beatrice, he says he has a surprise for us. What can it be?"

"A surprise!" she cried, a sudden gleam of light making her face still more lovely; "perhaps he has brought you something, auntie."

But Mrs. Selwyn shook her head.

"It does not fancy that it is," she replied. "I fancy, Beatrice, it is something about himself. What has he been staying at this place for? Listen to what he says: 'I hope to be with you on Tuesday night; prepare yourself, dear mother, for a surprise that will, I hope, be a pleasant one.' What can this surprise be, Beatrice?" continued Mrs. Selwyn; "he has done something that he thinks will please me, rely on it."

Beatrice had regained all her calm.

"We shall know to-night, aunt," she said quietly; "and the day is too warm for conjectures."

CHAPTER IV.

The clock on the Castle tower had struck seven, the cook had sent more than one message to say that dinner was ready, and the Honorable Mrs. Selwyn, who had expected her son at six, began to grow anxious.

Suddenly carriage wheels sounded, stopped—there was a confused noise, the hurrying of servants; then the drawing room door opened, and Vivian entered. He looked very handsome in his traveling dress. He went up to Mrs. Selwyn and kissed her.

"I am late," he said; "but there was a delay in the Thorneigh train. How well you look, mother!"

Then he turned to Beatrice, and as he looked at her he started in surprise.

"Beatrice," he said, "it would be an old-fashioned compliment to say that every time I see you you have improved, but it is the truth."

Her beautiful eyes grew bright with pleasure.

"You shall pay us as many compliments as you like after dinner," interrupted Mrs. Selwyn; "now go to your dressing room—you must be finished."

No word was said of himself during dinner; but they talked of the young hero, Beatrice Temple, and of his early home.

replied, "nor even what the world calls rich. The father, Mr. Temple, is a gentleman; not only well educated, but a scholar; he is a lawyer by profession, and lives in a very pretty house called Oakside."

"And the sister?" said Mrs. Selwyn, after a few minutes.

His dark face flushed.

"She is older than I thought to find her," he replied; "and she has hair just like poor Bertie's."

Beatrice looked up at him with a quick, keen glance, but the flush had died away then, and Vivian was most composedly eating his dinner.

But when dinner was over, and they had returned to the drawing room, he did not seem quite so much at his ease. Beatrice drew an easy chair to the open window, and looked out at the blooming flowers.

Mrs. Selwyn reclined upon a couch near her, and Vivian sat down upon a little low stool at his mother's feet. She laid her hand caressingly on the dark hair.

"And now, Vivian," she said, "what is the surprise?"

Again his face flushed.

"That is the very thing I was waiting to speak of," he replied. "I hope you will be pleased to listen to my story—pleased as I am to tell it."

"I am in love at last," he continued. "All my life long I have wondered what this strange passion men call love was like. I used to believe it would pass me by, and I should never know, but when I went down to poor Bertie's home, I met my fate."

Not a stir, not a word from Beatrice Leigh. Mrs. Selwyn moved uneasily.

"I hope what you call your fate is worthy of you," she said. "Remember, you are head of an ancient and glorious race—head of a grand old family that has never known anything save honor. There is no duchess in England who would not proudly give you a daughter."

"It is no duchess' daughter that I have learned to love," he replied with a smile. "Oh, mother, you must not be disappointed. You must not damp my happiness. I love Violante Temple, and have asked her to be my wife."

"A lawyer's daughter!" cried Mrs. Selwyn; "a simple country girl! Oh, Vivian, what an end to all my dreams and plans for you!"

He laughed; bowing his handsome, stately head down to her.

"Now, mother," he cried, "you are to kiss me and wish me joy."

"I cannot!" she cried. "I cannot, Vivian. I am most bitterly disappointed to think, when you might have chosen from the fairest and noblest in the land, you have thrown yourself away so cruelly."

"Nay," he said, with imperturbable good humor, "do not say so. You cannot judge—you have not seen my love."

"I know what country lawyers and their daughters are like, as a rule," she replied; "and, Vivian, I am in despair."

There was an awkward silence which lasted some minutes.

"Is it irreconcilable?" asked Mrs. Selwyn. "Have you really pledged your word?"

"In all honor," he replied. "I have even asked that my marriage may take place in September."

Mrs. Selwyn positively groaned.

"It is useless for me to interfere," she said. "I cannot forbid it. You are your own master. It would be nonsense for me to say that I shall not allow it; you will do as you like; but I must express my stern dislike and disapproval. It is an alliance quite unworthy of you, and you might have aspired no matter how high."

