

STANLEY FERRY.

This is Stanley Ferry:
Here we met and parted—
Meeting, we were merry,
Parting, broken-hearted.
She came—she went away—
I kissed her—she was gone:
Unchanged at all from day to day,
The river is flowing on.

Still looks Stanley Ferry.
By the peaceful river:
Ever-changing faces
Come and go forever;
Never one may stay—
They flit—they fade—are gone;
While still unchanged from day to day,
The river is flowing on.

Why by Stanley Ferry
Mute I like a lover!
Love must come and vanish,
Youth is quickly over.
Sweet lips turn to clay,
Pleasure must begone.
While still unchanged from day to day,
The river is flowing on.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

GUY'S FORTUNES AND MISFORTUNES.

BY BELLE CAMPBELL

(Continued from our last.)

III.

"I always have callers in the morning," Nettie was standing on the door-step of her friend's house, looking oh, so sweet in her pretty seal sack and furs. She wore a little scarlet bird perched coquettishly in her cap, and as she said good-by to Alice and walked briskly out into the morning air, a color that rivalled its bright plumage, came into her cheeks; her eyes sparkled, and the smile that played around her tiny coral mouth plainly told that her thoughts were pleasant ones.

"How unjustly he has been treated!" she mused "robbed of his inheritance, and sent from home, just because he refused to marry one whom he didn't love! As if any person could! But his father will be sure to relent. He must. No one could keep anger against Guy—and then, perhaps I—oh, I'd love to go to Scotland!" And she clasped her hands tightly together, inside her muff. She was sure, in her present hopeful state of mind, that her father would forgive her for frustrating his design with regard to marrying Ernest Hamilton, and that when he heard Guy's story, he would not be so averse to their union.

Poor Nettie! when she reached home, she ran gaily up to her room, and taking off her walking-dress came down in a pretty, warm rose-colored cashmere, to the breakfast room. "Good-morning, papa," she said, kissing him. "How lazy you are! eleven o'clock! why, I breakfasted two hours ago, and am hungry enough after my long walk to go through the performance again!" And she sat down, laughing, and poured out a cup of coffee. She wondered why he did not speak, and glancing up she saw him looking at her with a loving, pitying gaze. He had been reading the morning-paper, and it lay on the table beside him.

"Is anything wrong, papa?" she asked, putting down her cup.

"Have you seen the *Globe* this morning, Nettie?"

"No; Mr. Rose had not yet got his when I came away. I left early. What is it?" She was not yet alarmed.

"You will be very much shocked, dearest. There is a long account of an attempt at murder which was committed last night."

"A murder! in Toronto?" cried Nettie.

"Yes. The poor fellow is not dead yet, however, although his wounds are supposed to be mortal. Don't give way, my love! Oh, how shall I tell her!" said he, in despair, trying in vain to lead up to the final disclosures in the easiest way. Nettie had risen from her seat, and her father came round and put both his arms around her.

"Who is it, father? How does it concern me? Oh, speak! don't be afraid!" She grasped the back of her chair tightly. She was pale as marble; her eyes were distended, and her slender body swayed to and fro like a reed. "He is not dead, dear, while there is life, there is hope," said her father, trying to soften the blow. "It is young Sylvester!"

Nettie stared at him blankly, then shaking herself free from his arms, she made one step forward, and then fell, crushed and death-like on the floor. "Better so," said her father, as he lifted her tenderly and placed her on a sofa. "How she loves him, poor child!" and he rang violently for assistance. Nettie was carried to her room, where the combined efforts of her maid and father succeeded after some time, in restoring her to consciousness. A long lingering sigh indicated her return to life and misery. She opened her eyes and found her father bending anxiously over her.

"Are you better, love?" he asked, motioning to the servant to retire.

"Better?" she sighed. "What was it?" and then with a piercing shriek, she sprang from the bed, and seizing her father violently by the arm, she cried, "How did it happen? Where is he now? Who did it?"

"Calm yourself, my child, and I will tell you all I know. I have only the first accounts for it happened last night, or early this morning. The body was found apparently lifeless, in a half finished building, just outside of the city on the

Brockton road. It was found by old Dougald McNab, who on his way to his work this morning (he is one of our porters, you know,) discovered blood upon the snow—but never mind, dear, it only distresses you."

"Go on!"

