

JANET'S HAIR.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Oh, loosen the snood that you wear, Janet,
Let me tangle a hand in your hair, my pet;
For the world to me has no daintier sight
Than your brown hair behind your shoulders white,
As I tangled a hand in your hair, my pet.

It was brown, with a golden gloss, Janet,
It was finer than silk of the floss, my pet;
'Twas a beautiful mist, falling down to your wrist;
'Twas a thing to be braided, and jewelled and kissed;
'Twas the loveliest hair in the world, my pet.

My arm was the arm of a clown, Janet,
It was sinewy, bristled, and brown, my pet;
But warmly and softly it loved to caress
Your round, white neck, and your wealth of tress,
Your beautiful plenty of hair, my pet.

Your eyes had a swimming gloss, Janet—
Revealing the dear old story, my pet!
They were gray with that chastened tinge of the sky,
When the trout leaps quickest to snap the fly,
And they matched with your golden hair, my pet.

Your lips—but I have no words, Janet—
They were fresh as the twitter of birds, my pet;
When the Spring is young and the roses are wet
With dew-drops in each red bosom set,
And they suited your golden brown hair, my pet.

Oh! you tangled my life in your hair, Janet!
'Twas a silken and golden snare, my pet;
But so gentle the bondage, my soul did implore
The right to continue a slave evermore,
With my fingers enmeshed in your hair, my pet.

Thus ever I dream that you were, Janet,
With your lips, and your eyes, and your hair, my pet;
In the darkened and desolate years I moan,
And my tears fall bitterly over the stone
That covers your golden hair, my pet.

BENEATH THE WAVE,

A NOVEL

BY

MISS DORA RUSSELL,

Author of "Footprints in the Snow," "The Miner's Oath," "Annabel's Rival," &c., &c.

CHAPTER V.

AT SANDA HALL.

The same day that Mr. Hannaway called at the parsonage, Sir George Hamilton for the first time appeared among the family at Sanda Hall. His host had visited him in his bedroom, and the village doctor had visited him, and after Mr. Hannaway had arrived he had naturally spent most of his time with his patron. But the ladies had never seen the guest who had come so strangely into the household since the day of the storm, when he had been at once assisted from the carriage to his room.

But though they had not seen him, they had frequently talked of him, and Isabel Trevor had not scrupled to make inquiries about his private history from his man of business. Mr. Hannaway, however, gave only very guarded replies. "Is he married?" asked Miss Trevor, carelessly.

"No," answered Mr. Hannaway, gravely.

"How strange!" said Miss Trevor. "A man of his age, too. Is there any romance in the case?"

"Most men have their romances, you know, Miss Trevor," replied Mr. Hannaway, smiling. "What is Sir George's, then?" asked Miss Trevor.

The lawyer shook his head.

"How can I tell you?" he answered. "If Sir George has one he is not a man to confide in to his lawyer; and I do not even know that he has one."

"I shall have to ask him," said Miss Trevor, throwing back her beautiful head.

"And who could refuse to tell Miss Trevor anything she asked?" said Mr. Hannaway; and so the conversation about Sir George's romance ended for the present.

But Isabel felt curious about their guest, and grew impatient of the days that he spent in seclusion. Her father had pronounced him to be a handsome and gentlemanly man, and she herself had admired him during their brief interview. "How tiresome it is," Isabel thought, "of him to stay in his own room—I hate tiresome people."

But she did not tell him this, when he appeared down stairs. She was standing in the drawing-room when he entered it, engaged in what was a favourite occupation of hers, the arranging of flowers. That is, she took a fancy for doing this occasionally, as she took fancies for other things. When she took a fancy she was wrapped up in it for a little while, and then another fancy succeeded. This day she was quite immersed in her flowers. She lifted them up, held them together to judge of their effect, and put them down again. She had a great bunch of gorgeously-tinted camellias in her hand as Sir George came into the drawing-room, and though she heard him enter, and guessed who it was, she did not turn her head, but bent it down over the flowers.

She made a splendid picture. A woman about whose beauty there could be no doubt; a woman with a tall shapely form, dressed with rare taste, and with a sort of strange grace in every attitude of her supple figure.

She waited until Sir George was close to her, and then looked quickly round, with a smile that was intended to win his admiration. But the man who approached her was in no mood to

give it. He looked gloomy, almost sullen, and as he placed his hand in the one she held towards him, he did not even return her smile.

