

She Comes.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH BY BARONESS SWIFT.

Verdant fields bloom fresh and sweet Where the waves of Tormes flow; For she comes with tripping feet, Culling flowers which round her grow. On the fertile meads around, And the forest's cool green gloom, Where her footsteps touch the ground, May each bud break forth in bloom! Lilies white and clove-pinks sweet Now in brightest colors glow: For she comes with tripping feet, Culling flowers which round her grow. Dewy pearls the rose-dawn Casts down from its portals' height, And upon the verdant lawn Crystal drops are gleaming bright, While the sun with fiery heat Like a ruby gem doth glow; For she comes with tripping feet, Culling flowers which round her grow.

[From Belgravia.]

LUCRETIA.

BY J. ARBUTHNOT WILSON.

(Concluded.)

But I soon got tired of this defensive attitude, and reflected that, if I must lie awake all night, I might as well have something to read. So I went over to the little book-case and took down the first book which came to hand. It bore on the outside the title: 'Œuvres de Victor Hugo: Tome Ier. Theatre.' 'This, at any rate, said I to myself, 'will be light and interesting.' I returned to my mattress, opened the volume, and began to read *Le Roi s'amuse*.

I had never before dipped into that terrible drama, and I devoured it with a horrid avidity. I read how Triboulet bribed the gipsy to murder the king; how the gipsy's sister-begued him into the hut; how the plot was matured; and how the sack containing the corpse was delivered over to Triboulet. It was an awful play to read on such a night and in such a place, with the wind howling round the corners and the snow gathering deeply upon the window-panes. I was in a considerable state of fright when I began it: I was in an agony of terror before I had got half-way through. Now and then I heard footsteps on the stairs; again I could distinguish two voices, one a woman's, whispering outside the door; a little later, the other door was very slightly opened and then pushed back again stealthily by a man's hand. Still, I read on. At last, just as I reached the point where Triboulet is about to throw the corpse into the river, my candle, a mere end, began to splutter in its socket, and after a few ineffectual flickers, suddenly went out, leaving me in the dark till morning.

I lay down once more, trembling, but wearied out. A few minutes later the voices came again. The further door was opened a second time, and I saw dimly a pair of eyes (not, I felt sure, Lucretia's) peering into the gloom, and reflecting the light from the snow at the window. A man's voice said huskily in an undertone, 'It's all right now; and then there was a silence. I knew they were coming to murder me. I clutched the poker firmly, stood on guard over the dollars, and waited the assault. The moments that intervened seemed like a lifetime.

A minute. Five minutes. A quarter of an hour. They are evidently trying to take me off my guard. Perhaps they saw the poker; in any case, they must have felt the bedstead against the door. That would show them that I expected them. I held my watch to my ear and counted the seconds, then the minutes, then the hours. When the candle went out it was three o'clock. I counted up till about half-past five.

After that I must have fallen asleep from very weariness. My head glided back on the reticule, and I dozed uneasily until morning. Every now and then I started in my sleep, but the murderers hung back. When I awoke it was eight o'clock, and the dollars were still safe under my head. I rose wearily, washed myself, and arranged the tumbled clothes in which I had slept, for my portmanteau had not yet arrived from the depot. Next, I put back the bed and mattress, and then I took the dollars and went down stairs to the bar, hardly knowing whether to laugh at my last night's terror or to congratulate myself on my lucky escape from a den of robbers. At the foot of the stairs, whom should I come across but Lucretia herself!

In a moment the doubt was gone. She was enchanting. Quite a different style of dress, but equally lovely and suitable. A long figured gown of some fine woollen material, giving very nearly the effect of a plain, neat print, and made quite simply to fit her perfect little figure. A plain linen collar, and a quiet silver brooch. Hair tied in a single broad knot above the head, instead of yesterday's chignon and cheese-plate. Altogether, a model winter morning costume for a cold climate. And as she advanced frankly, holding out her hand with a smile, I could have cut my own throat with a pocket-knife as a merited punishment for daring to distrust her. Such is human nature at the ripe age of twenty!

