

out that a headache is not the most terrible calamity. But you understand that if you do not choose to come with me, you must stay at home. I will not have you going about by yourself, or with any chance friends—it is not respectable.

Elly shrugged her shoulders, but resigned herself with wonderful good grace. Mrs. Gilmour prepared herself for her expedition: she put on a black silk gown, a plain bonnet, a black cloak. I cannot exactly tell you what change came over her. It was not the lady of the Tuileries the day before; it was not the woman in the red dressing-gown. It was a respectable, quiet personage enough, who went off primly with her prayer-book in her hand, and who desired Clementine on no account to let anybody in until her return.

'Miss Elizabeth is so little to be trusted,' so she explained quite unnecessarily to the maid, 'that I cannot allow her to receive visits when I am from home.'

And Clementine, who was a stiff, ill-humored woman, pinched her lips and said, 'Bien, madame.'

And so when Elizabeth's best chance for happiness came to the door, Clementine closed it again with great alacrity, and shut out the good fortune, and sent it away. I am sure that if Dampier had come in that day and seen Elly once more, he could not have helped speaking to her and making her and making himself happy in so doing. I am sure that Elly, with all her vanities and faults, would have made him a good wife, and brightened his dismal old house; but I am not sure that happiness is the best portion after all, and that there is not something better to be found in life than mere worldly prosperity.

Dampier walked away, almost relieved, and yet disappointed too. 'Well, they will be back in town in ten days,' he thought, 'and we will see then. But why the deuce did the girl tell me three o'clock, and then not be at home to see me?' And as ill-luck would have it, at this moment, up came Mrs. Gilmour. 'I have just been to see you, to say good-bye,' said Dampier.—'I was very sorry to miss you and your daughter.'

'I have been attending a meeting at the house of my friend the Pasteur Tournour,' said Mrs. Gilmour; 'but Elizabeth was at home—would not she see you?' She blushed up very red as she spoke, and so did John Dampier; her face glowed with shame and with vexation.

'No; she would not see me,' cried he.—'Good by, Mrs. Gilmour.'

'Good by,' she said, and looked up with her black eyes; but he was staring vacantly beyond her, busy with his own reflections, and then she felt it was good-by for ever.

He turned down a wide street, and she crossed mechanically and came along the other side of the road, as I have said; past the stall of the old apple-woman; advancing demurely, turning in under the archway of the house.

She had no time for remorse. 'He does not care for me,' was all she could think; 'he scorns me—he has behaved as no gentleman would behave.' (Poor John!—in justice to him I must say that this was quite an assumption on her part.) And at the same time John Dampier, at the other end of the street, was walking away in a huff, and saying to himself that 'Elly is a little heartless flirt; she cares for no one but herself. I will have no more to do with her. Lætitia would not have served me so.'

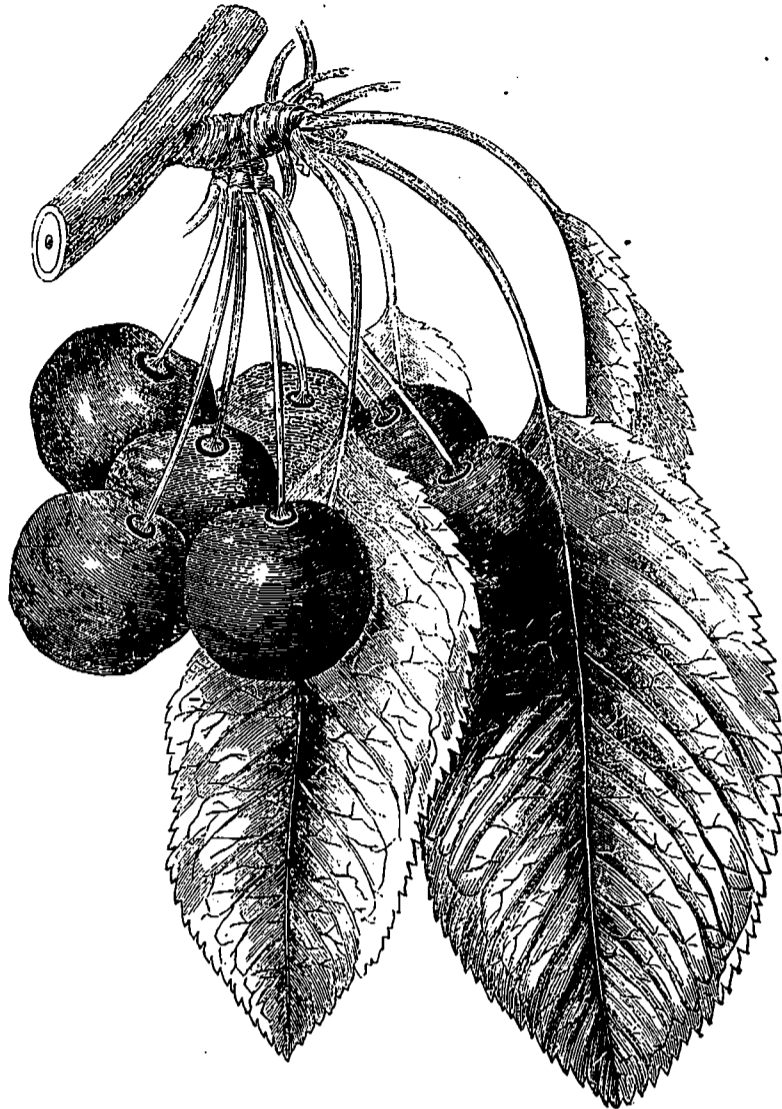
Elly met her mother at the door. 'Mamma, how could you be so horrid and disagreeable? why did you tell Clementine to let no one in?' She shook back her curly locks and stamped her little foot, as she spoke, in her childish anger.

