MILES WALLINGFORD

By JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

CHAPTER IV 'No moorish maid might hope to vie With Lails's cheek, or Lails's eye; No maiden loved with purer truth, Or ever loved a lovelier youth."

"Miles," said Moses, suddenly, after riding a short distance in silence, "I must quit the old lady, this very night, and go down with you to town. We must have that money up at the place of sale, in readiness for the vagabond; for, as to letting him have the smallest chance at Willow Grove, that is out of the question."

the second you have laid eyes on, in this world."

"Think of that, Miles! Think of my having two relations! A mother and a niece! Well, it is a true saying, that it never rains but it poura."

"You probably have many more, uncles, aunts, and cousins in scores. The Dutch are famous for counting cousins; and no doubt you'll have calls on you from half the county."

I saw that Marble was perplexed, and did not know, at first, but he was getting to be embarrassed by this affuence of kindred. The mate, however, was not the man long to conceal his thoughts from me; and in the strength of his feelings he soon let his trouble be known.

feelings he soon let his trouble be known.

"I say, Miles," he rejoined, "a fellow may be bothered with felicity, I find. Now, here, in ten minutes perhaps, I shall have to meet my sister's darter—my own, born, blood niece; a full-grown and I dare say, a comely young woman; and hang me if I know exactly what a man ought to say in such a state of the facts. Generalizing won't do with these near relations; and I suppose a sister's darter is pretty much the same to a chap as his own darter would be, provided he had one."

"Exactly; had you reasoned a month, you could not have hit upon a better solution of the difficulty than this. Treat this Kitty Huguenin just as you would treat Kitty Huguenin just as you would treat Kitty Marble."

"Ay, ay; all this is easy enough aforehand, and to such scholars as you; but it comes hard on a fellow like myself to heave his ideas out of him, as it might be, with a windlass. I managed the old woman right well, and could get along with a dozen mothers, better than with one sister's darter. Suppose she should turn out a girl with black eyes and red cheeks, and all that sort of thing; I dare say she would expect me to kiss her?"

dare say she would expect me to kiss

"Certainly she will expect that

"Certainly she will expect that, should her eyes even be white, and her cheeks black. Natural affection expects this much even among the least enlightened of the human race."

"I am disposed to do everything according to usage," returned Marble, quite innocently, and more discomposed by the situation in which he so unexpectable found himself, than he might have been willing to own; "while, at the same time, I do not wish to do anything is not expected from a son and and.

If these relations had only come

uncle. If these relations had only come one at a time."
"Poh, poh, Moses—do not be quarreling with your good luck, as it's at its height. Here is the house, and I'll engage one of those four girls is your niece—that with the bonnet, for a dollar; she being ready to go home, and the whole having come to the door, in consequence of seeing the chaise driving down the road. They are puzzled at finding us insit, however, instead of the usual driver."

usual driver."

Marole hemmed, attempted to clear his throat, pulled down both sleeves of his jacket settled his black handkerchief to his mind, alviv motivated to otherwise "cleared snip for section, as he would have been very apt to des-cribe his own preparations. After all, his heart failed him at the pinch; and just as I was pulling up the horse he said to me, in a voice so small and deli-cate, that it sounded odd to one who had

cate, that it sounded odd to one who had heard the mau's thunder, as he hailed yards and tops in gales of wind.

"Miles, my dear boy, I do not half like this business; suppose you get out, and open the matter to the ladies. There's four of them, you see, and that's three too many. Go, now Miles, that's a good fellow, and I'll do the same for you another time. I can't have four nieces here, you'll owe yourself."

you another time. I can't have four nieces here, you'll owe yourself."

"And while I am telling your story to your neice, your own sister's daughter, what will you be doing here pray?"

"Doing? Why anything, my dear Miles, that can be useful. I say, boy, do you think she looks anything like me? When you get nearer, if you should think so, just hold up a hand as a signal, that I may not be taken by surprise. Yes, yes; you go first, and I'll follow; and, as for 'doing,' why, you know, I can hold this bloody horse."

I laughed, throw the reins to Marble.

follow; and, as for 'doing,' why, you know, I can hold this bloody horse."

