

"So I don't know what Reo told her, but now she's out all the afternoon: busy somewhere. And there!" said Mrs Bywank, as a horseman passed the window. "It's hard to blame her for staying late. But there she comes!"—and the old house-keeper went softly from the room.

At a little distance now he could see the brown horse and his rider, with Lewis following. Coming slowly at first, then with sudden haste she saw horseman at the door. Hazel knew her mistake in a moment, but she kept up her pace as the unwelcome visitor came on to meet her; and just up the steps deftly jumped herself off, giving no chance for civilities. Then after a few words of colloquy dismissed the intruder, and came slowly up the steps. There paused, looking wistfully down the empty road, and finally came in, taking notes and messages from Dingee.

"Give me tea directly," she said. "And admit no one, on any pretence whatever." "Mas' Falkirk?" suggested Dingee. "Spouse done come home?"

"Mr. Falkirk never asks admittance."

"Mas' Rollo?"

"Did you hear what I said!"—exclaimed his mistress; and Dingee vanished.

Wych Hazel turned for one more look at the road, drew a deep sigh that was half patient and half impatient; and then slowly pulling off cap and gloves came forward to the corner room chanting softly to herself as she came—

"Endlich blüht die Aloe.
"Endlich trägt der Palmbaum Früchte;
"Endlich schwindet Furcht und Weh.
"Endlich wird der Schmerz zu nicte:
"Endlich naht das Freudenthal:
"Endlich, endlich kommt einmal!"

But with the first step inside the door the girl stopped short, folding her hands over her eyes as if they were dazzled.

"Endlich!" repeated Rollo. But then there was a long silence.

"Endlich—what?"

"Kommt einmal—But I thought it never would!"

"Ah, what do you know about it? I am very tired of living without you, Wych!"

"Yes?"—Words were like sight to-day.

"Yes? Do you say so? What do you know?"

There has been all these weeks a visionary presence of you—that was not you—flitting before me continually; standing beside me, coming and going, by night and by day, with the very rustle of your garments and the look of your brown eyes; but I could not touch it, and it did not speak to me; it smiled at me, but the lips were silent; and the eyes sparkled and were sometimes wistful, but it passed on and vanished. It mocked me, it tantalized me. The experience was good for me perhaps; I was obliged to remind myself that I had something else to live for. In the night watches this presence came and brushed by me—looked in at the door—stood between the rising sun and my eyes—hovered like a vision in the moonlight;—sorrowed over me when I was weary, and comforted me when I was sick. I mean the vision did; but the fact of the vision tantalized me. Is this hand true flesh and blood?" He tried it with his lips. A shadow as of what had been came over the girl's face. She answered unsteadily—

"You did not stand by me in my watches. You have been off at the very ends of the earth!"

—And—O won't you let me go and get off my habit?"

"How long will you take?"

"Two minutes."

If there were suspicious wet eyelashes when Miss Wych came back, she had at least by that time got herself in hand, as well as got rid of her habit. She came in noiseless and grave and quiet, in a soft shimmering rustle of deep red silk, and held out her hand again.

"You should not have stirred out such a cold day," she said. "But come into the other room; it is warmer there."

Dane had not sat down, he was standing watching for her; and now drew her within his arms again, in a seeming ignoring of her invitation.

"Have you been a good child all these weeks?"

"No."

"Wherein not?"

"Primrose would have settled composedly down, and been happy in obeying orders. I wasn't a bit."

"People are not all good after the same fashion," said Dane laughing, holding her fast and looking at her. "My little Wych was not happy, nor submissive—but obeyed orders nevertheless."

"No," said Wych Hazel slowly, "I am not sure that I did. I had said I would keep away if I could—and I remembered how you might look at me if I went. So it was better to stay and die quietly at home."

"Is that the footing on which we are to live in the future?" said Dane laughing and kissing her. He evidently was rather in a gay mood.

For all answer, Hazel drew him across the hall to the dining room, and sounding her whistle began to make preparations for tea with a speed and energy before which Dingee flew round like a cat. Then, dismissing him, Hazel crossed with soft steps to the side of the lounge and stood there a moment, looking down, searching out the traces of illness and fatigue. Dane was paler and thinner certainly than he had been two months before. But his colour was the colour of health, and his gray eye had certainly suffered from no faintness. It was very bright now as it met hers, and he sprang up.

"Nothing ails me," he said. "I am only tired with twelve miles in Arthur's buggy. You will have no doubt how I am, when you see how much work I mean to do before I go away."