"Beatrice," he said, "help me to convince my mother. You are young and beautiful, and love will come to you some day, as it has come to me. Tell her—help me to make her believe that love is the only thing for which a man should ever marry. Help her to make her like my love."

There was a world of dreary pain in the dark eyes raised to his, a world of anguish and untold love.

"I should not know what to say," she replied in a strange voice unlike her own. And then Lord Vivian Selwyn of Selwyn Castle stood embarrassed and uncertain what to do. He had some misgivings as he journeyed homeward that his mother would not think he had done anything to add to the family renown. All the Ladies Selwyn had been women of high birth; he was the first to break the rule.

"Well," said Mrs. Selwyn, with a resigned smile, "it is bad news—worse could not have come to me; but if it is irrevocable, I must make the best of it. I would far rather you had chosen a wife from your own class. I regret most deeply the choice you have made. Yet I promise you, having said this, I will say no more. I will do my best to like your wife, Vivian, and to make her as happy as I can."

And with these cold words, the master of Selwyn Castle was forced to be content. Long after he slept that night, the two ladies, aunt and niece, sat up talking in low tones of what he had done, and Mrs. Selwyn concluded with the words:

"It will not end happily, I fear!"

CHAPTER V.

They talk about it now in the pretty, picturesque town of Woodvears—that wonderful wedding, the like of which was never seen there before or since. The wedding of the young earl with Lady Temple's daughter. They tell you of the bright morning, the blue sky, that had no cloud; the golden sun, that seemed to rain down blessings; of the western wind, that might have blown straight from the spice lands; it was so fragrant; of the birds that sang as though the wedding had been in the garden of Paradise; of flowers that bloomed so fresh and fair, as though in honor of the golden-haired bride herself, the fairest flower of all.

Dim eyes are reading my pages now—eyes that look back through the long vista of years—eyes dimmed and dulled with heavy tears; and they look back through weary years of trouble, of toil, and of wrong upon the wedding day. The day that they believed was to be the last of sorrow, the first opening into a golden life of hope and promise.

There were grand friends of the young

earl, officers in glittering uniforms, lords whose names filled the simple country people with awe. The bridegroom's mother was not there; she, it was rumored, was busily engaged in superintending the wedding fete given at the Castle. There was a whole string of bridesmaids, the prettiest girls in the county, who were proud of the honor of attending one who was so soon to be Lady Selwyn.

The old parish church, with its tall spire and gray walls, looked its best; it was filled with a brilliant crowd. Little children flung flowers under the feet of the bride, flowers whose thorns pricked her sorely in the end after days; and then, as she stood in the center of that magnificent group, while the words of the marriage service were read over her, every one saw from the eastern window a golden sunbeam streaming in and forming a halo round her fair young head.

Some smiled as they saw it, but it brought tears into other eyes. People looked at each other and said:

"Happy the bride the sun shines on!"

While, as they went into the vestry to sign the books, Vivian whispered to his wife:

"Even the sunbeams kissed you, my darling, and no wonder."

Horace Temple was like a man in a dream; he had been in a dream ever since the night Lord Vivian Selwyn asked him for his daughter, and he could not recover from it, and now the grand climax had arrived; his little Violante, his fair-faced, sunny-haired child, whose laugh and song were both wild as a bird, was married; married to a rich and handsome young nobleman whom any lady in the land might have been proud to have called her husband.

He was so bewildered that he did not even recognize his own house. Lord Vivian had done as he liked even with that.

"Take no heed, give yourself no trouble about the wedding breakfast," he said. "The easiest and simplest plan will be for me to send to Gunter; he will supply everything needful."

So Horace Temple, on this his daughter's wedding day, sat at the head of his own table—a table laden with delicacies, with ripe fruits from every clime under the sun, with rare wines, the names of which had never penetrated Woodvears—a table whereon silver shone, and richly cut glass sparkled, and he said to himself it must be a dream.

When she remembered it in after years it was to Violante a dream of sunshine, and song, and fragrance; of love, that she thought almost divine in its tenderness; a dream whereon brilliant figures and strange faces were all confused; only her father's face, shining out from the group with the wondering, anxious expression she remembered so well, and the handsome face of her husband shining down on hers.

The speeches were ended. The sun was full in the sky when the traveling carriage that was to take the bride and bridegroom away drove up to the door. Most of the guests were going by train a few minutes afterward.