I laughed, threw the reins to Marble, who seized them with both hands, as if the beast required holding, while I alighted, and walked to the cluster of lirls, who a waited my movemeats in surprise and silence. Since that day, I have seen more of the world than might have been expected in one of my early career; he tendency than a content of the content of the content of the content of the world than might have been expected in one of my early career; he tendency than a content of the content of that day, I have seen more of the world than might have been expected in one of my early career; and often have I had occasion to remark the tendency there exists to extremes in the tendency there exists to extremes in about me! I can take care of myself the tendency there exists to extremes in most things; in manners, as well as in every other matter connected with human feelings. As we become sophisticated, acting takes the place of nature, and men and women often affect the and men and women often affect the word indifference in cases in which and men and women often affect the greatest indifference in cases in which they feel the liveliest interest. This is the source of the ultra sang froid of what is termed high breeding, which would have caused the four young women who then stood in the door-yard of the who then stood in the door-yard of the respectable farm-house at which I had alighted, to assume an air as cold, and as marble-like, at the sudden appearance of Mrs. Wetmore's chaise, containing two strange faces, as if they had been long expecting our arrival, and were a little displeased it had not occurred an hour scene. Such homesured. were a little displeased it had not occur-red an hour socner. Such, however, was not my reception. Though the four girls were all youthful, blooming, pretty, delicate in appearance, according to the fashion of American women, and toler-ably well attired, they had none of the calm exterior of convential manner. One would speak quick to another; looks of surprise were often exchanged;

there were not a few downright giggles, and then each put on as dignified an air to meet the stranger as, under the circumstances, she could assume.

"I presume Miss Kitty Huguenin is among you young ladies," I co amenced, bowing as civilly as was necessary; "for this appears to be the house to which we were directed."

A girl of about sixteen of decided.

A girl of about sixteen of decidedly pleasing appearance, and one who bore a sufficient resemblance to cld Mrs. Wetmore to be recognized, advanced a step out of the group, a little eagerly, and then as suddenly checked herself, with the timidity of her years and sex, as if afraid of going too far.

"I am Kitty," she said, changing color once or twice; now flushing, and now growing pale. "Is anything the matter, sir? has grandmother sent for me?"

"Nothing is the matter, unless you can call good news something the matter. We have just left your grandmother's on business, having been up to 'Squire Van Tassel's on her affairs; rather than let us go on foot, she lent us her chaise, on condition that we should stop on our return and bring you home with us. The chaise is the evidence that we act under orders.

In most countries, such a proposition would have excited distrust in America.

In most countries, such a proposition would have excited distrust in America, and in that day, more especially among girls of the class of Kitty Huguenin, it produced none. Then, I fiatter myself I was not a very frightful object to a girl of that age, and that my countenance was not of such a cast as absolutely to alarm her. Kitty accordingly, wished her companions hasty adleus, and in a minute she was placed between Marble and myself, the old vehicle being sufficiently ispacious to accommodate Marble and myself, the old vehicle being sufficiently ispacious to accommodate three. I made my bows, and away we trotted, or ambled would be a better word. For a brief space there was silence in the chaise, though I could detect Marble stealing sidelong glances at his pretty little niece. His eyes were noist, and he hemmed violently once, and actually blew his nose, taking occasion at the same time to pass his handkerchief over his forehead no less than three ti nes in as many minutes. The furtive manner as many minutes. The furtive manner in which he indulged in these feelings,

"You sppear to have a bad cold this evening, Mr. Wetmore," for I thought the opportunity might also be improved, in the way of breaking ground with our

in the way of breaking ground with our secret.

"Ay, you know how it is in these matters, Miles—somehow, I scarce know why myself, but somehow, I feel bloody womanish this evening."

I felt little Kitty pressing closer to my side, as if she had certain misgivings to the state of the secretain has given been added to the secretain misgivings.

my side, as it see had certain misgivings to nobing her other neighbor.

"I suppose you are surprised, Miss Kitty," I resumed, "at finding two straugers in your grandmother's chaise?"

"I did not expect it—but—you said you had been to Mr. Van Tassel's, and that there was good news for me. does

you had been to Mr. Van Tassel's, and that there was good news for me; does 'Squire Van Tassel allow that grandfather paid him the money?"

"Not that exactly, but you have friends who will see that no wrong shall be done you. I suppose you have been afraid your grandmother and yourself might be turned away from the old place?"

"'Squire Van Tassel's deughters have

place?"

"'Squire Van Tassel's daughters have boasted as much," answered Kitty, in a very subdued tone, a voice, indeed, that grew lower and more tremulous as she proceeded, "but I don't much mind them, for they think their father is to own the whole country one of these days." This was uttered with spirit. "But the old house was built by grandmother's grandfather, they say, and grandmother was born in it, and so was I. It is hard to leave a place like that, sir, and for a debt, too, that grandmother says s e is sure has once been paid."

sir, and for a debt, too, that grandmother says s e is sure has once been paid."

