REPORE SEDAM.

Here, in this leafy place, Quiet he lies, "Cold, with his signities face, Turned to the skies; Tis but another dead; All you can say is said.

Carry his body hence,—
Kings must have slaves?
Kings climb to eminence
Over men's graves: Over men's graves : So this man's eye is dim ;— Throw the earth over him.

What was the white you touched, There at his side?

Paper his hand had cluiched
Tight ere he died;

Message or wish may be;

Smooth the folds out and see.

Hardly the worst of us Here could have smiled!
Only the tremulous
Words of a child;
Prattle, that has for stope
Just a few rundy drops,

Look. She is sad to miss, Morning and night, His—her dead father's—kiss; Tries to be bright, Good to mamma, and sweet, That is all, "Marguerite."

Ah, if beside the dead Slumbered the pain! Ah, if the hearts that bled Stept with the slain! If the grief died; but no;— Death will not have it so.

One Night's Mystery.

By May Agnes Fieming.

CHAPTER IX .- CONTINUED.

The glittering, gas-lit life of the stage, with its music, its plaudits, its flowers, its rows of eager admiring faces might be hard to win, but, once won, would it not be infinitely pre-ferable to the deathly dullness of existence dragged out as the wife of the rich and respectable Mr. Donald Mckelpin? And if her dark, bold eyes and gypsy face really brought her money and fame, why, then, she might send for Freddy and marry him, and 'live ever after.

Mademoiselle Stephanie stood listening to Miss Hendrick's vehement outburst with knitted brows and pursed-up lips, utterly perplexed and at a loss. A great offence had been done, unparalleled in the annals of the pensionnat, an offence for which immediate expulsion, by every law of right and morality, should be the penalty. But it that expulsion was to ruin this young girl for life, and it was her first offence, why, then, one must hesitate. She had ever been such a credit to them all, and really her story sounded plausible, andmodemoiselle was staggered, divided, divided between pity and duty-completely at a loss. 'You are quite sure your aunt will deal with you in this severe fashion,' she asked, her brows bent. 'You are not deceiving me,

'I am not in the habit of stating falsehoods, mademoiselle,' Cyrilla answered, majestically.

And she will send you in disgrace back to your father?

She will try, mademoiselle, but I will not go. No! papa is poor enough without an additional drag upon him. I will never go back to be that drag."

What, then, will you do?'
Pardon, mademoiselle! I decline to an-Once I am expelled this school your

right to question me ends.'

But I have not expelled you yet, and I demand an answer, Mees Hendrick,' cried mademoiselle, her little brown eyes fablen. Cyrilla laughed after a reckless fashion.

' I might marry the gentleman I met in the grounds. After compromising me in the way he has done it is the least reparation he could make, and I am sure he would if I Here catching moiselle's face of horror and incredulity, Cyrilla nearly broke down. But you need not fear; I shall not ask him. I shall go to New York and go on the stage.'

Mademoiselle Chateauroy's eyes had been gradually dilating as she listened. At those awful words a sort of shriek burst from her O, mon Dieu! hear her! go on the stage!

cried little mademoiselle in piercing accents, and precisely the same tone as though her abandoned pupil had said, 'I will go to perdition!' 'Mees Hendrick, do I hear you aright? Did you say the stage?' 'I said the stage, mademoiselle,' Cyrilla re-

peated,imperturbably-'no other life is open to me, and for the stage alone am I qualified. When my aunt turns me from her doors I will go direct to New York-to some theatre there an obscure one, I fear, it must be at firstand in that great city, in the theatrical profession, make my living. I can dance, I can sing. I have perfect health, my share of good looks, and no end of what our cousins across the border call 'cheek.' I shall suc-ceed—it is only a question of time. And when I am a rich and popular actress, Mademoiselle Stephanie, I shall one day return here and thank you for having turned me

For a moment mademoiselle stood speechless, rooted to the ground by the matchless audacity of this reply, and once more Cyrilla's gravity nearly gave way as she looked in her face. Then, without a word, with horror in her eyes, she hastily walked out of the room, locking the door after her, and stood panting on the other side.

'I must speak to Jeanne,' she gasped. 'Oh, mon Bieu! who would dream of the evil spirit that possesses that child.'

