

For the Favorite.  
HOPES BLIGHTED.

BY BELLELLE,  
OF MONTREAL.

I came in the morning,—  
Dew drops were adorning  
A rose in full blossom like gems rich and rare;  
The glad sun shone brightly,  
The zephyrs breathed lightly,  
All nature a feast of rejoicing held there.

In the calm evening hour  
Back I flew to that bow'r;  
But alas! oh alas! on a soft mossy bed  
The sweet rose lay broken,  
A storm cloud had spoken  
Its last hour of beauty—my flower was dead.

Thus hopes that we cherish  
Most fondly, oft perish,  
They wither and die, like the short blooming  
flower.

But while we enjoy them,  
Let fears not allow them,  
Let's yield, gently yield to their magical power.

## SWIFTER THAN A WEAVER'S SHUTTLE.

BY JUDITH CONSIDINE.

### CHAPTER III.

'PAST HONEY KEEPS THE STARVED LIP COVE-  
TOUS.'

"How dreadful!"  
"Dreadful—why?"

"I've got no proper evening dress—nothing  
but that horrid old black silk; and in lodgings  
it is so—"

"Stuff and nonsense! The idea of being on  
one's p's and q's with Gwynne; the kindest,  
best-hearted, jolliest fellow in the world."

"Oh, of course!" not without bitterness;  
"only you see I've never set eyes on the man  
in my life!" and a queer grim little smile curves  
straight red lips.

"All the more reason why you should want  
to see him;" coolly, in the tone of one having  
authority. "Anyhow, he's coming. Pass me  
the milk, please."

A thin white wedding-ringed hand pushes the  
stalwart biscuit china jug across the table.

"And what is he to have to eat? Don't take  
it all; the best of grandchildren is waiting for  
his breakfast, isn't you, sweetest of small  
dogs?"

A touching squeak replies in the affirmative.  
"What's he to have to eat?" meditatively, re-  
turning the jug and decapitating an egg. "What's  
he to have to eat? Well, it's rather a puzzle,  
isn't it?"

"Suppose we cook you, young man!" holding  
up a roundabout morsel of curly blackness, de-  
corated with a pert stiff white-tipped tail, four  
grisly aimless legs, sticking out in all directions,  
and an intoxicated crimson satin bow; "boil  
you and smother you in onions, bless you!"  
saluting the tip of a cool black nose.

"Instead of kisses!" Chokily. "No; I don't  
think that will quite do. Gwynne may have  
prejudices in spite of all his travels. By the  
way, you must get him to tell you about his ad-  
ventures in Paris with the Communists, and  
how he was going to be shot when they found  
that shield upon him—the thing I poked up,  
you know"—stabbing a pat of floating butter,  
and transferring it to his plate.

"Yes, I know;" languidly—depositing the  
best of grandchildren on the floor.

"Such a splendid fellow, too! six feet one if  
he's an inch. He was always straight and well-  
made, and all that; but I really never thought  
he'd turn out quite so—so—" peering into the  
recesses of a sardine box.

"Truly magnificent!" Crumbling bread into  
a saucer, and laughing satirically.

"Ah!" forking out a fish, "you wait till you've  
seen him, that's what you do, my Everilda,—  
and then perhaps I'll listen to you."

"Stupid boy," with crushing dignity, and a  
pair of very pink cheeks; "just as if I were  
some wretched schoolgirl, always sighing and  
dying, and yearning after my brother's friends."

"Just as if you weren't," replies Mr. Stappyl-  
ton, smiling wickedly. "I say, don't give that  
unhappy little beggar all that 'looking at the  
brimming saucer;' he'll have a fit."

"Pouf! Dites à votre grand-mère de, etcetera."  
Oh dear, Oh dear!" suddenly waxing earnest.  
"I do so wish you hadn't asked him, Ned. It's  
so jolly here alone with you; but with a great  
man glaring at one—and wanting to be know-  
towed to"—and a pair of sea-water-coloured  
eyes grow sorely reproachful.

"My dear!" gravely. "Your sojourn among  
the fleshpots has not improved your moral na-  
ture,—proof of indissoluble connection of mind  
and matter; in a word, my Eve, you speak sel-  
fishly."