"Ay, bloody hard!" growled Marble.

Kitty again pressed nearer to me, or to speak more properly, farther from the mate, whose countenance was particularly grim just at that moment.

"All that you say is very true, Kitty," I replied; but Providence has earn you friendly to take even that no

sent you friends to take care that no wrong shall be done your grandmother, or yourself.'

"You're right enough in that, Miles," put in the mate. "God bless the old lady; she shall never sleep out of the house, with my consent, unless it is when she sails down the river to go to the theatre, and the museum, the ten or fifteen Dutch churches there are in town, and all them ere sort o' thing-

Kitty gazed at her left hand neighbor with surprise, but I could feel that maiden bashfulness induced her to press less closely to my side than she had done the minute before.

"I don't understand you," Kitty an-

wered, after a short pause, during which she was doubtless endeavoring to comprehend what she had heard. "Grandmother has no wish to go to

"I don't know whom you mean sir— unless—and yet you can't suppose I never think of God, sir?"

"I mean a friend on earth; have you no friend on earth whom you have not reputioned yet?"

mentioned yet?"

"I am not sure—perhaps—you do not mean Horace Bright, do you, sir?"

This was said with a bright blush, and a lock in which the dawning consciousness of maiden shame was so singularly blended with almost childish innocence, as both to delight me, and yet cause me

"And who is Horace Bright?" I asked.

assuming as grave an air as possible.

"Oh! Horace is nobody, only the son of one of our neighbors. There, don't you see the old stone house that stands among the apple and cherry-

trees or the bank of the river, just here in a line with this barn?"

"Quite plainly," and a very pretty place it is. We were admiring it as we drove up the road.

"Well, that is Horace Bright's father's and one of the best farms in the neighborhood. But you mustn't mind what he says, grandmother always tells me; boys love to talk grandly, and all the folks about here feel for us, though most of them are afraid of 'Squire Van Tassel too."

"I place no relicance at all on Horace's talk, and I. It is just as your grand-mother tells you; boys are fond of making a parade, and often utter things they don't mean."

"Well, I don't think that is Horace's way in the least, though I wouldn't have you suppose I ever think the least in the world about what Horace asys concerning my never being left to want. My own aunts will take care of that."

"And should they fall you, my dear," orled Marble, with strong feeling, "your own uncle would step into their places, without waiting to have his memory jogged."

Again Kitty looked surprised, a very little startled, and again she pressed to my side.

Again Kitty looked surprised, a very little startled, and again she pressed to my side.

"I have no uncle," she answered timidly. "Father never had a brother, and grandmother's son is dead."

"No, Kitty," I said, giving a look at Marble to keep him quiet; "in the last you are mistaken. This is the good news of which we spoke. Your grandmother's son is not dead, but living, and in good health. He is found, acknowledged, has passed the afternoon with your grandmother, has money more than enough to satisfy even the unjust demand of the miserly Van Tassel, and will be a father to you."

"Oh! dear me, can this be true?" exclaimed Kitty, pressing still closer than ever to my side. "And are you nucle, after all. and will it all come out as you say? Poor, poor grandmother, and I not at home to hear it all, and to help her under such a great trial!"

"Your grandmother was a little distressed of course, at first, but she bore it all remarkably well and is as happy at this moment as you yourself could wish her to be. You are under a mistake, however, in supposing I am your unoie. Do I look old enough to be your mother's brother?"

"Dear me, no—I might have seen that, hadn't I been so silly; can it be this other gentleman?"

Here Marble took his hint from

this other gentleman?"

Here Marble took his hint from

an affection and warmth that were truly paternal. Poor Kitty was frightened at first, and I dare say, like her grandmother, in a slight degree disappointed, but there was so much heartiness in the mate's manner, that it reassured her in

"I'm a bloody poor uncle, I know Kitty, for a young woman like you to own," Marble got out, though sorely tempted to blubber; "but there's worse in the world, as you'll discover, no doubt, in time. Such as I am, you must take me, and from time henceforth, do not care a straw for old Van Tassel, or any other griping vagabond like him in York State."