'You should not give people appointments when I am out of the way,' said Mrs. Gilmour, primly. 'Why did you not come with me? Dear M. Tournour's exposition was quite beautiful.'

'I hate Monsieur Tournour!' cried Elizabeth; 'and I should not do such things if you were kind, mamma, and liked me to amuse myself and to be happy; but you sit there, prim and frowning, and thinking everything wrong that is harmless; and you spoil all my pleasure; and it is a shame—and a shame—and you will make me hate you too;' and she ran into her own room, banged the door, and locked it.

I suppose it was by way of compensation to Elly that Mrs. Gilmour sat down and wrote a little note, asking Monsieur de Vaux to tea that evening to meet M. le Pasteur Tournour and his son.

Elizabeth sat sulking in her room all the afternoon, the door shut; the hum of a busy city came in at her open window; then the



BLACK TATRARIA, PRIZE CHERRIES.

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glass panes blazed with light, and she remembered how the windows of the Tuileries had shone at that time the day before, and she thought how kind and how handsome Dampier looked, as he came walking along, and how he was worth ten Messieurs de Vaux and twenty foolish boys like Anthony Tournour. The dusky shadows came creeping round the room, dimming a pretty picture.

It was a commonplace little 'tableau de genre' enough—that of a girl sitting at a window, with clasped hands, dreaming dreams more or less silly, with the light falling on her hair, and on the folds of her dress, and on the blazing petals of the flowers on the balcony outside, and then overhead a quivering green summer sky. But it is a little picture that nature is never tired of reproducing; and, besides nature, every year, in the Royal Academy, I see half-a-dozen such representations.

In a quiet, unconscious sort of way, Elly made up her mind, this summer afternoon—made up her mind, knowing not that perhaps it was too late, that the future she was accepting, half-glad, half-reluctant, was, maybe, already hers no more; to take or to leave. Only a little stream, apparently easy to cross, lay, as yet, between her and the figure she seemed to see advancing towards her. She did not know that every day this little stream would widen and widen, until in time it would be a great ocean lying between them. Ah! take care, my poor Elizabeth, that you don't tumble into the waters, and go sinking down, down, down, while the waves close over your curly yellow locks.

'Will you come to dinner, mademoiselle?' said Clementine, rapping at the door with the finger of fate which had shut out Sir John Dampier only a few hours ago.

'Go away!' cries Elizabeth.

'Elizabeth! dinner is ready,' says the mother, from outside, with unusual gentleness.

'I don't want any dinner,' says Elly; and then feels very sorry and very hungry the minute she has spoken. The door was locked, but she had forgotten the window, and Mrs. Gilmour, in a minute, came along the balcony, with her silk dress rustling against the iron bars.

'You silly girl! come and eat,' said the mother, still strangely kind and forbearing. 'The Vicomte de Vaux is coming to tea,

and Monsieur Tournour and Anthony; you must come and have your dinner, and then let Clementine dress you; you will catch cold if you sit here any longer;' and she took the girl's hand gently and led her away.

For the first time in her life, Elizabeth almost felt as if she really loved her mother; and, touched by her kindness, and with a sudden impulse, and melting and blushing, and all ashamed of herself, she said, almost before she knew what she had spoken, 'Mamma, I am very silly, and I've behaved very badly, but I did so want to see him again.'

Mrs. Gilmour just dropped the girl's hand. 'Nonsense, Elizabeth; your head is full of silly school-girl notions. I wish I had had you brought up at home instead of at Miss Straightboard's.'

'I wish you had, mamma,' said Elly, speaking coldly and quietly; 'Lætitia and I were both very miserable there.' And then she sat down at the round table to break bread with her mother, hurt, wounded, and angry. Her face looked hard and stern, like Mrs. Gilmour's; her bread choked her; she drank a glass of water, and it tasted bitter, somehow. Was Caroline more happy? Did she eat with better appetite? She ate more, she looked much better than usual, she talked a good deal. Clementine was secretly thinking what a good-for-nothing, ill-tempered girl mademoiselle was; what a good woman, what a good mother was madame. Clementine revenged some of madame's wrongs upon Elizabeth by pulling her hair after dinner, as she was plaiting and pinning it up. Elly lost her temper, and violently pushed Clementine away, and gave her warning to leave.

