who was horribly afraid of catching cold, but in whose character I could perceive no other very salient point; and a fair-haired young gentleman, whose name I did not distinctly catch, and who looked as if be ought to have been at school, where, indeed, I think he would have been much happier; and sundry regular stereotyped London men and women. well-bred and well-dressed, and cool and composed, and altogether thoroughly respectable and stupid; and a famous author, who drank a great deal of wine, and never opened his his to speak; and I think that was all - no, by the by, there was Captain Lovell, who came very late-and we went soberly into Richmond Park, and dined under a tree.

I do not think I quite like a pic-nic. It is all very well, like most other arrangements, if everything goes right; but I sat between Sir Guy Scapegrace and the light haired young gentleman; and although I could hear lots of fun going on at the other end of the table cloth, where Cousin John and Mary Molasses and Captain Lovell had got togo ther, I was too far off to partake of it, and my vis-a-vis, Lady Scapegrace, scowled at me so from under her black eyebrows, though I believe utterly unconsciously, that she made one feel quite nervous. Then it was not re assuring to have that odious Sir Guy pressing me to eat everything, and looking right under my honnet, and asking me to drink champagne at least four times, and if I turned to my other neighbor, and ventured to address him on the most commonplace subject, he blushed so painfully that I began to think he was quite as much afraid of me as I was of Sir Guy. Altogether, I was rather glad when the things were cleared away and put back into the hampers, and such another pair out f London to-day,' expatiated John to the company in general. We came down in seven minutes under the hour from my auut's door in Lendes Street didn't we, Kate? and never turned a hair: did we, hate? Why, they went so smooth, Kate couldn't keep her hands of the reins; could you, Kate? And there are few better udges, let me tell you, than Miss Coventry. I saw the ladies look at me, and then at each other; and I knew by that indescribable clance, which none but a woman can thoroughly appreciate, how from that moment they had vowed, one and all, to hate me eternally in their hearts. The offence had been committed; the sentence had gone forth I had been tried for being fast, and found guilty nem con; from sucering Lady Scapegrace to unmouning Miss Minnows, ut. tared at m for about two seconds, and s made her mind. I cannot think why it that the should be so great a crime in the falling prostrate, buried her face in her hands, and given herself up. as she after the staff of cration—and that I wards assured me, to the prospect of a horning and the staff of the the resulting makes a woman so her m such a situation. By an impulse for which is the result as high spirits, natural which is cannot account. I stopped short, turned round, got between the pursuer and heart of floor expresses and my knees knocking together, faced the great mischieved in the factor of these very mischieves brute, with no other weapon, offensive or defensive, than a laced pocket than the factor of our amuse. ments I and to ally tiellows, that being bull after all: for instead of crashing in upon me, as I half expected he would, and to be ut the upon me, as I half expected he would, and upon me, as I half expected he would, and upon me, as I half expected he would, and upon me, as I half expected he would, and upon me, as I half expected he would, and upon me, as I half expected he would, and upon me, as I half expected he would, and upon me, as I half expected he would, and upon me, as I half expected he would, and upon me, as I half expected he would have a substantial to the control of the specific property of the control of the specific property and half expected he was a well mean upon me, as I half expected he would and upon me, as I half expected he would be upon me, as I half expected he would need to be upon me, as I half expected how my last as again a horse should snort, star d, bellow-d, and began snifting

then there was an elderly Mr . Minnews, Genova, she added in her deep, melancholy voice, ' and we were caught in one of those squalls, and nearly lost. If it hadn't been for poor Alphonse, not one of us could have anxious to make Aunt Deborah's acquaint-escaped. I wonder if drowning's a painful ance; and I thought I shouldn't wonder death, Miss Coventry—the water always looks so inviting.'

' Goodness, Lady Scapegrace !' exclaimed I, 'don't take this opportunity of finding out : none of us can swim but John; and if he saves anybody, he's solemnly engaged to savo mo.