"Uncle is a sailor!" Kitty answered, after being fairly released from the mate's rough embrace. "Grandmother mate's rough embrace. "Grandmother heard once that he was a soldier."
"Ay, that comes of lying. I don't think they could have made a soldier of me, had two wicked nurses run away with me, and had they placed me on fifty tombstones, by way of commencing life. My natur' would revolt at carrying a musket, for sartain, while the seas have always been a sort of home to me."

a little in doubt, I believe, as to the manner in which she was to regard this new acquisition of an uncle.

"Your grandparents did suppose your uncle a soldier," I remarked, "but after the man was seen, the mistake was discovered, and now the truth has come out in a way that will admit of no dis-

"And do you know about his being found in in the bulrushes, and the story of the king of Ethiopia's daughter?"

"The King of Egypt you mean, do you not, uncle Oloff?" cried Kitty, with another little laugh.

"Well, Ethiopia or Egypt; it's all pretty much the same—this girl has been wonderfully edicated, Miles, and

will turn out famous company for me, in the long winter evenings, some twenty years hence, or when I've worked my way up into the latitude of the dear, good old soul under the hill

yonder."

A slight exclamation from Kitty was followed by a blush, and a change of expression, that showed she was thinking, just at moment, of anything but uncle Oloff. I asked an explanation.

"It's only Horace Bright, out yonder in the orchard, looking at us. He will be puzzled to know who is with me here, in the old chaise. Horace thinks he can drive a horse better than any one about here, so you must be careful how you hold the reins, or use the whip. Horace!"

This boded to good to Marble's plans for passing the evenings of his old age with Kitty to amuse him; but, as we were now on the brow of the hill, with the cottage in sight, Horace Bright was soon lost to view. To do the girl justice, she appeared new to think only of her grandmother, and of the effects the recent discovery of her son would be likely to produce on one of her years and infirmities. As for myself, I was surprised to see Mr. Hardinge in earning and the stoop of the cottage, in the mild summer's evening, and Lucy walking to and fro, on the short grass of the willow bottom, with an impatience and restlessness of This boded 10 good to Marble's plans

manner it was very unusual for her to exhibit. No sooner was Kitty alighted, than ahe ran to ber grandmother, Marble following, while I hastened to the point where was to be found the great object of my interest. Luoy's face was full of feeling and concern, and she received me with an extended hand, that, gracious as was the sot itself, and most grateful as it would have appeared to me under other circumstances, I now feared boded no good.

"Miles, you have been absent an age!" Lucy commenced. "I should be disposed to repreach you, had not the extraordinary story of this old woman explained it all. I feel the want of air and exercise; give me your arm, and we will walk a short distance up the road. My dear father will not be inclined to quit that happy family so long as any light is left."

I gave Lucy my arm, and we did walk up the road together, actually ascending the hill I had just descended; but all this did not induce me to overlook the fact that Lucy's manner was hurried and excited. The whole seemed so inexplicable, that I thought I would wait her own pleasure in the matter.

"Your friend, Marble," she continued, "I do no know why I ought not to say our friend, Marble, must be a very happy man at having, at length, discovered who his parents are, and to have discovered them to be so respectable and worthy of his affection."

"As yet, he seems to be more be-wildered than happy, as, indeed, does the whole family. The thing has come on them so unexpectedly, that there has not been time to bring their feelings in harmony with the facts."

"Family affection is a blessed thing Miles," Lucy resumed, after a short pause, speaking in her thoughtful manner; "there is little in this world that can compensate for its loss. It must have been sad, sad, to the poor fellow to thave lived so long without father, mother, sister, brother, or any other known relative."

"I belleve Marble found it so; yet, I think, he felt the supposed disgrace of his birth more than has warm affections at

"I believe Marble found it so; yet, I think, he felt the supposed disgrace of his birth more than his solitary condi-tion. The man has warm affections at the bottom, though he has a most un-

the bottom, though he has a most uncouth manner of making it known."

"I am surprised one so circumstanced never thought of marrying; he night, at least, have lived in the bosom of his own family, though he never knew that of a father.

"These are the suggestions of a tender and devoted female heart, dear Lucy; but what has a sailor to do with a wife? I have heard it said Sir John Jervis—the present Lord St. Vincent—always declared a married seaman, a seaman spoiled; and I believe Marble loves a ship so well he would hardly know how to love a woman."