"Do I?" says Miss Everilda, penitently; "I'm  
sure I don't mean to,—but if you only knew how  
I hate strangers—I suppose I do because I've  
had such a dose of them lately"—and a bitter  
little laugh.

"Gwynne is not a stranger. Besides, you  
aren't always so shy. You can make friends  
with people in railway carriages fast enough;"  
with a dryness of tone, not wholly destitute of  
meaning.

"What a shame!" flushing all over her face  
"just catch me telling you anything again."

"I'll take my chance;" holding out his tea-  
cup. "And now to quit the sublime for the  
ridiculous. I'll leave you a sovereign, and you  
must fish out something in the way of grub.  
Miss James 'll tell you what'll be best. Ah!"  
(seeing her sugar-tongs in hand—saccharine  
matter is abomination to this brisk and per-  
emptory young man) 'pon my word, I think  
your mysterious hero has walked off with your  
senses. Come out of the way, Pups. I shall  
lose the train if I don't look sharp."

And up he jumps, and away he goes into the  
passage to change his shabby house-coat for the  
goodlier garment in which he breathes the tide  
of life. His hat brushed—not too new a hat by  
any means—and the essence of the coming feast  
deposited in a sealskin purse, and himself  
watched out of sight, Everilda Stappylton shuts  
the house-door and comes back into the pleasant  
little sitting-room—a soft woollen neutral-tinted  
creature with long fringes dangling about her,  
and broad margins of dead white clasping her  
throat and wrists, studded with dead gold, a  
quiet, mouse-like, gentle creature whom it  
would have been a pity to have killed, if only  
for the sake of one peremptory young man—to  
discuss the varied excellences of fish, flesh, and  
fowl, of tarts, and creams, and savories, with  
Ned's landlady, Miss James.

"I'm sure, I hope he won't worry you half as  
much as he does me," says Everilda, plaintively,  
when the *carte* is composed and she is at liberty  
to make her purchases as quickly as she likes.

"What Miss, the dog?" turning short round  
tray in hand, and looking hard at the grand-  
child, who is actively engaged in the demolition  
of a flag-end of lace curtain.

"The dog, no," much surprised and not quite  
pleased at the suggestion; "this Mr. Gwynne.  
For my part, I think him a most fearful nu-  
isance. Be quiet, sir."

Eve picks up the grandchild by the scruff of  
his neck, tucks him under her arm, makes a  
queer perverse little face, and walks off up-  
stairs to array herself in the big steeple crowned  
hat and scarlet shawl, and grey gloves and  
square-toed buttoned boots, for the benefit of  
the Surbiton butchers and bakers, and candle-  
stick-makers, and the ultimate refreshment  
and satisfaction of Ned's unwelcome and seque-  
lled guest.

It is an ideal September morning. People  
pursue their daily avocations as if they were in  
love with life; rags take a picturesque grace  
from the universal beauty; well-to-do, prosper-  
ous ladies and gentlemen beam with two-fold  
effulgence on mankind at large, and to be lavish,  
rich, free from care, seems the apex of human  
happiness.

"Free from care!" echoes some one, perhaps.  
"Well, rather. Free from care, indeed!" and  
a significant grunt.

"Back to thy mutton, drivelling pen of a  
feeble hand! Notably to thy leg of mutton—  
weighing seven pounds all but two ounces, as  
tried in the balance by a blue-shirted young  
man of ruddy countenance, and paid for by a  
small person of bald and meagre aspect."

Well! The mutton ticketed, and the fish-  
monger courteously entreated, and the grocer  
conferred with, and the greengrocer made deli-  
ciously joyful by the purchase of a pot of mi-  
gnonette, and a bunch of China asters, and a  
basket of nectarines, and four King William  
pears, and a plump little melon—Eve is fond of  
melon herself, being a bit of a Sybarite in her  
demure way, like most young women;—she  
takes a stroll up Victoria Road, and has a look  
at the draper's shop at the corner. What!  
beautiful two-inch wide lace for twopence three  
farthings a yard, and warranted to wash? One's  
vile old black silk might be improved a little  
by ruffles of that same lace perhaps—anyhow  
it couldn't be made worse—and if Ned will ask  
strange men to dinner,—Eve tightens her hold  
of the grandchild, who groans the groan of the  
replete, and boldly fronts the foe.