"Well he followed a track of footsteps made by one person—all along which were traces of blood, till it brought him to this partly finished house in which he found young Sylvester, to all appearances, dead. There was no evidence pointing towards the perpetrator of the deed, and it was not known whether the poor fellow was carried there, or whether he managed to walk himself. However, had it not been for the shelter the place afforded him, he would certainly have been quite dead, for the frost was keen."

"Where did they take him?" A dreadful calmness had replaced her agitation. She seemed turned to stone. Her father ceased to expostulate, and went on.

"Dougald carried him at once to his house, and dispatched his daughter for assistance, which soon arrived, along with several doctors. He was attended to with all skill, but they give no hope of his recovery. It seems that McNab had been a confidential servant in the young fellow's family in Scotland, though I was not aware of the fact before, and that Sylvester had been at his house till late at night, and left with the intention of walking into town. That is all that is known about the sad affair."

"No! I know more about it!" said Nettie in a hard cold voice.

"You!" Exclaimed her father, "why you knew nothing at all about it when you came home this morning!"

"I know that the murderer is Ernest Hamilton!"

Mr. Glynberry was thunderstruck; but throwing off his amazement, he took his daughter's hand, and drawing her down beside him on a sofa, he said, gravely "Nettie, only your terrible distress and bewilderment of mind excuses the absurdity of such a statement. Ernest Hamilton was here this morning, and was as greatly shocked as I was about this dreadful occurrence. He was very ill, and looked miserable and unhappy, and you, Nettie, were the cause. He begged me to apologize to you for some hastiness of temper he accused himself of having exhibited the other day; he even manifested great concern at the sorrow that he said he knew you would feel about young Sylvester. He was both kind and generous, although I could see your rejection of him had well-nigh broken his heart. He was nervous and prostrated, had come to say 'good-by,' as he intended going away for change of air. He was to start by the noon train, and is gone by this time."

"Oh, fled! Gone, and unsuspected!"

"Really, Nettie, you are too preposterous! Let me hear no more of this!" said Mr. Glynberry, impatiently.

Nettie turned suddenly, and holding out both hands, said entreatingly, "Papa, take me to Guy! Oh, take me to my darling!"

"My love," said her father, touched to the heart, "he must not be disturbed. His physicians say that absolute and perfect quiet are necessary, as his life hangs by a thread; your seeing him would agitate him. Besides, why should you go? It is true, you say you love one another, but there is no engagement between you."

"Oh, there is—I am his promised wife! Our engagement only wants your sanction. You will take me to him! Oh, you cannot, cannot be so cruel as to refuse!" The pathos of her own words brought the relief of tears. Her father kissed her, and ordered the carriage. On the way, she told him of having seen Guy upon the evening before, and of all he had told her.

"Only a few hours ago, I left him safe, well, and happy in the prospect of a reconciliation with you! He was to call this morning, papa," she said, between her sobs, "and now—Oh, what shall I do! What shall I do!"

Her father petted and soothed her; he withdrew, at this late hour, all opposition to their wishes, and begged her to be calm for Guy's sake. By degrees she became quiet, and even maintained her outward composure when the carriage stopped at the little garden gate. She was so weak, that she leaned her whole weight on her father's arm as they walked up the path. The door was ajar and they entered the parlor at once. Flora McNab was standing by the table, rigid and motionless. Her black hair fell in showers of ringlets about her shoulders; there were great black rings under her eyes, and, although her lips were colorless, a bright red spot flamed on either cheek.

She fixed her eye on Nettie as she entered, and when Mr. Glynberry, said, removing his hat, "Madam, we have come to enquire after Mr. Sylvester's condition," she never stirred, but still gazed on Nettie.

"Poor Flora," thought Nettie pitiful even in her own grief. "She feels it as much as I do!" And stepping forward, she laid her hand on Flora's arm, saying, "I am Nettie Glynberry. You must be Flora—Miss McNab. Oh, do tell me how he is! Is there any hope?"

"I do not know. The doctors are with him now." The words fell from her lips as though of their own accord, and at the sound of her own voice a shudder ran through her frame. And then these two girls sat down side by side in speechless but superpathetic sorrow and suspense. Presently, Nettie turned to her father and said, "papa, you may as well go back and leave me here. You will let me stay, Miss McNab, and help you nurse him, won't you? You know—you know I have the right."

"I cannot think of allowing you to stay, Nettie!" said her father.