Lucy made no answer to this indiscreet and foolish speech. Why it was made, I scarce knew myself; but the heart has its bitter moods, when it prompts sentiments and declarations that are very little in accordance with its impulses. I was so much ashamed of what I had just said, and, in truth, so much frightened, that, instead of much frightened, that, instead of attempting to laugh it off, as a silly attempting to laugh it off, as a silly, unmeaning opinion, or endeavoring to explain that this was not my own way of thinking, I walked on some distance in silence, myself, and suffered my companion to imitate me in this particular. I have since had reason to think that Lucy was not pleased at my manner of treating the subject, though, blessed creature! she had another matter to communicate, that lay too heavy on communicate, that lay too heavy on her heart to allow one of her generous, disinterested nature, to think much of

anything else.

"Miles," Lucy at length broke the silence by saying, "I wish, I do wish we had not met that other sloop this morn-

ing."
I stopped short in the highway, dropped my beautiful companions's arm, and stood gazing intently in her face, as if I would read her most inmost thoughts through those windows of the soul, her serenc, mild, tender blue eyes. I saw that the face was colorless, and that the beautiful lips, out of which the "How is uncle named?" demanded the words that had alarmed me more by miece, in a low voice, and a hesitating manner. "Mother's brother was christened Oloff, I have heard grand-mother say."

"Very true, dear; we've been all over that, the old lady and I. They tell me, too, I was christened by the name of Moses—I suppose you know who Moses was, child?"

"To be sure, uncle!" said Kitty, with a little laugh of surprise. "He was the great lawmaker of the Jews."

"Ha, Miles, is that so?"
I nodded assent.

"And do you know about his being found in in the bulrushes, and the story of the him of the story of the bire."

"To be sure, uncle!" said Kitty, with a little laugh of surprise. "He was the great lawmaker of the Jews."

"Ha Miles, is that so?"

I nodded assent.

"And do you know about his being found in in the bulrushes, and the story of the bire."

What answer could I have made to what answer could I have made to such a speech, had my mind been suffi-ciently at ease as respects my sister to think of anything else? As it was, I did not even attempt the vain office of saying anything in the way of alleviatsaying anything in the way of alleviating my companion's keen sense of the misconduct of Rupert.

"Grace is then worse in consequence of this unhappy rencontre!" I observed, rather than asked.

"Oh, Miles! what a conversation I

"Oh, Miles! what a conversation I have had with her, this afternoon! She speaks, already, more like a being that belongs to the regions of the blessed, than like one of earth! There is no longer any secret between us. She would gladly have avoided telling me have precise situation with Runert, but would gladly nave avoided teiling me her precise situation with Rupert, but we had already gone so far, I would know more. I thought it might relieve her mind; and there was the chance, however slight, of its enabling us to suggest some expedient to express still further good. I think it has had some of the first effect, for she is now sleep-

ing."
"Did Grace say anything of your communicating the miserable tale to

all of us, to Miles, as well as to his own manhood. It has been as we supposed; he has been deluded by the 'cclat that attaches to these Mertons in our provincial society; and Emily is rather a showy girl, you know—at least, for those who are accustomed only to our simple habita."

Alas I little did Lucy then know—ahe has learned better since—that "showy" girls belong much more to our "simple" state of society, than to the state of those who are commonly conceived to be more advanced. But Emily Merton was, in a slight degree, more artificial in manner than it was usual for a Manhattanese female of that day to be, and this was what Lucy meant—Lucy, who always thought so humbly of herself, and was so ready to concede to her rivals all that could plansibly be asked

always thought so humbly of herself, and was so ready to concede to her rivats all that could plausibly be asked in their behalf.

"I am well aware how much importance the leading set among ourselves attaches to English connection, and English rank," I answered; "but it does not strike me Emily Merton is of a class so elevated, that Rupert Hardinge need break his faith in order to reap the advantage of belonging to her or her family."

"It cannot be altogether that.

need break his faith in order to reap
the advantage of belonging to her or
her family."

"It cannot be altogether that,
Miles," Lucy added, in an appealing,
but touchingly confidential manner,
"you and I have known each other
from children, and, whatever may be
the weaknesses of one who is so dear to
me, and who, I hope, has not altogether
lost his hold on your own affections, we
can still rely on each other. I shall
speak to you with the utmost dependence on your friendship, and a reliance
on your heart that is not second to that
which I place on my d-ar father's; for
this is a subject on which there ought
to be no concealment between us. It is
impossible that one as manly, as upright, as honest, I will say, as yourself,
can have lived so long in close intimacy with Rupert, and not be aware that
he has marked defects of character."

"I have long known that he is capriclose," I answered, unwilling to be severe on the faults of Lucy's brother, to
Lucy's own ear; "perhaps I might add,
that I've known he pays too much attention to fashion, and the opinions of
fashionable people."

