

wishing so much to see him, and that you look at his photograph very often."

"But you know I don't, Sidney," said Dolly, raising her heavenly eyes from the ham on her plate; "I think I lost it last week."

"But," retorted Sidney, frowning, "you know you ought to have looked at it. All engaged people, in stories, always do. Why, there's Olla, she isn't quite engaged to Mr. Deville, and the album opens directly of its own accord at the place where his vignette is."

"I don't think Mr. Armor is quite as nice looking as Mr. Deville," said Dolly, vaguely. "Dear me, Olla, what a pretty color you have this morning; when shall you be ready to help me, Sid?"

"When I have given papa's message to Mike and got him to help me to tie up the dahlias. But, Dolly, you might have the letter dated, and write my darling Roderick, and that will take you until I'm ready."

Sidney tripped off, and Mrs. Frazer set the example of rising from the table. Dolly rose, tall, slight, elegant, a poetic grace about her graceful head, a nameless exaltation shining like a light on her broad, low brow, from which the golden hair rippled back in large soft waves, and, caught in a silky mass behind, fell in great loose curls on her lovely shoulders. Her blue eyes shone tenderly under their heavy lashes of bronze; the petals of the maiden blush rose was not more softly pink than her lovely cheek. Her pensively smiling lips of richest coral shewed teeth like pearls, she might have just descended in a cloud of misty pink and gold, from some far off starry world, for all there seemed of this gross earth about her. Her white draperies fell round her like a silvery mist clinging to a tall lily in a moon-lit garden. Her one idea moved her to turn first to the mirror over the fire-place, her one emotion sent her to drop a gentle kiss on the Captain's bald forehead, before she moved like a silent vision of some dying martyr's ecstasy into the library to write to "Darling Roderick." Olla was graceful, pretty, charming; Sidney undeniably beautiful; but Dolly moved serene in a loveliness all her own.

There was nothing more said about mourning, but on Sunday the Captain appeared with a deep band of er-pere round his white hat, whereat Sidney remarked jealously to Olla and Dolly—"Papa couldn't do more if it were for one of us, Archie for instance; and do you know, girls, he seems not to have recovered the old creature's death yet; I can hardly wring a laugh from him, and if it were not for Mike Murphy, I'd get a fit of low spirits."

Dolly was gracefully silent, and Olla could not but acknowledge that the house was unusually gloomy just now. Mrs. Frazer seemed to share in some degree her husband's melancholy, and the girl began to dislike the idea of leaving home until the cloud had passed. Her aunt wrote to her urging her to come to her pleasant home in Toronto, and though her own heart passionately seconded the entreaty, she deferred her departure day after day until a fortnight had elapsed from the date which she had fixed for her visit. The weather became damp and lowering, the leaves fell in cascades on the lawn, and the crimson vine dropped away from the lattice work of the verandas. The river wound past like a stream of lead, and the nightly frosts scared the turf and deadened its soft green. In all probability there would be the usual burst of glorious October weather, and perhaps an Indian summer stretching its mysterious and beautiful arms into the heart of November, to wrest a treasure of days of weird beauty from the iron winter, to string them like beads of red gold on the chaplet of the dead summer; but now all was grey and mournful. The wind sobbed amongst the swaying pines, the rain dashed in blinding slants against the windows, and every object and individual about the Captain's household, except Dolly, succumbed to the grey influence. Dolly sat by the crimson fire, like a holy presence, working with slender fingers a pair of gorgeous slippers, commenced at Sid's suggestion, as a token of the warmth of her sentiments towards Mr. Armor, sorting her bright wools and thinking of nothing, with an air of devout reverie. She was equally content that the sun should shine or the rain should pour. She troubled not her soul with thoughts. She was a beautiful picture, but it was not to her Olla could turn for exhilaration. Mike had persisted in setting out again for the spot where Archie still remained, "Intending," he said, "to buy a trifle of Injuns or find out Miss Drosia." Sid lamented his departure pathetically. She and Mr. Murphy had formed a decided friendship for each other. He had talked of Androsia and Winona to her until it seemed as though she must have known the ill-fated girls all her life. He had taught her to paddle on the river, and use a rifle, and she had alarmed and scandalized Mrs. Frazer by firing in the early dawn from her bed-room window at the croquet balls on the lawn. The refined and stately old lady was secretly rejoiced at his departure, for she had some indefinite idea that Miss Sid would become perfectly untameable should he remain much longer.

