THE WAY OUT.

By Maurice F. Egan.

[illegible]

[illegible] the world of life cast [illegible]
[illegible] walls that hide the light,
[illegible] our hopes of day are doomed
[illegible] an early night;
[illegible] and every gate
[illegible] to open to work out will—
[illegible] by the dread hand of Fate
[illegible] that pagans worship still).
Then shall we doubt?

[illegible] passes from before our sight,
[illegible] and dollars, even six;
[illegible] pomp holds our pass while,
[illegible] good angels swift alight,
[illegible] the walls that gaol us round,
[illegible] shadows for our hands
[illegible] anchorage of sound—
[illegible] no wheat upon our lands!
No way leads out!

[illegible] our lives wailed in,
[illegible] within in anguish day by day,
[illegible] the confusions of sin,
[illegible] that gleamed our way;
[illegible] despairing spirit says
[illegible] in the face of every man
[illegible] in relics of Christian rays,
A something of the Heathen Pan—
Of Fate, of doubt).

At Dorian blows shall we play,
And shut our lids and press the thorn,
[illegible] pained for a happier day,
[illegible] close to cure the mourn?
[illegible] show the stabs face,
[illegible] our hearts deep anguish know,
[illegible] for the doom of race
That cripples all our living so?
There's no way out!

Come, come! The pagan lives forever—
We walls do really close us quite;
[illegible] of joy be wholly shorn,
[illegible] without a cheering light.
Hope up, O Heart! The stars but seems;
The way looks dark as you look back;
But backward far, God's sunny beams
(Though there were chasms) it did not lack!
A way with doubt!

Oh, walls close in! I see no light—
There's no way out; no hope for me;
You marred my life with all my might,
And now I have no liberty."
A prayer brings hope; the cross of God,
The rent that tell of Mysteries,
Can bring to man above the sod
The joy that makes all doubting cease—
There's a way out!

No prayer is ever lost, and we
Are nearest dawn when stars are dim;
If bound, we have the liberty
God gives, of soaring close to Him:
A Mystery, with trusting heart,
Held by a captive in his walls;
O potent hands!—the thick stones part,
The dungeon portal outward falls—
There's no more doubt!

—Ave Maria.

THE Squire's Grand-daughters.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND.

CHAPTER XVII.—(CONTINUED.)

On reaching the house next day, however, he found Margaret had gone out riding with the Winthrops. Fifine was at home and received him.

'But how early you are this morning!' said the young lady. 'Margaret will be astonished when she hears you have been here.'

'I ought to have told her yesterday that I intended to come, but I could not get a word with her.'

Fifine had watched his face on the evening before, and to her own great amusement had discovered that he was jealous.

'How do you like Sir Harley Winthrop?' she asked maliciously, with a peculiar glance from under her half shut eyelids.

Lance paused before he answered, and it occurred to him that if any one had misled Marigold in this matter of the baronet's ignorance it was exceedingly likely to be the little *intriguante* before him.

'I think him too honest a man to be deceived,' he said bluntly, hitting out straight at a venture.

Fifine felt the blow, but only wondered how he had managed to find her out. Could he have the astonishing bad taste to ask questions of Sir Harley?

'He is a charming man,' she said, shrugging her shoulders, 'and Margaret enjoys his society. Who would be engaged—to have one's innocent little enjoyments grudged to one?'

Lance felt his face flush. Had he ever grudged his darling her enjoyments? Was he grudging them to her now? He knew that it was not true. The words of Fifine, like the stings of a gnat, were harmless. 'This girl is a true child of her grandfather,' thought Dangerfield, and Fifine's pretty face darkened under the disapproving glance, which was all the answer he made to her cruel insinuations. Fifine loved to be admired, and the consciousness that Lance saw through her little tricks, and would not be influenced by her charms and witcheries, hardened her small heart against him and his cause.

'If my cousin Margaret ever deceives any one I do not think it will be Sir Harley Winthrop,' she said, pretending to have misunderstood him. Then she smiled a reticent smile, which hinted a great deal; and Lance, though he utterly disbelieved in her, could not bear it. He took up his hat and said:

'I shall come again in an hour or two, when Margaret will probably be at home.'

'I don't think you need come again till to-morrow,' said Fifine, with ready untruth. 'Margaret is spending the day with the Winthrops.'

