## THE HEARTHSTONE.

## ENGAGED MR. HOLLY. TO

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

When I first started in life, it was as salesmat In the very small establishment of Mr. Brusle, stationer. It was not a very remunerative situation, but old Mr. Brusle was a kind old man, Mrs. Brusle a nice, talkative old haly, and Dolly Brusle often come into the store on busy days and stood behind the counter beside me; days and stood behind the counter beside me; and just for this reason I would not have taken double wages with Mr. Throgmorton, the only other stationer of the town—not that he offered them, truth compels me to add. Deer little bolly! she had brown eyes and a

dimple in her chin, and she song like a prima donna. She had had lessons from a Gorman Franken and an Italian Signor; and the old man quite forget Throgmorton and his glit gin-

man quite forgot Throgmorton and his gift cin-gerbread window when he sat with his hand-kerchief over his head of an evening : a listen-ed to her songs. The plano was old and tink-ling, but none of us ever thought of that. It was sing this and sing that, and "let us have that over again," until the clock struck eleven sometimos; then I was obliged to go. Old Mr. Brusle and my father had been friends, and I was not a clerk only, but a privileged friend as-well, and all the excuse I needed for coming every night was given in the words, "I wan to hear the singing." Well, any one might have wanted to hear it, for that matter--not meroly a boy who was in love. Things went on in this way for three years, when, one afternoon, old Mr. Brusle, shutting

when, one afternoon, old Mr, Brusle, shutting the drawer of his desk with a hang, said : " It's no use, Tom, I may as well give in. Throgmorton has beaten me. I'm not making a cont, and I shall break up husiness. The old woman and I can manage on what we have, with only one child, and I can rest and stop fidgeting. I suppose Dolly can teach a little, too. There's no other teacher in Hamilton, now that Fraulein Hulse has gone back to Ger-many, and she can have some finery in that way. But the old show is a mockery, and i've

way. But the old shop is a mockery, and live known it a good while," So that was the end of that Areadian time. The stock and fixtures were sold out. Throg-morton bought the stock, and the shop was altered into a parlor; and I wrote to my uncle in New York, who had promised to take me-into ids business if I wished it, and he tele-graphed, "Come next week." And then one

graphed, "Come next week." And then one day I asked bolly to walk down into the mea-dows and see if the blackborries were ripe. We took two little baskets, and the herries were hanging plump and large and purple-black; but before we picked one, I drew her to a quict place under a great maple and put my arm about her waist, and said:

"bolly, you know just hou said: "bolly, you know just how I feel to you, dou't you? You know I love you." She nestled up to me a little closer, and J took both her tiny, plump brown hands in mine

mine

"Will you wait for me a little while, Dolly ?" said. "Will you think that I am doing my " Will you wait for me a little while, Dolly ?" I said. " Will you think that I am doing my best all the time to bring the day nearer when I can ask your father to give you to me?" She said nothing for a while, and in the pause I heard a bird sing a whole song through. Then, sweeter than any birds' song, came her

voice :

volce: "Yos, Tom. Pill wait." And then we pletted the blacksorries, and wenthence again through the meanlows. "We'll not speak of it yet, Tom," said bolly. "At home I mean; they think me such a chick wet. I don't want to hear the shorry has

I don't want to break the charm. ln yet.

time they'll guess that I'm a woman; and they like you, Tom." The evening passed swiftly. I arose to go.. " God bloss you!" said the old mum. ' The old lady kissed me. I pressed my lips to holy's forchend. In that moment of parting the old folks thought it only matural. And then I was forchead. In that moment of parting the old folks thought it only natural. And then I was gone—down the little street with its semi-de-tached cottages, out into the country road. My trunk had been at the station for hours. I heard the which of the train at hear the station for hours. the whistle of the train ; I saw the red gare of the iron monster's eye; I heard the snort and the tramp. He was ready for me, and the city and its whirl awaited me. For a while I was bewildered in the city, then

very bisy, then flushed with the prospect of being rapidly advanced, and of being able to ask Dolly to be my wife sconer than I expected. ask roug to be my who sconer than respected. I wrote her joyous letters. She wrote pleasant ones back to me. We did not make them open love-letters, but both understood the love at the bottom of them. And so the months glided by. For six I had no holiday. Them agridg-ingly given week was given me, and I hurried down to Hamilton. I visited my old friends, and had a glorings time. Botty was loveller down to Hamilton. I visited my old friends, and had a glorious time. Doly was lovelier than ever. She waiked over to the depot with me when I left, leaning on my arm. The train had not come in you—the one for New York; but the other had set down some passengers

our consent; and it's such a fine thing, that we can't refuse; so we've consoled. She'll feel homesick, no doubt, away from us; but we musto't think of that. I try not to;" and then the old hely put her kerchief to her eyes. "She told you to tell me #" i said. "Oh, yos," said the old hely. My heart was on hre, my blood was bolling; but I made no sign. " You tay in the cit all night don't you #" I

" You may in the city all night, don't you ?" I

iskivi. She said she would, and gave me the number

her all the happiness that the deserves," said I. The old hay heard no sarcasm in my volce. "I will, Tom," she said ; " and do come to se" us soon. We'll be lonely without bolly." So it was over ; and the thing that was most terrible to dream of had failen on me, and I lived. And bolly wrote no letter and made no sign. It was as though she were dead, and she was deait to me.

was dead to me.

