



DOCTOR CONOLLY DESCRIBES THE COMPANY TO SIR REGINALD.

Harcourt and her brother's family?"

'None at all. The Colonel's lady quite ignores such vulgar connections. By George, she will be little pleased to see them on the field before her, when she makes her entree.'

A short silence ensued. The baronet's gaze followed the plebeian Morgans, and his ancestral pride revolted from a connection with such a set. His love for Ellinor received a momentary check at the sight of her low-bred relatives.

Two Juno-like ladies now entered the reception-room.

'Oh, here are the two Miss Boyds, handsome and well-dressed, but too masculine to be attractive. I do not admire them I must confess. They come of a bad stock, their father is a confounded old rogue who dare not show his face out of his own house, except on Sunday. The son, a chip off the old block, prospering in the world by all kinds of chicanery, has been blessed, by some egregious mistake of destiny, with an amiable and lovely wife. Look! there she is, that sad-looking woman with the soft brown tresses shading her sweet face! That handsome, spirited-looking girl with her is her sister. What a pity that young Boyd did not get her for a wife, she would have broken his head before the end of the honeymoon, instead of which, the smooth-tongued fellow is now breaking the gentler sister's heart. But such is the common lot of those who venture within the pale of matrimony—paired, but not matched! Hymen gives so many blanks in the marriage lottery that I have always been afraid to try my luck.'

A fine-looking woman richly dressed who was conversing familiarly with Colonel de Burg, now drew Sir Reginald's attention.

'That is Miss Honor Blake, one of the Blakes of Galway. Would you believe it, Sir Reginald, that lady is over sixty, and yet her face is fair and free from wrinkles, her hair is abundant and jet black, positively, not a line of silver has yet made its appearance. She must certainly have some elixir for preserving youth; for my part I cannot ward off the withering attacks of time; but Miss Honor seems invulnerable. She is a positive enigma.'

A person in rather outre costume was now heard accosting Colonel de Burg in broad Hibernian accents.

'Who is this new arrival, Dr. Connolly, his appearance is strikingly unique?'

'He is a real specimen of an Irish squire, Sir Reginald—quite an original in his way. His name is Reilly. He is a farmer, though a would-be gentleman. A great fox-hunter too—he keeps an excellent pack, and by inducing the fox-hunting gentry to join

him in their favorite sport, he manages to ferret himself into society. By George, he gives good dinners and excellent 'claret,' as he calls it, although the style in which the feast is served calls forth irrepressible bursts of laughter from the guests. Reilly takes it all in good part, fancying they are amused at his wit, and invites them to help themselves, supposing that it is the polite way of acting the host. That genteel-looking young man now being introduced to the Colonel, is Reilly's son. He says he is making a gentleman of Larry, and that he expects to see him a counsellor before he dies. The young man is now an attorney and doing well. That pretty piece of affection and frivolity curtsying to Colonel de Burg, in the 'minuet de la cour' style, is Larry's wife, the daughter of a fashionable milliner from Dublin.'

The latter remark of Dr. Connolly was lost upon Sir Reginald. At this moment Mrs. Colonel Harcourt's stout figure and nodding yellow and green plume appeared in the door-way, and close behind, leaning on the arm of Captain Travers, the Baronet espied the being for whose entrance he had been watching during the last hour.

'Glittering in pearls and costly array' Ellinor Harcourt had never seemed so irresistible in the eyes of her noble admirer. How potent is the spell with which beauty enthral's mankind! In the witchery of Ellinor's many fascinations, the pride of ancestry, of rank, of wealth, all was forgotten, even Red Billy Morgan himself and that horrid tribe! and Sir Reginald found himself drawn a willing captive to his idol's feet, bending in lowly homage at her beautiful shrine.

The dancing was now about to commence, and Colonel de Burg looked round previously to selecting a partner. It was a moment of no little anxiety. Almost every fair one in that crowded room coveted the honor of opening the ball with the handsome member elect. Many a young heart leaped at this important moment. Many a bright eye followed the Colonel's movements as he stepped forward.

He approached the pretty Belinda Ormsby and requested the honor of her hand. Her supercilious mamma cast a glance of triumph at Mrs. Harcourt, as her daughter moved towards the ball-room leaning on the arm of the gallant member. The next moment that glance was returned with interest by the Colonel's lady, as the beautiful Ellinor followed with the English Baronet.

The hours sped on. Neither Mrs. Harcourt nor Ellinor enjoyed the ball as much as they had expected. The unlooked-for appearance of Red Billy and his satellites marred their happiness for the evening.—

They felt in a constant fever of anxiety lest their plebeian relatives should presume to address them and thus force themselves on the notice of Sir Reginald Vivyan. Frequently did the nervous glance of Ellinor detect Uncle Billy hovering near. Once he was evidently approaching to address her. With what shrinking horror did the proud girl watch his movements. Verily there are many thorns in the chaplet which encircles the brow of pride!

But there was one who came to the rescue, one who had been, like Red Billy himself, hovering near, as if drawn irresistibly within the sphere of her attractions.— Captain Travers had lived long enough in B— to have learned the relationship between the vulgar Morgans and the elegant Miss Harcourt. He saw Uncle Billy's meditated attack and in a moment he was at his side accosting him in his blindest accents, and then engaging him in conversation, he insensibly drew him into the card-room, where he contrived to find him a place at one of the tables, and there the old man remained a fixture the rest of the evening. What a relief to the proud Ellinor, and what a feeling of gratitude welled up in her heart towards her poor, but devoted lover!

