

"Yes; such a pity! Such toil it is! And she is so nice!" ran on Dot. "I am sorry you do not like her!"

"I did not say I disliked her," contended Reginald, who liked to have everything his own way, conversation included. "How can I like to dislike her, Dot, when I never before set eyes upon her? She is a grand young woman; I concede that, and perhaps will improve upon acquaintance."

"There! Improve!"

Reginald laughed; he was fond of teasing little Dot. She would be eighteen this month, and had come home for good; he was twenty-one. Both of them were wealthy, and according to family plans and projects, in two years more they were to become man and wife.

"Never mind," said Reginald, loftily. "I say she may improve on acquaintance; meanwhile let us talk of something else." But still when a turn in the path brought the graceful figure, with its scarlet and black draperies, into view again, he turned his head and looked at her once more. "She walks well," said he, "like a Spaniard, and they are the most graceful race of women I know."

"How was it you only got here this morning, Reginald?—and are you come to make a long stay?"

"That's as may be," answered Reginald, passing the first query over. "Depends, perhaps, upon how you treat me."

"Oh!" exclaimed Dora. "Why we always treat you well. Papa and mamma are always glad to see you."

"What a dear, simple child it is!" thought the young man, superior in his three years' older wisdom.

He made better acquaintance with Miss Maverick in the evening. Her dark, oval face looked well by gas-light; her eyes were large and lustrous; her heavy black hair, braided in a coronet and destitute of ribbon or ornament of any kind, was a wonder in itself; and although her dress was so plain that, on another woman, it might have seemed "dowdy"—her tall, graceful figure made it seem a garb fit for a princess.

Her manner pleased Reginald. She was lady-like, quiet and dignified; brilliant, too, he found in conversation when he found her talking with his uncle. Mr. Lanster, a pleasant, well-informed man, seemed much struck with her.

"A fine woman," commented Reginald to himself. "I rather admire her." But the "fine woman," apparently ignorant of his kindly feelings, was unapproachable and distant all the evening.

The next day it was the same, and the next, and so on, until at last Reginald Lanster—handsome, petted, conceited fellow that he was—became fairly piqued by the singularly chilly manner of the "poor teacher," toward whom he would have been unusually suave and amiable.

Katherine Maverick, never thinking to offend or slight him, looked upon him as a boy. He had left college before his time, had come into his property, and felt very much disposed to have a "regular good time" of it. He was vain; he had been made much of all his life, and he had been falling in and out of love continuously since the remote period when he had first donned a pair of boots.

He had been deeply in love with three young ladies since coming down from college, but when he started on this visit to his uncle's he made up his mind to devote himself to Dot only during his stay. But he found Dot rather much of a baby, or a schoolgirl, yet. And several days went on.

"Dot is a darling," he said, meditatively, as he strolled down to the beach alone one afternoon, Dot having been borne off to make some stately "calls," in which Regy flatly refused to participate. "Such a dear, little, kittenish thing, so different from that Miss Maverick. Still she's hardly—Halloo!" for a sudden turn, around a jutting rock, caused him almost to fall over a dark-robed lady, who sat there gazing out to sea.

"I am sure I beg your pardon," he said, lifting his hat. "I didn't know you were here."

The soft dark eyes were turned slowly upon him. "Ah, it is you," she said, with a smile, which made Regy wonder how he had ever thought her plain. "I often come here—I like to watch the sea."

The slender hand drew her dress away slightly from the other end of the rock on which she sat, and Reginald, emboldened by the smile, gallantly asked permission to seat himself beside her.

It was astonishing how quickly they became acquainted. Miss Maverick, on the sands alone, and

all to himself, was very different to Miss Maverick in company; and Reginald soon found himself talking and laughing with her freely, as though they were quite old friends.

Not until the slanting beams of the sun warned them of the flight of time did they think of returning homeward, and then, as Miss Maverick, drawing her shawl around her, rose to go, he said, with a boyish directness, which once in a while came to the surface through all his affections: "I like you a great deal better than I thought I did. I hope I shall have a chance to talk with you again."

"Thanks for the wish," she answered, laughing softly, and then they separated, she going slowly towards the house and he waiting behind on the beach to indulge in a cigar, and, for a wonder, thinking.

"By Jove, she's a splendid girl! That little stupid Dot's nothing beside her. I must cultivate my friendship with Miss Maverick. What a shame that she should be a teacher in Dot's school. She's a true lady, if ever there was one."

After that they met often; by accident, as it seemed to Katherine. Sometimes on the beach, or in the shady garden, or in one or other of the quiet rooms of the pretty little house—for this was only Mr. Lanster's sea-side residence.

"Regy seems to be very studious all on a sudden," observed Mr. Lanster one day. "He doesn't care to go out with us at all; he is always strolling out in solitude with a book."

Alas for Regy's "solitary studies!" The book which accompanied him was generally used as a hassock for Miss Maverick's trimly booted feet, and Regy himself was studying quite another volume. Mrs. Lanster did not often invite the teacher to accompany herself and daughter on these visits; the little open carriage held but two besides the coachman, and Regy was sure to find her on the beach or among the rocks. Then perhaps they had a little study together, that of some seductive book of poetry.