'We were so afraid you didn't sleep, Tom and I,' she said, with a little tone of anxiety;

'we saw a light in your room till so very late, and Tom opened the door a wee bit once or twice to see if you were sleeping; but he said you seemed to have pulled the mattress on the floor. I do hope you weren't ill.'

'What on earth could I answer? Dare I tell this angel how I had suspected her? Impossible! Well, I stammered out, coloring up to my eyes, 'I was rather over-tired, and couldn't get to rest, so I put the candle on a chair, took a book, and lay on the floor so as to have a light to read by. But I slept very well after the candle went out, thank you.'

'There were none but French books in the room, though,' she said quickly, 'perhaps you read French?'

'I read *Le Roi s'amuse*, or part of it,' said I. 'Oh, what a dreadful play to read on Christmas-Eve!' cried Lucretia, with a little deprecating gesture. 'But you must come and have your breakfast.'

I followed her into the dining-room, a pretty little bright-looking room behind the bar. Frightened as I was during the night, I could not fail to notice how tastefully the bedroom was furnished; but this *salle-a-manger* was far prettier. The paper, the carpet, the furniture, were all models of what cheap and simple cottage decorations ought to be. They evidently taught her what 'art at home' meant. The table was laid, and the white table-cloth with its bright silver and sprays of evergreen in the vase, looked delightfully appetising. I began to think I might manage a breakfast after all. 'How pretty all your things are!' I said to Lucretia.

'Do you think so?' she answered. 'I chose them, and I laid the table.'

I looked surprised, but in a moment more I was fairly overwhelmed when Lucretia left the room for a minute, and then returned carrying a tray covered with dishes. These she rapidly and dexterously placed upon the table, and then asked me to take my seat.

'But,' said I, hesitating, 'am I to understand . . . You don't mean to say . . . Are you . . . going . . . to . . . wait upon me?'

Lucretia's face was one smile of innocent amusement from her white little forehead to her chiseled little chin. 'Why, yes,' she answered, laughing, 'of course I am. I always wait upon our guests when I'm at home. And I cooked these salmon cutlets, which I'm sure you'll find nice if you only try them while they're hot.' With which recommendation she uncovered all the dishes, and displayed a breakfast that might have tempted St. Anthony. Not being St. Anthony, I can do Lucretia's breakfast the justice to say that I ate it with unfeigned heartiness.

So my princess was, after all, the domestic manager and assistant cook of a small country inn! Not a countess, not even a murderess (which is at least romantic), but only a prosaic housekeeper! Yet she was a princess for all that! Did she not read Victor Hugo, and play 'Lucretia Borgia,' and spread her own refinement over the village tavern? In no other country could you find such a strange mixture of culture and simplicity; but it was new, it was interesting, and it was piquant. Lucretia in her morning dress, officiously insisting upon offering me the buckwheat pancakes with her own white hands, was Lucretia still, and I fell deeper in love than ever.

After breakfast came a serious difficulty. I must go to the Pritchards, but before I went, I must pay. Yet, how was I to ask for my bill? I couldn't demand it of Lucretia. So I sat a while ruminating, and at last I said, 'I wonder how people do when they want to leave this house.'

'Why,' said Lucretia promptly, 'they order the sleigh.'

'Yes,' I answered, sheepishly, 'no doubt. But how do they manage about paying?'

Lucretia smiled. She was so absolutely transparent, and so accustomed to her simple way of doing business, that I suppose she did not comprehend my difficulty. 'They ask me, of course, and I tell them what they owe. You owe us half-a-dollar.'

Half-a-dollar—two shillings sterling—for a night of romance and terror, a bed and bedroom, a regal breakfast, and—Lucretia to wait upon one! It was too ridiculous! And these were the good, simple Canadian villagers whom I had suspected of wishing to rob and murder me! I never felt so ashamed of my own stupidity in the whole course of my life.

I must pay it somehow, I supposed, but I could not bear to hand over two shilling pieces into Lucretia's outstretched palm. It was deprecation, it was sheer sacrifice. But Lucretia took the half-dollar with the utmost calmness, and went out to order the sleigh.