Lance went out of the house in no very happy frame of mind. It was the first time he had ever felt dissatisfied with Marigold. Not that he thought she had been recklessly flirting, or in the slightest degree untrue to him; but that he had believed her instinct so fine, her judgment so sound, as to have discovered long ago that the man was seriously in love with her, and ought, in fairness to himself, to be kept at a distance. The fact was that Lance could not bear the sight of what he had calmly acknowledged must be expected to exist; and this, with all his keen sense of justice, was making him a little unjust. Fifine's words, 'If Margaret ever deceives any one it will not be Sir Harley Winthrop,' annoyed him, though they carried no weight to his mind. As he walked through the streets, feeling more cut off from his love than he had ever felt while she remained at Amberwolds, he felt a wishing, with all the energy of his strong nature, that he could take her away at once to their home.

Their home? On what side did that home of theirs lie? It might come even now, if he could really have the heart to 'grudge her her innocent enjoyments,' and to remove her at once to such a dwelling as his purse might entitle him to possess. And then he thought of her beautiful home, her horses, her carriages, her servants, her fetes. No; he would not be selfish. She should enjoy them for another year at least. And by the end of that year? Oh, well, there would then be more gold in the purse; and he did not fear but that Providence would make up to her for the pleasures she must leave behind. Another, for years more—Lance had not a shadow of a doubt of his own ultimate advancement.

Fifine's impromptu falsehood as to Margaret's engagement to spend the entire day with the Winthrops was merely the small stab of revenge for his evident masculine disapproval of herself. Marigold returned before luncheon, resolved to be at home in the afternoon for no one but her lover, feeling sure that he would come some time to-day, since he had scarcely been suffered to speak to her yesterday. Fifine might possibly have relented and acknowledged that he had already been here, had not her own affairs, in the meantime, taken an unexpected turn, which put every other concern in the world out of her narrow little head.

While Marigold was taking off her habit her cousin flew into her room with a flutter like an angry sparrow.

'Ah!' she cried, in a half stifled voice, 'how dared you not tell me the truth? You who knew better than I could know?'

She struck Margaret a light blow on the shoulder, and looked as if she could pick out her eyes.

Margaret drew back a step or two and gazed at her in astonishment.

'He is not, he can never be milord of Kirkofield. And, oh, heaven! how I have wasted my time!'

'Oh!' said Margaret, relieved to find that her cousin was not mad.

'You must have known weeks ago that he was only a grandson, and the youngest of seven brothers. He has had the audacity to explain this to me himself.'

'Fifine!'

'And, after accepting him, I have had to refuse him! And I have been considering myself Lady Kirkofield for a month past!' cried Fifine bursting into angry tears.

'What a surprise he must have got!'

'He had no kind of right to be so astonished as he was.'

'I suppose he thought you loved him?'

'No one thinks it necessary to be in love with a lord, I suppose,' said Fifine, sullenly. 'As for that, René is pleasanter with all his absurdities! But to be a younger son of a younger son, and to look so little ashamed while he was telling me—'

'I dare say he is sufficiently ashamed of himself by this time,' said Margaret, blushing up to her hair at the thought of the scene that must have occurred. 'But take care you do not act like that again.'

'Trust me, I am not likely to be such a fool a second time. But you are the last who ought to presume to lecture me, seeing that you never exerted yourself to take an interest in my affairs. And I warn you I will no longer assist yours,' continued Fifine, wrathfully, remembering how she had told falsehoods more than once to improve Margaret's prospects in life.

'I would infinitely rather you did not,' returned Margaret, earnestly; 'our views are so entirely different.' And then Fifine, feeling snubbed as well as disappointed, resolved to take no further pains to save Margaret from the consequences of her own ridiculous romantic conduct. Neither would she set right any mistakes that might henceforth arise to impair the silly kind of happiness on which she had set her heart. Lance's visit, forgotten in the excitement of her passion, came back to her mind, and she revenged herself for the moment on Margaret by depriving her of the knowledge of it.

Margaret waited in all day expecting Lance, and was disappointed. In the evening she was obliged to keep an engagement, but before she went out she wrote to Lance.

'Do try and come to-morrow,' she said, 'I scarcely saw you on Thursday.'

The evening engagement was for a ball, to which M. Dunois accompanied his granddaughters. Fifine, after her storm of the morning, looked as self satisfied as ever, but her manner towards Margaret was sulky, and her grievance was only put out of sight for the moment, that she might not lose any good opportunity that should come in her way. Her milord of Kirkofield was not present, much to Margaret's relief, if not to hers. The ball was a brilliant one, and M. Dunois waited patiently till a late, or rather an early hour, as patiently as any anxious mother who has got the interest of her daughter at heart. But all things come to an end, and the Squire of Amberwolds looked pale and weary as he handed his children into the carriage in the morning light.

