

KATHLEEN.

A Holiday Story of Merry England.

It was the merry Christmas time! Year after year had gone by, but though separated far from each other at all other times, at this annual festival we all met together in the old ancestral hall of our family.

It was Christmas Eve! The yule logs were piled high, and roared and crackled up the huge chimney, filling the wide hall with light and heat.

It might have been a picture for an artist, the group assembled in that great hall. In his large carved oaken chair, in the chimney corner, sat the host, Sir Robert, his pleasant countenance and mellow laugh diffusing an air of home-like mirth around.

"Etoile, my dear, this is your cousin Mary, a regular, full-blooded Percy; this is Kathleen Moore, a wild Irish girl, with nothing English about her except her pride; this is Gypsy, the maddest, merriest little fairy that ever kept a household in confusion, yet she's the 'flower of the flock' after all; this handsome fellow is your cousin Randal, whose heart you must be careful not to steal, as I want him for Gypsy here."

"Thank you for nothing, uncle," said I, tossing my head saucily. "Gypsy wouldn't have him."

At this moment Etoile passed us, leaning on the arm of a young officer in a splendid uniform, and listening with a smile of evident pleasure, to the graceful nothings he poured in her ear. Randal looked after them with a jealous eye.

"Did you ever see any one so lovely, Gypsy?" he said, enthusiastically. "She's rather pretty," said I, with a disdainful shrug; "and if I mistake not, a most finished coquette, as a certain cousin of mine will find out one of these days."

"She's a coquette! impossible, Gypsy! I never in all my life, saw anyone so artless, so unsophisticated, so perfectly free from coquetry," he exclaimed, indignantly.

I laughed outright at this sudden burst of feeling. "Perhaps so," said I. "Paris is a second Eden for training up girls artless, innocent, and all that. I suppose, however, might as well try to convince you that the moon is made of green cheese as that she is trying to ensnare you. Men have been fools when in love, ever since the world began, and will to the end of it—you are no better than the rest."

"And if I am," he said coloring painfully, "you are hardly the one to lecture me for it—you, the greatest coquette that ever stepped—you that have made fools of a score of better men than I am before this."

"Perhaps that is the very reason that I can see so plainly that Etoile Percy is trying to make a fool of you, now," said I coolly. "But here comes Kathleen. Do you think her handsome?"

filled the usually cold, black eyes, as she looked up into his handsome face with a smile. I had often wished Randal and Kathleen might love each other; but the hauteur with which she had always treated him, had hitherto made the wish seem vain.

"I like cousin Randal, don't you, Kath?" said I, abruptly. "A little," she said, starting and coloring deeply.

"Come, Kathleen—come, you must be queen of our Christmas feast," said the gay voice of Mary Percy, as she came dancing toward us. "Here's Gypsy; we'll make you first maid of honor to her majesty; you're prime favorite already."

"Where's uncle Robert?" said I, without heeding her. "Dear knows," said Mary, indifferently. "I heard a carriage coming a minute ago, and I suppose he went down to see who had arrived. I hope no more will come. Goodness knows there is a crowd of us here already!"

As Mary spoke the door was flung open, and Uncle Robert entered, with a young lady on his arm. Even now—though many a weary year has passed since—I remember her perfectly. Her dress of pale blue satin swept the carpet, and fell in graceful folds round her slender form. Her complexion was clear and colorless, her eyes deep and blue, shaded by long, silky lashes, while a shower of golden curls fell rippling over her white neck, like waves of light.

"Beautiful! peerless!" exclaimed an enthusiastic voice behind us. I turned and saw Randal Percy, who—so absorbed in watching the new-comer—did not notice us all. Kathleen heard him also, as I could see by her heightened color and the sudden flash of her black eyes.

"Miss Etoile Percy, girls and boys," said Sir Robert, by way of general introduction. Then, leading her over to us, he presented her to each separately, saying: "Etoile, my dear, this is your cousin Mary, a regular, full-blooded Percy; this is Kathleen Moore, a wild Irish girl, with nothing English about her except her pride; this is Gypsy, the maddest, merriest little fairy that ever kept a household in confusion, yet she's the 'flower of the flock' after all; this handsome fellow is your cousin Randal, whose heart you must be careful not to steal, as I want him for Gypsy here."