I went to the rector's, after saying good-bye to Lucretia, with a clear determination that before I left Richmond she should have consented to become my wife. Of course there were social differences, but those would be forgotten in South Kensington, and nobody need ever know what Lucretia had been in Canada. Besides, she was fit to shine in the society of duchesses—a society into which I cannot honestly pretend that I habitually penetrate.

The rector and his wife gave me a hearty welcome, and I found Mrs. Pritchard a good motherly sort of body—just the right woman for helping on a romantic love-match. So, in the course of the morning, as we walked back from church, I managed to mention casually that a very nice young woman had come down in the train with me from Quebec.

'You don't mean Lucretia?' cried good Mrs. Pritchard.

'Lucretia,' I answered, in a cold sort of way, 'I think that was her name. In fact, I remember she told me so.'

'Oh yes, everybody calls her Lucretia—indeed, she's hardly got any other name. She's the dearest creature in the world, as simple as a child, yet the most engaging and kind-hearted girl you ever met. She was brought up by some nuns at Montreal, and being a very clever girl, with a great deal of taste, she was their favorite pupil, and has turned out a most cultivated person.'

'Does she paint?' I asked, thinking of the Beatrice.

'Oh, beautifully. Her ivory miniatures

always take prizes at the Toronto Exhibition. And she plays and sings charmingly.'

'Are they well off?'

'Very, for Canadians. Lucretia has money of her own, and they have a good farm besides the hotel.'

'She said she knew you very well,' I ventured to suggest.

'Oh yes; in fact, she's coming here this evening. We have an early dinner—you know our simple Canadian habits—and a few friends will drop in to high tea after evening service. She and Tom will be among them—you met Tom of course?'

'I had the pleasure of making Tom's acquaintance at one o'clock this morning,' I answered. 'But excuse my asking it, isn't it a little odd for you to mix with people in their position?'

The rector smiled and put in his word. 'This is a democratic country,' he said; 'a mere farmer community, after all. We have little society in Richmond, and are very glad to know such pleasant intelligent people as Tom and Lucretia.'

'But then, the *convenances*,' I urged, secretly desiring to have my position strengthened. 'When I got to the hotel last night, or rather this morning, there were a lot of rough-looking hulking fellows drinking whiskey and playing cards.'

'Ah, I dare say. Old Picard, and young Le Patourel from Melbourne, and the Post Office people, sitting over a quiet game of *carte* while they waited for the last train. The English mail was in last night. As for the whiskey, that's the custom of the country. We Canadians do nothing without whiskey. A single glass of Morton's proof does nobody any harm.'

And these were my robbers and gamblers? A party of peaceable farmers and sleepy Post officials, sitting up with a sober glass of toddy and beguiling the time with *carte* for love, in expectation of Her Majesty's mails. I shall never again go to bed with a poker by my side as long as I live.

About seven o'clock our friends came in. Lucretia was once more charming; this time in a long evening dress, a peach-colored silk with square cut bodice, and a little lace cap on her black hair. I dare say I saw almost the full extent of her wardrobe in those three changes; but the impression she produced upon me was still that of unbounded wealth. However, as she had money of her own, I no longer wondered at the richness of her toilette, and I reflected that a comfortable little settlement might help to outweigh any possible prejudice on my mother's part.

Lucretia was the soul of the evening. She talked, she flirted innocently with every man in the room (myself included), she played divinely and she sang that very song from 'Lucretia Borgia' in a rich contralto voice. As she rose at last from the piano, I could contain myself no longer. I must find some opportunity of proposing to her there and then. I edged my way to the little group where she was standing, flushed with the compliments of her song, talking to our hostess near the piano. As I approached from behind, I could hear that they were speaking about me, and I caught a few words distinctly. I paused to listen. It was very wrong, but twenty is an impulsive age.