"You will not do any work to-night," said Wych Hazel decidedly. And then she made herself very busy about Mr. Rollo's tea, with quiet dictatorship making him take and not take, as she saw fit. But I suppose he was easy to rule to-night, and had besides matter for study in the grave mouth and the eyes that would hardly meet his. Perhaps he began to observe that there was more work to do than he had been aware. Perhaps he saw, that in these two months of separation the old timidity, the old reserve, had grown up and flourished to an alarming extent. Just at first, when he came, defences had not been up, or his sudden appearance had flung them down; but it was rather the Wych Hazel of last year than of last October who sat before him now. Betraying herself now and then, it is true, by a look or a tone, but still on the whole keeping close guard. Clearly this was not to be an evening of confidences. Rollo made his observations for a little time; and then enquired gravely,

"What have you done with Mr. Falkirk?"

"His sister in England wanted him. He went to her. One ought to have six guardians, you perceive."

"How do you expect to be taken care of this winter, in such a state of things?"

"I ought to give more trouble than ever," said the girl, shaking her head,—"after such an apprenticeship at taking care of myself."

"I hope not," said Dane demurely. "But Hazel, it is time we began to talk about business. There is a great deal to be said, at least, before Arthur comes to fetch me. Do you know it is just a week, or little more, to Christmas?"

"Yes," said Hazel. "I know."

"I might divide my subject categorically into two parts; how Christmas is kept in the Hollow, and how we shall keep it here. I want your best attention on both heads."

"I have not thought—I tried not to think. I wished Christmas a hundred miles away!"

"I am quite unable to fathom the mystery of that statement."

"Yes, of course," said Hazel; "how should you know? But if you had been shut off here—and she gave her plate a little push, sitting back in her chair, as she might have done,—and had done—in many of the weary days gone by."

"Meanwhile Christmas is not a hundred miles off," said Dane watching her. "How shall we keep it?"

"I don't know. I never did keep it much."

"First, there is the Hollow."

"O in the Hollow!—yes, certainly. They must all have a Christmas dinner, for one thing."

"Well, go on. I want your help. I suppose they never kept Christmas much, either. What shall I do for them?"

"How many Christmas trees would reach through the Hollow?"

Dane shook his head. "I am afraid we are hardly ready for that. And there is scant time. I must be content to do without the poetry, this year, and make everybody happy prosaically."

"With roast beef and plum pudding," said Hazel. "But then I would rather find out real wants, and supply them. Could that be done?"

"Hardly. Not in detail. The time is too short. In general, there is always the want of good cheer and of joy-taking; or of anything to give cause for joy. How would it do, for Christmas, to send in supplies for a good dinner to every house? Then we can take breath and think about New Year's Day."

"I suppose that could not fail. But then, to make them feel really like Christmas, they ought to have something they do not need."

"I am open to suggestions," said Dane smiling.

"As much as they are to the fruits of them. What shall I give them that they do not need? I think you are quite right, by the by; though it is not the precise light in which the subject is commonly viewed by the benefactors of their species."

"Yes," said Hazel. "As if sleighing on the bare ground was good enough for people who generally walk. But you want them to forget the ground for a while, and go softly, and hear the bells."

(To be continued.)

THE GLEANER.

L'anno of Garibaldi has been prohibited in Italy.

ANDUL Kerim Pasha weighs 19 stones, and used to take five baths a day at Schunula.

TRAMWAYS have been introduced at Naples, and it is proposed to extend one to Vesuvius.

It is rumoured that Prince Bismarck intends shortly to visit some quiet English sea coast place, probably Sandown.

RATHER a grand scheme has been proposed, and an illustration issued, of a swing bridge on the Thames, below London Bridge.

THE Sultan has sent a large part of the plate of the palace to the mint, that it may be employed for military purposes.

FIVE young English noblemen have arrived in Copenhagen, carrying with them canoes, in which they intend to explore Denmark by paddling through the lakes.

THE monarchial journals are reduced to attack-

ing the white hat of M. Thiers; he certainly gives the government organs great anxiety, without ever noticing them.

It is stated on good authority that London is to have a new park, made by the demolition of a small number of houses, mostly private, situated in the immediate neighborhood of the new palace of Westminster.

It is expected that Prince Albert Victor on completing his education, will be appointed for duty to a regiment, continuing in a subordinate position until he has obtained a full insight into the working of the regimental system.

THE eating of opium as a stimulant is largely on the increase in the United States. Women appear to be more addicted to the habit than men, and it prevails to a larger extent among the richer and better educated classes than among the poor.