"Just one shilling, if you please, miss," re-  
marks that much-beaded and fringed and fringed  
being subsequently, sticking a pin in a crisp  
paper parcel. "Anything in the way of gloves  
to-day, ribands, ties, parasols?"

Eve fancies she would like a blue satin bow  
very well—but, no! To be decent is necessary,  
to be smart another thing altogether. No  
ribands, or gloves, or fineries for me this morn-  
ing, thank you, *Mademoiselle du Magasin*, and  
again she airs her red shawl in the sun.

Surbiton is a pretty place. Ned said so to Mr.  
Gwynne, if you remember, and he was right;  
but walking alone is dull work, even with a  
grandchild to stagger after you, and squeak  
sweetly at your heels. So she goes straight  
back to the said Ned's cosy little home. Ah! how  
delicious the sense of security, of ease, of perfect  
freedom to live one's own life according to one's  
own fashion, unknown to men, to women, to  
every one in the world save a Ned, a grand-  
child, a good, kind, clever Miss James, who  
makes one of the nicest custard puddings in the  
world for one's luncheon,—at Wrentham one  
seemed to subsist on sawdust and shavings,  
with a pinch of glue and a sprinkle of turpentine,  
—and who admires one's way of making ruffles,  
and decking out fruit dishes, and arranging  
bouquets for the centre of dinner-tables, and in-  
sinuates that one is the most truly delightful  
young person of her acquaintance, after a fashion  
that—Well, it is pleasant to be liked and  
petted and made a fuss over—and you'd like it  
too, Mr. Grumblegrump, if only anybody could  
be found mean and mendacious enough to give  
you a chance. And then the songs and noc-  
turnes of Chopin come out of their dark corner,

and Eve plays herself into Dreamland. She is  
a rare musician, this little grave-faced girl with  
the sea-water-colored eyes, and her cheeks crim-  
son to the tint of the Virginian creeper tendrils  
swaying lazily in and out of the window in the  
soft south breeze, and her lips part over the  
small, divided teeth, in a smile half-sad, half-  
glad—and the notes sing themselves to sleep—  
and—and—

"Why! what o'clock is it?" waking up with  
a start and a shiver. Yes, a shiver—the world  
feels cold as an empty house.

"It's five, miss! You didn't ring, so I brought  
you a cup of tea without waiting, and I've put  
a can of hot water in your room."

Only half-an-hour to spare, then, and those  
ruffles to be fought with and subdued. Never  
mind. Leisurely she drinks her tea, leisurely  
she dawdles through her dressing. Then, when  
she is quite ready, and possessed of a cool con-  
viction that in no possible manner could her  
appearance be improved, being always a some-  
what feeble apology for a woman, she pats down  
an ebullient end of the grandchild's brand-new  
blue bow, specially designed for the occasion,  
composes him in a striking attitude over her  
left arm, and leaves her room for the landing.

Hark! voices downstairs; some one growling  
away on lower C.

Eve draws up her small white throat. She is  
not positively shy. Lady Slade's companion  
seldom is, and yet she goes downstairs very  
slowly—very, very, very, slowly—and as she gets  
to the three last steps "Come along!" exclaims  
Ned, bursting out of the dining-room—his dear  
cheery old face running over with smiles and  
good humour and enjoyment. "Come along!  
I've just been telling Gwynne all about your  
railway adventure the other day and the mystic  
hero. This is my sister Eve, Gwynne, baptised  
Everilda," and he walks her into the room with  
his arm about her waist.

And Eve stands stock still and stares, for this  
Gwynne is the great grey man.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### MORE SWEET THEN SHAPEN MUSIC IS.

And the great grey man stares too; stares  
with puzzled astonished eyes down from the  
ceiling, it seems, to Miss Stappylton. He is  
standing with his back against the mantelpiece,  
and his hand in his pockets, and the whole  
room seems full to overflowing of him.