Breakfast was brought to Miss Hendrick in the solitude of her prison by Mademoiselle Jeanne herself, who also made a fire. Miss Hendrick partock of that meal with the excellent appetite of a hearty school-girl, Medemoiselle Jeanne eyeing her in terror and ask-

How the matter leaked out it seemed impossible to tell, but leak out & did; perhaps Miss, Jones's exultation over her enemy's downfall got the better of her discretion, but as the four and thirty boarders sat down to their matutinal coffee and 'pistelets' it was darkly whispered about that some direful fate had befallen Cyrilla Hendrick. In the darkness of the night she, had committed some fearful misdemeanor, some deed without a name, and was under lock and key down in Mademoiselle Stephanie's chamber.

Saturday in the school was a half holiday. In the afternoon the girls wrote German exercises and looked over Monday's lessons. All morning the shadow of mystery and suspicion bung over the class-room-girls whispered surreptitiously behind big books. What had Cy Hendrick done? Four and thirty young ladies were on the qui vive, some secretly rejoicing, some simply curious, two or three slightly regretful—for Miss Hendrick was by no means popular-and one, only one, really

sorry and anxious-Sydney Owenson. What on earth can Cy have done?' Sydney thought, perplexedly. We parted all right last evening, and this morning we wake and find her imprisoned and disgraced for the first time in three years. I wish I understood. Miss Jones looks compendiums—she knows. I'll ask herafter clase.'

المتأثر المؤتم يوش

Lessons and exercises ended. At twelve the welcome bell rang announcing that stu-dies were over for the week, and the students free to rush out pelimeil and make day hidcous with their uproar. Sydney alone lingered, going up to Miss Jones, whose duty it was to remain behind, overleck deaks, and

put the class-room generally in order.
'Miss Jones,' she asked, 'what has Cyrilla Hendrick done?

If Miss Jones had a friend in all the school, that friend was Miss Owenson. Miss Owenson, besides being an heiress, besides dressing better and giving away more presents than any other half-dozen pupils together, was so sweet of temper, so courteous of manner, so kindly of heart, so gentle of tongue, so gracefully and promptly obedient, that she won hearts as if by magic. A certain innate nobility of character made her ever ready to take the side of the weaker and the oppressed. Miss Jones owed her deliverance from many a small tyranny to Sydney ()wenson's pleadings. Now Miss Jones pursed up her lips, and her eyes snapped maliciously.

Who says Miss Hendrick has done anything?' she asked.

Oh, nonsense! We all know she has, and that she is in punishment down in Mademoi-selle Stephanie's room. Now Miss Jones, what is it all about?'

'I regret that it is impossible for me to inform you, Miss Owenson. Any confidence Mademoiselle Stephanie may repose in me I consider it inviolable. My lips are scaled. Sydney shrugged her shoulders and turned

away.

'I shall find out for all that. It is very odd; I must say. How could Cy have got into any trouble after going to her room last

She ran down stairs and straight to the chambre a coucher of Mademoiselle Stephanie. She would find the door locked, no doubt, but at least she could talk through the key-hole.

She rapped softly.

'It is I, Cy—Sydney,' she whispered; 'come to the door and speak to me.'

'Come in, Syd,' the clear voice of Cyrilla answered. 'The door is unlocked. Pull the bobbin and the latch will go up.' Sydney opened the door and entered. At

tha exciting work of fiction, Le Brun's Telema-'I thought you were locked in! I thought you were in punishment!' Sydney said bewildered.

I flustered poor little Mademoiselle Jeanne when she brought me my breakfast by my dreadful talk about being an actress that she went out 'all of a tremble,' as the old ladies say, and forgot to lock the door.

'Mile. Stephanie I haven't seen since she got up this morning. I daresay she has improved the raining hours in composing a letter to Aunt Phil, painting my guilt as blackly as the best black ink will do it. She will have a fit if she finds you here in my companythe whitest of her lambs side by side with her one black sheep.'
'Nonsense, Cy. What on earth have you

done? 'Has it leaked out, then? 'Ill news flies

apace.' Has Miss Jones told?' Ah, Miss Jones is at the bottom of the mischief. My prophetic soul told me so, she looked so quietly exultant. You didn't try to

murder her last night in her sleep, I hope, Cyrilla?' Not exactly. If ever I get a chance I will, though. I owe Miss Jones a long debt of small spites, and if ever 1 get a chance I'll pay it off. What did I do? Why, I stole out of my room last night at midnight to

meet Fred Carew.' 'Cyrilla!' Cyrilla laughed. 'My dear Syd, if I had assassinated Miss Jones last night in her vestal slumber you look each other straight in the eyes. It is to couldn't look more horror-stricken! Is it be a duel a la mort between them henceorth such an awful crime, then? My moral perceptions must be blunt-for the life of me I Miss Jones turns, quits the play-ground, and can't see the enormity of it. Look here, I'll

And then Miss Handrick with the utmost sang froid, poured into Miss Owenson's ear the tale of last night's misdoings.

tell you all about it.'