" I'm sorry to say that I have come down to our consent; and it's such a fine thing, that wo bring bad news," said I. " Bad news !" said Mr. Burste. "1'm sorry

"Bad news !" said Mr. Bursle. "I'm sorry for that my boy. What is it ?" " It affacts you, sir," said I; "not me. Yes, Dolly, it is true; and ill as you have used me, my heart bleeds for you. I come only because worse would happen if I were silent, and I beg you to believe that I am actuated by no spirit of revenge. You may not credit me, but I wish that any other man had this to do. Mr. Holly is, and has been for two full years, a mar-ried man."

She said she wound, and government of her stopping place. After the shopping was over, I went home and took from mry trunk a little parcel of letters a lock of hair, a ribbon—Herven knows what trashy bits of love treasure—put them in a large business envelope, and walked over lo the old lady's boarding-house with them. "The old haly heard no sarcasm in my volce." The old haly heard no sarcasm in my volce. The old haly heard no sarcasm in my volce. After the shopping was over, I went home I turned my face away from bolly as I ut-tered these words, and dropped it upon tho hand that rested on the vine trellis. I expected to hear her seream, or to see her faint, but my news did not seem to produce as great an effect is a f expected. I looked up again ; alt eyes were a At !? said the old man. "Well ?" said the old hady. "Gio on, Tom," said Dolly.

" Well ?" said the old hely. "Goon, Tom," said Dolly. "His wife is a cousin of the lady my uncle married," said I. "If you don't believe me, I can offer proof of the fact. He is married." "Of course I know *had*," said Dolly. "His wife is quite a celebrated contraite," " Knew that he was a married man ?" said

who chanced to pick it up. A PRETTY PARLOR ORNAMENT.— An interesting ornament for the sitting room or parlor may be cas-fly obtained by growing one of the club moss tribe under a glass shade, such as are used to protect small vases and other articles, and of anysize that offers—also a china dish that is three or four inches doep, or a common flowor sood pan. If ill the latter with light soil, as regotable mold or sand, and get from a Unifersmate or four to the glass shade over it, pressing it down a little into the soil. The earth being kept molet, this moss will grow rapidly and will elimb ap and ill the inside of the glass. It re-quires to be kept in a window near the light, and son becomen a pleasling object from the dolicate toxture and form of its ramilica-tionse. Although the moss requires to

ioxture and form of its ramitica-tions. Although the moss requires to have a constantly moist atmosphere within the glass, yot it takes but little water, because the evapora-tion from the soil condenses in the inner surface of the glass shado, and descends in the form of water down it agam. The shade should never he taken off; when water is meeded. a small quantity may be poured between the outside of the shade and the wide of the pan-which will find its way under the edge of the glass in the earth which is inside.- Cor. Country Gentle-man.

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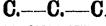
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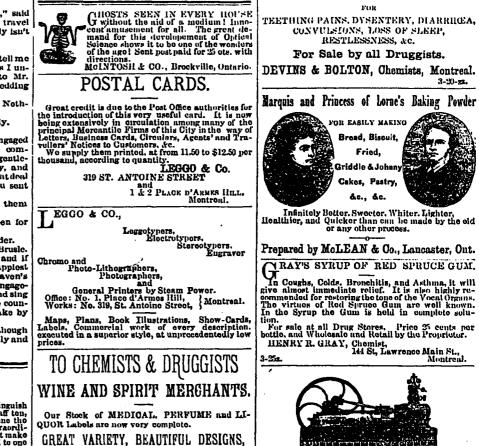
ON THE BEACH.

Of course I made no confidence, and I worked as hard us ever. The work of a wholesale woolen house does not sincken because a clerk I. "I don't understand you. What can this mean

And it's a great deal nicer for Dolly," "And it's a great deal nicer for Dolly," said Mrs. Brusle. "Mrs. Holly and she will travel together. But, Othear! porhaps Mrs. Holly isn't nice. Is that it ?" I start from one to the other.

"Mrs. Brusle," said I, " what did you tell me hen you came down to New York ? As I un-

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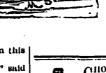




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from the city. One, a stout gentleman of thirty-five, having given his portmuntcau to a porter, advanced to boly. "How do you do, Miss Brusle?" said he.

She held out her hand shyly. "How do you do, Mr. Holly? Tom, this is Mr. Holly. Mr. Holly, Mr. Hearn." He bowed; so did I. Jut the fellow had

such an uir with him that I hated him. How did she know him? I had never seen him before.

