

A SUMMER FANCY.

Long-lost love, O wilt thou be
Lost indeed to me for ever,
Wilt thou seek Eternity
Dearest memories to sever?

Ah! my strong soul only feels
All thy worth to sadness turning
All my mirth and olden yearning,
With bitter fondness for the sweet story,
With languid longing unto high glory,
Love, I am followed by a woe vaster
Than man receiveth, tho' he flee faster
Than winged whirlwinds from the world master
For aye, for aye.

Heal, O frail and bleeding heart,
In the newer years discover
Glories that cannot depart,
Maiden who shall love her lover.

O be glad some in the day,
Still enraptured pure with feeling,
Softened unto early sway,
Yea, unto memory of hope stronger
Than grief that waxeth in the night longer.
O be in all thy dear and kind grieving,
But as an angel from above leaving,
Hearts holy ever, with God's love heaving
For aye, for aye.

Then through life be always still,
Thee I choose and thee I cherish,
New found darling, love and will
Never suffer thee to perish.

For the sweetness of thy face,
For the merriment of wonder,
And the grandeur of a place
Blest, though young life be sadly now waning,
Yea, though that fervid sun be high raining,
Though thy sincerity art not hiding;
Faithful to me, and void of all chiding,
Love, live in hope, and here with me biding
For aye, for aye.

Montreal.

G. W. R.

DAWLEY'S DODGE.

However, I *did* miss my room. Whether I was thinking too much of Dawley's troubles or not, I don't know; but I not only took the wrong turning, but in attempting to regain Boyd's room, got helplessly lost in a labyrinth of passages. I never saw such a house for stairs! The immediate entrance into every room seemed to be up or down two or three steps. I tried some of the doors, which proved to be locked. At last, in desperation, I knocked cautiously at a room I saw was lighted.

"Who's there?" said Mrs. Carew's voice.

"I beg your pardon," I began.

"Ah, Mr. Stonnor, something bad has happened to Dawley! What is it?"

"Nothing, I assure you. I have only lost my way."

There was a little pause, then she said coldly, "Oh, indeed; I'll ring for the house-keeper."

This was very trying; moreover it was very chilly. I kept pacing up and down that passage thinking the housekeeper would never come. At last James appeared, with the same offensive grin, and led me to my room. "What on earth is that?" I exclaimed, starting back at a loud whirring noise close to my ear.

"Only the cuckoo-clock, sir," James laughed. "Good night, sir. You did give Mrs. Carew a fright."

I had a bad night. Perhaps the cigar disagreed with me. I tossed about for some time, falling asleep at last only to dream that I was assisting Boyd to trepan Dawley. His unearthly scream which awoke me was nothing but the screech of a peacock which had been roosting on a branch close by my window. No sleep after that. The noise increased. First there were the quarter chimes and hours from the big clock; then the rooks began to caw and the peacocks screamed; last, but not least, the cuckoo-clock was continually breaking out with a noise horribly suggestive of somebody with bronchitis. It did not keep time with the big clock, so between one and another the discord was perpetual. So maddening did it become that I determined to put an end to it somehow. I lit my candle, went outside, managed to stop the pendulum, but this did not stop the rest of the mechanism. Then I opened the front and touched some wheel, when the whirr and the cuckoo went off simultaneously in the most terrific manner—as if protesting against my interference. In desperation I endeavored to unhitch it from the wall, when the whole affair came down with a crash. A door opened and the Squire's head appeared.

"What's the matter, Stonnor? anything wrong?"

"Couldn't sleep for the noise," I replied; "very sorry, but—"

"How stupid of us not to have thought of that clock! You were quite right, but I am ashamed you have been so disturbed. Try to get some sleep now, and I'll send you a cup of tea early."

I dozed a little, and when James did bring the tea, determined at all events that he should not see that anything unusual had occurred. I put on an ostentatious yawn and stretch as he busied himself about the room, and then asked indifferently what time it was. It was an unfortunate question, and he made his exit with a loud guffaw. Just as I had finished dressing Dr. Boyd knocked. Dawley had had a bad night, and wanted to see me before I went down.

"He's got something on his mind," said the doctor, leaving me at the patient's door, "and it will do him good to unburden himself."

"Awfully comforting to see you, Stonnor," said Dawley; "sit by my side for a minute or two and let me speak to you. I can tell from Boyd's face," he went on, taking my hand, "that he thinks badly of me. He thinks I am going to croak, so before I get worse I want to confide in you as an old friend."