'If the man had been any other man on earth than poor Freddy,' pursued Miss Hend-rick, 'the matter wouldn't amount to much after all. Expulsion from school I don't mind a pin's point. I leave at Christmas in any case, and a shrill scolding once a day from Aunt Phil until the day I married her pet Scotchman would be the sole penalty. But now it means ruin. Aunt Phil will turn me out-oh, yes, she will, Syd, as surely as we both sit here. No prospective fortune, no Mr. McKelpin to make me the happiest of women, no leading the society of Montreal. no flirtation with Freddy, nothing but so torth, like Jack in the fairy tales, and seek my fortune. Jack always found his fortune however, and so shall I. But, Cyrilla, good gracious, this is awful.

Do you mean to say your aunt will really turn von out?

'Really, Syd, really—really. And, after all selves to wander about corridone can't much blame her, poor old soul.

Last night I rather dreaded my fate; to-day letters, or read, as they please. I don't seem greatly to mird. After all, if own living.'

'As an actress? Never, Cy. If the worst me, sconer than that. Not a word, Cyrilla, I' it will be, papa and mamme, and Bertie and you, all in the same house!'

Cyrilla laughed.

And Bertie wishing me at Jericho every hour of the day. And papa and mamma, pinks of prepriety, both looking at me askance, a girl expelled her school and turned out doors by ner aunt. Oh, no, Syd; you're the best and dearest of triends, but your scheme won't work. I shall go on the stage, as I say. The dream of my life has ever been to be a popular actress, and the first time you and Bertie visit New York you will come and see me play.'

'And Freddy?' When I am rich enough I shall marry Freddy. Poor fellow! how sorry he will be when he hears this. It is all the fault of that detestable Mary Jane Jones." If she had not interfered at Mrs. Delamere's, he would have said all he had to say there, and no more about it. It is her hour of triumph now, but if mine

ever comes-'Enough of this, young ladies!' interrupted the shrill voice of Mademoiselle Stephanie, entering hastilv. 'I have overheard every word. Mees Owenson why do I find you kere?

In her hand Mademoiselle Stephanie held a letter addressed in a most legible writing to Miss Phillis Dormer, Montreal. It was Cyrilla's sentence of doom. Sydney started up, turning pale and clasping her hands'.

Oh, mademoiselle, pray-pray, don't send that letter. You don't know how her aunt hates Mr. Crrew-how implacable she is when offended. You will ruin all Cyrilla's prospects for life. It is her first offence. She has always been so good—you have always been so proud of her. She has been such a credit to the school. And she will never, never, never do so again. Oh, ma'amselle—dear, kind Ma'amselle Stephanie! don't send that Teers stood hig smilliright in Sydney's be-seeching eyes, as the stood with clasped, plead-ing hands before the preceptress.

Husb, Sydney! Cyrilla interposed gently: it is no use. Ma'amselie has heard all that

before. "I have pleaded for Mees Hendrick,' ma'am selle said, looking troubled; 'I have begged

the good aunt to forgive her this one time." Cyrilla smiled—serenely reckless. 'You don't know Miss Dormer, ma'smselle. If an angel came down to plead for me, she would not forgive this. Send your letter—what does it signify? I will never give her

the chance to turn me out. 1 will go straight from this school to New York.' 'You hear that, ma'amselle?' Sydney cried. You will drive her to desperation. Do notdo not send that letter! She is sorry—she will never offend again. Oh, ma'amselle! listen to me. I am going away—you always said you liked me. Grant me, then, this part-

I shall ask! She twined her pearl-white arms about little ma'amselle's saffron neck and kissed ber. And wavering, as she had been since morning, ma'amselle's resolution wholly gare way before that caress. She kissed Sydney's sweet, tear-wet face, and then deliberately tore her

ting favor. It is the first-it will be the last

letter through the middle. 'It shall be as you say, petit. Ah! le don Dieu has given you such a heart. For your sake, and if Mees Hendrick will bind herself to repeat this offence no more, her punishment shall end here."

Cyrilla drew a long breath of relief. There had been a hard fight for it, but the day was WOR

'Thank you, mademoiselle,' she said. 'I promise indeed with all my heart. Sydney, I owe this to you. I cannot thank you, but I

Sydney closed her lips with a jubilant litlle kiss.

'All right, Cy—never mind how you feel. I knew ma'amselle was too good to do it. And oh! ma'amselle, please make Miss Jones hold her tongue, She hates Cyrilla, and will hurt her if she can.'

