

THE FLIES.

ON A SUMMER AFTERNOON AT GREEN PARK, ALEXANDER.

One summer afternoon about four— it might be less, it might be more— I sat me at the old hall door...

One Night's Mystery.

By May Agnes Fleming.

PART II.

CHAPTER IV.

A BASKET OF FLOWERS AND A DINNER.

'KATHERINE,' says Mrs. Macgregor, 'do lay down that book, get off that sofa, dress, and go down town, match this fringe, go to Fraton's for lace, and to Greenstalk's for the cut flowers. Do you hear?'

jealous as a Turk, relentless as a Nero, his inward man's hideous as his outward. What a happy destiny will be mine as Mrs. Vanderdonck!

her new cordiality? thinks Mr. Nolan, rather ungraciously. 'An invitation, and a pressing one to the Macgregor's mansion is altogether a new distinction. I suppose intending to amuse the company is at the bottom of it.'

me'll take you to her, and you can ascertain for yourself. 'Uncle Grif, you are a household treasure! exclaims Sydney, rolling up her lace and rising. 'Wait ten minutes, and I will be with you.'

graver nature, judging by their binding, and a thrill goes through Sydney as she sees it a basket of pure white flowers that a few days ago graced the boudoir of Greenstalks.

Miss Owenson. Night after night he has had to watch with me, and toll all day long at the office after. He would insist upon my going to bed, and letting him take his place. The trouble of my life is the trouble I give them.