This was all very nice and pleasant; still it was dangerous. Regy knew it; perhaps Miss Maverick knew it. Regy knew perfectly well that if the real state of affairs was discovered he would be sent home to his mother in disgrace, and that there would be, as he expressed it, "a devil of a row all round," and Miss Maverick suspected that her stay with Mrs. Lanster might be of extremely short duration, should the full extent of her intimacy with the young heir become known.

Both knew this, and yet perhaps this knowledge was partly that which made the situation so pleasant—a spice of danger is always fascinating; and so, as the days passed, Regy found himself doing precisely the thing which he ought not to have done—falling tremendously in love with this fine girl, fathoms deeper than he had ever gone before.

And Katherine Maverick? She laughed at him, petted him, scolded him, and called him a "foolish boy," unconscious that she daily made the net stronger and stronger. She was not a scheming woman, nor a hard-hearted woman, but she was poor and sick to death of her hard life, and perhaps this rendered her less scrupulous than she would have been. Besides, why did they think her not good enough to pay visits with them?—that stung her; why did they leave her alone to Regy's society? If Reginald Lanster some fine day asked her to marry him—ah! what a prospect it would be! Should she say "yes?" It seemed to be her only chance of lifting herself out of her undesirable life. One consideration would be a drawback to it, and that was Dot.

The child was so honestly fond of her, she confided all the secrets of her innocent heart to her, and the chiefest of these was about her cousin Regy. Katherine felt a little conscience-stricken as the girl talked to her on the subject. "I love him so dearly," Dot said one day; "I wouldn't tell anyone else but you, you seem like a sister now, and I know you can be trusted." And thus, with her curly head on her friend's shoulder, she would talk of Regy and herself and of the "some day" which was coming in the future.

One Saturday afternoon, when Mr. Lanster returned from town, he brought with him a friend, Mr. Sarmiento. Dora observed that she supposed it must be a Greek name, as Mr. Sarmiento was a Greek merchant; very rich and powerful. He lived in a beautiful house near town, and had one little girl, but no wife, for she was dead. A tall, fine man of some six and thirty years, sensible, well informed, with a pleasant voice and manner.

He sat next to Katherine at dinner, and seemed

greatly pleased with her, and was with her afterward during a good part of the evening.

"That's a very nice woman you have staying with you, Lanster," he remarked to his host when they went out together with their cigars for a short stroll, the last thing.

"Ay, so I think," warmly replied Mr. Lanster. "You remember Maverick, who was in the Colonial trade seven or eight years ago?"

"And made that fiasco in it before he died? Yes."

"Not his fault, though. John Maverick was honest as the day."

"His misfortune, then. I dare say it was so. Well, what of him?"

"This is his daughter."

"No!" exclaimed Mr. Sarmiento, in surprise. "His daughter—and teaching in a school!"

"What would you?" quietly returned the host; "Maverick's means died with him, and his wife died with grief soon afterward. The poor girl had nothing left to live upon, so she remained in the school where she was being educated as music mistress, and I fancy—as general drudge."

"Poor girl, indeed! She seems to me to deserve a happier fate," concluded Mr. Sarmiento.

[To be continued.]

### To the Bride of To-day,

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Pray don't forget to be faithful,  
Don't forget to be true,  
To do your best at the outset  
When so much depends on you  
For the proud and happy bridegroom,  
Oh, sweet and joyful bride,  
Now the fragrant orange-blossoms  
Have been worn, and laid aside.

Your sweet blue eyes are lifted,  
Young wife, to your husband's face,  
You wonder if love will always  
With fleeting time keep pace,  
You wonder if he, your chosen,  
Will always his part fulfil.  
Remember this much, fair novice,  
You can make him what you will.

You may hedge his way with thistles;  
You may strew his path with flowers;  
You may bring him pain and sorrow,  
Or a host of happy hours.  
And whichever you do, remember  
As you still your way pursue,  
Though the years be few or many  
That thus will it be with you.

The man is a king forever  
In the royal household bower,  
But his wife is a sovereign also,  
With a sceptre of great power;  
She may make his home a palace  
With her tact and dainty ways,  
Or worse than the poorest hovel  
Unblest by the sun's bright rays.

Then make him, youthful matron,  
Oh, make him all your own;  
For the Great Book says "it is not good  
For man to be alone."  
He needs a true companion  
To brighten his health and home,  
That from that blessed heaven he  
May nevermore wish to roam.

Fret not at the merest trifles  
When life may be so sweet,  
Nor treasure them up to greet him  
Whenever you chance to meet.  
He will oft come home world-wearied.  
And care will leave it's trace—  
Then let him find at his threshold, dear,  
A pleasant, happy face.

Then fret not about the future,  
If he is but good and true;  
And you do your best at the outset  
When so much depends on you  
Remember if, through each trial,  
Or joyous household scene,  
The man is a king forever,  
The woman must be queen!

I like the *ADVOCATE* much. It is the best magazine of its class on the continent. No farmer should be without it. W. DODGE, Bridgetown, U.S.