' I quite think with you, Lady Scapegrace, said the romantic Miss Molasses; it looks so peaceful, and gives one such an idea of repose ; I for one have not the slightest fear of death, or indeed of any mere bodily changes -gracious goodness! the bull! the bull!!

What a rout it was! The courageous young lady who thus gave us the first intimation of danger, leading the flight with a speed and activity of which I should have thought her languid totally incapable; Lady Scapegrace making use of her long legs with an utter forgetfulness of her usually grave and tragic demeanor; and the rest of the party seeking safety helter-skelter.

It was, indeed, a situation of some peril. Our course to the river-side had led us through a long narrow strip of meadow-land, bounded by high impervious thorn fences, winter, and which now, in all the luxuriance of summer foliage, presented a mass of thorns and ingrance that no mortal could expect to get through. At either end of the field was a high hog-backed stile, such as ladies usually make considerable difficulties cigars, and we broke up our circle, and when Miss Mary's exclamation made us lounged about and enjoyed ourselves in the aware of our enemy, who had been quietly when Miss Mary's exclamation made us shade of those fine trees on that dry velvet cropping the grass in a corner behind us, but for amusement, and had to propose games of the piercing screams of some of our party, forfests and other pastimes; and Cousin was lashing himself into a rage, and looking John, quite unwittingly, got me into a sad sufficiently mischevious to be a very unpleascrape by boasting about his horses. 'Not sant acquaintance. It was impossible to turn round and make for the stile we had just left, as the bull now occupied a position exactly between us and that place of safety: it was hopeless, particularly in our light muslin gowns, to attempt the hedge on either side; ther was nothing for it but a fair run to the other end of the meadow, about a quarter of a mile-and sauve qui peut was now the order of the day.

I will not allow that I am deficient in courage, on the contrary, as Cousin John says, 'I am rather proud of my pluck;' but there is nothing so contagious as a panic, and I too ran for my very life. The bull came galloping after us, tossing his head and rolling his great body about as if he quite enjoyed the fun; nor do I know how the adventure would have ended, for he must have overtaken some of us before we could reach our haven, had not Lady Scape grace caught her foot in the long grass, and,

talked to me the whole way home. What a pleasant drive it was in the moonlight, and how happy I felt! I was really sorry when wo got back to London. Frank seemed quite if he was to call in Lowndes Street very ,.nooa

CHAPTER V.

When Aunt Deborah is laid up with one of her colds, she always has a wonderful accession of 'propriety accompanying the disorder; and that which would appear to her at the worst a harmless escapade when in her usual health and spirits, becomes a crime of the blackest dye when seen through the medium of barley-broth and water-gruel, these being Auut Deborah's infallible remedies for a catarrh. Now the cold in question had lasted its victim over the Ascot meeting, over our picnic to Richmond, and bade fair to give her employment during the greater part of the summer, so obstinate was the enemy when he had once possessed himself of the citadel; and, under these circumstances, I confess it appeared to me quite hopeless to ask her permission to accompany Cousin John on a long-promised expedition to Hampsuch as I knew would be bullfinches in the ton Races. I did not dare make the request myself; and I own I had great misgivings. even when I overheard from my boudoir the all-powerful John preferring his petition, which he did with a sort of abrupt good humor peculiarly his own.

Going to take Kate out for another lark. about surmounting, but which are by no means so impossible of transit when an infuriated bull is bringing up the rear. We are with proceeding to entangle Aunt Deborah's the gentlemen asked leave to light their already a quarter of the way across the field, knitting into the most hopeless confusion.

Only some quiet races near town; all amongst ourselves, you know-gentlemen riders, and that sort of thing.'

