

much love is wasted! how much passionate devotion despaired! This young girl's fastidiousness made her even scorn the outburst of that passion she had inspired, because the language in which it was clothed was homely, and the honest heart in which it was felt so deeply beat in one who wanted the charm of a cultivated mind and polished manner.

"His tread is like a young elephant's," she exclaimed, a disdainful smile curling her lip as she stood a moment watching the stalwart figure of the despised skipper descending the stairs.

"To think that I could marry him! and yet I may be compelled to do so after all," she added bitterly as she re-entered the room, and threw herself, weeping hysterically, into a chair. "Well, there is one hope left," she resumed—after the excitement of her feelings had partly subsided—as her mother's letter to Colonel Godfrey caught her eye. "If that should fail, then I must submit to my cruel destiny, and marry this impassioned clod!"

CHAPTER V.

A DISAPPOINTMENT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

ONE—two—three weeks passed slowly away how heavily the wheels of time drag when you are expecting a letter upon which you have built every hope. A letter which is to decide your fate, and on which your happiness or misery depends. As day after day comes and goes, and the expected letter still tarries, how fully you experience that sickness of the heart caused by hope deferred.

Mrs. Tremayne's letter to Colonel Godfrey had been sent, but no answer had yet arrived. Every time the English mail came in, a young girl, shabbily dressed, but attracting every eye by her rare beauty, was seen to enter the post-office, enquire eagerly for a letter, and turn dejectedly away when told there was none. No letter yet! how intolerable this suspense! an answer, even if it brought disappointment, would be preferable.

"If there is no letter to-day I will not try again," was the mental resolve of poor Hilda as she entered the post-office at the beginning of the fifth week from the time Mrs. Tremayne's letter had gone to Ireland.

"There has been plenty of time for a letter to go and come in these days of steam and rapid travelling! I suppose this application to grandpapa will be as successful as the rest," she added bitterly, pushing her way through the crowd, at last reaching the aperture where the letters were being distributed.

This day, however, she was not doomed to disappointment. The usual negative to her inquiry of "any letters for Mrs. Tremayne," was not pronounced and—could she indeed believe her eyes—the clerk held up a letter to her delighted gaze. It had come then. The suspense was at an end; this much at least was gained; the mind would be released from the torture of uncertainty. Eagerly she held out her hand for the coveted epistle, and hurried, full of excitement, to her home.

A flush of hope lit up Mrs. Tremayne's faded face as her daughter rushed into her room, displaying the long hoped-for letter.

"Have you really brought one? Has he written at last? Oh give it to me," and clutch it, eagerly she broke the seal.

Alas! for the bitter disappointment extinguishing the light of joy in the faces of both mother and daughter, as Mrs. Tremayne's own letter fell from the blank envelope in which it had been returned—unopened.

The sudden revulsion of feeling was too much to be calmly borne by the poor invalid. "Oh this cruel disappointment!" she wailed forth. "I thought he had surely written; that he had relented at last," and the unhappy woman wept long and bitterly.

Her anguish moved the heart of her daughter to suffer and be strong. Filial love drew near to strengthen her for the sacrifice which was now indeed inevitable. Crushing back every thought of self with the calmness which often comes to us when hope has fled and despair triumphs, Hilda soothed her mother's grief, and spoke calmly of her own marriage with Captain Dudley, which would place that beloved mother above the reach of poverty and its many sorrows.

"If you marry him, Hilda, it must be soon," Mrs. Tremayne observed, quickly drying her tears when she found how quietly her daughter took the disappointment about the letter. She was deceived by her composed manner, and she was willing to believe that stern necessity had overcome her repugnance to the marriage.

"Dudley was here to-day," Mrs. Tremayne continued, "he has just returned from Halifax, and he says he has just received directions from his employers to sail for England in a week."

"But there is only one condition on which I can consent to this hated union," observed Hilda, with subdued vehemence. "The ceremony must be private, and Dudley must not claim me for his wife for two years. At the end of that time my aversion to him may be somewhat subdued."

"The condition is a hard one, Hilda, Dudley will no doubt object," remonstrated Mrs. Tremayne.

"If he loves me as he professes to do, he will accept the condition, hard as it is," was her cold rejoinder.

And Hilda was right. Dudley, overjoyed at the prospect of eventually gaining the object of his idolatry, consented to the terms imposed upon him.

The marriage was private. His worldly wealth was settled on the bride, and shortly after the ceremony, he sailed for England, leaving her to enjoy it with her mother during his imposed absence of two years.

Some weeks passed on in the quiet enjoyment of the comforts of life which the money Hilda gained by her marriage procured. To this poor family so long accustomed to anxiety and privation, the very exemption from these evils was comparative happiness. But Mr. Tremayne did not live long to enjoy his new found prosperity. He died from the effects of intemperance about a month after Dudley's departure for England.

It was now the beginning of summer, and Mrs. Tremayne determined to leave Quebec and try by change of scene to banish from her daughter's thoughts the painful recollection of her marriage, which was evidently embittering her existence. The slightest allusion to it gave her so much pain that her mother carefully avoided the subject.

Unhappy Hilda! she tried to cheat herself into the belief that she had got rid of Dudley. She was fond of picturing to herself the dangers of the deep. She would cherish the hope that something would occur to prevent his return. Shipwrecks were things of frequent occurrence. She did not struggle against the subtle temptation—the wish for another's death. In her misery she clutched at deliverance from it even at the expense of conscience. Mrs. Tremayne was deeply grieved to see her daughter's repugnance to the man she had married continue as strong as ever. She now realized the sacrifice her filial love had enabled her to make, and she secretly reproached herself for having accepted this sacrifice from her child.

To be continued.

Metz is 170 miles from Paris. The distance of St. Inmetz from Paris changes daily.

"Seaside Views"—That all visitors amuse of money, and proper subjects of extortion.

Mrs. Partington says she understands the pickle the Emperor has got into, but she would like to know what this neutrality is that Victoria is trying so hard to preserve.

Josh Billings says:—I suppose the reason why we all of us admire the Atlantic Ocean so much is, because it don't belong to anybody in particular; for what we want own, is about all we ain't jealous of.

Prosperity makes us suspicious of each other, while adversity makes us trust in each other—the only way that I know of for this is that in prosperity we have something to lose, while in adversity we have everything to gain.

"I must get married," said a bachelor to his married friend. "I never can find a button on a clean shirt." "Take care," said the Benedict with a sigh, "or you might chance upon a wife who will not find you a clean shirt to button."

A good military anecdote is told of General Decaen—the same who was engaged in the battle on the Moselle. He had observed that several men of his division were without guns, and said they had lost them. This general came to the conclusion that some at least of the soldiers reasoned thus:—If I throw away my gun behind a hedge, and am found out, I shall get a year or two of imprisonment, but that is better than being shot. To counteract these cowardly tactics, General Decaen, who does not like courts-martial, issued an order of the day declaring that every soldier who lost his Chass-pot would be sent to the front in action without arms, and would not get any till he helped himself from the enemy. Since this order no arms have been lost in this general's division.



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IT is intended to make these DIRECTORIES the most complete and correct ever issued on this continent. They are not being prepared by correspondence, but by PERSONAL CANVASSING, from door to door, of my own Agents.