"Say what you like, Dawley," I said, pressing his hand, "and be sure I'll respect your confidence."

"Stonnor," he said solemnly, "I may have been wild and troublesome, but, believe me, I am now an altered man."

"They have all told me you have been hipped lately," I put in.

"Yes, that's true, and I'll tell you what has done it. It is love, Stonnor! Before I saw Clara, 'pin my sawl I didn't know what love was, but now I see what a fool I've been! And now the one dear creature that could alter my life for good is cut off from me by the want of paltry money."

"But you'll soon get better," I said soothingly, "and then all these matters will look more hopeful."

"How can that be?" he said, starting wildly up from his bed, and drawing his finger across his throat.

"How can I cut it without e'er a knife,

And how can I marry without e'er a wife?"

Is that Byron, or is my head wandering?"

"If I could help you in any way," I said, rather alarmed.

"But you can. You are the very man, dear Stonnor. You are as big a swell in the county as Forton. Go to him, tell him I'm booked if he doesn't do something for me—tell him if he will help us Clara and I will bless him for ever."

Quite overcome he hid his face in the pillow.

"Now, Dawley," I said, "if you'll promise to keep quiet and do as Dr. Boyd advises, I'll promise to talk it over with Mrs. Carew, and if necessary see Lord Forton."

"God bless you for that!" he said, seizing my hand. "Now I can eat my breakfast."

On the strength of my cheerful report, the Squire insisted on sending him up various dainties from our breakfast-table, anything but fit for an invalid, and afterwards invited Mrs. Carew and myself to walk round the grounds.

The flower-gardens, beautifully kept, gradually merged into the rookery; a path through this led to the kitchen-garden, and still farther on through a large orchard to a bright nest of cottages.

"This is what I call the model village," said Mrs. Carew, "and here my brother's old dependants end their days. I quite envy some of them. Look what pretty gardens they all have. Some aspire to little conservatories too. Parsons live in the largest house and the gardener's mother in the next. That old lady cutting roses is James' grandmother. They are all well cared for, are they not?"

"Don't you think it is going a little too far?" I asked.

"Not at all," said the Squire. "I get wonderfully well served by my servants, and the least I can do is to look after them in their old age. You see, I have the advantage of you, Mr. Stonnor, in being able to do what I like with my land."

"I don't catch your drift."

"What I mean is, I ain't bothered with entail—why, you can't sell, pawn, or raise any money on your land if you wished ever so much."

"That's the very beauty of it," I answered hotly. "The law of the land prevents the possibility of our losing the estate, just as the constitution of the country puts it out of the power of an individual to aspire to the Crown."

"Still it is wrong. The land is not yours; you only hold it in trust. Frequently, too, it makes an enemy of your dearest relative. I should like to see it abolished."

"See it abolished!" I cried, horror-struck. "You cannot mean what you say, Mr. Bardett. Such a thing would have the effect of sweeping away some of our finest old country families, and these are the strong bulwarks of the constitution. We don't only live for to-day, sir, but for generations to come."

"I have the greatest respect for old families and their traditions," he laughed; "but what I say is this—"

"Never mind what he says, Mr. Stonnor," put in Mrs. Carew in her clever way. "What I say is that I agree with you, and I won't have any further argument on the subject. Now, Tom, go about your business, for I have some private matters to discuss with Mr. Stonnor."

"Well, take care of him," he laughed, as he left us, "and be ready for a long drive after lunch."

"Now, Mr. Stonnor, I am dying to hear all that Dawley said to you."

After I had told her "It is quite true," she said, "that there is some sort of understanding between these two young people. Clara has learnt to think for herself, and has, as you have noticed, a will of her own. But I have put my face against any positive engagement until his prospects are clearer. This is what has depressed him. How kind and good of you to take an interest in them!"

"A Stonnor never makes light promises, Mrs. Carew. I have promised Dawley to use my influence with his brother, and I shall do so now all the more readily, knowing it will please you and Miss Clara."

"How noble of you!—and I shall tell my girl to thank you herself. Now don't you think—but I only submit it to your better judgment—that a sort of preliminary letter from you would have a good effect with the Fortons? You are just the man to write a nice letter."

"An excellent idea; and if you will give me your assistance we will send it by to-day's post."