'I will speak to Mees Jones. You may send her to melat once. Go now, young ladies, the window Cyrilla sat alone, calmly perusing and let this be the very last time, Mees Hendrick, I shall ever have to reprimand you.' The girls bowed and departed. Cyrilla

broke into a soft laugh. What a tragic scene! 'Go, sin no more Tnat quicksand is tided over safely, thanks to 'So I am,' Cyrilla answered, laughing; but you, Syd; but I have the strongest internal conviction that one day or other I shall get into some horrible scrape through Fred Ca-

CHAPTER X. THE LAST NIGHT.

It is raining still, and raining heavily; a November gale surging through the trees of the play-ground, sending the rain in wild white sheets before it. No out-door romp for the Chateauroy pensionnaires to-day. They are congregated in a barn, a large and lofty building, and 'Ferre l'Hermite' is tamultuously beginning as Sydney and Cyrilla appear. At the sight of the latter, a whoop of surprise goes up, and Miss Jones, standing absently looking out at the storm, turns round, and sees her enemy—free.

She stands and looks-mute with surprise. There is an audacious smile, as usual, on Miss Hendrick's dark face, and an audacious laugh in her black eyes. She quits Sydney and goes

straight up to Miss Jones.
'You are to go to Mademoiaelle Stephanie's room at once, Miss Jones,' she says, with a most exasperating smile; I think she has a word of warning for you.

Miss Jones makes no retort, for the excellent reason that she has none ready. There is a pause of three seconds, perhaps, and they -and both know it. Then, still in sience, Cyrilla is surrounded, besieged with ques-

tions, but she shakes them off, and orders them imperiously about their busness.

Since she first entered the school she has been queen-regnant—queen-regnant she will be to the end. She joins as noisily as the smallest girl there in the game, her piercingly sweet voice rising in the monotonous chant high above all the rest. So Miss Jones finds her upon her return. The interview with mademoiselle has left Miss Jones a trifle paler thea was her wont, with anger it may he, but she says not a word as she returns to her former occupation of gazing out at the

The long, wet afternoon passes, night comes, and all retire. Sunday morning breaks, still wet and windy; there is to be no church-going, greatly to the disappointment of the young ladies. Instead, mademoiselle reads aloud for an hour some book of sermons. They dine at three instead of one, a high festival dinner of roast-beef and plum pudding. Then the girls are left to them-selves to wander about corridors and passages, visit each other's rooms, gossip, write

It is Sydney Owenson's last day. To-morthe worst comes to the worst, I can make my row morning she goes, to be married in a month. Four and thirty girlish bosoms beat with envy at that thought! It is like a does come, you shall make your home with fairy tale to them; nothing of the kind has ever transpired before, nothing else is insist upon it. Oh, darling, think how nice thought of, or talked of, all day. Sydney moves about among them, in a pretty dress of silk, the famous chain and locket about her neck, her engagement ring sparkling on her finger, a glistening watch at her girdle, all her golden, feathery curls falling over her shoulders—a shining vision. One by one, she visits the girls, sobbing a little here and there, and realizing for the first time how fond she is of them all. Cyrilla goes with ber; and so the desolate, lead colored Sabafternoon deepens iuto night, and it is quite dark when Mademoiselle Jeannie comes up and says Colonel and Mrs. Delamere have called, and are in the parlor waiting to see

"And," But, 'mademoiselle,' Mademoiselle Jeanne says, laying a restraining hand upon Cyrilla's arm, 'Mees Hendrick is not to accompany you.'

Sydney descends. Firelight and lamnlight illumine the parlor and dazzle her for a moment coming out of the dusk. She looks and sees, not alone Colonel and Mrs. Delamere, but that most coolly audacious of young officers, Mr. Fred Carew. Opposite him, her hands folded on her lap, her face like | me go.' a small chocolate mask, sat Mademoiselle Stephanie.

Sydney gives a little gasp, a little laugh, and a little blush, as she meets his eyes. Then arises Mrs. Delamere with effusion, and Miss Owenson is folded to her brown silk bosom. She shakes hands with the Colonel and Mr. Carew, and sits demurely down, understanding why Mademoiselle Jeanne had put | days here, after all.' a summary stop to Cyrilla's accompanying

The interview is not long, Mrs. Delamere chats with her in a kind, motherly way. The Colonel booms in occasionally with his ponderous laugh, [and Mr. Carew sits and smiles upon her, and looks handsome and well-dressed, and addresses the few pleasant little remarks he does make almost exclu- and passions.

sively to mademoterile, in strong suppressed displeasure made anticolly responds. pressed displeasure manus Acaselle responding monosyllable responses, and their the call is over, and they are standing up, and Many Delamere, with tears in her eyes, is being Bydney good by Again she shall hadde with the Cathel, then shyly with Mr.

