

PRETTY MISS NEVILLE

BY B. M. CROKER

CHAPTER XXI

CAPTAIN BERESFORD'S LETTER

"On ne donne rien si libéralement que son sein."—La Rochefoucauld.

"No! where are you, Noah?" cried Mrs. Vane, suddenly coming into the front verandah, where I was almost breathlessly intent on picking up some stitches in auntie's knitting.

"Oh, here you are! The shawl has come, and I've just had a letter from Captain Beresford."

"Bother Captain Beresford!" I exclaimed with a sudden start, dropping about eight stitches.

"Bother Captain Beresford!" in a high key of expostulation. "Come, come, you don't know what you are talking about. Did the dear girl get out of bed this morning wrong foot foremost? I thought she seemed a little short at breakfast time!"

"You've made me drop a lot of stitches bursting in on me like that," I answered crossly, and bending down very closely over my knitting to hide my rosy cheeks.

"Yes, you would. You would suit each other down to the ground; you would make an ideal couple; and only for this other man being in the way, nothing would give me more real pleasure than to see you engaged to Maurice Beresford."

"Then, my dear lady, I am afraid you must moderate your wishes, and think of something else that will give you great pleasure," I answered cheerfully.

"Well, I only ask of you one thing, Noah," said Mrs. Vane, pausing with tragic emphasis, and pointing toward me with a warning forefinger; "if Maurice Beresford ever comes here—"

"He never will," I interrupted, hastily.

"Likely enough—but if he does, promise me that you won't flirt with him."

"Flirt! I!" I echoed, in a high key of virtuous repudiation. "I never flirt!"

"I know you say you don't, and I believe you really mean what you say, and you are every bit as pleasant to one of our own sex as you are to the lords of creation. But—you know you are pretty—very pretty—"

"Can I help that?" I inquired with lifted brows, making no effort to combat the assertion.

"An eye for an eye, and a tongue for a tongue, and when you talk and laugh, and your color comes and goes, and your eyes dance, and your lashes curl up, you look so bewitching, and so bent on being agreeable, that you are an uncommonly good imitation of—a flirt!" coolly pondering over my appearance.

"A flirt! I loathe the name! Doctor Johnson calls her 'a pert hussy.' Do you mean to insinuate that I look like that? Now, come! folding my arms akimbo, and giving a defiant toss of my front locks, while a smile I cannot for the life of me strangle, steals round my lips."

"Well—you are pert enough, at any rate—there is no denying that," with much decision, turning away.

"I know what you mean, Vi. I like to be pleasant to everybody. I am vain enough to delight in being a favorite, even with animals! Can you imagine such rapacity for popularity? Putting men and women aside, I like to know that I am highly esteemed by the dogs, and twice as much respected as auntie by the ponies, Brandy and Soda."

and I have written myself to a standstill.

"With kind regards, yours sincerely MAURICE BERESFORD."

"George is a shocking correspondent," said Mrs. Vane, slowly folding up the missive.

"Now, Nora, what do you think of him from this letter?"

"Think of Colonel Vane?"

"No, you aggravating monkey; of Captain Beresford?"

"Judging from his effusion, I would say that he was satirical, conceited, and impudent."

"Oh, my!" with arched brows, you are entirely wrong. He has not a scrap of conceit in his whole composition. Impudence and he are not to be named in the same week."

"I am glad to hear it," I returned, coolly; "not that it is likely to affect me," I said, balancing my pretty little high-heeled shoe on the extreme tip of my toe, and regarding it complacently.

"I wish to goodness you had never seen Major Percival," said Mrs. Vane, with extraordinary irrelevance, rising and parading the veranda with her hands clasped loosely behind her.

"Yes, and Maurice would get on like a house on fire."

"Should we?" I exclaimed, with a smile of ironical interrogation.

"Yes, you would. You would suit each other down to the ground; you would make an ideal couple; and only for this other man being in the way, nothing would give me more real pleasure than to see you engaged to Maurice Beresford."