Clementine, furious, and knowing that some of the company had already arrived rushed into the drawing-room with her wrongs. 'Mademoiselle m'a pousse, madame; mademoiselle m'a dit des injures; mademoiselle m'a congediee.' But in the middle of her harangue, the door flew open, and Elizabeth, looking like an empress bright cheeks flushed, eyes sparkling, hair crisply curling, and all dressed in shining pink silk, stood before them.

I don't think they had ever seen anybody like her before, those two M. M. Tournours, who had just arrived; they both rose, a little man and a tall one, father and son; and besides these gentleman, there was an old lady in a poke bonnet sitting there too,

who opened her shrewd eyes and held out her hand. Clementine was crushed, eclipsed, forgotten. Elizabeth advanced, tall slim, stately, with widespread petticoats; but she began to blush very much when she saw Miss Dampier. For a few minutes there was a little confusion of greeting, and voices and chairs moved about, and then—

'I came to say good-by to you,' said the old lady, 'in case we should not meet again. I am going to Scotland in a month or two—perhaps I may be gone by the time you get back to town.'

'Oh, no, no! I hope not,' said Elizabeth. She was very much excited, the tears almost came into her eyes.

'We shall most likely follow you in a week or ten days,' said Mrs. Gilmour, with a sort of laugh, 'there is no necessity for any sentimental leave-taking.'

'Does that woman mean what she says,' thought the old lady, looking at her; and then turning to Elizabeth again, she continued: 'There is no knowing what may happen to any one of us, my dear. There is no harm in saying good-by, is there?—Have you any message for Lætitia or Catherine?'

'Give Lætitia my very best love,' said Elly, grateful for the old lady's kindness; 'and—and I was very, very sorry that I could not see sir John when he came to-day so good-naturedly.'

'He must come and see you in London,' said Miss Dampier, very kindly still. (She was thinking, 'She does care for him, poor child.')

'Oh, yes! in London,' repeated Mrs. Gilmour; so that Elly looked quite pleased, and Miss Dampier again said to herself, 'She is decidedly not coming to London. What can she mean? Can there be anything with that Frenchman, De Vaux? Impossible? And then she got up, and said aloud, 'Well, good-by. I have all my gowns to pack up, and my knitting, Elly. Write to me, child sometimes!'

'Oh, yes, yes!' cried Elizabeth, flinging her arms round the old lady's neck, and kissing her and whispering, 'Good-by, dear, dear Miss Dampier.'

At the door of the apartment, Clementine was waiting, hoping for a possible five-franc piece. 'Bon soir, madame,' said she.

'Oh, indeed,' said Miss Dampier, staring at her and she passed out with a sort of sniff, and then she walked home quietly through the dark back streets, only, as she went along, she said to herself every now and then, she hardly knew why, 'Poor Elly, poor child!'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NOTES ON CHERRIES.

The botanical name of the cherry tree is *Cerasus*. The numerous varieties known in gardens, of which the Horticultural Society of England published a catalogue of two hundred and nineteen, some years ago, are derived from two species, the *Cerasus Avium*, and *Cerasus Vulgaris*, or common cherry.

Independently of their value as an article of luxury, and as yielding by distillation such liqueurs as Maraschino, (so called because the Dalmatian Maraschi cherry is employed in its manufacture,) and Kirschenwasser cherries contribute essentially to the support of the poorer classes in some countries, not only in puddings and tarts but as a principal ingredient in a kind of soup, and as a dried provision for winter. Their timber, speaking of the smaller trees in Europe, is valuable in common cabinet-work. But the timber of the cherry trees found in the forests of the Western half of Upper Canada is of such grand dimensions as to have a value beyond most other kinds of furniture woods, black walnut only excepted. In the summer of 1863, squared logs of cherry tree measuring 20, 25, and up to 34 inches on the side, were brought to Burlington Bay on Lake Ontario, rafted at Hamilton with other woods and floated to Quebec, and thence shipped for England.

The varieties of the cherry are multiplied by budding or grafting; the former is performed upon the common wild cherry, the stones of which are collected by the nurserymen for that purpose. The varieties are so many that it is only the professional fruit grower or botanist that can solve the intricacies of their kinds. The Black Tartarian, the Bigarreau, the Eltons, and Black Eagle are English varieties of noted quality. For puddings there is the Kentish; for preserving in brandy the Morello; for drying the Belle de choisy, the Flemish and Kentish. There are also the Black Heart, and Downton.

At the exhibition of the Toronto Fruit