'Oh, a very nice young man indeed,' Lucretia was saying; 'and we had a most enjoyable journey down. He talked so simply, and seemed such an innocent boy, so I took quite a fancy to him.' (My heart beat about two hundred pulsations to the minute.) 'Such a clever, intelligent talker too, full of wide English views and interests, so different from our narrow provincial Canadian lads.' (Oh, Lucretia, I feel sure of you now. Love at first sight on both sides, evidently!) 'And then he spoke to me so nicely about his mother. I was quite grieved to think he should be travelling alone on Christmas Eve, and so pleased when I heard he was to spend his Christmas with you, dear. I thought what I should have felt if—'

I listened with all my ears. What could Lucretia be going to say?

'If one of my own dear boys was grown up, and passing his Christmas alone in a strange land.'

I recoiled. The room swam before me. It was too awful. So all that Lucretia had ever felt was a mere motherly interest in me as a solitary English boy away from his domestic turkey on the twenty-fifth of December! Terrible, hideous, blighting fact! Lucretia was married!

The rector's refreshments in the adjoining dining-room only went to the length of sponge-cake and weak claret-cup. I managed to get away from the piano without fainting and swallowed about a quart of the intoxicating beverage by tumblerfuls. When I had recovered sufficiently from the shock to trust my tongue, I ventured back into the drawing-room. It struck me then that I had never yet heard Lucretia's surname. When she and her brother arrived in the early part of the evening, Mrs. Pritchard had simply introduced them to me by saying, 'I think you know Tom and Lucretia already.' Colonial manners are so unceremonious.

I joined the fatal group once more. 'Do you know,' I said, addressing Lucretia with a little tremor in my voice as I could easily manage, 'it's very curious but I never heard your surname yet.'

'Dear me,' cried Lucretia, 'I quite forgot. Our name is Arundel.'

'And which is Mr. Arundel?' I continued. 'I should like to make his acquaintance.'

'Why,' answered Lucretia with a puzzled expression of face, 'you've met him already. Here he is!' And she took a neighbouring young man in unimpeachable evening dress gently by the arm. He turned round. It required a moment's consideration to recognize in that tall and gentlemanly young fellow with the plain gold studs and turndown collar my rough acquaintance of last night, Tom himself!

I saw it in a flash. What a fool I had been! I might have known they were husband and wife. Nothing but a pure piece of infatuated preconception could ever have made me take them for brother and sister. But I had so fully determined in my own mind to win Lucretia for myself that the notion of any other fellow

having already secured the prize had never struck me.

It was all the fault of that incomprehensible Canadian society, with its foolish removal of the natural barriers between classes. My mother was quite right. I should henceforth be a high and dry conservative in all matters matrimonial, return home in the spring with heart completely healed, and after passing correctly through a London season, marry the daughter of a general or a Warwickshire squire, with the full consent of all the high contracting parties, at St. George's, Hanover Square. With this noble and moral resolution firmly planted in my bosom, I made my excuses to the rector and his good little wife, and left Richmond for ever the next morning, without ever seeing Lucretia once again.

But, somehow, I have never quite forgotten that journey from Quebec on Christmas Eve; and though I have passed through several London seasons since that date, and undergone increasingly active sieges from mamma and daughters, as my briefs on the Oxford Circuit grow more and more numerous, I still remain a bachelor, with solitary chambers in St. James's. I sometimes fancy it might have been otherwise if I could only once have met a second paragon exactly like Lucretia.

A July Wedding in New York.

An unusually pretty wedding took place in Grace Church a few evenings ago when Miss Lucy Korqual Lillienahl, only daughter of Mr. G. A. Lillienahl, of Jersey City, was married to Mr. George Percy Squier, of Buffalo, N. Y. The Rev. Dr. Huntington, rector of the church, officiated. The bridal party was quite a large one, the bride being attended by several of her young lady friends. Her costume was of rich white satin, with long square train, the front being draped in point lace and the veil being of the same lace. Handsome diamonds were worn. The bridesmaids, Miss Dart, Miss Leonie Ligon, Miss Maggie Curry, Miss Selma Lillienahl and Miss Laura Detwiler, wore dresses of satin and lace, carrying bouquets of roses. The Misses Nettie, Elizabeth and Edith Detwiler, Gertrude Rutherford and Ida Moquin acted as maids of honor, wearing cream-colored satin and lace and carried baskets of roses. The best man was Frederick C. Squier, and the ushers Merritt Smith, Jr., of Yonkers; A. W. Lansing, of Albany; Norton Quarr Abbey, the residence of Lady Cochrane, Lillienahl, the residence of Lady Cochrane, Lillienahl. The bridal procession as it passed up the broad aisle presented an attractive sight, for seldom is so large a one seen. The groom and his best man met the party at the chancel rail. After the ceremony a reception was held at the Westminster Hotel.—N. Y. Telegram.