But it is not in the nature of things that two  
sane members of society should keep on glower-  
ing dumbly at each other like this.

Given a man and a woman in circumstances  
requiring presence of mind, which of the two  
will develop that admirable faculty first?

The man!  
Be this maxim incontrovertible or not, cer-  
tain it is that Gwynne's lips are the first to  
smile. Gwynne's right hand the first to offer  
itself. Gwynne the first to speak.

And what does she do? why! she looks at  
the carpet, gets scarlet, mumbles something of  
no particular meaning, and plumps down upon  
the sofa with a bump which jerks the grand-  
child nose-downwards into her lap.

"Hulloa!" exclaims Ned—not a little amazed  
at his sister's want of manners, and rather vexed,  
to tell the truth. He has so made up his mind  
that she shall admire Gwynne, and that Gwynne  
shall admire her. "You'll break the poor little  
beggar's neck if you don't take care. This is  
the grandchild, Gwynne," seizing him up by the  
skin of his back, and exhibiting him *in conspectu  
omnium*. Eve thinks he looks like those exceed-  
ingly dejected and paralytic golden sheep, which  
you may see strung up by their middles on a  
rural publican's sign-post now and then.

"The grandchild!" echoes Mr. Gwynne, cu-  
riously. "These are odd people, these Stappyl-  
tons, what with their clipped heads, and super-  
abundant ruffles, and democratic rationalistic  
revolutionising theories (Ned has been hitting  
out at his pet dummies in the train), and their  
four-legged descendents. Your grandchild?"  
"No!" says Eve, jumping up and snatching him  
out of his tormentor's clutches—"mine!" and  
her face is ruddier than the cherry, "I am the  
mother of his parents."

"To make matters a trifle clearer to the or-  
dinary comprehension," observes Ned drily,  
"we used to have a very handsome pair of re-  
trievers, but when bread and cheese became a  
difficulty, I sold them both to a friend of mine,  
and this is one of the last litter of pups."

"Ah!" sighs Eve, her eyes out of window,  
seeing two dear, beautiful black faces in the  
overgreens. "I thought my heart must break  
when I said good-bye to the Cockaloo."

"Which was that?" inquires Gwynne, deli-  
berately seating himself beside her and stretch-  
ing out one long grey leg half across the hearth-  
rug. "The papa?"

"Yes," she says, and she smiles round at him  
slowly out of her great shy eyes, just as the  
witch smiled who led him such a dance only  
yesterday afternoon; "he was my darling, my  
best of dogs. I could never be so fond of any-  
thing again as I was of him!"

"Oh yes, you could," laughs Ned. "None of  
your hypocrisy, Miss Everilda. Recollect the  
mystic hero, Black-farouche—brutal. A Her-  
cules with the temper of a Nero, tearing rail-  
way trains in pieces as more moderate mortals  
tear a sheet of paper or Lord Shaftesbury's ar-  
guments. Eating fire, and spitting it out again  
in the form of locomotives. God bless me! I  
think I see him now; nice sort of brother-in-law  
—eh, Gwynne?" and Ned catches himself by  
the knees, and roars with laughter, and Gwynne  
roars, too; and Eve sits very bolt upright, and

does the disembodied spirit by its native  
hearth.

"Shall I take off the covers, sir?"  
The filleted soles are good, and the leg of  
mutton is roasted to a turn, and the wonderful  
pyramid of asters reared in the middle of the  
table—purple, and pink, and creamy white—  
round off awkward corners, and do to gaze at  
vacuously in the pauses of the conversation.

For there are pauses.

You cannot dream of a person for three nights  
and two days—the said person being as remote  
from your individual sphere as Arcturus is from  
Orion—and then suddenly find yourself eating  
your daily bread in their company, and talk  
quite as glibly of outside life, as you would were  
the young woman dispensing the potatoes  
Jones' legal impediment, or the man who helps  
you to sherry, dear Flo's bridegroom elect.

Nature will have her way now and then, and  
nature has her way now in tying the tongues of  
Eve Stappylton and Arnot Gwynne, as they thus  
sit at meat together.