Carew, and as he holds her hand for a moment and bows over it, she feels a note sud-denly and defly slipped into it. Her fingers cluse over it, but she does not look at him; then they are gone, and she is alone, her heart beating guiltily, with mademoisella.

That is the young man, Carew, whom Moss Hendrick met last night, is it not? she asks, her little eyes flashing. Most insolent his coming here. He shall be adwitted no more." Sydney files off to deliver her note, and

finds Cyrilla lingering on the upper landing.
For you, Cy—from Mr. Carew, she whispers. Would you believe such afrontery? -he actually came with the Delameres. He slipped this note into my hand as he said good-by.'

It would be difficult to say what piece of effrontery Fred Carow would not be capable of. Mademoiselle Stephanie's face must have been a study.' 'It was,' laughs Sydney; 'he is not to be

allowed here again. She was proof against his sweetest smiles and tenderest glances. Cyrilla reads her note, her tace softening,

her eyes lighting. It is not long—the pen is by no means mightier than the sword in Mr. Carew's grasp—but it brings an eloquent flush to the girl's dark cheek.

'Poor foolish Freddy,' she says with a half

laugh, a half sigh. ! What nonsense he writes. He goes to Montreal for the winter, and he wants-actually wants me to marry him as soon as I leave school. Something will turn up,' he says in his absurd way; something always turns up to help virtuous poverty. And if it doesn't, why seven and sixpence a day will buy daily bread and beefsteaks, and what more do we want? Lord Dunraith will send us an odd fifty now and then, and Miss Dormer will come round when there's no help for it. Throw over the soap and candle man, Beauty, and let us be a comfortable couple. Did you ever hear of such idlocy, Syd? And the best of it is he means every word.

'Is it idiocy?' asked Sydney. I don't know but it seems to me that, liking him as you do, it will do something worse than idiocy to marry the soap-and-candle man. I can't understand your loving Mr. Carew and marrying

Mr. McKelpin.' 'No, I dare say not,' Cyrilla answers calmly: but then you see you've been brought up in the lap of luxury, a bloated artistocrat Syd, while I am a pauper, and have been from my birth. If I married Freddy I would go a pauper to my grave. There is no choice. 'Needs must,' says the proverb, 'when the devil cidly, as she bas a drives.' I wish—yes, Sydney,—with all my heart I wish I might marry Fred Carew, but 'It wants twenty m I can't, and there the matter ends. Don't let us talk about it, it always makes me uncomfortable. Let us talk of you. To think that this time to-morrow night you will be hun-

dreds of miles away!' They are pacing up and down the long, deserted class-room. The rain has ceased, a few frosty stars glimmer through rifts in the cloudy sky. Far below, the merry tumult of voices and laughter comes, far below they can see lighted passages and rooms. Ontside, the lonesome wind sighs up and down the deserted Rue St. Dominique.

'Hundreds of miles away!' Sydney echoes, with a sigh. 'Yes.'

'You are not sorry, Svd, Honestly now You are not sorry to quit this stupid, humdrum school, these noisy, romping girls, the drudgery of endless lessons, for home and eves, and that particularly livid look that orfreedom, Bertie Vaughan and bridal blossoms! Don't say you are, for it is too much for human credulity to believe.' 'Sorry, Cy! Well, no. I am glad to go

home, glad to be with papa and mamma, and

ago, yet here you are going to marry a man herself a beauty still. you don't care a straw for.'

'Don't I? That is your mistake, Cy. I care whole bundles of steaw for Bertlehaven't I told you so, again and again? I like him better than any man I know.

'And you know-how many? The fat old colonel-one, said Miss Hendrick, checking them off on her fingers; 'the fussy old doctor -two; little old Professor Chapsal-three; venerable Jean Baptiste Romain-four; your papa-five. That comprises the list, does it not? And you like him better than any man you know. Happy Mr. Vaughan!

'I like him better than any man I ever saw, then, cries Sydney, defiantly, your pretty little lover included. And papa and mamma like him, and wish me to marry him; that is sufficient, if there were no other reason I don't believe in that mad, selfish sort of passion we read of, where girls are ready to sacrifice their fathers and mothers, and homes, and soul's salvation for some man who takes their fancy. I hate you when you are cynical and sarcastic and wordy, Cyrilla. I wish you would drop it; it doesn't become you. Leave it for poor, disappointed, crossed-in love, Miss Dormer.