The election ball passed, and Mrs. Harcourt's expectations that Sir Reginald Vivyan would make her daughter an offer of his hand, were disappointed, although his attentions had been very marked. Two weeks glided away and still Sir Reginald did not propose. The Colonel's lady was becoming quite impatient. Mrs. Ormsby was heard to declare that the Baronet's attentions meant nothing; those aristocratic young men often amused themselves with such interesting flirtations.

This was repeated to Mrs. Harcourt and Ellinor. The latter heard the remark with a smile of contempt. Her mother bristled with indignation; but the words of angry retort which she was about to fling back at Mrs. Ormsby, were checked by the appearance of Sir Reginald himself, who came to beg a private interview with Miss Harcourt. Half an hour afterwards the mutual friend of Mrs. Harcourt and Mrs. Ormsby entered the drawing-room of the latter to make the startling announcement that Ellinor Harcourt was going to be married to Sir Reginald Vivyan.

The news created more envy than surprise. Every one was on the qui vive about the wedding. The trousseau of the bride elect was ordered from Dublin. Mrs. Harcourt spared no expense to give eclat to the affair.

Ellinor Harcourt's wedding-day at length arrived. Crowds thronged the Church to witness the ceremony and catch a view of the youthful bride, who, in her gorgeous costume of white satin, Brussels lace and

rare gems, looked dazzlingly beautiful. After a splendid dejeuner, Sir Reginald and Lady Vivyan left B— for the Continent, the happy Ellinor carrying with her but one sorrowful reminiscence of her wedding-day, and that was the remembrance of Captain Travers' face as it met her gaze for a moment when she turned from the altar a bride. He was standing near, half hid behind a pillar, gazing at her with a look of such deep despairing grief that the pulsations of her heart ceased for a moment. She had never before realized the depth of the young officer's love for her. It was a passion such as time itself cannot eradicate. Ellinor felt that in rejecting Captain Travers, she had given up the love of a noble and generous heart. Would Sir Reginald Vivyan's fully compensate for such a sacrifice. Time must answer that question.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STRANGE IF TRUE.—The good people of Oakhill, says a correspondent of the Lindsay Canadian Post, were startled on Monday evening last by the sad intelligence that a child of Mrs. Fitzsimons was lost in the woods, having started to go to the sugar bush to her grandmother, who was boiling sap. Several parties started at once to search for her, but darkness soon put an end to their labors and left the desolate mother to mourn over the unprotected situation of her child; and the absence of her husband, who was in Lindsay as a juror, added to her troubles. The whole neighborhood turned out the next morning and searched diligently until evening, when they returned, tired and disheartened. It was then suggested that some one should go and see Mr. A. W. Brown, of Rosedale, and request him to put one of his subjects in a clairvoyant state, and see if he could point out the whereabouts of the child. A young man was sent for at once, but it was not until Wednesday morning that the subject could be found. When Mr. Brown succeeded in putting him into a suitable state, without telling him for what purpose he was wanted, strange to say, he accurately described the child, her leaving home and going to the next house, leaving there and going in a northwest direction, the tree at which she stopped on Monday night, where they would find traces of her travelling in a small circle on Tuesday, and said she was then alive (Wednesday morning) and sitting on a log. He further stated that several parties were then searching for her, but they were going away from her. When asked if she would leave where she then was, he said: "No, she could not travel, as her feet were sore." The young man then returned, and in company with three others went direct to where she was, and found her in the exact place described. She was without food from Monday morning until Wednesday evening, was out under the rain Monday night, and in the snow to her knees on Tuesday. There was a sharp frost on Tuesday night, and although only eight years old, delicate and very small of her age, she is still alive and doing well. Neither Mr. Brown nor his subject ever saw the child or the locality where she was lost.

A GHOST!—Considerable excitement has been produced lately in London by the exhibition at the Polytechnic of a real ghost. It stood out plainly and well defined, each feature distinct. It walked about, moved its every limb with ease and grace, rolled its eyes and showed its teeth. But yet was so impalpable that the 'ghost raiser' could walk through it. A patent having been taken out by the inventor, a correspondent writes to the Times, describing the manner in which the illusion is produced. He says:

'It is nothing more than the reflected image of a brightly illuminated object, living or dead, from the surface of a flat piece of glass. The lights are lowered, and the spectators are in comparative darkness. The curtain is drawn and discloses a dimly illuminated chamber called a study, and there you behold the student, a living man, walking to and fro. This person is actually behind a large sheet of plate glass, not larger, indeed, than is to be seen in many a shop window. The object to be ghostified is concealed in front of the glass, and is brilliantly illuminated by the well known lime light. In accordance with the law of optics the image of the object is reflected from the glass as it is in reality in front of it; and they, owing to the obscurity of the chamber, are unable to detect the source of the illusion.'

The manager of one of the large theatres (probably Charles Kean,) has purchased the right to use the ghost on the stage.

As the earth is but a point compared to the heavens, so are earthly troubles compared to heavenly joys.