"I have come to thank you, Miss Trevor," he said, with grave courtesy, "for your great kindness to me."

"What kindness?" asked Isabel, with another bright smile.

"Need I answer that question?" said Sir George, fixing his eyes on her face.

He was thinking how wonderfully beautiful she was. He had only a vague recollection of her appearance as she stood on the bare brown rocks, just after he had been rescued from the sea by Hayward on the day of the storm, and he had scarcely ever thought of her since. But just now he was in a bitter mood. "She was beautiful," he was reflecting, "but what does it matter! She will only bring greater misery into the world than most of her accursed sex!"

"Do you mean by my 'great kindness' that I urged that young man to try to save you?" went on Isabel, still smiling, and interrupting Sir George's thoughts. "If you do, you need not thank me. What I did, I did selfishly, for I could not bear to see a human creature perish, without some effort being made to save him."

"Then, as I am that 'human creature,' I suppose I owe you some thanks, don't I?" asked Sir George, with a sort of cynicism in his tone, that Isabel instantly detected.

"Yes," she said, sharply, "for life is a boon, is it not?"

"Say rather that death is a dread," answered Sir George, with a sort of shudder. Isabel turned her head away.

"I never think of death," she said. "I love life, I am young, death seems far away from me."

"No one can say that," said Sir George, moodily.

"I say it," answered Isabel, in her bright, defiant way. "I mean to live—I mean to enjoy life, and to live a long, long life."

Sir George Hamilton made no answer, and as he stood there, silent and gloomy, Isabel looked steadily in his face.

He was a handsome man, with a pale, slightly olive-tinted skin, high regular features, and a dark moustache. He was about thirty-eight or nine years of age at this time, and was tall and well-formed. Altogether he was a remarkable-looking man; remarkable for his good looks, and for his proud and distinguished bearing, and Isabel Trevor was much struck with his whole appearance.

"And are you better?" she asked, with interest. "Have you recovered from the frightful shock?"

"Yes, I am better," he answered; "and I am truly pleased to hear from the doctor this morning that Mr. Hayward, the brave young man who saved my life, is also now pronounced to be out of danger."

"So papa told me," said Isabel. "Yes, I am glad—it was a brave action."

"A very brave action," said Sir George. "But I knew he was a good swimmer when I implored him to try to save you," continued Isabel. "He swam out and brought in a woman's body quite lately."

"Indeed! Well, I have sent Hannaway to see him. In any way that I can push him on in life I shall only be too ready to do so. He is a gentleman, I suppose?"

"There is some legend to that effect, I believe, in the village," answered Isabel, carelessly, "but I have never paid much attention to it. Ah, here is Miss Marston," she went on, as Hilda Marston now entered the drawing-room.

"Miss Marston," she continued, "Sir George Hamilton is inquiring about Mr. Hayward, the tutor. I tell him I know little of him, excepting that he has the reputation of being a good swimmer, but perhaps you know more about him? Miss Marston's little brother is one of his pupils, Sir George."

Sir George bowed to Miss Marston when Isabel mentioned her name, and then again when she imparted the information that Miss Marston's brother was one of Mr. Hayward's pupils.

"Then perhaps you can tell me something about him, Miss Marston?" said Sir George, addressing Hilda, who coloured softly at the question.

"Do you mean about himself, or his family?" she asked, in a pleasant, low-toned voice.

"About both, if you can give me any information," answered Sir George. "I am naturally much interested in him. I owe him a debt I can never repay."

"Yes, indeed," said Hilda Marston.

"Do you know him well?" asked Sir George. "Not very well," answered Hilda, "but I do know him, and—he is a gentleman. His father was an officer I believe, and died of sun-stroke out in India, and left a young widow, and one little boy—who is now Mr. Hayward. That is all I know, I think," she went on with a sort of sweet modesty of manner which was habitual to her, "but I believe he is very nice—and you know he is very brave."

"How do you know he is very nice, Miss Marston?" said Isabel, with a little scoffing laugh. "Do you mean nice-looking, nice-mannered, or what? I hate the term 'nice' when applied to a man. I can imagine a nice tame cat, but not a nice man."

Hilda Marston looked annoyed.

"I mean," she said, "that he seems agreeable."

"I wish I had noticed this paragon of perfection before," continued Isabel with another laugh. "Is he very good-looking? I really forget."

"He is clever-looking," answered Hilda Marston.

"Which is much better than ordinary beauty," said Sir George. "A clever face is always an attraction."

"I think so, too," said Hilda.

"I don't, then," said Isabel. "A handsome face to me is always an attractive one." And she looked at Sir George with her beautiful eyes as she spoke.

After this, the conversation about the tutor was dropped. Isabel volunteered to show Sir George her conservatories, and led him thither, without asking Hilda Marston to accompany them.

"Who is that young lady?" asked Sir George, when he found himself beneath the gorgeously flower-festooned glass roof of one of the conservatories, which was filled to profusion with the rarest and choicest plants.

"My companion, Miss Marston," answered Isabel. "I was lonely here after I returned from school, for there is so little society that I care about, and papa therefore proposed for me to have a companion. She is a clergyman's daughter, and is very useful to me."

"And you never had a sister?" asked Sir George.

"Yes," said Isabel, "but she died when we were children. She would have been twenty-one now—one year younger than I am."

"And you are twenty-two?" said Sir George, looking at Isabel fixedly.

"Yes, twenty-two," she answered laughing, and showing her white teeth. "An old woman of twenty-two!"

She was standing, as she said this, beneath a long trailing festoon of some bright green creeper, and she saw that Sir George was admiring her. This was what she lived for, but another idea crept into her heart at this moment.

"He is rich, he is well-born," she thought.

"Why should I not marry him? I must marry some day; why not marry Sir George Hamilton?"

There was a marvellously subtle grace about this woman which fascinated men. Had anyone told Sir George Hamilton that he would spend two hours this day with any woman amid her flowers, when he rose sullen and desponding in the morning, he would have laughed them to scorn. Yet he did spend them. He sat down by Isabel's side, and talked to her and the perfumed air. He was not very communicative about his past life, though. He had spent the last five or six years abroad, he told Isabel, and that was about all the information that she gained.

"In what country?" she asked.

"In many countries," he answered. "I have wandered to and fro upon the earth, Miss Trevor."

"Have you been in Spain?" said Isabel.

"Yes," answered Sir George, and a flush passed for a moment over his usually pale face. "Why do you ask?" he inquired, the next minute.

"You remind me of Spain, somehow," she answered. "There is something romantic even in this prosaic age, I think, about Spain."

"But there is nothing romantic about me," said Sir George.

"Is there not?" said Isabel, softly. "Ah, you cannot tell." And she gave a little sigh.

"It's best to keep out of romances," said Sir George, rising from the seat by her side. "They are dangerous things, ending sometimes—" And he hesitated.

"In tragedies?" said Isabel.

"Or comedies," went on Sir George, with affected carelessness of manner.

"Tragedies or comedies," repeated Isabel, rising also, "in which shall we act our parts? Well, we shall know some day; shall we not, Sir George, before the curtain falls?" And with a light laugh she turned away.

CHAPTER VI.

A FAREWELL WORD.

The next few days Isabel Trevor spent in trying to fascinate Sir George Hamilton. She was an adept in the art, but Sir George was either cool or wary. At least, he gave no signs of being an easy victim, and yet Isabel felt sure that he admired her. But he was gloomy and taciturn at times in spite of all attractions. He spoke, too, of leaving Sanda; of leaving as soon as he had seen the young man who had saved his life, and Isabel began to be somewhat doubtful about her success.

Mr. Hannaway left the Hall the day after his visit to the parsonage. He had professional business to attend to, he said, when Mr. Trevor hospitably asked him to stay.

"But I dare say we shall meet at Massam?" said Mr. Hannaway pleasantly. Now Massam was a place of Sir George Hamilton's, in Yorkshire, to which he had heard the baronet invite their present host during the evening before.

"Yes, I hope to see Mr. Trevor at Massam," said Sir George, who was standing by.

"And don't you hope to see Miss Trevor at Massam?" asked Isabel coquettishly, who was also standing near.

"Yes, if Miss Trevor pleases to come," answered Sir George, looking at her with a smile, "but there is no lady to entertain you there."

"I hate ladies in general," said Isabel, tossing back her head. "I get on far better with men. Ladies in general are jealous, narrow-minded and spiteful. Yes, Sir George, you need not try to make that excuse," she added, smiling more coquettishly still.

"I do not wish to make excuses," he said. "If you will come, of course I shall be delighted to see you."

"Miss Hilda Marston can accompany my daughter," said Mr. Trevor, in his pompous fashion. He was not very brilliant, but he had penetration to see through his daughter's design, and he perfectly approved of it. He, in fact, was very anxious that Isabel should marry, because he wished and intended to marry again himself. But he knew he could not do so with any chance of domestic comfort if his daughter was still unwedded. Sir George Hamilton he believed to be a suitable person to marry Isabel, and he therefore cultivated the baronet's intimacy, and was very cordial (for him) in his manner to their guest. But a painful episode suddenly ended Sir George's stay at Sanda Hall.

This was the news which was conveyed to him, a day or two after the conversation about Isabel's visit to Massam, that the sea had once more given up some of its dead. Two bodies had been washed ashore at Sanda, and they were supposed to be part of the crew of Sir George's lost yacht, the *Endymion*. Sir George could scarcely control his emotion when he heard of this. His pale, dark face grew paler, and his lips quivered nervously in spite of his efforts to appear calm. Isabel Trevor, who was with him at the time when the Squire told him the news, looked at him in absolute surprise.

"How strange he is!" she said to Hilda Marston afterwards. "Why he knew these poor men were all dead, so why should he be so agitated at their bodies being cast up? It is rather unmanly, I think."

"It naturally must painfully remind him of what was so nearly his own fate," replied Hilda.

"But it's folly always to be thinking of tiresome things," said Isabel, carelessly.

"But death is such a solemn thing," said Hilda, and she went to the window, and gave a sigh as she looked out.

This girl had had a very different experience of life to Isabel Trevor. She had passed through the great winnowing machine of troubles and had seen a father, that she dearly loved, die, with anxiety and poverty to embitter his last hours. It was a sad and common story, which had ended one summer morning at the country parsonage where Hilda had been born. Mr. Marston, her father, was a well-meaning, kind-hearted man, easily betrayed into extravagancies, to escape from the consequences of which he had (without any knowledge of business) embarked in speculations. He died a ruined man, heart-broken at the prospect of leaving his portionless children to the mercies of a cruel world.

His wife (who was dead) had been a cousin of Mrs. Trevor's, of Sanda Hall—a poor relation in fact, and on his death-bed he wrote and implored Mr. Trevor to do something for his penniless children. Death is always terrible, but oh! reader, does it not add to its terrors when there is not money enough in the house to bury the dead! This was the case at Weldean Parsonage on the July morning when Mr. Marston died. Hilda's eldest sister Marion was forced to beg Mr. Trevor to advance them a small sum for their present necessities, and Mr. Trevor was not hard-hearted enough to refuse her request.

He was touched indeed when he went to the funeral of his distant relative, to see the piteous grief of the second daughter, Hilda, for her dear father. The poor girl's white face, and overwhelming sorrow, when he tried to say a few words of comfort to her, moved him to compassion, and induced him to offer Hilda a temporary home at least, at Sanda Hall. The eldest daughter, Marion, was several years older, and better able to face the inevitable struggle for subsistence before them. Mr. Trevor, therefore, after much mental hesitation, decided to offer Hilda a home for the present with his daughter; and he also, with yet more mental hesitation, determined to undertake the expense of educating Ned Marston, the poor dead Vicar's youngest child.

The family, which consisted of four, was finally disposed of thus: Marion, the eldest daughter, procured a situation as governess to the six children of a neighbouring clergyman; Paul, the eldest son, went into the merchant navy as a midshipman, Hilda to Sanda Hall, as companion to Isabel Trevor, and Ned, the youngest, as a pupil to the Rev. Matthew Irvine.

This had all happened only two years ago, and so death seemed still very sad and solemn to Hilda Marston. She had not laid her mourning aside yet for her poor father, nor had the painful memories of his death-bed faded from her heart. But she seldom spoke of such things at Sanda Hall. Isabel Trevor would have considered them "a bore," and the Squire loved not to be reminded of our mortal tenure.

But her naturally tender and sympathetic nature had grown more tender and sympathetic during these hours of trial. She understood, therefore, what Sir George Hamilton must feel, when, one after the other, the dead faces of his late companions reappeared upon the earth. He was called upon to identify them as the one survivor of the crew of the lost *Endymion*. All this seemed exquisitely painful to Sir George. At the inquest held on the bodies of the poor sailors he was forced to enter into the details of the wreck. The twelve jurymen who sat to listen to his account, had not often the satisfaction of questioning a real baronet, and they therefore did it to the best of their ability. The proud and reserved Sir George was required to tell the history of his cruise, the number and names of his crew, how