

CONTENTMENT.

Happy the face 'neath the tattered bonnet,
Merry eyes matching the ribbons on it;
What matter the old, torn shawl and gown
With her sunny hair, for a golden crown,
She's the richest queen in all the land—
With the happy face under the bonnet.

Her kingdom, the billowy meadows fair;
Her subjects, the birds and butterflies there;
Her wife, the dew in the floweret's cup,
Which she quaffs with glee, ere the sun is up;
She's the proudest queen in all the land,
With her winsome face under the bonnet.

She cares not for fashion, cares not for fame;
She knows not sorrow—to her, but a name;
She wears bright jewels, the wild flowers
sweet,
And they lift their heads, her smile to meet;
She's the happiest queen in all the land,

"Neath the old and faded bonnet.

—Good Housekeeping.

CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

At this moment Matt, looking bright
as sunshine, leaped out of the caravan.
"There's my proof," said Marshall.
"Miss Monk, this amiable bridegroom
of yours denies being concerned in
harming Mr. Charles Brinkley. Is he
telling the truth?"

Matt's face darkened, and she looked
at Monk with eyes of cordial detesta-
tion.

"No," she said; "he's lying."

"Matt," cried Monk, fiercely, "take
care!"

"He's lying," she repeated, not heeding
him. "I see him do it with my
own two eyes, and I see William
Jones helping him and looking on;
they thought that no one was nigh,
but I was. I was hiding behind them
sacks and barrels in the cave."

Monk now felt that the game was
almost up, for he was beset on every
side, and the very ground seemed
opening under his feet. The wretched
Jones, in a state bordering on frenzy,
remained on his knees, wailing over
his ruin. The two strangers, Light-
wood and Marshall, looked on as calm
but interested spectators. Matt, hav-
ing delivered her home-thrust of accusa-
tion, stood and gazed into Monk's
face with cool defiance.

"It is a plot!" Monk cried, presently.
"an infamous plot to ruin me! You
have been tampering, I see, with this
wild girl, whom you foolishly suppose
kin to me by blood. Arrest me, if you
please—I shall not take the trouble to
resist, for I am perfectly innocent in
this matter."

He added, while they looked at one
another as if somewhat puzzled:

"As to the girl's relationship with
my dead cousin, the very idea is ab-
surd. Where are the proofs of her
birthright?"

"Here," said a quiet voice.

Monk turned his eyes and started
back in wonder, while William Jones
shrieked and fell forward on his face.
Standing before them in the sunshine
was—the reality or the semblance of
the murdered young man of the cara-
van!

CHAPTER XVI.

THE "MURDERED" MAN.

Yes, it was the artist himself, look-
ing a little pale and carrying one arm
in a sling, but otherwise, to all appear-
ance, in good health.

Monk had strong nerves, but he
could not prevent himself from utter-
ing a wild cry of horror and wonder.
At the same moment Matt went to the
young man's side, and, with an air of
indescribable trust and sweetness, took
his hand—the hand which was free—
and put it to her lips.

"The proof is here," he said, calmly;
"here upon my person. I am not quite
dead, you see. Mr. Monk, of Monkshurst,
and I thought I should like to
bring it to you myself. It consists, as
you are aware, of Col. Monk's dying
message, written on the fly-leaf of his
prayerbook, and of the marriage cer-
tificate of his wife, both these having
been placed upon his child's person,
concealed by the unsuspecting and il-
literate Jones, and found by me after
a lapse of many years."

Monk did not speak; his tongue was
frozen. He stood aghast, opening and
shutting his clinched hands spasmodi-
cally and shaking like a leaf. Reas-
sured to some extent by the sound of
the voice, unmistakably appertaining


"I AM NOT QUITE DEAD, MR. MONK, OF
MONKSHURST."

to a person of flesh and blood, William
Jones gradually uplifted his face and
looked in ghastly wonder at the
speaker.

"You will be anxious to ascertain,"
proceeded Brinkley, with his old air of
lightness, "by what accident, or spe-
cial Providence, I arose from the grave
in which you politely entombed me?
The explanation is very simple. My
young friend here, Matt, the found-
ing, or, as I should rather call her, Miss Monk, of Monkshurst, came to
my assistance, attended to my injuries,
which were not so serious as you
imagined, and enabled me before day-
break to gain the kindly shelter of my
caravan. Tim and a certain rural doc-
tor did the rest. I am sorry to dis-
appoint you, Mr. Monk, but I feel bound
to keep my promise—to interfere seri-
ously with your little arrangements if

you persistently refused to do justice
to this young lady."