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"You little ridiculous goose,"

"I know you are afraid that I shall write your friend into the gentle mazes of a flirtation—as if I ever did such a thing—that I may beguile him into liking me, 'not wisely, but too well!' but fear not, oh, anxious matron! make your mind quite easy, my modest little Violet. I promise you that I shall not make myself agreeable to Captain Beresford and I will even go further, and say that we shall detest each other most cordially."

"Oh, come, come—one no could detest you, Noah."

"Could they not?" I answered, with a superior smile, as my thoughts flew back to Maurice and old days at Gallow.

"The reason I ask you not to exercise your fascinations is simply this—"

"You have a preposterously high opinion of my fascinations and my charms," I interrupt, with hasty deprecation. "I wish you could have seen me four or five years ago," I added, impressively.

"I see you as you are, and you are just the sort of girl to take Maurice's fancy."

"I laugh grimly.

"He has such a high opinion of women—"

"Poor fellow! he has never met a Mrs. St. Ubes," I interrupt.

"Be quiet now, and let me speak. He has never been in love, I'm sure, and if he were to lose his heart to you, you being already engaged, it would be worse for him than another, far worse!"

"No fear of that," I return emphatically, making a grimace at Turk, who was sitting on the steps gazing at me sentimentally, with his head on one side. "Do you not think his endeavors to forget his Indian friends. However, I won't be forgotten. He is coming out in November, is he not? Nemesis awaits him! I have lodged my complaint and I cannot do better than leave him to you. And now, good-by! You will be tired of all this nonsense,

"No!" (laughing). "Let him sing, poor doggie, if it amuses him. By the way, did I tell you that Mrs. Gower was at the Warrens' last night, and sat next me after dinner?"

"Dealing death and destruction to every reputation in the place, I suppose."

"No, no; for once you wrong her; in point of fact she was altogether taken up with you, my little dear."

"With me? What did she say? Tell me this instant. I am devoured with curiosity."

"Well, she delivered her soul very freely. She says she would not be your aunt or mother for a million."

"How sweet of her!"

"Pretty girls are so conspicuous, and such an anxiety! She hears that a certain Major Percival paid you tremendous attention at Ooty, and made you the talk of the hills, and then departed, merely leaving you a flattering likeness of himself and his P. P. C. card."

"Vio, you are making this up. You are inventing."

"I am not, I declare to you. She thinks your aunt greatly to blame, as this kind of thing does girls so much harm, and keeps off real bona fide admirers—old Mr. Poate, the rich coffee merchant."

"Old Mr. Poate." I echoed, contemptuously. "Hideous old creature! A widower, and never sober. The sight of him makes me feel positively ill. Is there any one else she can suggest? What more did she say?"

"Oh, she did not say much. She said that it was really quite time you began to be looking about you, and I assured her that you would be very grateful for her kind advice and interest; but that, like the old woman in the shoe, you really had so many admirers you did not know what to do! and that you had half a dozen letters of proposal framed in your room!"

"She will believe you, she really will. I declare that was too bad of you; really too bad," I exclaimed, angrily.

"I'm bad enough, in all conscience," returned Mrs. Vane, yawning; "I wish I were better—I wish I were a little Puritan like you, reading the Bible and saying your prayers, and attending to the services of holy Church with rapt devotion. I wish I were a good woman, like your aunt, but it's not in me; all my most frivolous ideas come into my head at prayers or in church, and I never can nail my attention to the sermon; on the contrary, all the time the parson is preaching, I am composing the most lovely ball dresses which I pull to pieces again the moment I come out of church."

"What on earth have you two been gabbling about this morning?" said Uncle, suddenly coming out of his study, pen in hand. You are making as much noise as a couple of hungry jackdaws; what was it all about—what was the topic you were discussing, eh?"

"Flirting, for one thing," I answered, skipping down the veranda, and enfolding him in my embrace.

"Flirting, indeed," holding me at arm's length, and pointing at me with an admonitory pen. "Well, as long as it is only talk on your part, and you never put the word into practice, I don't mind."