There was no mother to clasp her loving arms around the young girl just crossing the threshold of another life; no sister to kiss the fast-fading face and whisper golden prophecies. But when his daughter had changed her dress and stood in her room, looking round for the last time, Horace Temple asked if he might come in.

"Vivian is very good," said Mr. Temple, "and he loves you so much, my darling, I have no fear. You will be very happy."

But she clung to him with weeping eyes.

"If you are not," he continued, gravely, "always remember, Violante, while I live there is a home and the dearest of welcomes for you here; always remember you come back to me whenever you will; and if this gay, new, bright world frowns upon you, you have a home here."

But she shook her head gravely.

"You are all that is kind, papa," she said; "but there is no going back; what is done is done forever; there is no going back. I shall be happy, I am sure; but who could say farewell to such a pleasant, happy, sunny life as mine has been without tears?"

She kissed him, leaving her warm tears wet upon his face, and then passed out of the pretty, white, fragrant room, where the happy hours of her innocent childhood had been spent.

The dream of her wedding day finished by a crowd of smiling faces, a chorus of good wishes, her husband's animated farewells. Another minute and she was in the traveling carriage; Oakside had disappeared, and Lord Vivian Selwyn had clasped her to his heart, saying:

"All mine at last! Violante—my wife!"

And the Scotch larks they went. And amid such glorious loveliness of sea and sky as Violante had never even dreamed of she finished the lesson of love she had begun to learn at Woodvears.

There, alone in the sweetest solitude under heaven, Lord Vivian grew almost to worship his beautiful young wife. He could see no fault, no shadow of imperfection in her. There were no envious eyes near to note when she did not feel quite at her ease; and he thought her shy, blushing, timid manner more winning, more charming than anything he had ever seen.

When the chill days of November came and they went home to Selwyn Castle, Lord Vivian was more deeply in love than ever with his fair young Violante.

(To be continued.)

Correct Enough.

"Now, boys, I have a few questions in fractions to ask," said the teacher; "suppose I have a piece of beefsteak and cut it into sixteen pieces, what would those pieces be called?"

"Sixteenths," answered one boy, after meditating a moment.

"Very good. And when the sixteenths were cut in half, what would they be?"

There was silence in the class; but presently a little boy at the foot put up his hand. "Do you know, Johnny?"

"Hash!" answered Johnny, confidently. —Current Literature.

Farming Under Difficulties.

"How did you like farming in Vermont?" was asked of the Michigan man who went there because told that the bulk of the wealth is in the East.

"O, I guess it would be all right only for one thing."

"What was that?"

"I'll be doggone if I'll work ground so hard and rocky that you have to plant wheat with a shotgun."

The names of the 105 battles are emblazoned on the banners of the various regiments which form the British army. But many actions of great importance are not so commemorated.

A MATTER OF PRONUNCIATION.

A Father Who Seeks to Enlighten His Son on a Small Point.

There is a certain man who by the sweat of his brow—in summer time—earns his bread as a Government official with an office in the big State, War and Navy building. He also earns bread for a wife and three likely children and a servant, who manages to carry a slice of pie along home with her bread about three evenings in the week. But that is the cook's privilege always.

This official has a son aged 13, who is very nearly as sharp as the father thinks himself to be, especially in those things that everybody ought to know and not one person in a dozen does know. About three times a week the father comes to the office loaded with some new information which he seeks to impart to his fellow clerks by the inductive method. That is, he induces them to show how little they know, then he springs it on them. His strong point is words and their pronunciation, and he thinks he is an authority.

The other evening while he was entertaining three or four of his office friends at a small supper the eldest boy spoke up from the far end of the table:

"Say, pop," he inquired, "how do you pronounce Ne-w-o-n-e?" and the youth spelled it slowly.

"I presume," replied the father, with the courage of his convictions, "that it is an Indian name, and by the rule I would pronounce it Ne-w-o-n-y."

"But that isn't the way," dissented the boy.

The father was never more surprised in his life.

"I don't quite see how it would be euphonious any other way," he said, with a mild air of offended intelligence.

"What's the matter with pronouncing it new one?" inquired the boy, with a loud irreverent ha ha, and the blow almost killed his father.—Washington Star.

His Heroes.

Said Uncle Josh: "Yes, Dewey's great, I like the way he fit fir's rate."

"I like that feller Sampson, too. He seems to know jus' what to do."