THERE was esprit of the right sort in the reply of Sir Henry Halford, of the British rifle team, to the toast of welcome when, as he raised the glass of champagne to his lips, he laughingly said: "We can't say, this time, 'Here's success to you.'"

ENGLAND wants everybody to practice free trade, but a select committee of the House of Commons, to whom the matter had been referred, recently reported 14 to 7 in favor of levying a heavy duty upon American beef in the interest of British cattle raisers and sellers.

THE cost of the Pittsburgh riot to that city alone is estimated at \$4,500,000 which is more than one-fortieth of its entire assessed valuation. This is equal to a tax of \$32 15 for every mam woman and child, supposing the city to be held responsible.

VERY excellent models of the Exhibition building are to be had for a few sous, in chocolate and gingerbread; some vendors will give you along with the former, and in the same material, a Colorado beetle, in full work on a potato stalk. The alabaster models are dearer, and labour under the disadvantage that they cannot be eaten.

THE third finger was originally chosen for wearing the wedding ring, for the reason that it is not only used less, but is more capable of wreserving a ring, from bruises—having thus one quality peculiar to itself, that it cannot be extended but in company with some other finger, whereas the others may be singly stretched out to their full length and straightness.

A SUITE of apartments, costing £2,421, exclusive of furniture, to be fitted on board the *Britannia*, cadet ship, at Dartmouth, has been prepared at Devonport yard. The apartments are intended for the sons of the Prince of Wales, tutors, and domestics, and when fitted will occupy nearly the whole of the vessel's poop. The erection and furnishing are to be completed by September 2nd.

Jules Verne's romance of *Round the World in Eighty days* has been eclipsed by a fact, as we find in a letter from Dr. F. S. de Hass, American consul at Jerusalem, who says:—"Not counting the time I laid over at different points, as these breaks in the journey could all have been avoided, I made the entire circuit of the globe in exactly sixty-eight days, and, but for heavy weather on the Pacific, would have made it in sixty-two days." The learned traveller enters into particulars, dry and matter of fact, leaving no doubt as to what he asserts.

A COLOURED man employed by Jeff Davis at the time of his capture says that he was not disguised as a woman on that memorable occasion. He was dressed in his ordinary clothing; cavalry boots, dress-coat and a broad-brimmed Texas hat. It is admitted, however, that he wore a "waterproof," and, on his shoulders had a shawl. Mr. Davis went to the tent-door, and was ordered by the soldiers to surrender. He replied that he would not; he would rather die. At this, Mrs. Davis pressed to her husband and put her arms around his neck, begging the soldiers not to kill him; both she and the children crying piteously.

POETS LAUREATE.

The following rough list of Poets Laureate will be interesting to our readers:—

Reign.	Poet.
Richard I.....	Baſton.....Wrote officially on the Crusade.
Henry III.....	Henry d'Avranches Stipend of one hundred shillings.
Edward I.....	Gillelunus.....Wrote of siege of Stirling Castle.
Edward IV.....	John Kay.....Wrote "History of Rhodes."
Henry VII.....	Andrew Bernard.....
Henry VIII.....	John Skelton.....Laureated at Oxford.
Elizabeth.....	Edmund Spenser.....DISPUTED—50l. per annum from Queen
James I.....	Samuel Daniel.....
Charles I.....	Ben Jonſon.....100l. and a butt of Canary wine.
Charles II.....	John Dryden.....100l. and a butt of
James II.....	Ditto.....Adopted the Court religion [Catholic]
William and Mary, Thomas Shadwell	Author of "Lancashire Witches."
Nahum Tate.....	Ejected to make room for Rowe.
George I.....	Nicholas Rowe.....Author of "Tamerlane," &c.
George II.....	Colley Cibber.....The office was next offered to Gray who declined.
George III.....	William Whitehead Thomas Warton.....Henry James Pye M. P. for Berkshire.
Robert Southey.....	Received 455l. annually.
George IV.....	Ditto.....
William IV.....	Ditto.....
Victoria.....	Ditto.....
Wordsworth.....	
Tennyson.....	

BURLESQUE.

KNOCKED OVER BY THE QUADRUPEX.—The members are very able liars, according to what we read about them. One of them stood up in a recent meeting and said: "The telegraph company are now using the quadruplex system over the Virginia and Salt Lake circuit, by means of which four messages may be sent simultaneously over a single wire. The increased strain on the wire is not visible here in Austin, but I was out at Dry Creek yesterday and in that vicinity the wire was just humping itself, and groaning and straining, and just dropping words off in chunks. I examined the wire and found a knot in it, and came to the conclusion that a quadruplex message had struck the knot and got tangled up and stuck at that point. I tried to straighten the wire out, but a section of an account of a battle between the Turks and Russians struck me on the ear and knocked me down, and I concluded it was not advisable to fool with the thing."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS is making a great deal of money in Australia.