"And it would be advisable to say nothing whatever at present to my brother, just to have the satisfaction, Mr. Stonnor," she continued with a meaning smile, "of managing it entirely ourselves."

"I quite understand you," I said, returning her look with an affirmative nod. "You may entirely rely on my discretion."

On consideration we agreed that it would be diplomatic to attempt to bring the brothers together. Lord Forton could but sympathize with Dawley's sufferings, and some satisfactory conclusion would be arrived at. The letter was short. I merely said I was visiting Mr. Bardett, that Dawley had met with an accident, and the doctor feared brain fever; that I had seen him, and he had privately expressed a desire to divulge something to Lord Forton before he became worse.

As the letter was being sealed we saw Miss Clara among the flowers. Mrs. Carew tapped the window.

"See here," she said, holding up the letter as her daughter entered, "see what Stonnor has done for you! Such a nice letter to Forton House! You must thank him as prettily as you can." And off she went to put it in the letter-bag herself.

"I do thank you very, very much, Mr. Stonnor," said the young lady very collectedly, but devouring me with her black eyes. "I hope you don't think Mr. Dawley very ill?"

"That letter will be excellent medicine for him," I said gaily; "and I'm now going up to tell him all about it. Have you any message for him?"

"You may give him these flowers, and tell him I gathered them for him."

"And not one for me?" I asked.

She pinned a rosebud in my coat without the slightest hesitation, and up I went to the patient's room. He was partly dressed, and smoking a cigar with Boyd. A wink from the doctor made me understand he was humoring him. I at once gave him the flowers and the message.

"Where did you get that rosebud?" he asked sharply.

"A certain young lady pinned it in herself," I replied lightly.

"Now, Stonnor," he said with a frown, "none of your nonsense! It would be a shame if you took advantage of my illness to flirt with Clara. I won't stand it!"

"I give you my word, Dawley," I replied impressively, "you may trust me implicitly. My dear fellow, don't you know our motto, 'Stonnor et Honor'?"

"I will trust you," he said, grasping my hand with some effusion. "But how about Forton House?"

Then I told him what we had done. He was evidently relieved, and became so much better during the day that we found him in the drawing-room with Miss Clara when we returned from our drive. He was certainly more docile, though his anxiety for an answer from the Fortons increased daily. Boyd was still uneasy about him. To me, what with an occasional drive to the meet, a picnic at Bradley, and an agreeable dinner party, the days passed pleasantly enough. The Squire, notwithstanding his political views, was simply delightful; and as for the Carews, they could not make enough of me in return for the little service I had done them.

Dawley was continually sending for me to know if I had received an answer. He said I did him more good than Boyd. At last the answer came. It was not what we had anticipated.

"Dear Mr. Stonnor,—"

"Lord Forton is shooting in Hampshire, and as your letter was marked 'immediate' I have opened it. You evidently don't know Dawley as well as we do. I think he is deceiving you. He is scheming for something, and if he had been really ill I am sure Mr. Bardett would have written."

"Yours faithfully,

"CAROLINE FORTON."

Fancy writing to me in this strain! Mrs. Carew's eyes flashed ominously. She looked like an enraged Juno.

"Disgracefully unfeeling!" she said, "and not treating you with the respect due to your station. Poor Dawley!"

"I will have nothing more to say to her," I said.

"Oh, Mr. Stonnor! what shall we do if you forsake us?" cried Miss Clara.

"I won't do that, Miss Clara; but perhaps Mr. Bardett should write."

"But we agreed he was to have nothing to do with it," said Mrs. Carew, coming close to me. "No; let us manage it ourselves, Mr. Stonnor, and bring Lady Forton to her senses. Besides, I am sorry to say my brother is obliged to go to London to-night."

"I quite dread the effect the letter will have upon Dawley," I said. "Dr. Boyd says he is not so well as he looks."

"Ah! we must take Dr. Boyd into our confidence," she said, "and see what he advises."

Boyd came and counselled telling Dawley at once. "Nothing could be worse for him than anxiety, and no one was so well able to break the news to him as I. As to Lady Forton, he would write a certificate in proper form which I could enclose in my next letter."

"That will be a proper punishment for her," said Mrs. Carew; "but now please go and get it over with Dawley."

He saw there was something wrong directly we entered the room. "You've got bad news, Stonnor; out with it."

"It is not much," I said. "Your brother is away, and Lady Forton does not think you are so ill as we tell her."