Olla had her own secret cause of disquietude, and October loomed gloomily enough on the house. The brightening of the sombre tints was the anticipated return of Archie.

Captain Frazer directed Mike to collect all Farmer's effects and send them down by Archie, "in case," he said, "we ascertain anything about his friends."

"He didn't have many defects behind him," said Mike, scratching his head; "baded it's my belief that he took them wild him, Captain."

"Surely that was strange," said the Captain, in some surprise.

"Now Captain, dear," returned Mike in a tone of expostulation. "How would he be after leaving them after him, I'd like to know?"

"And why not, may I ask?"

"Is it have his defects behind, yer honor?"

"His effects, Mike, his property," said the Captain, smiling, "not his failings, poor fellow."

"I comprehend, sur. I'll do it for sure and good luck to you, Captain, an' yer lady, sur, and the young ladies and Miss Sid, the blessin's of the Just be about her purty head for a swate, spirited girlen that she is."

Mr. Murphy drank the glass of wine the Captain had poured out for him as a kind of stirrup cup, and pulling the coon-skin cap over his eyes, shook the old soldier's hand in a mighty grasp and took his way back to the woody haunts from which he had emerged.

"Mamma what are you doing?" said Olla, softly that evening, coming behind her mother's chair and laying her slender, brown hands on the shoulders of the latter who was leaning over a small table in the library, drawn near the window so as to catch the light.

"Your papa wishes to erect a monument to the memory of Colonel Howard and Mr. Farmer," replied Mrs. Frazer, bending more closely over her work, "and I offered to make a suitable design. Do you like it, my dear?"

"Yes, mamma, it's lovely," said Olla, thoughtfully looking at it over her mother's shoulder. "What an interest papa appears to take in everything connected with Colonel Howard! Is the face of the angel holding the scroll a fancy face? It is very pretty."

"Yes, very pretty," said Mrs. Frazer, in a low voice.

Olla stretched out her hand to take an illustrated paper that lay on the table. She had come to the room for it, but Mrs. Frazer detained her hand.

"Never mind now, dear," she said. "I want you to go and order tea. This will keep me busy until dark."

Olla bent and kissed her mother, and singing softly to herself, went away.

As soon as the door was closed behind her, Mrs. Frazer lifted up the paper and took from under it the miniature case that had been found amidst Farmer's effects. She compared the face in the drawing with the painting, critically. "I have copied it faithfully," she murmured, "but I must keep the original concealed. Richard would hardly like the girls to know the truth just yet."

She placed the miniature in a secret drawer of her own writing table, and quietly resumed her drawing.

Before the first snow fell, there rose in a little grove of pines on one side of the lawn, a graceful monumental stone of purest marble, representing an angel holding a scroll, bearing the records of the deaths of Colonel Howard and Andrew Farmer, and the face of the angel shining in the dim shadows of the kingly trees, was that of the miniature which had so strangely affected Captain Frazer.

(To be continued.)

For the Favorite.

A SONNET.

BY H. B. BEALE.

As one who in deep slumber lies reclined,
While fearful shadows o'er his spirit fit,
Ghosts of old sins hot fit so long behind
Mirrored before his soul in judgment sit.
Struggles to wake, but spell-bound seems each limb
And still as body parted from the mind,
Till with a start of joy he wakes to find
The creeping sunbeams o'er his eye-lids swim;
E'en thus methinks it may be when the soul,
Losing its earthly vesture of decay,
In deeper light where nobler systems roll
Beyond Time's utmost boundary wings its way
To wait before the throne the perfect Wakening Day.

MONTREAL.

(For the Favorite.)

THE ACCIDENTAL KISS.

BY M. A. NEDSMUL,

OF OAKVILLE, ONT.

The little gum of a steamer was perfectly crowded; the string band was rapidly performing, and many were gliding in and out in some sort, as I jumped on board from the well-built wharf at O— to meet my cousin on the moonlight excursion from T— to H—, than which there is no more delightful trip in Canada.

Almost the moment after I recognized the light dress, the blue scarf, the light brown curls and the outline of my cousin's shoulders. Now was my time; before she perceived me I could steal up behind her, kiss her first with the nicest surprise, and win the bet between us. It happened too that all the company were just then engaged in seeing a new set begin their flying movements, and not an eye was turned to my cousin. Up, therefore, I stole, and putting my hands on her beautiful shoulders, I stooped down, and in the shadow made by my own head I stole the kiss. What was my surprise—when a strange lady I had never before seen, started up, and with a slight cry, uttered sharply, "How dare you, sir?"

