

Poetry.

BEYOND.

It seems such a little way to me
Across that strange country, the Beyond
And yet not strange—for it has grown to be
The home of those whom I am so fond;

Literature.

THE DOUGLAS HEIR.

CHAPTER XII.

ADRIAN DREDMOND.

The day of sailing came at last.

A good deal of confusion in getting the

family, with their respective supplies of

baggage, from the Coolidge mansion to the

steamer, and in the midst of it all, Wilbur

managed several times to escape the

argus eyes of his watchful mother and

jealous sister, and get a word with

Brownie. He would know if his trunk

boxes had been attended to; if she had

forgotten anything, and if she was sure

she had made all needful provision for

herself against necessities, and a number

of other useful questions.

Every hour in his presence only served

to entrench him more hopelessly.

He never wearied of looking upon her bright

face, nor of listening to the sweet tones

of her voice. She wore a sweet smile

which he never forgot.

Miss Douglas, however, responded very

quietly, and with some dignity, whenever

she observed enough to perceive that

his attentions to her were anything but

acceptable to the Coolidge family, so

without appearing to do so, she avoided

him, and devoted herself to her young

charges, Viola and Alma.

But a little incident occurred, just as

they were going aboard the steamer,

which was to influence the young girl's

whole after life.

Brownie was the last to step aboard, ex-

cepting Wilbur, and not paying strict

attention to her steps, she slipped and

fell. She was not hurt, but she had

fallen face down, and her eyes were

closed. She was not hurt, but she had

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and its stoppage was curiously formed and

set with pearls.

The brown, and loveliest to use it, be-

cause it had been one of the things which

had been used last by Miss Mehebel.

"Oh, look, mamma! Wherever did she

get it?" whispered Isabel.

"I'm sure I don't know, child; it

belonged to a different sphere in

the past, and she brought it to us. I only

know your grandfather had been at the

place that night when the library to be

given him with the pretty face," returned

the maternal Coolidge, impatiently.

"Oh, you begin to think she is pretty,

do you?" sneered her dutiful daughter.

"But she is evidently thinking so, if I do

not," was the moody reply.

Brownie's quick ears had caught every

word, and she very coolly refused the

glass of ice-water which the young man

in question at that moment brought her.

She then settled herself upon the couch

and closed her eyes, thus intimating her

desire to be left alone.

Upon the deck above them there paced

the young man with bent head and thought-

ful brow.

He was tall and exceedingly well-fore-

cast, his broad, full chest and square

features giving him the impression of great

strength and power of endurance.

He looked the Englishman every inch,

and very noble one.

He had a stately way with him that

impressed one at first sight as if he were

"to be before him, and to be a true good

face—a face to be trusted under any cir-

cumstances.

How does she happen to be here, I

wonder?" he muttered, with a far-away

look over the water. "I know she is

thinking of the side of the ship, and

death," he continued, "and though Gor-

don tried hard to find where she had

gone, he could not. She faded out of the

world in which she used to move as

completely and suddenly as a fallen

star drops out of existence. I'm glad now

she is not here, as I did not know how

she would have come here, as I

wish to do; no! I'll give it to her with

my own hands, or I will keep it forever."

He walked absent to the side of the

steamer, and stood looking into the tur-

bid waters beneath; and not long after

two ladies drew near, and he overheard

the following conversation:

"Mamma, I tell you we shall have

trouble with that governess as sure as

the young lady's tone was exceedingly

disagreeable."

"I hope not," replied the elder lady,

with a troubled look.

"The governess is over head and ears in

love with her already, and it will be just

like her to lead him on for the sake of

gaining a good position in the world,"

said the young lady.

"Well, it cannot be helped now; you

must do the best you can. It is interest-

ing, and I will be glad to see you

to that of any one else; you must

politize him during the voyage, and when

you are home, I will be glad to see

you do not have any spare time to

spare."

"Talk about her having a fall," con-

tinued the governess, "I saw her when

she was on the deck, and she was

nothing but a bundle. She said a gen-

tleman had carried her, and she was

sent to the hospital. I saw her when

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nothing but a bundle. She said a gen-

They lifted her in the carriage, shut

the door, and drove away.

Brownie Douglas—the name is as

sweet as the looks—good-by, my Brownie,

we shall meet again," he murmured, and

with a deep tender look in his heart for

her, Adrian Dredmond went his way.

From Liverpool, the Coolidges, after a

few days of rest, went to London, where

they proposed establishing their resi-

quarters for three or four months, while

they made excursions about the country.

It was before long that the noble

neighborhood of Regent's Park, and to Isabel's

delight, entered at once upon the gayeties

of the season.

Brownie's heart is stirred with various

emotions as she finds herself thus settled

among the very scenes of her aunt's for-

mer life.

Here Miss Mehebel lived when she was

a girl; here she was wooed and won;

here she had lived that bright, happy

and loving life, and which she had

followed by a life of mourning and sad-

ness.

She wondered if Lord Dunforth were

still living, and if it would be her lot

to meet him. She hoped so, and she

was about to inquire of her aunt, when

she was interrupted by the arrival of

her aunt, from the picture which was now

in her possession, even though so many

years had passed, and he was an old man

of over sixty.

Of course, she never expected to meet

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him, and she was glad to see him, and

grew suddenly conscious, and blushed

with a sense of her own beauty.

Her hair was drawn away from her

forehead, and knotted gracefully

at the back of her small head.

Her beautiful neck gleamed through

the misty folds, and her rounded arms

were only half concealed by the fall

of delicate lace from her sleeves.

The dress was cut on a train, making

her slight figure look taller, and, with

a proud poise of her head, almost regal.

She wore a finely-wrought chain of

gold about her neck, from which was

suspended the beautiful coral cross, set

with brilliant, which her aunt had

given her at the same time she gave her

the other contents of the casket.

The butterfly hair ornament to match

had fastened in her glossy hair, and it

sparkled and gleamed with her every

movement.

Her lip had quivered, and the tears

had started to her eyes when she took

them from her velvet bed, for it

was so vividly to her mind that last

interview with her aunt.

"Auntie," she said, as she softly

brushed her lips to them, "you told me

to wear them; I have nothing that will

look half so well with this dress, and my</