MILLE. AIMÉE has arrived from Paris. She will appear first in Brooklyn.

MRS. EDWARDS' novel, *Leah, a Woman of Fashion*, is to be dramatized.

"The Danites'" career at the New Broadway Theatre promises to be exceedingly prosperous.

MME. ETHELKA GERSTER-GARDINA has accepted an engagement for the winter season at the Paris Italian Opera.

MME. CELESTE, who is nearly seventy years old, is announced to play the part of the boy in "Peveril of the Peak" at Drury Lane, London.

AN absurd report has been going about in Paris that Mario had fallen to the low rank of prompter at a theatre in St. Petersburg. He is director of a museum at Rome.

ONE of Jenny Lind's (Mme. Goldschmidt) daughters intends, it is said, to make her appearance at no distant date, upon the lyric stage. The quality of her voice is said to be excellent.

A COMMISSION, presided over by M. de Chennevières and M. Ambroise Thomas, has been appointed to arrange for a Musical Section at next year's Exhibition; 250,000fr. is placed at their disposal.

THE Cluny Theatre has in preparation a scientific play by M. and Madame Louis Figuiet, entitled "Six Parties du Monde." The director intends to spare no expense, and has ordered twelve new scenes and 100 costumes.

MM. CALVOT and DURU, in conjunction with Offenbach have written a comic opera entitled "Madelmoiselle Favart." For the part of the heroine they have selected Mlle. Girard, the pretty Serpolet of the "Cloches de Corneville."

MR. WILLIAM YOUNG, formerly the editor of *The New York Albion*, has written a blank verse play on the subject of "Corinne"—Madame de Staël's well-known work—which he hopes to have produced in America. Mr. Young is now residing in Paris.

HALEVY's opera of "La Reine de Chypre" has not had the success anticipated. The Paris Grand Opera labours under the disadvantage of having no singers worthy of the name, only one *monceau*—Triste Exilé—was applauded. The scenery however is magnificent, and the ballet satisfactory.

The coming *prima donna* is a Dutch woman, or girl, rather. Her name is Jenny Van Zandt, and since she was eight years old she has been connected with the stage. She is now studying music at Milan. At ten years old she wrote a four-act tragedy, by way of amusement during play-hours at school. It is expected that she will be brought out at Her Majesty's in 1879.

MRS. MARCH was a grand-looking woman, and she was a brilliant pianist as well as composer. Quite recently she played at a private party to the little Chinese ambassador, who followed her across the room on her little shoes, and stood listening beside her in wonderment. "Virginia (Gabriel)" was one of the few women-musicians who have ever reached any eminence.

THE approaching musical season in Italy is not announced under very brilliant auspices, apprehension being felt that several of the principal theatres for opera, the Fenice at Venice, the Bellini at Palermo, the Carlo Fenice at Genoa, and the Pergola at Florence, will not open their doors. It appears that the manager of La Scala at Milan has had much difficulty in completing an efficient company.

AN odd incident occurred the other night at the Park Theatre, London, during the performance of "The Rake's Progress." In the duel between Tom Rakewell and Harry Maskham, in the last act, the pistols twice missed fire, and Mr. H. Grattan had to exclaim to the audience, "Ladies and gentlemen, will you please to imagine that I have been shot!" on which he assumed a recumbent position, and the curtain fell on the usual tableau.

MR. DALY has had in contemplation for a long while an important alteration in the auditorium of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and before the house opens for the regular season, on the 4th of September, it will be carried out. The orchestra will be transferred to a music room under the stage, as is now the fashion at the Prince of Wales Theatre, the Court Theatre, and all the principal London theatres. A row of handsome *fauteuils* or easy parlor chairs, will occupy the space now allotted to the musicians, and will be the most desirable seats in the theatre.

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON has entered into an engagement to sing two nights a week for three months, at the Imperial Opera in St. Petersburg and Moscow, for which she will receive 7,000 francs (£280) a night, besides which two performances are to be given in her name as "benefits," for which she is to be paid 28,000 francs. Before leaving Vienna last spring Madame Nilsson signed a new agreement with Signor Morelli, and will sing in German opera in the German language during the months of February and March, at the expiration of her Russian engagement.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the Ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, on all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions Repaired with the greatest care. Feathers Dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves Cleaned and Dyed Black only.

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