"Just like her," he said despondingly. "That she-dragon has thwarted me all my life. My blood is on her head!" With that he got up and stalked towards the dressing-table, where his razors were laid out.

"Sit down, Dawley, and don't be an ass," said Boyd, stopping him.

"If you interfere with me I'll shoot you like a dog!" he cried.

"Come, come, Dawley," I said, "this won't do. How can you expect us to help you if you don't show more command over yourself?"

"But you fellows will help me all you can?" he asked, piteously, grasping our hands.

"Of course we will," replied Boyd; "take your medicine like a good fellow, and after we have written to Lady Forton, I'll come and sit with you."

I wrote again more pressingly, enclosing Dr. Boyd's certificate, but Dawley became more and more restless, and Mrs. Carew more and more anxious. She had a long interview with him, coming down afterwards to tell me she had left him happier by giving her consent to his formal engagement with Clara.

"Poor boy," she said, "he confessed that he was £800 or £900 in debt, but he looked so pitiable, I positively had not the heart to refuse. We must hope now for the best."

"I'll tell you what I will do, Mrs. Carew," I cried, moved to sudden generosity by her beaming eyes. "There is Pethouse Grange of mine, all ready furnished; the young couple shall have it for a year rent free."

"How nobly generous of you, Mr. Stonnor! Upon my word you are our good angel. Do go and tell Dawley."

For all this he became worse. Even the Squire when he returned became alarmed at Dr. Boyd's account. "Dawley is in a queer state," he said to us privately. "I don't know what to make of him. Why, he wanted me to hunt the peacocks with him. Before I go perhaps I had better drop a line to Lord Forton and tell him about it. He is an old friend of mine."

"An old friend of yours, Tom!" said Mrs. Carew in alarm. Do you mean to say you know the Fortons?"

"Oh yes; I've known them for years. I know Forton better than Dawley. He has stopped here once or twice."

She gave me one look and left the room.

"Now I must go to London to-night, Stonnor, and hope you'll make yourself comfortable till I return. Perhaps I shall see Forton at his Club. Hope to be back to-morrow or the next day at the farthest."

I found Mrs. Carew in great agitation, half hysterical, and Miss Clara was standing over her with smelling salts and camphor. "This is most annoying, Mr. Stonnor," she cried; "I had no idea that Tom knew the Fortons. Did you tell him you had written?"

"No," I replied; "for, you remember, we thought it desirable he should not know."

"Very stupid," she ejaculated with some show of temper.

Matters got worse. Dawley began to rave about his embarrassments and Clara. Mrs. Carew and Dr. Boyd were continually consulting me about one thing or another. It was late before we got to bed, and before I was up Boyd came to my room. Dawley was worse, and a barber had been sent for to shave his head. The ladies were already in the morning-room when I went down, and we determined to telegraph to Lady Forton at once. We sent the following—

"Dawley worse—head shaved—doctor thinks state is critical." We breakfasted and waited the result. Presently Dr. Boyd brought down some of the poor fellow's hair. Dawley wished us to have a lock. Mrs. Carew was much affected at this touching incident, but Clara kept perfectly calm and collected. She was not demonstrative, but I believe felt the situation keenly in spite of her outward show of reserve. She flushed a little when a telegram came from Lady Forton announcing her intention of coming to Hunterstone by the first train. By mid-day her ladyship appeared *in propria persona*. She was very gracious. Sorry to find Dawley had given so much trouble. Was sure he would soon get better amongst such good Samaritans, and wondered Mr. Bardett had not written.

"Gentlemen are such bad correspondents," said Mrs. Carew with a sweet smile, "and my brother is in London at present."

"Ah, then he may perhaps see Forton. I telegraphed to him, and he will be there now, ready to come on here if necessary."

She then had an interview with Dr. Boyd, who told her if the patient was humored and his mind put at rest he would get better. "I'll tell him you are here," he added, "and you can see him when you please."

In a few minutes I escorted the ladies to his room. We were confronted with an appalling sight—Dawley entirely enveloped in a white sheet was seated in an arm-chair with his little head clean shaven. In one hand he held a large bottle of leeches, and in the other a bunch of peacock's feathers, with which he tickled his head. One look was enough. As they turned and fled screaming away, up he jumped and chased them down the passage with several ringing view halloos. We got him back, and I went down to find the ladies locked in the drawing-room. After a little parley the door was opened.