"N' also there's a heap in Schley. Seems like he's got a eagle eye."

"That young chap Hobson knows his biz. He's brave as kin be; that he is."

"I like to read about them chaps. As sports them purty shoulder straps."

"Jus' makes me cut a pigeon wing. When they turn loose an' let 'er ding!"

"But 'tain't them folks as makes me yell 'N' lose my senses for a spell."

"It ain't them folks as makes me shout. Till all the villagers turns out."

"It ain't them ad-my-rals, no sir! That makes the old blood in me stir."

"It ain't them commdores 'n' sich. That makes the muscles in me twitch."

"It ain't them captains peart and brave. That makes my old voice misbehave."

"It's them that offers life, brave chaps. Without no hope of shoulder straps."

"It's them that works with grimy breasts, 'N' stands war's worst 'n' hardest tests."

"It's them that cracks a cheerful joke, 'N' shows their smiles through cannon smoke."

"It's them there naked, fearless boys. A workin' in that hell of noise."

"'N' pushin'! Death aside to say, 'Git out; you're always in the way.'"

"A shootin' with so true an aim. That makes Old Glory glad it came."

"Them is the boys for Uncle Josh—The boys behind the guns, b'gosh!" —Baltimore News.

Self-Respect.

If you respect yourself, young man, the world will respect you. We are thought of and esteemed by others in the light in which we estimate ourselves. This does not mean that the young man should think unduly of his abilities or qualities. Far from it. In fact, self-respect itself demands a severity of self-judgment, and demands that we do not overweigh ourselves in the judgment and before the eyes of others. Therefore, it is for the young man to know first of all his place, and knowing it demand, by the very behavior he shows in his every act toward others, which at all times must be respectful, open and honest, that because of this he will be respected. The ball that is flung stops when the strength that impelled it has been used in overcoming inertia, and self-respect only casts us along as we expend the force of our inner selves in hurrying forward the right word at the right time.—Weekly Bouquet.

Why He Was Interested.

"As you never work. Slowly, I can't understand why you take such an interest in trade reports."

"Well, when other men are prosperous I find it easier to borrow money from them." —Chicago Record.

Her First Thought.

Husband—Maria, wake up, quick! The house is on fire. You save the baby!

Wife—Oh, my wheel, my wheel!

Husband—Come on. I carried that out first.—Rochester Herald.

There are too many girls in the world who talk of their longing to become army nurses, and do good, whose mothers continue to get up in the night when there is sickness in the family.

When a man doesn't like a thing, he says so, but a woman expresses her disapproval by looking at you icily.

When a man's opinion has weight nowhere else, he gets up in prayer meeting and delivers it.

OUR BIGGEST WHEAT YIELD.

This Year's Crop the Greatest in the Country's History.

With the return of our hosts from the field of battle, crowned with the laurels of victory, comes the joyous news that this year's wheat crop will be the largest ever known in this country's history. The yield for the year, on the most trustworthy authority, will be 750,000,000 bushels. Of this amount 400,000,000 is winter wheat and 350,000,000 bushels the spring crop now being gathered. The 1891 crop, which amounted to 611,780,000 bushels and was the largest yield heretofore, is thus easily eclipsed.

These figures mean much to the farmer and the people generally of this country. In the first place, the great wheat crop represents a money value of \$500,000,000 at ruling prices where the wheat is found. One-third of the wheat crop of the whole world is raised this year in Uncle Sam's domain. The productive country that has grown this wheat extends from ocean to ocean and from the latitude of southern Texas to the Canadian border. Most of the crop comes from the broad prairies of the Mississippi valley, and about 130,000,000 bushels of it from the two Dakotas, whose principal product is wheat. The product in these States is about twice what it was last year, for one reason because there is an increase of about 20 per cent in acreage.

Busy scenes are now being enacted in these new States, where farms are measured by the thousands of acres, and where wheat raising is carried on on a scale known nowhere else in the world. For mile after mile about the frequent railway stations are vast fields where grain stands three feet high, and at the stations the conspicuous buildings are the large elevators ready to receive the crop. At many of these railway towns there are enough elevators to supply each half dozen inhabitants with one.

The Dakota people are learning, and learning much, from Russian farmers who are settling in the States, and who understand little else than wheat raising. They are learning how to cultivate wheat at less expense than formerly, and how to hold their grain for a paying market.