Aunt Deborah, who is a good deal behind hand in all matters connected with the turi and who has set her face into a determined refusal when she hears the word racing, rather relaxes at the mention of gentlemen riders, and replies gravely, 'John, I want to talk to you about Kate. The garl's wild after horses and hounds, and all such unfeminine pursuits. I wonder you like to see it yourself, my dear. Now don't you think it would te far better to encourage her in domestic tastes and amusements? I give you my word, she hasn't done a bit of worsted-work

John's face must have been good at this piece of intelligence; if there is one thing he hates more than another, it is ' cross-stitch. But he replied with exemplary gravity, that Cousin Kate never was strong, you know, aunt, and she is ordered to be a good deal in the open air, with plenty of horse exercise; and this is delighful weather for rid-

for a fortnight.'

'Well, John,' says Aunt Deborah, 'of course, if you lon't mind, I needr't; you'll be the sufferer, my dear, not I' (I wonder what she meant by that ?); ' and I must let her go, if you choose to take her, John. How like your father you're growing, my hand-some boy!' and Aunt Deborah kissed Cousin John on the forehead, with trare in her eyes; and they called to me to got ready, and the horses came round, and in less than ten minutes we were up and away.

It was very gratifying to overhear the complimentary remarks made upon the general appearance of White Stockings, whom I

than all the rest put together, though I do ness to his prejudice. The rector of the part than all the rest put together, though I do not include you. Miss Coventry, nor yet Mr. Jones, but I am afraid I must Captain Lovell. Come, let's ride amongst the car-wherever she caught eight of Coralle's little.

crowd, leaving Frank to return to his drag ing, who spent a month every year in the

Hampton,' said my lively guide, as we to escape a party of fine folks who were stythreaded our way between the carriages; ing at his own house; but her Ladying though, to be sure, there are some very never so much as left her card upon the m queer-looking people on the course. I could habitants of the cottage. Altogether it di tell you strange stories of most of them, Miss not answer, nor had they any right to ex-Coventry, only you wouldn't believe me. peot it would. The sacred relationship d Do you see that old, plainish woman, with such black hair and eyebrows—something as in their case it had been, with impunity; like Lady Scapegrace, only not so handsome and the previous habits and education de as my favorite enemy?—Would you believe Coralie were made the means of punishing it, she might marry three coronets at this her father's original neglect of punishing moment if she chose, and she won't have any whom, whatever may have been her falls, of them! She is not good-looking, you can he had no right totally to repudiate. see; she can scarcely write her own name. She has no conversation, I happen to know; for I met her once at dinner, and she cannot by any chance put an 'H' .nto its right place.

(To be continued.)

DIGBY GRAND

CHAPTER XXVI.

SETTLED AT LAST.

Maltby has sold out, and occupies the position for which Nature has test fitted him, a kind landlord and a hospitable country gentleman, doing good to all around him, and nunting the wild country he lives in with unparalleled success. Dr. Driveller has been acters have made their respectively awkwal removed from his cure at an extremely old bows and curtesys, the box-keeper is covered aga; but his memory did not fail him when up everything; it is time to go home. With he bequeathed to me, in accordance with his you have witnessed is intended to be but long-made promise, the family picture of Sir representation of that every-day life, there Hugo le Grand, the only one of my household gods I have as yet recovered. Mortmain, active and clear-sighted as ever, was with me this morning, making arrangements for certain nuptials, in which I take a personal interest. He has ascertained that the present possessor of Haverley will not entail the estate. I dined with Jack Lavish the night before last, at his, or rather his wife's house, in Tyburma Proper. He has shaved off his moustaches, and is getting fat. Miss dance the much admired Pas de Fascinativa Goldtbred, that was, is a sensible and charm. Well, we have pestered Mr. Sams for a stall ing person; but I think I can trace in her manner a slight and not unnatural distrust drew's or Mitchell's Wo have dined early, which she entertains of her husband's old and, half-choked with the unseemly his friends. She looks pretty sharp after Jack ; of our repast, we have donned our white his and I understand that he rides alone in the gloves, and levelled with accura-Park only under the express stipulation that range he shall accompany none but his male ac- opera-glass-in quaintances. Jack says he likes being kept and seen it. tight in hand, it saves him so much trouble; slight feeling of disappointment at that wile and, till he had some lady to own him, he ly renowned measure? Snall we acknownever knew to which of his fair friends he ledge that the Pas de Fascination on the belonged. A print of poor Hillingdon hangs stage, with all its accessories of frees, said in his private apartment; and we talked together for hours about the sad fate of that beloved and gifted being—his generous romandor for hours fearless heart, his endearing qualities, and his awful end.