I, astonished on my part, apologized, but the action of the surprised and indignant lady drew some attention. "He is impudent," said one.

"It is some old lover," said another. "She won't have him," whispered a third. As for myself, I was all confusion, and could only say, "Dear Miss," for she was evidently unmarried, "that was not intended for you."

Luckily, without knowing anything of the matter, up came my cousin, who had been hunting for me all over the boat, and placing her hands suddenly on my shoulders, as I rapidly turned met my lips with the agreed kiss, exclaiming as she did so, "I have won my bet."

These were dear, simple-hearted old times.

A flash of undefined comprehension passed over the face of the strange young lady, still suffused with blushes, who addressed my cousin familiarly but sharply with the question, "What gentleman is that?" "Oh," said my cousin, "that is cousin Harry. Let me introduce. Miss Wier, cousin Harry; cousin Harry, Miss Wier, my old schoolmate;" and away she rattled gloriously, telling Miss Wier of the success of her bet. Explanations followed, and we all got on the best of terms, while my cousin went off into hysterics at my mistake, ending with, "Well, I am very glad of the mistake, Em, for I have won my bet."

I was then seated between these lively girls, and yet I gradually turned to Miss Wier, who gradually turned to me. I remarked now that they were dressed exactly alike, the very style I preferred, as my cousin well knew. We became absorbed in each other, and when I turned my cousin was gone, so we chatted away. We talked of everything, and agreed on almost everything; and as I looked at that girl arrayed in her cloud of white, with her glorious beauty, I felt involuntarily that a crisis had come in my life. She accepted no invitation, but remained at my side. I was rooted to the spot.

Just then I caught my cousin's eye as she glided by. She made me an arch sign of approving recognition, which sent a sort of thrill to my heart. As I turned to Miss Wier I could see her cheek mantling crimson. She, too, had evidently seen the same sign, and was to me plainly going into its fullest and most exciting representation.

But now we reached the beautiful beach. Moonlight is dangerous. Oh, what a bewitching stroll it was. I had Miss Wier all through to myself, in the sweet walk, the homeward trip, until we came to the wharf at O—, where I was to disembark.

Just before taking advantage of the general movement of the company, I whispered to Miss Wier that I would be glad to repeat my mistake. She at once understood, and after a little enchanting bashfulness, gave a graceful consent. So there, unseen, drawing her to me, with her curls around my face, I touched her lips, and sealed my fate for ever and ever.

Once at home I was all anxiety how I should proceed in the gentlest and most delicate way to see and meet her again, when a letter directed in a masculine hand was announced at the Post Office. "Mr. —, please come up. Your cousin and Em are here, and want some one to row them about. So come directly if you can."

I was off on the wings of the wind. One day passed, then another: a week, then two. I believe that that cousin of mine pretended to sprain her foot, to give me and Em an opportunity of being alone. So it happened, we walked and talked that evening, and when long after dusk we came to the white garden gate, I laid my hand upon it, as if to open it for Em, but I held it fast; so, when Em turned for explanation, she looked in my face and seemed to understand all. I do not know how I told her, but I did tell her; and although her head was bent and her bosom panting, yet light shone in her face and her eyes were happy, so that moment our hands, hearts and lips met, and Nature's own sweet consent was gained and given and ratified.

What a happy tea that was after I had asked for Em. Her mother was smiling and crying to herself. Her uncle chatted with my cousin in a fatherly way, and was very dignified and happy. We sat opposite each other. Her face was radiant, and I was in the highest spirits. Scarce a lull in the conversation ensued; but the words were repeated, "I'm so glad. I thought Em was going to refuse everybody."

I'm an old man now; but Em has been my helper through life; and to this moment I never forget that accidental kiss.

A GOOD DAY'S WORK.

There is a feeling of satisfaction at having performed a good day's work that nothing else can produce. One's limbs may ache, and body be weary, but when repose and rest follow, there is sure to be a certain comfortable sensation both physical and mental, that is indescribable.