Bravo, Syd? Who'd have thought it? I begin to have hopes of you yet. I only trust your Bertie may be worthy of his sweet little wife. For you are a little jewel, Sydney, and better than you are pretty.'

Oh, nonsense, Cy! Drop that.' 'I shall miss you horribly, cherc belle,' Cyrilla goes on, plaintively. 'You were the leaven in this dull house, that leavened the You were the whole mass. Still, it's only till Christmas, and then,——' her eyes sparkle in the dus she catches her breath, and her color rises. —' her eyes sparkle in the dusk, 'You will go to Montreal, and Freddy will

be there. You will see him surreptitiously,

and all the time you will be promising Mr.

McKelpin and your aunt to marry him, sup-

plements Miss Owenson gravely. 'Take care, Cyrilla; that's a dangerous sort of game, and may end in bringing you to grief. 'Little croaker! the danger of it will be the spice of life. And, meantime, if your. papa writes a nice diplomatic note to Aunt Phil, and gets her consent, I shall haste to the wedding, see Master Bertle, and hestow

my benediction on your nuptials. I will

never forgive Aunt Dormer if she doesn't let Arm in arm the two girls pace up and down the long, chill room, talking eagerly in anundertone. In another half hour the bell for evening prayers rings, and their last tete-atete, where they have held so many, is at an

end. Good-by, old class-room, Sydney said, wistfully. 'I have spent some very jolly

Prayers and pious reading were long on Sunday night; most of the girls were yawning audibly, a few were nodding, and one or two of the most reprobate fast asleep before. the close. Then to their rooms, and silence and darkness brooded over the miniature world of the boarding-school, with its breadand-butter hopes and fears, heart-burnings

started in less than half an hour.

The scene that ensued t who may tell?
Good-by! good-by! good-by! tears, kisses,
promises to write ad infinium, and then Bydney, her handkerchief quite drenched with weeping, tears herself away, and springs into the carriage. The door is closed, she leans forward her lovely tear wet face. They are all there on the steps, teachers, pupils, sor-

vants, and, foremost, the tall, erect figure and fine face of Cyrilla Hendrick.

Good-by, Cy.—dearest Cy,' she sobs, and Good-by, Sydney.' Miss Hendrick answers,

gravely, but without tears.

The coachman cracks his whip, and they are off, rattling down the allent Rue St. Dominique, and the pranionnet and the throng of eager faces out of sight. She falls back, crying quietly. But before they are half way to the station her tears are dried and she is listening eagerly to Rebecca's account of all

at home. The station is reached—smiles have totally routed tears, the pretty gray eyes sparkle, the delicate cheeks fluth. The old life is at an end. After all, Cy was right, it was dull and the new one is begun. The old one ended in darkness and rain, the new one begins in sunshine and brightness. It is emblematic, the girl thinks, and she gives the engagement ring a shy little kiss, and thinks, with a happy blush and smile, that she is going to Beitie, to her bridegroom-and so forgots the pensionnat.

> CHAPTER XI. "A LAGGARD IN LOVE."

CHARLOTTE, what time is it? If it isn't past four that confounded clock must be

slow. Captain Owenson-Squire Owenson he is known to all men hereabouts-asks this question for the twentieth time within the tour, turning over with an impatient half half groan, in Lis big invalid chair. And Charlotte, otherwise Mrs. Owenson, looks up from her tatting, and answers placidly, as she bas answered placidly also

It wants twenty minutes of four, Reginald,

and the clock is right to a second.' 'Oh-h-h!' says the Captain. It is a half groan of pain, half grunt of anger, and impatiently the invalid flounces over on the other side, and shuts his eyes. He has not seen his Sydney, the 'sole daughter of his house and heart,' his one best treasure in life, for close upon a year, and all that year scarcely seems as long to his intolerable impatience, as do the hours of this lagging day that is to bring her home. At no period of his career has patience been the virtue upon which the friends of Reginald Algernon Owenson have placed their hopes of his canonization, and years of ill-health have by no means strengthened it, as his wife knows to her cost. He is a tall, gaunt man, with a face still handsome eyes, and that particularly livid look that organic heart disease gives. The large, gray eyes, closed so wearily now, are the counterpart of Sydney's, and the abundant and un-

silvered hair not many shades darker.
By the lace-draped bay window of this her Bertie, of course, but still——'