"Oh, don't, don't prevent me, papa!" She pleaded, and Flora said, "Certainly, Miss Glynberry. If I were in your place, nothing under heaven would keep me from him!" There was bitterness as well as spirit in her tone, but Nettie's sweet manner had quite disarmed her jealousy. Her whole heart was filled with pity for the girl whose lover lay dying in the next room. She buried her own hopeless love down, down in the bottom of her heart, and though it lay there like a leaden weight, she bore it bravely.

Mr. Glynberry yielded to his daughter's entreaties, and left the two girls together. Flora rose and paced the floor, and Nettie remained sitting with bowed head and clutched hands. Presently, she looked up and asked, "Has he spoken?"

"Only to speak your name."

Nettie sobbed, a pitiful, heart-breaking sob without tears.

"Oh, Flora," she cried, "I know nothing about it! How was it done? Was he—shot?"

"No. He was stabbed three times in the back. No one has the least suspicion who did it, for he was a universal favorite and never made enemies, and it is feared that, if he should ever recover sufficiently to tell anything, he will not be able to throw any light upon the matter, as it is not likely he saw his assailant at all."

At this moment, Dougald McNab came in, he was haggard and worn, and looked ten years older than when we last saw him. He showed no surprise at seeing Nettie there, and in answer to the looks of agonizing enquiry of the two girls, said, "They hae gang awa'. They canna' tell whither or na' my puir lad will live, but say there is a chance where there is youth and guid care."

The poor loving hearts caught at that chance, and with a gleam of reviving hope on her face, Nettie cried "Good care he shall have, and the best of it! How is he now, Mr. McNab? Can I see him?"

"He is conscious Miss Glynberry, but as still as the dead. He has whispered your name once or twice. The doctors say he maun na be excited, sae ye will hae to be very quiet. 'Oh, Dougald I will be quiet; only let me see him!'"

The old man went softly into the adjoining room, and bending over the bed, whispered, "Dear Master Guy, Miss Glynberry hae come." The pale, wan lips smiled, and the heavy eyelids strove to open but drooped with the effort. Dougald went out as softly as he had entered. "Ye kin gae noo," he said. And both the girls went in. Flora went over to the table and poured out a few drops from a vial into a glass. Nettie glided over to the bed on which was laid the whom she had seen but the day before, radiant with love, happiness, health, and manly beauty. The soft fair hair lay against the cold clammy forehead; the face was deadly white; and the blue-veined eyelids were so transparent that the loving eyes looking down upon them fancied they saw the deep blue which they covered. She stooped and dropped one kiss, light as a breath, upon the marble brow, and that kiss light as it was, fell like a blow on the heart of her who watched. Once more the poor pale lips smiled, and formed the well-beloved name.

Nettie stayed and nursed her lover. The effect of all the loving care that was expended on Guy Sylvester was at first very uncertain. For days and days, he hung between life and death. At last, youth and a superb constitution had a final struggle with death, and conquered. A few more days, and his case was pronounced hopeful; yet a few more, and he was out of danger. Oh, the grateful hearts, the happy faces and joyful voices, that lighted up the little cottage when this result was achieved!

Nettie Glynberry returned home, but spent all her time in bringing fruit and delicacies to the convalescent, who seemed to gain strength from the sunshine of her presence.

Now that the excitement was over, and the strain removed from her nerves, Flora McNab seemed to grow paler and thinner every day. She was languid and weak, and the hectic flush upon her cheek grew brighter and brighter. Her poor old father trembled as he looked upon her large eyes, glowing like stars. She tried to laugh away his fears at first, but after Guy was well enough to return to his own rooms in the hotel where he lived, she made an effort to breathe the sad tidings gently to the father who worshipped her.

"This world is not for me, father. I could never be happy, try how I would. To love and take care of you would be a never-ending source of delight, but it would not entirely compensate for that which I could never have. I will tell you, who will only love and pity me more, that I love one who loves another—one without whose love I would rather die than live!" And she laid her head on the tender heart whose every pulse throbbled with love for her.

"My puir lassie! My ain dear bairn!" while his tears dropped on her bowed head. Not one word did he say of his own lonely, breaking heart.

"When he goes home—and I am sure when Benarven hears of what has happened, he will send for his son—you will go with him, father dear, to the old home you love so dearly, and I, oh, father dear," she cried, while her face became radiant with a heavenly smile "I too, will be with you—in spirit!" The old man checked his sobs for fear of grieving her, and after clasping her passionately to his breast, he went away to bear his burden alone.

