

# THE FAVORITE

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL  
OF AMUSING AND USEFUL READING

No. 19

1874

Vol. III.

MAY 9.

16 PAGES

5

CENTS

For Sale by all  
NEWSDEALERS.

FOR TERMS  
OF  
SUBSCRIPTION

See Tenth Page of  
this number.



"ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE TO YOU LORD MUIRAVEN."

## "NO INTENTIONS."

BY FLORENCE MARYAT.

Author of "Love's Conflict," "Yeronique," etc.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

The next morning is bright and beautiful; all nature appears jubilant, but between these two there is a slight reserve. All trace of discomfiture has passed—they are as loving and attentive to each other as before—but they are not quite so easy. With her first awakening, Irene's thoughts have flown to poor Myra. She wonders how she has passed the night, and vividly remembers that she promised to visit her in the morning; but Colonel Mordaunt says nothing on the subject, and Irene dares not broach it. She is so afraid of disturbing his

restored serenity, or of appearing ungrateful for the extra love he has bestowed on her in order to efface the remembrance of their misunderstanding.

Every one knows what it is to feel like this after a quarrel with one whom we love. The storm was so terrible, and the succeeding peace is so precious to us, we are not brave enough to risk a repetition of our trouble by alluding to the subject that provoked it. So Irene dresses in silence, thinking much of her interview with Myra of the day before, and wondering how it will all end, and longing that her husband would be the first to revert to it. But they meet at breakfast; and nothing has been said.

Miss Cavendish is particularly lively this morning. She knows there was a slight disagreement between her host and hostess last evening, and she is anxious to dispel the notion that any one observed it but themselves.

"What a beautiful day!" she says, as she enters the room: "bright, but not too warm. Ah, Colonel Mordaunt, who was it promised to take us all over to picnic at Warsley Castle on the first opportunity?"

"One who is quite ready to redeem his promise, madam," replies the Colonel gallantly, "if his commander-in-chief will give him leave. But I am only under orders, you know—only under orders."

"Not very strict ones, I imagine. What do you say, Irene? Is this not just the day for Warsley? And Mary and I must leave you at the beginning of the week."

"Oh! do let us go, Irene," interposes her cousin.

"It will be awful fun," says Oliver Ralston. "Just what we were wishing for; is it not, Miss Cavendish?"

Irene thinks of Myra in a moment: it is on the tip of her tongue to remonstrate, and say she cannot go to-day of all days in the week, but she glances at her husband, and the expression of his face makes her hesitate.

"Philip, what would you wish me to do?" she says, timidly.

"I want you to please yourself, my dear; but I see no reason why you should not go. The weather is beautiful, the distance nothing—a matter of fourteen miles; just a pleasant drive. And I am sure it will do you good, besides giving pleasure to our guests. If you ask my opinion, I say, let's go."

"That's right, uncle," shouts Oliver; "she can have nothing to say after that. Now, Irene" (for it had been settled between these young people that, considering the equality of their ages, they should address each other by their Christian names), "let's make an inroad on the larder (what a blessing it is old Quekett's not here to prevent us!), pack up the hamper, order round the carriage, put on our hats, and the thing is done."

"Shall we be long away?" demands Irene, anxiously, of her husband.

He observes her indifference to the proposed plan, guesses its cause and frowns.

"That depends entirely on our own will. But if our friends" (with a slight stress on the word) "enjoy themselves at the Castle, I see no reason why we should not remain as long as it gives them pleasure."

"Dear Irene, pray don't go against your inclination," urges Mrs. Cavendish. Colonel Mordaunt answers for her—with a laugh.

"Don't indulge her, Mrs. Cavendish. She is only lazy. She will enjoy herself as much as any of us when she is once there. Come, my darling, see after the commissariat department at once, and I will order the carriage. The sooner we start the better. Oliver, will you ride, or take the box seat?" And so it is all settled, without further intervention on her part.

She goes upstairs to prepare for the expedition, feeling very undecided and rather miserable. After all, does not her duty lie more towards the fulfilment of her husband's wishes than an en-