But still that good, tender heart of yours, my Sydney, has a soft spot for 'Frere l'Hermite,' and the Demoiselles Chateauroy, and even crusty Miss Jones. It speaks well for 'State of the complexion, and a general air of the complexion of the complex of the complexion of the complex o even crusty Miss Jones. It speaks well for cheerful insipidity. In early youth Mrs. and nature. It was then his thoughts turned you, cherie, but it is not over-flattering to Mr. Owenson was a beauty—in the maturity of Vaughan. You preached of love a moment seven and forty years. Mrs. Owenson fancies seven and forty years, Mrs. Owenson fancies

There is silence in the room for a few minutes. It is a very large and airy room, furnished with the taste and elegance of culture and wealth. There are pictures on the walls, busts on brackett, statuettes in corners, bronzes on the chimney-pieces, books and flowers on the table, and over all, more beautiful than all, the crisp golden sunshine of the November afternoon. From rhe window you saw a lovely view, spreading woodland all glowing with the rubies and orange of that most exquisite and poetic season the "Fall," emeralds slopes of sward, and far away the great Atlantic Ocean, spreading until it melted into the dazzling blue sky.

The minutes drag like hours to the nervously irritable man, who bears suffering as most men bear it, in angry, vehement protest. A brave man in his day he has been, but brave under ill-health, slow, cruel pain, he is not. Placid Mrs. O venson, who sits, seeing nothing of the gorgeous picture before her, whose whole small soul is absorbed in her tatting, who jumps on a chair and shricks at sight of a mouse, would have borne it all with the pathetic, matter-of-course, infinite patience of woman, had she been chosen for the martyrdom.

Presently the sick man opens his eyes,

bright and restless with impatience. Bertie is late, too,' he growls; 'he was to return by the two o'clock train. A pretty thing for Sydney, a fine compliment indeed, to get here and find him gallivanting away in New York. It seems to me he does nothing but gallivant since his return from England —returning plucked too! Young dunderhead! I don't like it! I won't have it! He shall stay quietly at home or I will know the reason why!

'My dear,' says Mrs. Owenson, calmly measuring off her tatting, 'you musn't excite yourself, you know. Doctors Howard cite yourself, you know. Doctors Howard and Delaney both said particularly you were never, on any account, to excite yourself.'

'Hang Doctors Howard and Delaney! Don't be a fool, Mrs. Owenson! I'm not talking of those two licensed quacks. I'm talking of Bertie Vaughan's gallivanting, and I say it shall end or I will know the reason

placid if possible than ever, I don't believe Bertie's gallivanting, whatever that may be and as for his going to New York two days ago, you know, Reginald, you gave him permission yourself. Lord Dearborn is stopping there at a hotel, before going to shoot whatyou-call-'ems-buffaloes-and Bertie and he were bosom friends at college, and naturally Bertle wanted to see him before he left; And you told him yourself-now Reginald, love, you know you told him yourself, to in-

vite him to the wedding, and 'Yes, yes, yes! O Lord! what a thing s woman's tongue is! Men may come and men may go, but it goes on forever. Don't I know all that, and don't I know, too, that he promised faithfully to be here by the two o'clock train, in time to meet Sydney. And now it's nearly four. People who won't keep their promises in little things won't keep

Monday morning dissert possible day, sparkling with frosty tall sunstaints, which has been superused excitement in thinagh, the school. A round-rotin for a helf-holiday was sent in Mademoistile Stephania, and was granted. Breakfast was esten simid a gabble of conversation, and as they agoed from the table a thrill run through all as a heckney-coach drops up to the door. The messenger for Sydney Owessenflad come.

The messenger for the was dressed in her travelling sult, a pretty conserve of grey and blue, with hat and gleves to match. Her trunk stood packed and strapped in the hall. Mademolesile Stephanic came herself tressulously to bear the message that Rebecca was walting, and that Miss Owenson must say good-by at once. There was no time to lose—their train started in less than half an hour.

Thank God, there's the train,' he says, with a cort of gasp—' Sydney's train. In fifteen minutes my darling will be here.'

And I will go and see about dinner, Regin. ald, remarks Mrs. Owenson, settling her can with a pleased simper at hersesf in the glass.