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"I had rather stay with you, cousin." "Methinks you should find it pleasant staying with that pretty baby Etoile," she said, with a curl of her proud lip. "I shall hate her, Kath!" I said fiercely; "she had no business coming here to make you unhappy!"

The dreary look I had seen on entering came again over her face. "It must have come sooner or later," she said, steadily; "she only listened to a little. It is well that I have awakened from the dream of my life at once. You know my secret, Gypsy?"

"That you love Randal—yes," said I, gently. "And he will love that pretty doll. I see it all," said Kathleen, calmly; "and I—"

She paused. "And you will be miserable all your life," I broke in, passionately. "I shall hate this shallow-brained little Parisian. Randal, too, if he loves her."

She drew herself up and laughed scornfully. "And I shall be miserable. I like that. I think I see Kathleen Moore breaking her heart for him, or any other man. No, no, Gypsy, wild Irish girls don't die so easily. Among my own dear native hills, I will soon forget England and Randal Percy, and be a free-hearted mountain lass once more."

Brave Kathleen! She spoke boldly; not once did her voice falter; and yet the cold, stony look of her large black eyes told of the dreary aching of her heart. I could only fold my arms closer around her, and look the sympathy I could not speak.

There came a tap at the door at this moment, and the next Mary Percy entered, exclaiming: "Come Kath—come Gypsy, this will never do. There are a thousand and one inquiries for you down stairs, and here you sit as silent and lonely as two nuns. Come along!"

"And pushing her arm through ours, she drew us down stairs. "Come, lady fair," said her brother, approaching Kathleen, "I believe I have the promise of this set!"

"And will Gypsy do me the honor?" said Randal Percy, approaching me. "No," said I, shortly; "I don't want to dance."

"Then I will not either," said he, gallantly, seating himself beside me. At this moment Etoile passed us, leaning on the arm of a young officer in a splendid uniform, and listening with a smile of evident pleasure, to the graceful nothings he poured in her ear. Randal looked after them with a jealous eye.

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"Perhaps you will come with us," she said, gently. "No, thank you, I am engaged. I wish you a pleasant game. Mind, Randal, and don't let her catch you," said I, moving away.

"Au revoir," then she said, with her bright smile, and passing her arm through his, she kissed her hand to me, and disappeared.

The great hall clock striking one, at last reminded the gay assembly that it was time to retire. As the company dispersed to their various chambers, Kathleen passed me, and whispered: "Come and share my room to-night, Gypsy; I hate to be alone."

I willingly complied, and ran with her up to her apartment. It was situated in such a manner as to command a view of the whole mansion. Kathleen seated herself by the window, while I undressed and went to bed.

"Are you going to sit there all night, Kath?" said I, my eyes closing drowsily as I spoke.

"No, only a few minutes; I don't feel sleepy; never mind me," replied Kathleen, quietly.

"Gypsy, Gypsy, wake up! I want to show you something!" "What on earth is it, Kath?" said I, springing up in alarm.

"Look!" She drew me to the window, and pointed in the direction in which Etoile's chamber was situated. There was no light in the window, but the moonlight fell brilliantly over every object, rendering all around as clear as day. Under the window, a tall, slight figure, which I instantly recognized as that of Randal Percy, paced to and fro, keeping his restless watch before the chamber of her loved. I glanced at Kathleen; she sat, or rather cowered on a seat near the window, her face covered with her hands, as still, as motionless as a marble figure. With a sigh, I turned again to look out. As I did so, I saw Etoile's window open hastily, and a rose fell through the moonlight to his feet. It was enough; I drew the curtain, and turned to Kathleen; she still sat in the same attitude, in a dreary, forlorn manner.

"Dear Kathleen!" I said, softly. She took her hands down from before her face, and looking up, said huskily: "You saw it all; I knew it would be so. Oh, Gypsy, that I should have stooped to love one who cares not for me!"

In all her grief the old pride was predominant still. I knew not what to say, and remained silent.