Not that they are entirely silent. Eve has  
seen too much of the Wrentham world, and  
Arnot too much of the great wide world for that.  
No; they do talk about music, and new plays,  
and new books. There is a spice of Darwinism  
in the mental structure of Mr. Gwynne, little as  
he possesses in common with the parent ape.  
This I notice to be a not uncommon accident;  
but in all they say, there is a sort of reference to  
things unguessed, undreamed of by poor sober  
Ned, plodding away at his turnips and gravy,  
and heavy feed generally; and now and then  
their eyes will meet, not very often; they are  
shy of looking at each other, these two who  
have faced death together, in a way scarcely  
calculated to materially assist in the elaboration  
of polite verbiage.

Dinner over, and the dessert on the table,  
with a bottle of good Bordeaux,—well, the bottle  
of good Bordeaux on the table,—it becomes a  
question, "*que faire?*"

"Sing us a song, Eve?" says Ned.

She is obedient. For the last twelve months  
of her life she has lived at the beck and call of  
stony-eyed strangers; she is not likely to make  
"ifs" and "ands" about doing the bidding of the  
one man she loves best in the world. So she  
goes and sings, and the song she sings is Men-  
delssohn's "Parting," and then she plays that  
dreamlike of Chopin's waltzes, the one in A minor,  
and that most exquisite of Chopin's nocturnes,  
No. 2 of the three called "Murmures de la  
Seine," and then—

"Can't one go for a walk?" says Gwynne, in  
a low, desirous voice.

Ned is sound asleep on the highly calendered  
chintz sofa, the grandchild curled up in his lap.  
Oh, supinest, most intolerably dull of brothers.

Eve sits silent, staring at the black and white  
ivories of the keyboard.

"Come!" and he gets between her and the  
twilight.

A moment or two of hesitating. To be out  
with him in the free air, away from listening  
ears, to have his words, yes, and they be the  
very poorest words in the English language—to  
have these words of his all for one's own hear-  
ing, to have him all to one's self just for a little  
while. She looks round at Ned, she looks up at  
Gwynne, and she gets up, and goes away.

Five minutes, he, with his keen, bright eyes,  
brighter than usual, piercing the greys of the  
lusk, and watching Fate, and down she comes  
in the too big hat and the scarlet shawl.

It is quite wonderful this going out for a quiet  
evening walk with the man whom she has  
dreamed of, and preached about to the grand-  
child for days. It is quite wonderful, I say, and  
she knows it to be so. The door closes slowly  
behind them. They walk away down the dim  
street, down the dim lane, silently, solemnly, as  
might an affianced pair mated against their  
wills.

Thus do they reach the deserted, shadow-  
haunted esplanade, with the lights of Kingston  
Bridge glittering tremulously in the water, and  
the tender river ripples yellowing in the feeble  
rays of the newly-risen moon, rounder by an  
inch than when she last shone on them together.  
And then Gwynne turns himself about, and  
lays his hand upon a small black arm, and says,  
"Eve, will you be my wife?"

And she says nothing; but she looks at him,  
—not smilingly, quite gravely, rather—though  
shy, sweet, tender eyes of hers, and she draws a  
little nearer to him, and thus these twain be-  
come one flesh.

"Ned!" with a soft hand about his neck, and  
a warm cheek pressed close to his. "It is the  
mystic hero after all!"

One moment? In your ear,—so—  
They're to be married on the 30th of this  
month, Eve's eighteenth birthday.

DURING the last war, a Quaker was on board  
an American ship engaged in close combat with  
an enemy. He preserved his peace principles  
calmly until he saw a stout Briton climbing up  
the vessel by a rope which hung overboard.  
Seizing a hatchet, the Quaker looked over the  
side of the ship, and remarked, "Friend, if thee  
wants that piece of rope, thee may have it,"  
when, suiting the deed to the word, he cut off  
the rope, and down went the poor fellow to his  
long watery home!

The Chicago *Times* puts the solemn conun-  
drum: "How can we escape fire?" A New  
York paper answers: "The Gospel offers you  
every encouragement, but perhaps your best  
hold" is to get out of Chicago.