As he spoke, Monk uttered a savage
oath and rushed towards the road; but
Marshall was after him in a moment
and sprang upon him. There was a
quick struggle. Suddenly Monk drew
a knife, opened it and brandished it in
the air; so that it would have gone ill
with his assailant if the Herculean
Tim, coming to the rescue, had not
pinioned him from behind. In another
moment the knife was lying on the
grass and Monk was neatly handcuffed
by the detective.

"Now, governor, you'd better take it
quietly!" said Marshall; while Monk
struggled and gnashed his teeth in im-
potent rage. "You're a smart one, you
are, but the game's up at last."

Monk recovered himself and laughed
fiercely.

"Let me go! Of what do you accuse
me? It was murder just now, but since
the murdered person is alive (d—n
him!) I should like to know on what
charge you arrest me."

"Oh, there's no difficulty about that!"
said Brinkley, looking at him super-
ciliously. "In the first place you have
by fraud and perjury possessed your-
self of what never legally belonged to
you. In the second place, you at-
tempted murder, at any rate. But upon
my life, I don't think you are worth
prosecuting. I think, Mr. Marshall, you
might let him go."

"It's letting a mad dog loose, sir," re-
plied Marshall. "He'll hurt some-
body."

"What do you say, Miss Monk?" said
Brinkley. "This amiable looking per-
son is your father's cousin. Shall I re-
lease your bridegroom in order that
you may go with him to the altar of
Hymen and complete the ceremony?"

"I hate him!" cried Matt; "I should
like to drown him in the sea."

Brinkley laughed.

"Your sentiments are natural, but
un-Christian. And the gentle Jones,
now, who is looking at you so affection-
ately, what would you do with him?
Drown him in the sea?"

"No, no," interposed William
Jones, abjectly; "speak up for me,
Matt. I ha' been father to you all these
years."

Matt seemed perplexed what to say.
So Brinkley again took up the conver-
sation.

"On reflection we will refer William
Jones to his friends, the 'coast-guard
chaps.' I think he will be punished
enough by the distribution of his little
property in the cave. Eh, Mr. Jones?"

Jones only wrung his hands and
wailed, thinking of his precious trea-
sures.

"And so, Matt," continued Brinkley,
"there will be no wedding after all. I'm
afraid you're awfully disappointed!"

Matt replied by taking his hand
again, raising it to her lips, and kiss-
ing it fondly. The young man turned
head away, for his eyes had sud-
denly grown full of grateful tears.

CONCLUSION.

My tale is told. The adventure of
the caravan has ended. Little more
remains to be said.

Monk, of Monkshurst, was not
brought to trial for his iniquities, but
he was sorely enough punished by the
loss of his ill-gotten estates. Before
the claim of the foundling was fully
proved he left England never to return.
Whether he is alive or dead I cannot tell.

William Jones, too, escaped legal
punishment. A severer retribution
came upon him in the seizure and dis-
posal of the hoards in the great cave.
So sorely did he take his loss to heart
that he crept to his bed and had an at-
tack of brain fever. When he reappeared
on the scene of his old plunderings
his intellect was weakened, and he showed curious evidences of im-
becility. But the ruling passion re-
mained strong within him. I saw him
only last summer, rambling on the sea-
shore, talking incoherently to himself
and watching the sea in search of
wreckage as of old.

And Matt?

Well, her title to Monkshurst and
the property was fully proved. For a
long time she did not realize her good
fortune, but gradually the pleasant
truth dawned upon her in a sunrise of
nice dresses, jewelry and plenty of
money. Chancery stepped in like a
severe foster parent and sent her to
school. There she remained for several
years; but Charles Brinkley, who had
first taken in hand the vindication of
her claims, and who never ceased to
be interested in her, saw her from
time to time and took particular note
of her improvement in her grammar
and in the gentle art of speech.

"Matt," he said, when they met last
Christmas in London, and when he
saw before him, instead of a tawny
girl, as bright and buxom a young lady
as ever wore purple raiment and fine
linen, "Matt, you are 'growing-up' at
last!"

Matt blushed and hung her head,
with a touch of the old manner.

"Yes, I am grown, as you say. I
wonder what William Jones would
think if he saw me now."

"And if he noticed these pretty boots,
Matt, and heard you play the piano
and prattle a little in French. Upon
my word, it's a transformation! You
always were a nice girl, though."

"Do you really think so?" asked

Matt, shyly. "Did you always think
so?"

"Certainly."

"Even when I told you I liked you
so much, and you told me it wouldn't
do?"

It was Brinkley's turn to blush now.
It was clear that Matt, despite other
changes, still retained her indomitable
frankness.

"Even then," he replied, laughing.
"But I say you were a precocious
youngster. You proposed to me, you
know!"

"I know I did," said Matt, "and it
wasn't leap year then."

She added still more shyly:

"It's leap year now!"

Their eyes met. Both blushed more
and more.

"Matt, don't! It won't do, you know!