"I thank you for your sympathy, dear Gypsy, dearest cousin that I ever had; and now that my dream has ended, never speak of him to me again while you live."

She rose as she spoke, and threw herself on her couch; but not to sleep. As I lay awake, thinking of the hopes of a lifetime blighted in one night, I could hear her tossing restlessly on her bed, until the red hue of coming morn tinged the eastern sky.

Time passed on; and I learned that Kathleen and her father had started for a tour on the Continent. Of Randal I could hear nothing, save that he had accompanied Etoile to her far-off home in the *bonnie France*.

a superb woman, with the bewitching smile and laughing glance of a finished flirt, crowned with the wreath and carrying the wand of the Christmas Queen. Standing beside her, as her chosen consort, was Randal Percy.

The evening was drawing to a close, when Kathleen passed me and hurriedly whispered: "If you wish to see a farce, Gypsy, steal into the parlor, hide yourself behind the curtains, and listen."

Wondering what she could mean, I obeyed, and concealed myself behind the heavy curtains. Kathleen followed me and took a seat. Scarcely had she done so, when Randal Percy followed hastily, and took a seat by her side.

"Wall, Mr. Percy," said Kathleen, quietly, "you requested a private interview; may I know what you wish?" "Dear Kathleen, do not speak so loudly; you surely know the reason," he said, earnestly.

"I am so sorry to be so dull of comprehension. I have not the remotest idea," replied Kathleen.

"Then, dearest cousin, in these words I can tell you—I love you, Kathleen!" "Do you, really? Almost as much, I suppose, as you loved Etoile, the other day. Eh, cousin Randal?"

"Kathleen, will you never cease to think of my folly? I never loved her; I only fancied so. I never loved but you, my peerless, my beautiful Kathleen!" he exclaimed, vehemently.

"A very pretty speech, sir. Did you talk to Etoile this way?" she said, quietly.

"Kathleen, you will drive me mad!" he exclaimed, passionately. "How shall I convince you that I love you only?"

"Most certainly, not by walking up and down before my window," was the sarcastic reply. "Do you remember, you did before Etoile's this very night, twelve months ago? How hot you must have been when you went there to cool yourself! Have you the rose Madame de Rochefort flung you that night?"

He rose from his seat by her side, and paced up and down the room with passionate vehemence.

"Once for all, Kathleen," he said, suddenly stopping before her, "will you be my wife?" "I am sorry to be obliged to refuse you, my dear cousin, but there are two or three very good reasons that make it necessary to refuse your trifling request."

"For heaven's sake name them!" he said. "Well, then, the first is, that this day three weeks I am to be married to Sir John Montford; the second—"

Literary Notices.

We have received from the publishers the following interesting standard periodicals: THE EDINBURGH REVIEW for October. Edited by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., 41 Barclay-st., New York.

The contents are—Gardiner's Fall of the Monarchy of Charles I; The Architectural of India; Sir John Lubbock on Ants and Bees; Morley's Reminiscences; Inland Navigation; Shelley and Mary; Natural Religion; The Egyptian Rebellion.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW. Edited by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., 41 Barclay-st., New York. The contents are—Henry Erskine and His Times; The Speaker's Commentary and Canon Cook; Greek Sculpture; Vauban and Modern Sieges; The New Religion of Nature; The Fish Supply of London; Oxford Under the Puritans; Ten Years of Italian Progress; Dr. Pusey and the Church; The Justification of Lord Beaconsfield's Policy.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. The Leonard Scott Publishing Co., 41 Barclay-st., New York. The contents are—The Ladies' Landscapes—Part VIII; False Coin in Sacred Hermeneutics; The Factor's Shouting; Bagdad on the Queen's Birthday; My Bath; Experiences of a Naval Officer in Search of the Eira; Sketches from the Dutch Seaside; Resemblances in Literature; Jewish Tales and Jewish Reform; The Late Campaign.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE. Published by James Vick, Rochester, N. Y. From the appearance of the Guide, which is on our desk, we should judge that the young Vicks are "chips of the old block," as the *Floral Guide*, with its lithographed cover, is handsome enough for the parlor table. It is printed on the best paper, has three colored plates of Flowers and Vegetables, and is full of information. Those who send ten cents for it cannot be disappointed as the plates alone are worth the amount.