"Nay, as we cannot deceive cach
other," the true-hearted girl replied,
though she said this with so great an
effort, that I was compelled to listen attentively to catch all she uttered.

"Rupert has failings worse than these.
He is mercenary; nor is he always a
man of truth. Heaven knows how I
have wept over these defects of character, and the pain they have given me
from childhood! But my dear, dear
father overlooks them all—or, rather,
steing them, he hopes all things; it is
hard for a parent to believe a child irreclaimable."

I was unwilling to let Lucy say any
more on this subject, for her voice, her
countenance, I might almost say her
whole figure, showed how much it cost

I was unwilling to let Lucy say any more on this subject, for her voice, her countenance, I might almost say her whole figure, showed how much it cost her to say even this much of Rupert. I had long known that Lucy did not respect her brother as much as she could wish; but this was never before betroyed to me in words, nor in any other manner, indeed, that would not have eluded the observation of one who knew the parties less thoroughly than myself. I could perceive that she felt the awful consequences she foresaw from her brother's conduct gave me a claim on her sincerity, and that she was sufon her sincerity, and that she was suf-fering martyrdom, in order to do all that lay in her power to lessen the force of the blow that unworthy relative had inflicted. It would have been un-generous in me to suffer such a sacrifice

Spare yourself and me, dearest "spare yoursell and me, dearest Lucy," I eagerly said, "all explanations but those which are necessary to let me know the exact state of my sister's case. I confess, I could wish to understand, however, the manner in which Rupert however, the manner in which Rupert has contrived to explain away an en-gagement that had lasted four years, and which must have been the source of so much innocent confidence between Grace and himself."

Grace and himself."

"I was coming to that, Miles; and when you know it you will know all. Grace has felt his attention to Emily Merton for a long time; but there never was a verbal explanation between them until just before she left town. Then she felt it due to herself to know the truth; and after a conversation which was not and, after a conversation which was not very particular, your sister offered to release Rupert from his engagement, did he in the least desire it."

"And the least desire it."

"And that answer did he make to a proposal that was as generous as it was frank?"

"I must do Grace the justice to say, Miles, that, in all she said, she used the Miles, that, in all she said, she used the utmost tenderness toward my brother. Still, I could not but gather the substance of what passed. Rupert, at first, affected to believe that Grace, herself, wished to break the engagement; but in this, you well know, her ingenuous simplicity would not permit him to succeed. She did not attempt to conceal how deeply she should feel the change in her situaticu, and how much it might influence her future happiness."

"Ay, that was like both of them—like Rupert, and like Grace," I muttered huskily.

like Rupert, and like Grace," I muttered huskily.

Lucy continued silent an instant, apparently to allow me to regain my self-command; then she continued,—

"When Rupert found that the responsibility of the rupture must rest on him, he spoke more sincerely. He owned to Grace that his views had changed; said they were both too young to contract themselves when they did, and that he had made an angagement to marry, at a time when he was unfit to bind himself to so solemn a contract—said something about minors, and concluded by speaking of his poverty and total inability to support a wife, now that Mrs. Bradfort had left me the whole of her property."

"And this is the man who wishes to

"And this is the man who wishes to make the world believe that he is the true heir! nay, who told me, himself, that he considers you as only a sort of trustee, to hold half, or two-thirds of the estate until he has had leisure to sow his wild oats!"

his wild cats!"

I know he has encouraged such notions, Miles," Lucy answered, in a low voice; "how gladly would I realize his hopes, if things could be placed where we once thought they were! Every

dollar of Mrs. Bradfort's fortune would I relinquish with joy, to see Grace happy, or Rupert honest."

"I am afraid we shall never see the first. Lucy, in this world, at least."

"I have never wished for this engagement since I have been old enough to judge of my brother's true character. He would ever have been too fickle, and of principles too light, to satisfy Grace's heart, or her judgment. There may have been some truth in his plea that the engagement was too early and inconsiderately made. Persons so young can hardly know what will, or what will not be necessary to their own characters a few years later. As it is, even Grace would now refuse to marry Rupert. She owned to me, that the heaviest part of the blow was being undeceived in relation to his character. I spoke to her with greater freedom than a sister ought to have used, perhaps, but I wished to arouse her pride, as the means of saving her. Alas! Grace is all affections, and those once withcred, I fear, Miles, the rest of her being will go with them."