Yes, I say so still. You're a rich woman
and I'm only a poor devil of a painter.
You must marry some great swell."

But Matt replied:

"I shall never marry anyone but
you!"

"You won't? Do you mean it?"

"Of course I do."

He caught her in his arms.

"My darling Matt—yes, I shall call
you by that dear name to the end of
the chapter. You love me, then? I
can't believe it!"

"I have loved you," she answered,
laughing, "ever since I first came—to
took!"

And she rested her head on his shoul-
der just as she had done in the old
days when she was an unsophisticated
child of nature.

"So there's to be a wedding after
all," he said, kissing her. "Matt, I've
an idea!"

"When we marry suppose we ar-
range to spend the honeymoon in—a
caravan!"

He is Supremely Contented in His Single
Blessedness.

I do not marry for many reasons.

One reason is that I am of a very af-
fectionate temperament. I feel quite
sure that it is better for me to love all
women, as I do now, than to have to
profess to love but one woman—my wife.

Let me think of some more reasons.

As a bachelor I get a great many invitation
cards and pleasant attentions wherever I go. My married friends
don't have anything like as much luck,
and their wives make them angry by
wondering why it is so.

It is exceedingly nice when I dine
out to be paired off with an unmarried
girl. My married friends look across
the table at me enviously. Any sort of married
"trump" is good enough for them.

As I am, I can do exactly as I like;
go to bed at nine or three at my own
sweet will, and breakfast in bed or up
at any hour. Most husbands can by no
means do as they please, even in so
small a matter as this. They are ex-
pected to be at home by ten or eleven
o'clock, or face cold coffee, cold eggs,
cold toast and cold looks next morn-
ing.

Every married man marries for him-
self—for his pleasure and comfort.
Am I to blame if I choose to remain
single for the same purpose? There is
no absurd reason that the talk about
it being a man's duty to the race to
take a wife.

Of course, too, there is the dreadful
possibility of the marriage turning out
ill. It is next to impossible for a man
to say definitely: "I can be happy
with such a woman for my wife." I
know sweet young girls who five years
from their wedding day were untidy,
coarse, negligent women, even openly
loving their children to the neglect of
their husbands, or openly indifferent
to both husband and children.

This sort of thing is frightful to
think of. Married men in some cases
do get used to it, but it wears
and kills the brighter part of them.

I do not write altogether as a novice
in matters of the heart. I have been
in love over and over again. Some-
how, though, I have always put off
popping the question until some other
lady has done it on his own account.
Of all these girls whom I might have
married, only one now, as a married
woman, seems to answer the expecta-
tions I had formed of her. The realiza-
tion of this makes me more and more
fond of my bachelor freedom and irre-
sponsibility. Besides, I have a gray
gray hair or two, and my habits are getting
fixed.

An astonishing number of men like
myself remain single for reasons much
like those I have mentioned. Unmar-
ried, we have one bird in the hand—
contentment. How can we tell what we
may get hold of that gay, long-
tailed parrot in the bush—marred
felicity, if we suddenly change our
stature?

There is an ideal woman I should
like to marry. Some day I may meet
with some one who is tolerably like
her. Then, if I am not too old, I will
woo her—*Cassell's Magazine*.

And All Is Forgiven Now.

She (severely)—When was the first
time you were drunk?

He—When you intoxicated me with
your charms—*Philadelphia Record*.

Not an Expensive Sepulcher.

"When I met Blinckers he was buried
in his thoughts."

"Humph! A shallow grave!"—*Chi-
cago Record*.

Reversed Precedence.

"Are they husband and wife?"

"No; wife and husband"—*Puck*.

OPENS HIS CAMPAIGN.

Col. Breckinridge Asks for Relection to
Congress.

LEXINGTON, Ky., May 8.—Col. Breckinridge
made his first speech in his campaign for reelection to congress to an enormous crowd in this city. After referring to his past career and services, and stating his position on the tariff, he spoke at considerable length on his recent trial at Washington. He acknowledged his guilt, and said he had fallen in a moment of weakness and passion, but had done all within his power to prevent a public scandal except the one thing, marriage, which at no moment had he considered. Did he think for a moment, as claimed by his enemies, that his sin had made him unfit to represent his hearers in congress; that a reelection would be looked upon by the world as a vindication; that a vote for him was either a vote of approval or of condonation of his misdeeds, he would not ask for a reelection, nor accept the votes of his hearers, nor live in their midst. But of what he had been guilty he had made public acknowledgment, and his reelection could neither take from nor add to the punishment he had suffered. He was glad exposure had come. He cared not now for the closet door to be opened, for there was no skeleton there. He could now look up through the blue skies of the upper world, and feel that there was no cloud there. He would wear with him the scars of the past, but would no longer carry the dread of exposure. He would come out of the storm, in some respects, conqueror.