Meanwhile, Guy Sylvester, unconscious that

while one tender heart was living in his love, another was dying for want of it, continued to recover. He was able to go out and visited constantly at Mr. Glynberry's. He was looked upon by every one as a hero, although, as is often the case, his heroism was of a passive, rather than an active kind, consisting, as it did, in some one else having tried to murder him, and failed. Of that some one, nothing had as yet been discovered, for Guy himself, as Flora had supposed, could give no clue; and Nettie, in obedience to her father's command, had refrained from expressing her suspicion; and as Guy had recovered, she was content to banish everything else from her mind.

IV.

Guy Sylvester's engagement to Nettie Glynberry had been made public for some time, and the date of their marriage had been fixed upon.

One day, early in June when, under a serene and lovely sky, the air was filled with the songs of the birds, and the delicious odors of the roses and honey-suckles, Guy stepped in at the open window of the parlor where Nettie sat reading to her father, and after greeting them both, he took a letter from his pocket, and said, gravely, "I have news from home, Nettie."

"Good or bad?" She asked quietly.

"Both: My father sends for me, but he is ill—dying, I fear. Read it."

Nettie took it and read

BENARVEN HOUSE, BENARVEN.

June 1st, 1873.

MY DEAR GUY,—Our father is very ill, may-be dying. He bids me send for you to come to him. We have all heard the tidings of your providential escape from death, and are waiting to see and rejoice with you. The shock had a bad effect on Benarven's delicate health, and he longs with the greatest impatience to see, and restore you to your rightful position as heir to his estate. You always knew that I did not willingly displace you. Need I add that I agree with him in wishing to do you this tardy justice! Do not fail to return to Scotland at once, on the first steamer, if possible, for our father's state is most precarious. Till then, farewell, and accept the best wishes and congratulations of

Your affectionate brother,
EDGAR SYLVESTER.

"Oh, how delightful!" cried Nettie, "I was sure it would be so! Of course, you will go at once, Guy? It may do your father good to see you, for you may be sure he has missed you sadly in spite of his anger."

"Yes, Nettie. I will go by the very first steamer."

Nettie's face suddenly fell. She grew pale and then blushed like a rose as Guy came to her side, and whispered, "And you will come with me!"

"Well, my dear Guy, I congratulate you. If ever any person ought to be congratulated, you ought. No sooner do you recover your health, than you also recover all that makes youth and health enjoyable—a fine inheritance, and I must be pardoned if I add, as lovely a little wife as could be found the wide world over." And Mr. Glynberry laid Nettie's soft, trembling little hand in Guy's.

"And will they call you 'Benarven,' instead of Guy Sylvester?" said Nettie, "How funny!"

"Not while my father lives, Nettie. But I will always be Guy Sylvester to you!"

"Dougald McNab will go, too, of course?"

"Certainly, darling. Poor dear old man! He is heart-broken about Flora's death, but bear it well. For my part, I don't know how people who have such trouble keep from getting hardened. Instead of that, the poor old fellow is more sweet-natured than ever. He rejoices in my happiness, and only wishes to go with us and die where he was born."

Nettie's face was bathed in tears as she listened, and Guy, wishing to change the subject, suddenly cried, "Oh I have more news, stranger still, but shocking! I read it in a foreign paper this morning. A man in a little French watering place, who was known by the name of Frank Barton, had become insane. He labored under the delusion that he had been murdered and talked constantly of three wounds which he said he had in his back where he had been stabbed by a person bearing my name!"

"Your name!" Exclaimed father and daughter in a breath.

"Yes. You can imagine my surprise. No sooner was he found to be insane, when efforts were made by the people to restrain his liberty, but he escaped, and throwing himself from a rock into the water, was drowned. His body was recovered and from papers found upon it, he turns out to be no other than Ernest Hamilton!"

"Ernest Hamilton!" ejaculated Mr. Glynberry, while Nettie clasped her hands.

"His father, you know, Sir, has been abroad for some time; on seeing the accounts in the paper, and recognizing my name, he was filled with vague suspicions, and immediately went to the place and identified the body. The explanation is simple: It was he who attempted my life—do you remember warning me once, Nettie?—and then went mad, if he was not so at the time, which is very probable, and became possessed of this extraordinary delusion."

"I told you so, papa!" said Nettie, and after she had relieved her mind by this truly feminine remark, they agreed to forget all their misfortunes and only think of their good fortune.

Five days after, Guy and Nettie Sylvester, accompanied by their faithful friend Dougald McNab, were on the bounding deep, which was not more deep nor unfathomable than their love for one another.

THE END.