

"glancing around the room" I understand what was before something of a mystery to me. Sitting here day after day,—isolated as it were from the world, with those desks and shelves and pigeon-holes. Those heavy ledgers and files of papers all preaching a sermon against any thing and every thing that looks like romance or sentiment, it is no wonder that you should have forgotten all you ever knew about girls and their ways. It seems then that neither my dear papa, nor yourself remembered that the very way to prevent a young couple from becoming interested in each other was to betroth them without their consent, or concurrence, I have often lamented that I was so different from other girls, in my way of thinking and acting, but now I am glad of it, If I had been, instead of coming here, I should have felt myself aggrieved and insulted, and just as likely as not, gone off and married the first man that would have me. That would be dreadful, you know, for you would be grieved and the memory of my dear parents outraged; then all the world, *my* world I mean, would cry out against me as an ingrate, of course the man I married would become hateful to me, after my spite was gratified, and nobody would be pleased but young Guy Sinclair."

"Why do you imagine my son would be pleased at such a step?" asked Mr. Sinclair thoughtfully.

"Why do I think so?" repeated the young girl with a gesture of surprise, "why, because he's young and because he's human; because he wants the novelty, the joy the excitements the doubts and fears, and every other phase of feeling that accompanies the young heart in its search after the duplicate. I believe that the principal aspirations of early life all tend more or less in that direction. It is not the mere fact of having a wife that satisfies a young man,—he wants to find her—to love her—to win her himself—when he gets her by a representation, it is like getting a suit of clothes by contract—it is more than likely they will not suit—of course young Guy would be pleased, unless Mr. Frost while rooting Greek and Latin into his brain has rooted all love fancies out of it."

"Have you been talking at random, my dear" inquired Mr. Sinclair as he looked keenly in the girl's face—merely supposing a case, as it were."

"Certainly it was only supposition." was the reply.

"You did not mean, then that Guy *has* protested against this contemplated marriage!"

"Has he, though—really; "Harriet's face lost its gravity and a roguish smile rose to her lips and shone in her clear eyes. "I like that—it looks as if that horrid tutor had not quite drilled his manhood all out of him—He'll get on better now, that is, I shall not detest the thought of it so much as I did."

You *did* object to it, then, my dear! "said Mr. Sinclair inquiringly.

"Of course I did, sir! any girl would. But I honor his wishes so much that I did not quite like to object to it out and out.

"You are a noble girl, Harriet, and I feel that you have done me good by coming here. I wish my son could see you as I do to day."

Here a long conference followed, which ended in Harriet Percy electrifying Auntie Peppers on her arrival in that worthy woman's presence, by proposing a trip to Europe, with Mrs. Peppers as companion.

Auntie Peppers accepted and refused—acquiesced and objected, consented and demurred. She wanted to go but she feared the ocean—she liked Harriet's company but she dreaded the foreigners she would necessarily meet—she was sure that no mistress would be so indulgent—yet—well it was all so sudden and so unexpected and she had never in all her life been twenty miles away from Rose Lodge till now—it would be all right when she had made up her mind to go, as of course she should, and get used to the idea. Here the old lady detailed a number of omens and dreams which all went to prove that it was her destiny to accompany Miss Percy to Europe. There was no round outside of destiny with Mrs. Peppers when she saw her way plainly she went on without a murmur removing all unpleasant obstacles as they presented themselves.

Having "made up her mind" the good woman's serene composure returned and she commenced at once preprang for her journey with as much pleasure as though it was only a returning to Rose Lodge. At the end of a month Harriet Percy, under the care of a family of tourists, and attended particularly by Auntie Peppers, left the United States for an indefinite period, left it with tearful eyes, as she lost sight of one figure standing among the crowd that gazed after the departing steamer—a friend of long and true standing, Ellis Blair.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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FORGED TURKISH STAMPS.

BY EDWARD L. PEMBERTON ESQ.

Very good forgeries of the obsolete issue of the Ottoman Empire are being offered for sale in England. Of these I have seen the four values, yellow, blue, rose, and slate, but the last colour I have been unable to get for comparison. These forgeries are very well executed, but in colour are very different in shade to any genuine that I have seen. The Turkish writing on the crescent differ a good deal, but these characters it would be impossible for me to describe, so I will give such other differences as are most easily conveyed in writing.

Yellow. Over the three upper points of the sign manual is an arch, which in the genuine stamp touches the thin border line above it; in the forgery this arch does not touch. At the base of this arch on each side is a black dot, in the forgery the left one, is not level