I made no answer to this prophetic remark, Lucy's visit to the shore, her manner, and all that she had said, convincing me that she had, in a great degree, taken leave of hope. We conversed some time longer, returning toward the cottage; but there was nothing further to communicate that it is necessary to record. Neither of us thought of self, and I would as soon have attempted to descerate a church, as attempt to obtain any influence over Lucy, in my own self, and I would as soon have attempted to desecrate a church, as attempt to obtain any influence over Lucy, in my own behalf, at such a monent. And my feelings reverted to my poor sister again, and I was dying with impatience to return to the sloop, whither, indeed, it was time to repair, the sun having some time before disappeared, while even the twilight was drawing to a close.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE ROMANCE OF AN OLD COAT

Eva Raeburn's income and leisure were strictly limited, but every year she contrived to spare from them sufficient to give a day at the seaside to a number of poor children known to her through her charitable work in Glas-

This year she had selected Saltcoats This year sale had selected sattcoats for the scene of the annual picnic. At the appointed place of meeting the others were waiting, with faces that had at least been dusted for the occasion, and in one or two instances washed. "Where is Teddy?" asked Miss Rae-

burn, missing that one of her pets whom she was most anxious should have a few hours of fresh air and sunshine afar from the dismal den he called home. But even as she spoke he appeared and at sight of him she stood aghast.

and at sight of him she stood agnast.

"Tedd! What in the world—who has allowed you to appear like this?"

Teddy, the youngest and smallest of the party, shook a tangle of flaxen curls out of his great brown eyes, lifted one bare foot and set it across the other, and replied with the sublime indifference to experience securities. ence to appearances peculiar to his sex at that early age:

" My ma said I'd do fine."

"My ms said I'd do fine."

"Your 'ma' is—"

Miss Raeburn snapped off her sentence abruptly. There was nothing to
be gained by expressing to the child
her plain unvarnished opinion of Mrs.
Edward Graham. Teddy's condition
only too plainly indicated what had
been her own when she sent him forth.

A week ago she had presented herself
to Miss Raeburn, bringing with her the
usual environment of whiskey, and demanding information as to whether her
boy was "to get going the trip as well
as Mrs. Paterson's Willie." Eva had
delicately alluded to the deficiencies of
Teddy's wardrobe, and confessed to her
own lack of funds and of wearing apparel snitable for him. It appeared parel suitable for him. It appeared that Mrs. Graham was in precisely

similar case.
"It's not my fault if he hasn't good clothes," she asserted, rather untruth-fully. "If his father had done what was right, we'd never have needed to ask anything from anybody; but, the way I'm placed now, I haven't a half-penny nor a rag to put on the poor wee thing. And that's the truth I'm telling you, Miss Raeburn, so it is."

Eva reflected. Her clothespress was Eva reflected.

Eva reflected. Her clothespress was almost empty, but in it there still hung an old frockcoat made for a man of ample proportions, and she produced it, though rather doubtfully.

"There is enough material here to make Teddy quite a nice suit," she said. "I can lend you a pattern if you think you can cut it out and make it; but if not—"

"Oh, I'm not just useless, Miss!" Mrs. Graham protested, clutching the garment eagerly.

ment eagerly.
"You won't pawn it, will you!" Eva

"You won't pawn it, will you!" Eva asked appealingly.
"What would I pawn it for?" demanded the other lady in righteous wrath. "The taste of drink never darkened my mouth, if that's what you mean. Besides," she added, after inspecting the garment more closely, with a disappointed air, "I don't believe they'd lend anything on these kind of cats."

So Eva permitted herself to hope that Mrs. Graham's tailoring operations would keep her out of harm's way for a time, and even enable her to regain a shred of long-lost self-respect in the effort to clothe the child decently. And here he was, his thin legs thrust

And here he was, his thin legs thrust into the sleeves of the coat, its tails drawn over his shoulders, crossed on his chest, and fastened behind with a huge hatpin! Passersby looked from the grotesque little figure to the tail feir girl in her modest gray garb, sweet and fresh as a flower, but brought by the struggle against both laughter and weeping, to the verge of hysteria.
"We'll miss the train!" hazarded
Willie Paterson at last. Clothing,

Woman, Lovely Woman

Like morning roses bathed in dew is the complexion of a woman who has made herself lovely by regularly anoint-ing her face with the purest and best of all skin foods, "CAMPANA'S ITAL-

E. G. WEST & CO., Wholesale Drug-gists, 80 George St., Toronto.

especially that of other people, was not a matter of importance to him.

"You can't go with us to-day, Teddy."

