

**So Quick,
So Easy,
To make good tea when**

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GWYN.

CHAPTER I

It was sunset. The golden west
flushed here and there with vivid crimson,
reddened the heaving bosom of the sea as it broke in tiny waves
upon the shores of one of the most
ruggedly picturesque parts of Cornwall.

Stern rocks faced the sea, though
above was a far stretch of pleasant
landscape, dotted over with small
estates. No other habitations were
visible, for the small hamlet which
gave the name to the place nestled
out of sight in a dip of the land near
the shore. From the heights a narrow
serpentine path led to the beach,
which at this particular moment was
deserted, save by two figures.

One—a young girl, wrapped in warm
furs—sat on a boulder, sketching,
with no little skill, this scene before
her; while a few feet off, a gentleman,
some two or three years her senior,
was leaning against the cliff, his
hands clasped behind his head, and
his lily-white face, that it allowed
only the lower portion of a very
handsome, manly face to be visible.

Silence reigned. The lady had petite,
fair, but rather thin features marked
with gravity, was evidently absorbed
in catching the brilliant effect before
her; while the eyes of her companion
were also riveted upon the sunset,
but rather as if formed a background
to his thoughts.

The sudden dip of the luminary
below the horizon seemed to rouse him.
He consulted his watch, then, as he
slipped it back, remarked:

"I say, Marian, that sunset is proving
a puzzler, eh? It takes a long time,
and if you are not quick the sun
will not wait."

"Which signifies," retorted the lady,
with a toss of her head, "that you feel
disposed to follow the example of the sun?"

"Not at all. He moves in a groove,
while I need no Joshua to bid me
stand still, further than my pretty
cousin's desire."

"After such compliments," laughed
Marian Rylands, glancing over her
shoulder, by no means displeased, "I'll
be compassionate. I think, too, I have
caught the effect. Before the colors
fade, Rowland, give me your opinion."

Approaching, Rowland Gower
contemplated the sketch attentively.

His position brought his head so
close to hers that the breeze blew
some tresses of her hair against his
cheek. As he quietly put his hand
to remove them it touched his cousin's
shoulder.

"The contact sent a thrill through her
heart."

"Well, Rowley," she asked, after a
pause, "what do you think?"

"That you have excelled yourself,
Marian. The colors are true, clean
and vivid."

"But what?" she demanded, a little
pleased.

"It wants meaning. It is too subjective—a fault, with many of our
British painters," cried Marian.

"You are right, Rowley," cried Marian.
"I see it now. What shall I
put to give it life?"

"Either a sea-gull, flashing its white
wings over the hull of a wreck; or
here, on the shore, a shrimp gill, or
something of that kind, harmonizing
and picturesque."

"I prefer the figure," remarked the
artist, thoughtfully, as they both bent
over the sketch; but then I require
a model."

"You had better get one of the fish-
er's daughters to stand," laughed her
cousin, rising erect. Then, in a
sudden flash, his cheek flushed, and he
stepped back.

Marian had also raised her eyes,
but she uttered a cry of delight.

"See—the very thing!" she exclaimed.
"How kind of fate!"

Unnoticed by them during the sketch
discussion, a girl in the costume of a
fisher's daughter had approached the
sea's margin, and stood looking at
her hand shading her eyes, the
waves breaking at her feet.

"It is Gwyn Rebna," proceeded
Marian Rylands. "Oh! if I could only
take her thus, before she moves!"

An expression of vexation swept over
the young man's countenance.

He made a movement forward, as
if inclined to check the artist, but
he resumed his former bearing as Gwyn
dropping her hand, moved away along
the shore.

"How tiresome," cried Marian, petu-
lantly. "Do run after her, Rowland.
Let her know what I want. Tell her
to stand there until I've sketched her
in."

"Thanks, coz; but perhaps Gwyn
might object to stand as a model for
even your pencil."

"Object!" and Marian raised her
brows. "Why on earth should she? Rather
might she consider it an honor to be
thought worthy to be sketched?"

"It would honor any picture to have
so pretty a girl in it," responded Row-
land, rather tartly.

Again Marian's brows rose; then,
with a contemptuous laugh she re-
marked:

"Oh! I beg pardon, I am sure. I did
not know I was talking to a champion
of Miss Gwyn Rebna. Pray, do you
wear her colors? Brown sea-
weed, knotted with blue serge. Ha,
ha, ha!"

Her cousin's color rose, his coun-
tenance darkened, but he evidently
controlled his anger, either from policy
or shame, at noticing such a trifle.