No matter what the character of the labor may be—shovelling coal, laying brick, swinging the sledge-hammer, holding the plow, setting type, editing a paper, teaching, learning—the feeling is the same; the pride is justifiable. One may then go to a pleasant home with pride in his heart, or talk with his neighbors on the issues of the day like a man, or—if he is addicted to the bad habit—smoke a cigar or a pipe without a very severe word from the "still small voice," or seek enjoyment in his own way, provided that way be a proper one.

The solid contentment that follows a good day's work comes not after revelry or idle pleasure. Even the speculating capitalist who has made a lucky strike, fails to find the same keen satisfaction that falls to the lot of honestly industrious workers.

NIGHT MUSINGS.

BY MAX.

The darkness steals across the light,
The silent shadows fall;
And with the coming of the night
I hear no sound at all;
Far up the sky soft glory beams
The moon that shineth down;
And golden stars, like lesser gems,
Are jewelled in earth's crown.

A hundred hills between us stand,
Like giants in the sun;
And twice a hundred miles of land
Thro' which the rivers run.
But in my heart I am with thee
Made happy by thy smiles;
And in thy soul thou art with me
Across those weary miles.

I clasp thy image in my heart,
I hear thy voice again;
At thy dear side I take my part,
And feel not any pain.
I bless thy name alone at night,
When none are nigh to hear;
I bless thy name by candlelight,
And hold thy memory dear.

O, friend, thy kind advice is more
To me than wealth or fame;
I think thy grave sweet counsel o'er
And love thee for the same.
I look to thee my guiding star,
And follow thy true light;
I see thee, meteor-like, afar,
However dark the night.

I look to thee my gentle guide,
With pure implicit love,
And travel on what e'er betide,
Towards the goal above.
O kind and true and steadfast friend,
Forsake me not I pray,
That I may journey to the end,
With thee to lead my way.

For the Favorite.

TALES OF MY BOARDERS.

BY A. I. B.,

OF HUNTINGDON, C.

III.

After Miss Blandon's little episode, I learned to almost hate the idea of taking boarders. John was so triumphant at his penetration and discernment in her case, that I actually dreaded to receive a letter, for fear it should contain an application for board. Of course, I did receive applications, and, of course, I accepted some among them.

John had been so tiresomely triumphant over that affair of Miss Blandon's, that I longed for an opportunity of paying him off, and I would willingly have lost six months' board for the sake of hearing him cry quits. But no such chance offered for a long while. Two or three times during the course of the following year I kept a couple of rooms vacant for a week or so, just because of that warning cry of John's, when an occupant offered.

"Now, be careful of what you are about. Your house will lose its reputation if you have another such a notorious inmate as Miss Blandon."

Month after month went by without the occurrence of anything worthy of narration. John's health and spirits improved towards the spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Darvell still continued with us. Since that hateful affair she entertained a profound respect for my judgment of character (although not of gems, I fear,) which was very consoling after John's intemperance, and she consulted me on all occasions. Her dislike for our gentlemen boarders was not diminished: but they all agreed better outwardly.

John was now able to go out a great deal more, and even to attend to business. He was a favorite among our boarders, and had gained a large number of friends in the city. He sometimes brought a friend or two home with him to dinner or luncheon. One, a great friend of his, and who frequently spent an evening with us, was a Mr. Grandby. He held a very important situation in one of the Banks, and had held it for many years. Very quiet of manner, highly respectable, and of a very excellent family, a person of expensive tastes, yet such tastes were of the most refined order. In short, he was such a person as I could not but be pleased to welcome to the house.

My poor John had always been so sensitive on the subject of our taking boarders that he had never, until lately, cared to make many friends; and, as I knew that we could not possibly live without taking boarders, I was so thankful to welcome the friends he now brought home. But it was not on John's account alone that I was pleased to see Mr. Grandby. He was such a thorough gentleman that I was glad to see him for his own sake.

Mrs. Darvell even made an exception in his favor. It at last became an understood thing that when Mr. Grandby spent an evening with us, Mr. and Mrs. Darvell were to be of the party.

One day John came in in a great state of excitement.

"Dora," said he, "I wish to take a boarder."

"You," said I, laughing, "take care that you are not swindled. Look at me and beware of adventurers."

"Oh! but this is not an adventurer, and he wants both of those unoccupied rooms."

"He wants too much; I am sure he is a second case of Maria Blandon. But who is the exacting he?" I asked.

When he had made me guess half a hundred