Some men, like wine, improve with age. Lavish, whose faults were those of youth, and and the novel are but a miniery and arepresented in the property of the second of had ridden down, to save Brilliant, and who, most even-able in the young—a carelessness sentation. The life upon which youth to despite his ugliness, is a very hunting-looking of consequences, a merry, thoughtless dispo-cies itself entering, is very different from the sition, and a disregard for the affections of life which age refuses to acknowledge it is marked a jolly-looking Surrey tarmer, in companion, is becoming, under the inflaence those to equal the Ideal. Is it not that the market is a companion, is becoming, under the inflaence those to equal the Ideal. Is it not that the market is a companion, is becoming, under the inflaence those to equal the Ideal. Is it not that the market is a companion, is becoming, under the inflaence those to equal the Ideal. Is it not that the market is a companion, is becoming, under the inflaence those to equal the Ideal. Is it not that the market is a companion, is becoming, under the inflaence those to equal the Ideal. Is it not that the market is a companion, is becoming, under the inflaence those to equal the Ideal. Is it not that the market is a companion, is becoming, under the inflaence those to equal the Ideal. Is it not that the market is a companion, is becoming, under the inflaence those to equal the Ideal. Is it not that the market is a companion, is becoming, under the inflaence those to equal the Ideal. Is it not that the market is a companion, is becoming, under the inflaence those to equal the Ideal. Is it not that the market is a companion, is becoming, under the inflaence those to equal the Ideal. Is it not that the market is a companion, is becoming, under the inflaence those the companion is becoming, under the inflaence the companion is becoming the companion is becoming the companion is becoming the companion is the companion society, which made him a highly popular the ove of quitting. The R-al can nere

French bonnet in any of the walks and lace So Mrs. Lumley and I plunged into the surrounding the parsonage. Lord Overbu, crowd, leaving Frank to return to his drag ing, who spent a mouth every year in that and his betting-book, and Cousin John one of his seven palaces, near which the pretty farm was situated, asked the Cousi to shoot, and came himself to luncheon and the state of the country of the shoot, and came himself to luncheon and the state of the country of the shoot, and came himself to luncheon and the shoot, and came himself to luncheon and the state of the shoot, and came himself to luncheon and the shoot of the s After all, I don't see much harm in remained to dinner, good easy man, delighted parent and child is not to be tampered with her father's original neglect of that wile

The upshot of all is this, -Coralie votes England very triste, and Hampshre puticularly disagreeable. The Colonel, who has been too long in harness to sink conkatedly into a galet country gentleman, get very tired of his red land and his southdown and out of all patience with the stupidity of the chaw-bacons, to use the venacular tem by which the inhabitants of that beautiful county are distinguished; and there is a scheme in embryo which will probably be pri in practice, of leaving the farm and cottee to take care of themselves, and indulging a year's tour on the Continent, mon cours making one of the family party. I think? not impossible that mon cousin may eventally aspire to a dearer title, though how sue an arrangement will suit my old friend Car touch, I leave to be determined by those win are conversant with the habits of a Britishe ficer, and the education and prejudices of u Englishman.

Reader, the play is played out, the cheacters have made their respectively awayard ality of which we need only open our eye to see around us whenever we please. It neither a magnificent melodrama, a thrilling tragedy, nor an amusing farce, at the best Yet the slowest comedy may suggest material for reflection and improvement. We have all soen flaming advertisements, in letters as inch long, that on such and such a night Mdllo, Entrechat will appear in her celebrated character of La Fee Fusillee, 22 and added another score to the bill at Arthe miraculously magnifying fino, wo have been Shall we confess to s