The entire Northwest has fortunately been free from devastating storms during the growing season, and this great factor, added to increased acreage and better farming, has brought a state of affairs which precludes all thought of the "starving farmers," of whom we heard so much a few years ago. These same farmers are happy now. They are independent, because prosperous. They are becoming capitalists. They are no longer paying 12 and 20 per cent for money, but are paying 6 per cent, so as to have money to buy more land on which to raise big wheat crops.

PENSION ROLLS INCREASED.

Report of the Commissioner for the Last Fiscal Year.

The forthcoming annual report of the Commissioner of Pensions will show that 63,648 original claims for pensions were granted the last fiscal year, and 4,089 pensioners, who had for various causes been dropped, were restored to the rolls. On June 30 the pension roll contained 976,014 names, while 6,852 original claims which had been granted and 762 restorations were not then entered on the rolls, so there were on that date 985,623 persons entitled to pensions. During the year 33,891 names were dropped from the rolls by reason of death and 5,346 for remarriage, expiration of minority, and other causes, making the net increase 17,700. The aggregate of pensions paid during the year was \$114,651,887, while the expenses of the bureau were \$4,613,861.

No claim for pensions under the Spanish war have yet been granted and no action can be taken on those already filed until the records of service are compiled by the War Department. A new division to be known as the Spanish-American war division will be established, in which will be handled all the claims arising under the war just passed. No additional legislation will be necessary and the claims will be adjudicated on the same lines as those from the civil war.

ECLIPSES THE KLONDIKE.

Enormous Output of Gold from the Black Hills Region.

The output of gold from the Black Hills region for the current year, it is estimated, will reach the enormous total of \$8,000,000. The prospects were never as good as at present and the producing mines have never paid a more liberal return on the capital invested in them. The Homestake, which is the richest of American gold mines, shows total earnings from June, 1897, to June of this year of \$2,494,374.53, the product of 548,390 tons of ore. This mine was discovered by the Manuel brothers in 1876 and they had a rich elephant on their hands. The ore was of low grade, with streaks of rich material at intervals, and they had a mountain of it. They constructed a crude araser on Gold Run and worked the selected high-grade ore successfully. The late ex-Senator George Hearst of California examined it with the practical eye of a miner. He saw a bonanza, asked their price and paid it. The property is really in his infancy, notwithstanding it has been operated for twenty years. On the 800-foot level they have 600 feet of ore in width. None of the stock of the company controlling the mine can be purchased at the present time.

News of Minor Note.

While attempting to cross Louney creek, near Richmond, Ky., E. W. Hensley, a well-known farmer, was drowned.

Ex-President Casimir-Perier of France and his wife are making a cycling tour through the midland counties of England.

Many deaths from heat have occurred in Germany, and a number of destructive forest fires have broken out on account of drought.

Mrs. Caroline Taylor, aged 55, was found lying dead in the center of the highway between Callao, Mo., and Bevier. The inquest failed to develop the cause of her death.

The City Council has dispensed with the police force at Waxahachie, Tex., owing to the decision of the State Court of Criminal Appeals that municipalities have no jurisdiction.

The Chicago Library has received a copy of the Bible printed in Zurich in 1552. The volume has 1,500 pages, in heavy old German type, and many quaint woodcut illustrations.

The Chino (Cal.) sugar factory has begun operations with a force of 200 men. The beet supply available will keep the factory in operation three months. The crop is estimated at 57,000 tons.

RECORD OF THE WEEK

INDIANA INCIDENTS TERSELY TOLD.

Methodists to Raise \$500,000 for De Pauw University—Double Tragedy in Columbus—Brakeman Leaps Fifty Feet to Escape Death.

Fixes Debt on Church.

At a council of presiding officers of the Methodist Church held at Anderson, it was decided to saddle an endowment of \$500,000 upon the churches of the State for maintaining De Pauw University. It is proposed to raise this fund during the years 1890 and 1900 and it is to be known as "the twentieth century gift of Indiana Methodism to the permanent endowment of De Pauw University." The demands are to be apportioned to the three Indiana conferences, about \$150,000 to each one. The university has been running in hard lines for the past year. The failure of the De Pauws crippled the institution to the extent of several hundred thousand dollars. During the past year it has been necessary to make a beggerly appeal to every source for revenue to carry on the work. It is proposed to put this \$500,000 out on interest and not touch the principal.

Elopes with a Merc Child.

Milo Wilson and Lula Hancock eloped from Monon and were married at St. Joseph, Mich. Wilson is