'if you can spare me.'
'Spare you! What the devil good are you to any one, I should like to know! sitting there with your eternal knitting.....' Not knitting Reginald love, remon. strates Mrs. Owenson, knitting's old.

fashioned. Tatting.' A disgusted growl is the gentle invalid's answer. He closes his eyes and falls back among his pillows once more. Always a bit of a trarrinet, in his own household and neighborhood, as erstwhile on the quarter-deck, years of suffering have rendered him irritable and savage to an almost unbearable degree. Death is near, he knows, hovering outside his threshold by day and by nightmay cry 'come!' at any moment, and his pus-sionate protest against the inexorable decree never ceases. His longing for life is almost pitcous in its intensity—he holds his grasp

upon it as by a hair, and each outbreak of anger or excitement may snap that hair in twain. The great house is very still—the sick. room is far removed from all household timult. It is a great house—'a house upon a hill-top, a huge red brick structure, with acres of farm and field, of orchard and kitchen garden, belts of lawn and wooded slopes. It stands nearly half a-mile from any other dwelling-a whole mile from the town of Wycliffe. A broad sweep of drive leads up to the portice entrance in front, slepling away in the rear down to the sea-shore. There are many great men in the smoky manufacturing town of Wycliffe-as great as half a million dollars can make them, but ever and always Squire Owenson, the great man pur excellence. He is the wealthiest, he lives in the finest house, he drives the finest horses, he owns the finest farms, he keeps the largest staff of servants, and above all he has the air of one born and bred to command. Lottily gracious and condescending, he has walked his uplifted way among these good people, and the rich, shrewd manufacturers submit good-humoredly to being patronized and smile in their sleeve over it. 'A tip top old swell,' is the universal verdict, 'in spite of his British airs, free with his money as a lord, ready to help any one in distress, and a credit to the town every way you take him. A haughty old sprig of gentility this Squire Owenson, setting a much greater value on

birth and blood than either of these useful things are entitled to, and loving, with a love great and all-absorbing, his slim, pretty, yellow haired 'little maid' and heiress. The one desire of his heart, when first he settled here, had been to found a house and a name, that would become a power in the land, to have 'The Place' descend from Owenson to Owenson, for all time. But Mrs. Owenson, who disappointed him in everything, disappointed him in this. Six babies were born, and with the usual perversity of her contrary sex, each of these babies was a girl. To make to Bertie Vaughan. Since Providence deigned him no son, Bertie should be his son, should marry Sydney, should change his name to Vaughan Owenson and so in spite of Mrs. Owenson hand down 'The Place' to fame and posterity. The thought grew with every year. No exception could be taken to the orphan lad on the score of birth, and for his poverty the captain did not care—he had enough for both. Yes, yes! the very hour the boy and girl were old enough they should be married. It was the one hope, the one dream of his life, growing stronger as death came near. Of late he had been a little disappointed in young Vaughan. He had returned from Cambridge 'plucked,' his name never appeared in the 'University Eight;' at nothing, either physical or mental, so far as the old sailor could see, had he distinguished himself. He was without ballast, without backbone,' and never had Captain Owenson sighed so bitterly over the realization as on his last return. Still all things cannot be as we would have them here below. He would love Sydney and be good to her, he could

her father must fain be content. We can't make statesmen, or orators, or great reformers to order,' the captain thought. The lad's a good lad, as the class go-has no vice in him that I can see; will make a respectable, easy going gentleman farmer, quite willing to be tied to his wife's apron-strings all his life; and as that's the sort of men women like, why, I dare say, it will be all the better for the little one that he's not clever. Your clever men rarely make a good hus-

hardly fail in that, and with that both she and

band.' He lay thinking this for the thousandth time, with knitted brows and that expression of repressed pain that never left his face, more strongly marked than ever.

Twenty minutes had ticked off on the clock, the yellow lines of the slanting afternoon sun were glimmering more and more faintly through the brown boles of the trees, whon carriage wheels came rattling loudly up the drive. He started upright in his seat, a red flush lighting his haggard face, his heard throbbing like a sledge-hammer against his side. There was the sound of a sweet, clear girlish voice and laugh, then a footstep came flying up the stairs, the door was flung wide, and fresh, and fair and breezy, his darling was in the room, her arms about his neck, her

kisses raining on his face. 'Papa! papa! dear, darling, blessed old papa! how glad I am to be with you again! He could not speak for a moment; he could only hold her to him hard; gasping with that convulsive beating of the heart. The heavy, labored pulsations frightened Sydney; she drew herself away and looked at

Paps, how your heart beats! Oh, paps, don't say you are any worse!' she cried out, in a terrified voice.

'No-darling,' he answered, a great pant between every word; 'only-the joy-of your coming-' he stopped, and pressed his hand hard over the suffocating throbs. Give me -that-medicine, Sydney.

'I'll do it, Sydney,' her mother said, coming in. 'I told you, Beginald, not to excite your-

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