Eva pronounced sentence with difficulty. "I can't possibly take you as you are. But you shall go another day, and soon—I'll manage it somehow. There's a penny for you and now run home, like a good boy!—Come, children, we've no time to spare."

Reluctantly, the girl turned, painfully aware of what she was sending him back to, conscious that he was standing still, staring after her, stunned by the unexpected blow, which even the presentation of a penny had failed to soften. Poor little Ted! "Oh to be able to take him away forever from his wretched surroundings!" she thought, as the train sped on between stretches of green, with sandy dunes and red-roofed houses.

The first glimpse of the shimmering

houses.

The first glimpse of the shimmering radiance of the Firth brought shouts of delight from the children, whose acquaintance with the Clyde was limited to the dark waters flowing under Glasgow Bridge. And so, in a glow of rapturous expectancy, Saltcoats was reached.

As the smarred from the station First

reached.

As she emerged from the station, Eva discerned that her retinue attracted a great deal of attention, which at last found audible expression. When such phrases as "That's a shame!" "I never saw the like!" smote her ears, a dire suspicion selzed her, and wheeling round she beheld Teddy, more grimy and dusty than ever, and still in the striking costume which had failed to win her approval.

"How did you get here?" she asked faintly.

faintly.

He explained that he had followed at He explained that he had followed at a distance to the train, got into a compartment unseen and hidden himself under a seat until he had heard some one say, "This is Saltcoats." His plan of campaign had been beautifully simple. The beat must be made of the worst now, and Eva shook her brains together, wondering if for three shillings (all she

now, and Eva shook her brains together, wondering if for three shillings (ali she had of spare cash) decent apparel could be purchased for Teddy—a question that was speedily settled by the recollection that his fare must be paid. She was sinking into the dead calm of despair when the sight of two small boys playing in a garden surrounding a large old-fashioned house, with the device "Jebb's Boarding Establishment," suggested a possible way out of her

vice "Jebb's Boarding Establishment," suggested a possible way out of her difficulty. She led the children to a seat on the esplanade, with a view of the sea and passing ships.

"All of you must wait here until I come back," she told them, and screwing her courage to the sticking point, she returned to the house with Teddy.

Teddy raised anxious, appealing eyes, not knowing what was going to be done

not knowing what was going to be done with him. His plea, "I was very miserable," would have softened a harder heart than Eva's. The "splendid isolation" of his attire began by force

isolation" of his attire began by force of contrast to trouble him, and he kept in the background while Eva advanced to meet the inquiring gaze of an elderly lady who was reading on the porch.
"I am sorry to intrude," she began nervously, "but I wonder if you have an old suit of boys' clothes—"
"Mrs. Jebb never sells things at the door," the lady interrupted, and again Miss Raeburn trembled on the verge of hystoria.

she said, and presented Teddy, then details, during the recital of which the severe lines of the lady's face relaxed

into a compassionate smile.

"It was hard for the poor little fellow to be left behind," she commented.
"Come in. Mrs. Jebb has several boys,
and I am sure she will help you if she

Mrs. Jehb, four square yards of goodto the occasion with a dmirable prompti-tude; so that, after an interlude of soap and water, Teddy was speedily clothed in the garb of respectability. Mrs. Scott held Eva's hand closely in her own for a minute or two.

"You are a dear girl to take so much

Her glance followed the two depart-

With Comfort

The Old Pains and Aches Are Now Only a Memory

Tells of the Wonderful Benefits

Obtained From DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS

Like many another Newfoundlander living far from doctors. Mr. Stone feels unbounded gratitude for the benefits obtained from the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills.

For years he had suffered from a con-

gested condition of the liver and kidneys, with headsches, backaches, pains in limbs and body. Words fail to describe his sufferings as well as the gratitude he wants to express for the

gratitude he wants to express for the cure.

Mr. Alex. J. Stone, West Point, Nfld., writes: "I suppose you thought I had forgotten all about you when I got Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, but I haven't. You must excuse mistakes, for like many Newfoundland men I have not much education, but I want to thank you many times for your medicine.

"I cannot tell you what I suffered from liver and kidney derangements, indigestion and constipation, nor can I find words to express how much good

find words to express how much good this medicine has done me. I feel better than I have for five years and bave given some of these pills to friends, who tell me they have done them a wonderful lot of good. I want to express my beartfelt gratitude for the benefit derived from the great medicine."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pills doe 25sts by at all deelers or

pill a dose, 25cla box, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited,