

One Of The Six Hundred

was about the piano; the Countess of Chillingham was half hidden in the soft arms of a vast velvet chair, where she was playing indolently with her fan, and watching her daughter; others were busy with books of engravings, and some were laughing at the pencil sketches of a local artist, who portrayed the wars of the Celts and Anglo-Saxons, and other nude barbarians, while old Binns and two powdered lacqueys served the tea and coffee on silver trays.

I had hoped to meet Lady Louisa's eye on entering, but the first smile that greeted me was the sweet one of Cora, who approaching me, put her plump little arm through mine, and said, half-reproachfully and half jestingly—

"How long have you lingered over that odious wine, and you have not been here for six years, Newton. Think of that—for six years."

"How many may elapse before I am here again? Do you reproach me, Cora? I was beginning, for her voice and smile were very alluring."

"Yes, very much," she said, with playful severity.

"Your papa, my good uncle, is somewhat of a stickler for etiquette, consequently I could not rise before the seniors; and then this is the festive season of the year. But hush; Lady Louisa is about to sing, I think."

"A duet, too."

"With whom?"

"Mr. Berkeley. They are always practising duets."

"Always?"

"Yes; she dotes on music."

"Ah, and he pretends to do so, too."

Spreading her ample flourishes over the carved walnut-wood piano stool, Lady Louisa ran her white fingers rapidly and with some brilliancy of execution—certainly with perfect confidence—over the keys of a sonorous grand piano while Berkeley stood near, with an air of considerable affectation and satisfaction, to accompany her, his delicate hands being cased in the tightest of straw-coloured kid gloves; and all the room became hushed into well-bred silence, while they favoured us with the famous duet by Leonora and the Conde di Luna, "Vivrai Contende il Guibulo."

Berkeley acquitted himself pretty well; so well, that I regretted my own timbre tones. But I must confess to being enchanted while Louisa sang; her voice was very seductive, and she had been admirably trained by a good Italian master. I remained a silent listener, full of admiration for her performance, and not a little for the contour of her fine neck and snowy shoulders, from which her maize-colored opera cloak had fallen.

"Lady Loftus," said Berkeley, "your touch upon the piano is like—like—"

"What, Mr. Berkeley? Now tax your imagination for a new comment."

"The fingers—haw—of a tenth muse. She uttered a merry laugh, and continued to run those fingers over the keys.

"Homely style of thing, the baronets dinner," I heard him whisper, as he stooped over her, with a covert smile in his eyes.

"Ah, you prefer the continent modern we are adopting so successfully in England?"

"The dinner a la Russe; exactly."

"Ah, you will get dinners of that kind in the Crimea, more than you may have appetite for," she replied, with a manner so quiet, that it was difficult to detect a little satire.

"Most likely," drawled Berkeley, as he twirled his moustaches, without seeing the retort to his bad taste; and then, without invitation, the fair musician gave us a song or two from the "Trovatore," till her watchful mother, dvaning, contrived to end her performance, and, greatly to my satisfaction, marched her into the outer drawing-room.

"Cora must sing something now," said I; her voice has long been strange to me."

"I cannot sing after Lady Loftus's brilliant performance," she said, nervously and hurriedly. Don't ask me, pray, Newton, dear."

"Nonsense! she shall sing us something. We were talking about snobbish people in the other room," said honest, old blundering Sir Nigel. "I have observed it is a peculiarity of that style of society in Scotland to banish alike national music and national songs. But such is not our role in Calderwood Glen. A few of our girls, gloriously attempt with success such glorious airs as those we have just heard, or those from "Roberto il Diavolo" and "Lutcia;" but I have heard men, who might sing a plain Scottish song fairly enough, and with credit, make absolute maniacs of themselves by attempting to howl like Edgardo in the churchyard, or like Manrico at the prison-gate—an affectation of operatic

excellence with which I have no patience."

"To take out in fashion what we lose in genuine amusement and enthusiasm is an English habit becoming more common in Scotland every day," said the general.

"So, Cora, darling, sing us one of our songs. Give Newton the old ballad of "The Thistle and the Rose." I am sure he has not heard it for many a day."

"Not since I was last under this roof, dear uncle," said I.

This ballad was one of the favorites of our childhood, and a great favorite with the old Tory baronet; so I led Cora to the piano.

"It will sound so odd—so primitive, in fact—to these people, especially after what we have heard, Newton," she urged in a whisper "but then papa is so obstinate."

"But to please me, Cora."

"To please you, Newton, I would do anything," she replied with a blush and a happy smile.

I stood by her side while she sang a simple old ballad, that had been taught her by her mother. The air was plaintive, and the words were quaint. By whom they were written I know not for they are neither to be found in Alan Ramsay's "Miscellany" or any other book of Scottish songs that I have seen. Cora sang with great sweetness and her voice awakened a flood of memories and forgotten hopes and fears, with many a boyish aspiration for music, like perfume, can exert wonderful effect upon the imagination and on the memory.

THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE

It was in old times,
When trees composed rymes,
And flowers did with elegy flow;
In an old battle-field,
That fair flowers did yield,
A rose and a thistle did grow.

On a soft summer day,
The rose chanced to say,
"Friend thistle, I'll with you be plain
And if you'd simply be
But united to me,
You would ne'er be a thistle again."

The thistle said, "My spears
Shield me from all fears,
While you quite unguarded remain;
And well, I suppose,
Though I were a rose,
I'd fain be a thistle again."

Dearest friend," quoth the rose,
You falsely suppose—
Bear witness ye flowers of the plain—
You'd take so much pleasure
In beauty's vast treasure,
You'd ne'er a thistle again."

The thistle, by guile,
Preferred the rose's smile
To all the gay flowers of the plain;
She threw off her sharp spears,
Unarmed she appears—
And then were united the twain.

But one cold, stormy day,
While helpless she lay,
No longer could arrow refrain
She gave a deep moan,
And with many an "Ohone!
Alas for the days when a Stuart filled
the throne—

"Oh! were I a thistle again!"

Sir Nigel clapped his hands in applause, and said to the M. P.—
"Licksapital, my boy, I consider that an anti-centralization song—but, of course, your sympathies and mine are widely apart."

"It is decidedly behind the age, at all events," said the member, laughing.

"You have a delightful voice, Cora—soft and sweet as ever," said I to her ear.

"Thanks Cora," added Sir Nigel patting her white shoulder with his strong embrowned hand. "Newton seems quite enchanted; but you must not seek to captivate our lancer."

"Why may I not paper?"

"Because, as Thackeray says, 'A lady who sets her heart on a lad in uniform, must prepare to change lovers pretty quickly, or her life will be but a sad one.'"

"You are always quoting Thackeray," said Cora, with a little perceptible shrug of her plump shoulders.

"Is such really the case, Mr. Norcliff asked Lady Louisa, who had approached us: "are you gentlemen of the sword so heartless?"

"Nay, I trust that, in this instance, the author of 'Esmond' rather squeezes than libels the service," said I. "How beautiful the conservatory looks when lighted up," I added, drawing back the crimson velvet hangings that concealed the door, which stood invitingly open.

"Yes, there are some magnificent exotics here," said the tall, pale beauty as she swept through, accompanied by Cora and myself.

I had hoped to have a single moment for a tete-a-tete with her; but in vain, for the pertinacious Berkeley, with his slow, invariable saunter, lounged in after us, and with all the air of a privileged man, followed us from flower to flower as we passed critically along, displaying much vapid interest, and some ignorance alike of botany and floriculture. Without the conservatory, the clear, starry sky of a Scottish winter night arched its blue above the summits of the Lomonds; and within, thanks to skill and hot-water pipes, were the yellow flowering cactus, the golden lobelia, the scarlet quercus, the slender tendrils and blue flowers of the liana, the oranges and grapes of the sunny tropics.

"What is that dangling from the vine branch overhead?" asked Lady Louisa.

"Just above us?" said Cora, laughing, as she looked up with a charming smile on her bright girlish face.

"Haw—mistletoe, by Jove!" exclaimed Berkeley, looking up too, with his glass in his eye, and his hands in his pockets.

I am not usually a very timid fellow in matters appertaining to that peculiar parasite; yet I must own that when I saw Lady Loftus, in all the glory of her aristocratic loveliness, so pale as yet so dark, with cousin Cora, standing coquetishly by her side, under the gifted branch, that my heart failed me, and its pulses fairly stood still.

"My privilege, cousin," said I, and kissed Cora, as I might have done a sister, ere she could draw back; and the usually laughing girl trembled, and grew so deadly pale, that I surveyed her with surprise.

Lady Louisa hastily drew aside, as I bent over her hand, and barely ventured to touch it with my lips; but judge of my rage and her hauteur when my cool and sarcastic brother officer, Mr. Berkeley, came languidly forward, and claiming what he termed "the privilege of the season," ere she could avoid it, somewhat brusquely pressed his well-moustached lip to her cheek.

Though affecting to smile, she drew haughtily back, with her nether lip quivering, and her black eyes sparkling dangerously.

"The season, as you term it, for these absurdities is over, Berkeley," said I, gravely. "Moreover, this house is not a casino, and that trophy should have been removed by the gardener long since."

I twitched down the branch, and tossed it into a corner. Berkeley only uttered one of his quiet, almost noiseless laughs, and, without being in the least put out of countenance, made a species of pirouette on the brass heels of his glazed boots, which brought him face to face with the Countess, who at that moment came into the conservatory after her daughter, whom she rarely permitted to go far beyond the range of her eye-glass.

"Lady Chillingham," said he, resolved at once to launch into conversation, "have you heard the rumour that our friend, Lord Lucan, is to command a brigade in the Army of the East?"

"I have heard that he is to command a division, Mr. Berkeley, but Lord George Paget is to have a brigade," replied the Countess, coldly and precisely.

"Ah, Paget—haw—glad to hear it said he, as he passed longingly away; "he was an old chum of my father's—haw—doocid glad."

It was a weakness of Berkeley's to talk thus; indeed, it was a common mess-room joke with Wilford, Scriven, Studhome, and others of ours, to bring to peerage on the tapis, at a certain hour of the evening, and "trot him out" but on hearing him speak thus of his father—honest man—began life as a drayman, it was too much for me, and I fairly laughed aloud.

The salute he had so daringly given Lady Loftus was to me a keen source of jealous anger and annoyance, which I could neither readily forgive nor forget, and had the old duelling fashion been in extent, the penalty might have proved a dear one. I had the bitter consciousness that she whose hand I had barely ventured to touch with a lip that trembled with suppressed emotion had been brusquely saluted—actually kissed by my face—by one for whom I had rather more, if possible, than a profound contempt.

What she thought of the episode I know not. A horror of what all well-bred people deem a scene no doubt prevailed, for she took her mother's arm, and passed away, while Cora and I followed them.

Jealously suggested that much must have passed between them prior to my arrival, otherwise Berkeley, with all his assurance, dared not have acted as he did. This supposition was to me a source of torture and mortification.

"When love steals into the nature," says a writer, "day by day infiltrating its sentiments, as it were, through every crevice of the being, it will enlist every selfish trait into the service, so that he who loves is half enamoured of himself; but where the passion comes with the overwhelming force of a sudden conviction, when the whole heart is captivated at once, self is forgotten, and the image of the loved one is all that presents itself."

Sleepless that night I lay, tormenting myself with the "trifles light as air"

that to young men in my condition are "confirmations strong as proofs of Holy Writ."

At last I slept; but my dreams—those visions that come before the sleeping mind and eye towards the hours of morning—were not of her I loved, but of my pretty and playful cousin, fair-skinned and dark-haired Cora Calderwood.

CHAPTER VII.

What though our love was nevr tol,
Or breathed in sighs alone;
By rights that would not be controlled
Its growing strength was shown.

The touch that thrilled us with delight
The glance, by heart untamed,
In one short moon, as brief as bright,
That tender truth proclaimed.

Alaric Watts.

Next morning I resolved that, if possible it should not pass without some attempt being made to discover the state of Lady Louisa's heart—how she was affected towards me, and when I had any chance, however remote, of reviving or securing the interest I trusted she had in me when last we met in England. But over night the snow had fallen heavily, it was six inches deep on the lawn, as Willie Pitblado told me. The Lomonds were clothed in ghastly white to their summits, and we as we seemed fated to be caged up in doors all day, my chances of seeing Louisa alone would be remote indeed.

In the library and drawing-rooms found all the guests of last night assembled, save the minister, doctor, and lawyer, who had ridden home, and save her I sought.

The snow caused universal regret, for various excursions had been in progress—some for visiting the ruined castle at Piteadie; some for riding as far as Lochleven; and others, farther still, to see the fragments that remain of the old abbey of Balmerino.

The Countess and her daughter, arrayed in a charming morning toilette, appeared just as the roar of the gong summoned us to a Scottish breakfast; and of the splendours of such a repast, what gourmand had not heard?

There were venison, mutton cold grouse, and ptarmigan, rizzard haddock from the Firth of Forth, salmon from the Tay, and honey from the Lomond hills; a liqueur-stand, containing whisky and brandy, stood at Sir Nigel's right hand. At one end of the table was tea, presided over by Cora; at the other, where Miss Wilford officiated, was coffee.

Over the snowy landscape a glorious flood of sunshine was pouring through the stone mullions of the oriel windows, casting shadows of the old and leafless trees far across the waste of dazzling white.

I had the pleasure of being seated by the side of Lady Loftus, and we chatted away pleasantly of people whom we had met, and places where we had been. The links of the old chain were being rapidly taken up, and every time I looked into the quiet depths of her dark eyes I felt a strong emotion pass over mine.

Berkeley sat on her other side, but I could perceive that she was politely reserved with him; so the art of impudence, an art which he had studied carefully, had availed him but little after the use to which he had put it last night.

POLISH ACTOR AS GYPSY IN GILBERT PARKER FILM.

Norbert Wicki, a Polish actor of nation-wide prominence among the Poles of this country, was chosen by J. Stuart Blackton, the famous motion picture director of "The Battle Cry" of Peace, and other film spectacles, to portray the role of Jethro Fawe, the gypsy lover in "The World for Sale," which has been adapted for the screen for Paramount, and which is to be shown at the Princess Theatre, tonight. Mr. Wicki has scored many previous successes with Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Alice Brady and others.

PROPERTY TRANSFERS ETD.

Colchester Deeds.

Burgess H. K. to J. W. Fraser; ppty at Truro, April 18.

Doane, F. A. to R. E. Farnan; ppty Alton, April 18.

Hill Rebecca J., to Smal. Saulman; ppty Economy, April 18.

Johnson H. A. et al to Mary J. Johnson; ppty Truro, April 10.

Johnson H. A. to Henry Burgess; ppty Truro, April 18.

McMullen T. G. to J. W. Watson, ppty New Annan, April 18.

Watson J. W. to Am. McIntosh; ppty New Annan, April 18.

Archibald Jacob to Wm. Ross; ppty Valley Stn., April 23.

Bonnell Edwd. to C. B. Roode; ppty Belmont, April 23.

Beattie, C. F. to Mary Marsh; ppty Economy, April 22.

Little Frank to Hibbert Blair; ppty Brookside, April 24.

March Mary to J. B. March; ppty Economy, April 22.

McLelan G. W. to March B. Garnett, ppty et al Truro April 23.

Ross Lillie A. to George Payne; ppty Truro April 22.

MARITIME CASUALTIES.

Ottawa, May 3—
INFANTRY.
Killed in Action.

N. H. Oederkirk, North Greenville.

Died.
A. S. Fraser, Milton.

Wounded.
H. H. Hayden, Osborne.
E. McDonald, Fourchu.
D. L. Brown, Maccan.
W. M. Bowen, Pictou.
R. Y. Geddes, Truro.
E. Letteney, Digby.
W. E. Gallagher, Sydney, Mines.
W. G. Stanton, Central Grove.

Ill.
L. R. McInnis, Bedford.
F. Vaughan, Halifax.

Ottawa, May 5—
INFANTRY.

Killed in Action.

L. Doyle, Rocky Point, P.E.I.

Died of Wounds—None.

Presumed to Have Died.

W. E. Burill, Cloverdale, N. B.
F. Broad, Beechwood, N. B.

Wounded.

T. Cox, Sydney.
J. R. Craig, Dartmouth.
B. B. Hawco, Salmonier, Nfld.
N. Lapierre, Grand Desert, N. S.
W. A. Rankin, Broad Cove Banks, N. S.

A. Soper, Heants Harbor, Nfld.
F. T. Freeman, Bridgewater.
C. Farquharson, Sydney.
H. McLeod, New Harbor, N. S.
E. Munro, Yarmouth.

Cassed.

Lieut. H. W. Oxenham Royalty Junction, P. E. I.
F. L. Addison, St. John.
William Borden, Inverness.

Ill

T. P. Smith, Port Hood Island, Inverness.
W. C. Demille, Anagance, N. B.
W. Lewis, Freeport, N. S.

ENGINEERS.
Wounded.

A. McDougall, Antigonish.

MACHINE GUN SECTION.

Died of Wounds.

E. Boudreau, Cheticamp.

ARTILLERY.

Wounded.

L. L. Lawrence, Hantsport.
Gassed.
E. L. Cox, Shelburne.

MOUNTED RIFLES.
Prisoner Expatriated.

Ottawa, E. Lawson, Young's Cove Road, N. B.

INFANTRY.

Wounded.

W. Sugg, Sydney.

J. J. McCullen, Glace Bay.

D. F. McKinnon, Valeoche, Margaree.

A. Smith, Port Hood.

C. V. Killam, Pleasant Valley.

Lieutenant C. M. V. Spence. St. Croix.

A. Dwyer, East Amherst.

H. Hamilton New Glasgow.

N. Wheaton, Amherst.

G. Comeau, Ingramport.

P. Patriquin, Truro.

GASSED.

J. W. Sarson, Scotch Hill.

C. Parsons Sydney Mines.

CONSTRUCTION COMPANY
Died.

G. Sylvie, New Glasgow.
Wounded.

F. Francis, Yarmouth.

RAILWAY TROOPS.
Gassed.

J. F. McLennan, Big Bras d'Or.

MEDICAL SERVICES.
Ill.

Captain J. W. McDonald, Truro.

M. H. Dorrey, Newburn

ARTILLERY.
Gassed.

J. McIntosh, Glace Bay.

Ottawa, May 6—
INFANTRY.
Wounded.

W. Myers, Mount Albion, P.E.I.

C. E. McMillan, Wood Island West P. E. I.

ENGINEERS.
Wounded.

A. Harry, address not stated.

Ottawa, May 7—
INFANTRY.
Killed in Action.

J. H. Vanbuskirk, Moncton.

Wounded.

N. Dukesire, Joggins Bridge.
F. M. Hamm, St. John.

RAILWAY TROOPS.
Wounded.

C. Gibbs, (address not stated.)

MACHINE GUN COMPANY.
Misl.

F. Turner, St. John.

ARTILLERY.
Killed in Action.

C. Duff, Harbor Grace, Nfld.

Died of Wounds.

L. L. Lawrence, Hantsport.

Wounded.

Q. M. S. Ernest A. Whitehouse, St. John

Ill.

A. T. Nicholas, St. John.

CANVASSERS FOR THE Y. M. C. A. CAMPAIGN.

The following men will canvas Truro, May 7, 8, and 9, for \$7,500.00 for the Y. M. C. A., War Work—District A.

W. H. Snook—Chairman
J. E. Davison
L. S. Huestes

District B.

W. A. Creelman—Chairman
E. B. Christie
A. B. Cox
E. C. Allen

District C.

H. F. Bethel, —Chairman
H. B. McLaughlin