"No, indeed, I should hope not. If all tales be true," giving my cheek against his— "you were a very bad young man, a young man who loved and rode away over and over again! and you need not deny it!"—seeing that he is about to expostulate—"Colonel Keith has been a traitor."

KEITH BE CONTINUED

ST. GENEVIEVE OF CANADA

A TALE OF THE MOHAWKS

"Once upon a time there lived a knight and his lady true." Thus runs the ordinary legend; but we although our tale may boast of its knight and lady true, need not restrict ourselves to the indefinite "once upon a time," but shall place the period of this incident in the year 1677, when Catholic missionaries were striving to plant the faith in the hearts of the Indians of upper New York and Canada. The princess of our story is not fair, like those of the legends, if we consider the color of her skin, for she is a dusky maiden of the Mohawk tribe; but fairer than the fairest of them all, if we consider the beauty of her virgin soul. Born of a heathen Mohawk father and a Christian Algonquin mother, she bore in her name the evidence of her double extraction, for she is called Katherine Tegakwita. Our knight is an Oneida chief, and better warrior never winged a bird or pierced the heart of a doe. He was brave, he was manly; but he had a fiery temper, and for this reason was he called Hot Cinders.

Tegakwita, Katherine's uncle and guardian, had gone up the Mohawk river with a fishing party, and was to be absent several days. Katherine, therefore, after her duties in the field, which were light enough since the corn had been planted, enjoyed comparative leisure, and until called upon to assist in the curing of the fish and the deer-meat which her uncle would bring back with him, could be present at all the instructions which the "Black Gown" was then delivering in her canton. She had been one of the first neophytes of Father de Lamberville, who had been much impressed with the noble qualities of mind and soul observable in the Indian maiden. Returning from her father's but one day, she was joined by Hot Cinders,

who, having but recently joined the Mohawk tribe, could not accompany the chiefs on their hunting expeditions until he had been formally admitted to their councils, according to the Iroquois custom. But he had been with them long enough to know that Katherine was far different from the other women of her tribe, and he desired her for his squaw.

He stalked along in silence by her side, for he was by nature taciturn. She, too, was silent, not that she was timid or afraid, but because she knew full well the unwritten law of her tribe. A squaw, as inferior being, will not speak in the presence of a brave until he first addresses her. She was moreover, commencing with herself, happy in the all-sufficient happiness which Christianity brings to the generous soul. A bird, startled at their approach, stole from out its covert and flew upward toward the sky. Instinctively Hot Cinders flitted an arrow to the thong of his bow, glad of an opportunity to show his powers before the bird he loved. But her hand detained him.

"Why didst thou spoil my aim?" he asked gruffly.

"Let it live," she answered gently, "the Great Spirit gave it life; let it return again to its little ones in the nests."

A feather that the bird had dropped in its flight fluttered to their feet. He stooped to pick it up.

"Take this," he said more softly, "for I had laid the bird in thy hands had my arrow brought it down."

But she motioned it aside. She divined that the acceptance of anything from him, however trifling, would be a tacit acceptance of his suit. He was not to be put off, however.

"Katherine," he cried abruptly, "thou knowest that I love thee more than all the other maidens of my tribe. Even as this feather, white as the snow on yonder hills and still warm from the breast of that flying bird, so is my love pure and burning for thee."

He was lapsing into the natural poetry of his race. Katherine did not answer, and he continued:

"Thou knowest that I join not in the noisy riotings of the young braves of the canton; thou knowest that I indulge not in the fire-water of the white traders; that I kill only in war; and thou knowest, too, that none dare provoke me to tests of endurance or skill. Yet I love thee as the breeze loves the flower or the eagle its mate. He drew himself up to his full height, a perfect type of the Indian race. Katherine showed us the Indian race. Katherine shows us that even in the wilderness God plants some of the fairest flowers to grow up in His love. The name of Katherine Tegakwita, sometimes called "The Genevieve of Canada," from the resemblance between her life and that of the sainted Shepherdess of Nanterre, has been proposed for beatification.—John I. Wnelan in St. Anthony's Monthly.

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