"As to 'champion,' I think you would
find half a score in the hamlet yonder.
But you are aware, Marian, I am a
Radical, and think that the humblest
should be treated with equal cour-
tesy as the highest. If, instead of
Gwyn Rebna, Lady Jane Henshaw
had stood there, you would never
have dreamed of sending her such a
message."

"In my opinion, Gwyn Rebna and
Lady Jane are two different persons,"
said Marian, gathering together her
brushes.

"Also in mine," responded Rowland,
dryly, with a strange, quizzical glance.
"Come, Marian, hand me your sketch-
book. That is right. Now take my
arm—the path is steep."

Marian complied, and they pro-
ceeded up the path together.

Before they quitted the shore, how-
ever, the young man cast another
glance after the slim, youthful figure,
so full of natural grace, that with a
step firm, elastic, and easy, was dis-
appearing in the distance.

Though Rowland Gower made one or
two attempts to maintain a conversa-
tion, he failed, and an unusual silence
reigned between the cousins on their
way to Steinwood.

Reaching the top of the cliffs, they
turned into a now leafless lane. Just
then the sun disappeared; heavy
dark clouds swept over it, and gray,
winter gloom rapidly settled on the
land.

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furs—sat on a boulder, sketching,
with no little skill, this scene before
her; while a few feet off, a gentleman,
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"There will be a storm tonight," re-
marked Rowland Gower. "The rack
seems disposed to let it all its own
way, and the wind is rising."

"A storm!" shivered Marian, tech-
nically. "For pity sake, Rowland, don't
make a screech-owl! The evening is suf-
ficiently depressing already."

Before her surprised cousin could
make any comment a merry laugh
broke the stillness. The sound of per-
sons advancing followed, and a few
seconds after a lady and gentleman
of about the cousins' age came in
sight.

"Here they are, Jack! Here are the
truant!" I told you we should find
them in this direction," ejaculated the
lady, a pretty, vivacious blonde, with
a charmingly imperious mouth and
dancing eyes.

"Of course, you're always correct,
Snow; that's why I always follow in
your wake," responded the gentleman,
pulling his mustache, while his eyes
glanced at Marian.

The smile she gave him evidently
filled him with ecstatic delight. He
reddened, and ranged up by her side.
"I am sure we ought to be flattered
by being missed, Capt. Darnley," she
remarked. "Also, we should give you
thanks for finding us; as for Row-
land and I, we were getting weary with
each other's society. I have tired him
out with my sketching."

"If, next time, Miss Rylands will
permit me to be her cavalier," mur-
mured the young officer, in a tone
meant only for her ear, "she shall
have no cause to complain of my
growing weary."

"Thanks," laughed Marian, with a
gaiety that was forced. "I will put you
to test, Capt. Darnley, tomorrow,
if you like. Now, might I ask your
arm? I turned my ankle in the cliff
path."

The officer eagerly extended it, and
his heart beat wildly at the girl's
touch. Meanwhile, Lil Darnley had
taken possession of Rowland Gower,
and she, being already engaged, found
herself able to laugh and chatter with
out constraint, though she was the
only one of the quartet who did.

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prohibition who would sanction such a
course being taken. And why not?
Because they felt that upon an abstract
question a much larger vote would be
polled than upon any practical measure
for the purpose of giving effect to pro-
hibition that could be devised by the
administration.

**WANTS THE GOVERNMENT DE-
FEATED.**

What the honorable gentleman is an-
noyed at, and why he expresses himself
so strongly against the administration,
is that he hoped the government would
perish in consequence of this proposed
prohibitory legislation. The honorable
gentleman says that vote of ought to act
upon the simple vote of a majority.

Whether the vote was 10 or 10,000, he
holds that it is equally binding upon
the administration, and the honorable
gentleman presses that, not because he
is disposed to adopt that view himself,
not because he favors that, not because
that is so—and he has not said that—

Hon. Mr. Prowse—You ought to be
consistent and obey the mandate of the
people.

Hon. Mr. Mills—The honorable gen-
tleman says we ought to obey the popu-
lar mandate. Is the honorable gen-
tleman prepared to obey the popular man-
date? Is he prepared to say "If my
friends come into power, unless they
carry that mandate into effect I will
not support them?" That mandate is
binding upon those who may succeed
as well as upon us. If it is a popular
mandate that we should obey, it is a
mandate that our successors should
obey as well. Is he prepared to say: "If my
friends come into power tomorrow or
next day unless they give effect to that
popular mandate I will not give them
my support?"

Hon. Mr. Prowse—I did not promise
it.

Hon. Mr. Scott—It is not a question
of promise. If the government are
bound to obey a simple majority of
those who record their votes, whether
that majority be a large or a small per-
centage of the entire vote of the popu-
lation of this country, the honorable
gentleman and his friends would be as
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