"Who is he?" asked I, in a whisper, as the porter called Mr. Holiy back for directions. "He has something to do with the opera, I

think," said Dolly. Then came the shrick of the whistle at the depot. On thundered the cars. "All abourd for New York !" yelled a voice.

"Good-bye, Tom," said Dolly. "Good-bye!" said 1; but 1 stared at Mr. Holly.

You'll bo left, Tom," said Dolly. I hurried away. I found a seat. I thrust my head out of the window. Dolly was widking

away on Mr. Holly's arm, and his head was

very close to hers—very. I made a fool of myself next day. I wrote Dolly an indignant letter. She wrote me a spirited answer. I demanded an explanation as to how she came to know Holly, in the next: and before any answer came to this, old Mrs. Jirusle walked into our place with her shopping

bag in her hand, one morning. "I want you to take ms to some nice store, "Tom," she said, " if you can spare an heur or So. I'm going to buy a black slik for Dolly, and she told me to tell you all about it, as you seem

1 asked the permission necessary, and called a carriage. Once within it, the old lady be-

gan; "You see, Dolly will need to be dressed hand-bomely. She starts text month."

"Starts for where ?" said I. "All over, mostly," said the old hady. "It's all settled, you know, between her and Mr. Holly.'

"Solied !" cried I.

"Settled !" cried I. "Yes," said the old lady. "I know you'd be pleased with the good news. She was sliging to the choir, and he happened to go there to church, and he asked an introduction and got it, and mailer part wildow the same for the same and called next day. It's vory suddon, very; Dolly did not but she wouldn't engage herself to him without flush crimson.

Wollen house does not slacken because a clerk is crossed in love or jilled. Baies and boxes and bundles went out and came in all the same; and what did it matter if I looked pale and lost my appetite, so that I did my figuring and writing and all the rest of it correctly ? But one day, as I looked up from a box I had been marking, I saw a sight that made me slok with firse. Holly, and no one also, with his disk with rage. Holly, and no one else, with his light side whiskers and his glossy hut and marvel-ously square shoulders. He was talking to my uncle, and appeared to be on infimate torms with dresses." ing of the sort. ulm. I shoul still and stared at him. In a fe monuclits he saw me, and putting up his eye-glass, bowed. I made no bow in return. Then he

came across the room. "I don't think it's a mistake," said he. "I met you at the depot at Hamilton, with Miss Brusle."

I remember," I said. "Sha's very well, and in a little futter of course," said he. "I suppose you've had let-ters ?"

"Excuse me. I'm needed elsewhere," I said,

And dashed away. An hour after, my uncle coming across me, said :

"So you know Holly, Tom? He's not a bad fellow, though a bit of a puppy. He's made a good deal of money in the theatrical ine; man-ager and all that, you know. Married a sort of cousin of my wife's two years ago, so we're a little sociable."

" Is he a married man ?" I asked,

" Is he a married man r" 1 asken. "Oh, yes; why not ?" said my uncie. "Uncle Harold," said I, "you must lot me run up to Hamilton to-night. It's a life and death matter; I must go." "What is the matter, Tom ?" said my un-

cic.

cie. "I can't tell you," said I; "but I must go." "Then you must," said my uncle; "but if it wasn't you, you'd never come back. Don't be longer than you can help, as it is." If he had but known how long every moment accurate to me he watch have supred the years.

seemed to me, he might have spared the warn ing.

I travelled on the night train, and reached the dear little brown cotage when its windows were golden in the sunrise. The old lady was gotting breakfast. Dolly was milking the cow;

her father at work in the garden. It was a sweet picture, and I had come to turn its joy into sorrow ; but better that, than to let worse sorrow come. I can truly say that I, as much as

might be, forgot myself in that moment. "You Tom ?" cried Mrs. Brusic. "Why Tom !" cried the old lady ; "so you thought you'd see our girl off after all ? You know she

Dolly did not look at me, but I saw her face

derstood you, that Dolly was engaged to Holly, and that you were buying the wedding

"Gracious mo." cried the old lady. " Noth-

· Did you think that Tom ?" cried Dolly.

I asked her to explain. "Oh, dear me! Why, Tom, I have engaged to travel with him as one of a quartette company that he has just formed. A foreign gentle-man and our tenor at church, Mr. Motley, and Mrs. Holly and I; and I shall make a groutdeal of money, and-Oh, Tom, that's why you sent back my letters."

back my letters." I opened my arms, and Dolly ran into them without thinking of the old folks. "What a miserable wretch I have been for the last five wocks !" said I. And Dolly bigan to ery upon my shoulder. "You see how it is, sir," I said to Mr. Brusle. "You see how it is, sir," I said to Mr. Brusle. "I'm not rich, but I love Dolly dearly; and if she'll take me as I am, I shall be the happlest fellow under the sun. And for Heaven's sake, Dolly, den't mind breaking your engage-ment with that fellow. Stay at home, and sing to us. I don't wan't you running about the coun-try. no matter how much money you make by try, no matter how much money you make by

So the engagement was broken ; and though my uncle said it was most imprudent, Dolly and I were married that winter.

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