The Royal Wedding.

The marriage service at the wedding of Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg, which takes place, as already announced, on Thursday, July 23, at Whippingham Church, in the Isle of Wight, will be read by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of Winchester, the Dean of Windsor, and Canon Prothero will probably assist at the ceremony. Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry after their marriage will stay for a time at Quarr Abbey, the residence of Lady Cochrane, Lillienahl. The wedding cake, made for the Princess by Messrs Buzard, of Oxford-street, to the order of ladies-of-Kent, at Osborne, on July 21.—The cake, a description of which has been given in *The Queen*, stands 6ft. high, and will be adorned with 500 sprays of flowers.

According to arrangements the Queen was to leave Windsor for the Isle of Wight on July 14. There are to be ten bridesmaids at the wedding, all nieces of the bride—the daughters of the Prince of Wales (three), of the Duke of Edinburgh (three), of Prince Christian (two), and of the Grand Duke of Hesse (two). The Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Germany will not come to England for the wedding, and decline to allow their younger daughters to act as bridesmaids.—*The Queen*.

—Mrs. Mattie A. Bridge, the eloquent lecturer, delivered the oration at Vancouver, Washington Territory, on the Fourth of July.

—Lord and Lady Tennyson are now at the Isle of Wight, where they will stay several months. Lady Tennyson has been in delicate health for a long time.

—Lord Randolph Churchill lives in great magnificence in his London home at Connaught Place. This quarter of London is called Tyburnia, for just here stood the famous Tyburn tree or gallows where Jack Sheppard ("with his six my dolly pals, fake away") was hung, as well as many other malefactors of a hundred years ago.

—Mrs. C. C. Hussey has brought back with her from Italy nine photographs of women who were professors in the Bologna University from the twelfth century onward. Women were professors of jurisprudence, philosophy, mathematics, and languages, in this venerable university. Mrs. Hussey has presented a duplicate set to Girton College.—*Woman's Journal*, Boston.

—The Saskatchewan Herald says:—"Mr. Rae and a body of ten police paid a domiciliary visit to Sweet Grass's reserve and brought in some silverware and other articles that were evidently the property of citizens. The tents on the reserve are carpeted and fixed up with a degree of elegance new to the occupants." Who says the Indians cannot be civilized?—*Regina Leader*.

—T. J. Richardson, Superintendent of Drawing in the public schools Philadelphia, certainly believes in the practicality of the bicycle. Over three years ago he disposed of his horse, and ever since has used constantly a Columbia bicycle. Summer and winter it has taken the place of a horse; and for over two years he has ridden his rounds, as a professional man, on a bicycle, averaging ten miles a day.

Before the Fall.—"Did you hear the Thursday-evening discourse, Miss Johnston?" "Yes, sir." "The theme—was it before or after the fall?" "Oh, it was before the fall, Professor, for I had not been to the rink at all then."

—Boston Transcript: There are 2,473 female surgeons in the United States. This is not inclusive of a score of women, more or less, who cut an acquaintance or two every day of their lives.

A Seaside Picture.

BY FRANCES L. MACE.

A broad, bright bay, whose tossing waves So sparkle in the sunlight's glare, They seem the stolen gems to wear Of all the nymphs in ocean's caves;

The foreground rich in woodland shore Of odorous cedar, moss-grown pine, With boughs of lighter green that twine And lower the velvet pathways o'er.

You ask upon what gallery's wall Is this midsummer radiance hung? Its name was never said nor sung: A cottage window frames it all!