THE CANADIAN METRONOMIST MAGAZINE for December. 32 pages. Illustrated. Price \$2 a year. Rev. William Briggs, Toronto, Publisher. This number closes the Sixteenth Volume. The illustrated articles are: "The Beginnings of Methodism in the New World," "In Bible Lands," and "Picturesque Canada." Interesting sketches of Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Punahon, and "Bishop" Black, are given by Dr. Ryckman, Rev. Hugh Johnston and Rev. J. Lathern. The announcement for 1883 is very attractive. Among the contributors are: Dr. McCord, Dr. Daniel Wilson, Dr. Dawson, Dr. Geo. Gifford and Dr. Nelles, all College Presidents, together with Prof. Goldwin Smith, and other distinguished writers. Among the illustrated articles will be Stanley's "Through the Dark Continent, with 150 engravings; A Canadian in Norway; Land of the Midnight Sun; Royal Palaces of England; Fire Mountains; Papers on Brazil, Florida, Italy, Spain, Morocco, Bible Lands; A Colonial Pilgrimage; The White Mountains, with twenty-two engravings, by leading living authors, and many others, all handsomely illustrated. This is now the only literary monthly in Canada, and is very cheap at the price asked for it.

An Admonition. To neglect a cough or cold, is but to invite Consumption, that destroyer of the human race. Hagedy's Pectoral Balsam will cure the cough and allay all irritation of the bronchial tubes and lungs, and effectually remedy all pulmonary complaints, such as Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough.

The Topping Convention. It is expected that there will be about two hundred delegates to the Convention at Toronto to be held on the 23rd and 24th of January. The delegates are now being chosen, and the Convention is to be held in Shaftesbury Hall. The intention is to bring as many new men to the front as possible. The Reform members of the Legislature will all be present and speeches will be delivered by the Ministers and prominent supporters. There will be no new departure so far as the party's platform is concerned. The chief plank will be provincial rights, and the determination will run all through the resolutions to resist the encroachments of the Dominion Government at every point. It is contended that the issue is not now confined to the Streams bill, but that it has broadened into the question of surrendering or maintaining the constitutional rights of the province. It is expected that the convention will arouse the enthusiasm or the party to a high degree and that the Government will be sustained by an increased majority.

Daughters, Wives, Mothers, look to your health. The many painful and weakening diseases from which you suffer, despairing of a cure, can be remedied by that unfailing regulator and purifying tonic, Burdock Blood Bitters. Ask your Druggist for proof.

An Obedient Sonnet. One of the incidents of the evening on the occasion of Mr. Hardy's visit to St. Thomas was his supposititious interview between Mr. Meredith and Sir John. Sir John meets the Ontario Opposition leader at the Toronto convention in 1881, and says: "William, I understand you have been shouting 'Yes' to Mowat's resolutions on the Boundary Award. And William replies: "Yes, Sir John, 'They,' says Sir John, "You must be given aid about 'No,' William, if you count on the assistance of Sir John in your campaign in 1883." And William, with a rueful face, after some hesitation, says, "I will shout 'No,' Sir John. And he has been shouting 'No' ever since."

A Secret. The secret of beauty lies in pure blood and good health, without the one the other is impossible. Burdock Blood Bitters is the grand key that unlocks all the secretions, and opens the avenue to health by purifying and regulating all the organs to a proper action. It cures all Scrofulous Diseases, acts on the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Skin and Bowels, and brings the bloom of health to the pallid cheek.

Emerson, Man., Jan. 17, 1882. About a year ago I was taken with a severe cold which settled on my chest and brought on bleeding of the lungs. I bled very freely and was very low. I feared it would ultimately turn into consumption. Consulted a number of physicians, and used a number of scented cough remedies and lung pads but all to no avail until I saw a notice of Dr. Williams' Pulmonary Cherry Balsam, in a paper. Although a forlorn hope I purchased a bottle, and to my surprise found it doing me good. I cured. Please publish this that others may be saved.

Yours truly, J. E. Newcombe.

Presentations.

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