A little Cote St. Antoine boy had a sore throat, and the doctor, after examining it, exclaimed, "It is well that you attended to this at once; else this child would have had a pretty tough throat."

"Why, doctor," replied a little seven-year-old sister, "that is just what we want him to have—a pretty tough throat: it is quite too tender now."

"Mamma," exclaimed a little Cote St. Antoine boy, the other day, "don't you think Robbie is real mean? He left my lacrosse out last night and it is quite spugged by the rain!"

"Well," replied five-year-old Robbie, in a served-you-right sort of voice, "that was cos you struck me in the face this morning with the sponge."

NEW HARDWARE STORE.

10 PHILLIPS SQUARE.

Late "Mrs. Hill's Library."

T. B. PACY has opened the above Store with a complete stock of Hardware to all its branches, Plated Ware, Cutlery, Trays, Bird Cages, Tools, Locks, Tinware, &c.

A great variety at low prices.

10 PHILLIPS SQUARE.

T. B. PACY.

JAMES M. AIRD,

PLAIN AND FANCY

BAKER & CONFECTIONER.

VIENNA BREAD AND BAKES A SPECIALTY.

Office and Sample Room:

1892 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

Bread Delivered Anywhere Inside City and Outlying Municipalities

SPRING MILLINERY.

E. IRWIN & CO.,

No. 1650 Notre Dame Street,

OPPOSITE ST. LAMBERT HILL.

Our large stock of Paris and London Hats and Bonnets has just been supplemented by an importation of New York and Boston fashions.

All the latest shapes and styles, with novelties in laces and evening flowers.

1885. SPRING OPENING. 1885.

MISS BYRNE

Has just received the Latest Importations in

Pattern Bonnets, Hats,

AND OTHER

PARISIENNE NOVELTIES.

Showrooms now open, and invite inspection.

662 & 664 DORCHESTER STREET.

CHAMARD'S LORNE HOUSE,

MURRAY BAY.

WM. CHAMARD & CO., Proprietors.

ARTISTS' MATERIALS,

Glass Panels, Crescents & Stars.

J. D. FARROW,

1822 Notre Dame Street.

KID BUTTONED BOOTS.

Our \$1.25 Kid Button Boots have a neat appearance and will wear well.

Our \$1.75 Kid Buttoned Boots have as much style as a high priced Boot.

Our \$2.25 Kid Buttoned Boots are warranted.

Our \$3.25 Kid Buttoned Boots are made of genuine Bassett Kid.

B. D. JOHNSON & SON'S,

1855 NOTRE DAME ST.,

NEAR MCGILL.

J. H. FULTON, M. D., C. M.,

HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Successfully treats all acute and chronic diseases. Special attention devoted to children.

RESIDENCE, 11 VICTORIA STREET.

At Home until 10 a. m. and from 1 to 3 and after 6 p. m.

ST. ANTOINE DRUG HALL,

87 & 89 ST. ANTOINE STREET, CORNER ST. MARCOURT STREET.

An elegant assortment of Perfumes, Drugs, Patent Medicines, Toilet Articles, Brushes, Combs, Soaps, &c.

Prescriptions Carefully Prepared.

Open Sundays: from 9 to 10 a. m. 1 1/2 to 3 and 6 to 7 1/2 p. m.

LIGGET & HAMILTON,

"How can you sell them so much cheaper than others?" This has been the enquiry from many ladies when buying our Parasols and Umbrellas during the last three weeks.

Our answer is that we have bought several very large lots from importers and agents who were determined to sell at almost any sacrifice, and we give our customers the full benefit.

We are not selling "under cost," or making any "sacrifice" whatever, but we are selling new goods of the best quality for less than the makers' price in London, to say nothing of duty, freight and other expenses of importation.

We invite inspection and comparison.

LIGGET & HAMILTON,

1883 & 1885 NOTRE DAME ST. WEST.

"GOSSIP"

Is published every week by HARRY ARMSTRONG

LIVINGSTON, at his Office, 287 St. James Street,

[Herald Building.]