He had a communication to make to Margaret before he bade her 'good night.

'Are you ill—over tired—can I do anything for you?' she exclaimed anxiously, noticing the unusual paleness of his face.

'No, *ma fille* my dear child, I have only come to tell you that I have had news this evening which calls me immediately to Paris. We must start to-morrow evening.'

'We?' cried Margaret, dismayed.

'I intend to take you and Fifine with me. It will be a pleasant trip for you both, and we can return when my business is over. I hoped you would be pleased with the arrangement, Margaret.'

'I suppose I ought to be. Only it is so sudden. It breaks so many engagements and disappoints so many friends.'

'Business is more important than pleasure,' said M. Dunois, 'and we may be back, after all, in time to keep some of the engagements. It is not pleasant to me, either, to go off in such a hurry, but we cannot have everything as we like it. I thought I had better tell you at once, that you may give orders as to packing.'

Margaret felt uneasy and vexed. She had had no satisfactory interview with Lance since her coming to London; and now she was to be whirled away to Paris. If Lance could only take holiday and come with them; but a professional man is so tied to one place! Why could not this business have sprung up during the vacation time? How annoyed he would be to-day when he should hear what must be done!

Arriving in the afternoon, Lance found the trunks in the hall, and preparations for a journey in the air.

'Is it not hard?' said Marigold, almost tearfully, 'to be carried off like this just when our good time was about to begin?'

Dangerfield was more than surprised and disappointed. He fancied he saw in this movement a ruse to take Marigold again out of his reach.

'He might have been satisfied with the barrier already raised between us by the gaieties of the season,' he thought. And then he remembered that Sir Harley Winthrop could follow her to Paris if he pleased. He had no cases coming on in the courts to make a trip to Paris at present both silly and wrong.

'It is a blow, darling, I own; and I know whom I have to thank for it.'

'But he could not help a call of business, Lance. You never will do him justice.'

'I tell you he is trying to part us, Margaret. And now, my dearest, I want to say one word to you. Sir Harley Winthrop does not know of our engagement.'

'But Fifine told him.'

'I thought so.' A look came over Dangerfield's mouth and nostrils not complimentary to the second Miss Huntingtower. 'Marigold, be careful how you believe all your cousin tells you.'

'Lance, you are not jealous?'

'No, I think not; but I have been hurt and displeased. An honest gentleman like that ought not to be led into a mistake; and I think he has been led into one.'

'By me? asked Marigold, her eyes widening with something like horror.

'No, dearest, but by others. Margaret, I wish you were not so very compliant with your grandfather. If you displeased him a little, it would do him no harm. I shall soon be able to take you out of his reach.'

Margaret glanced at him with a pretty air of reflecting wilfulness.

'I think I owe him compliance since I accepted his good things,' she said, 'and besides, you know, I am bent upon making him your friend.'

'I know you have taken that gigantic speculation on your shoulders, but it will break with a crash,' said Lance, who felt doggedly sure that nothing would ever make the Squire of Amberwolds smile on him genuinely as a friend. And then, seeing a rueful look drop upon the corners of his darling's mouth, he gave up grumbling, and tried to make the most of the golden hour of her presence that had fallen to his share, the last they were to enjoy together for a week or so, at least.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE RUE SAINTE BARBARA.

Margaret Huntingtower was sitting alone in the lodgings in Paris which her grandfather had provided for her. The room was rather gloomy; the street a narrow and slightly dingy one. It was not far away from the pleasant thoroughfares, for three minutes' walk would bring you from the Rue Sainte Barbara to the Louvre; but it was not the sort of place to which the Squire of Amberwolds might have been expected to bring his grandaughters.

From the first moment of her arrival in Paris Margaret had felt that something was wrong. M. Dunois' friend, the general, had met them at the train, and escorted them to their lodge; and his manner then and since had seemed different from his bearing towards both herself and M. Dunois at Amberwolds. It was not that he had been less friendly, less full of compliment; but that he had been more familiar, more patronizing than she liked. Then it seemed it was he who had chosen these uncheerful lodgings for them; and appearances seemed to hint that they were to stay in them at his will. Margaret had not failed to note the look of dismay and remonstrance which her grandfather had turned on his friend when the latter introduced them to the apartment in which we find Marigold seated, looking like a flower that by some chance had got into a cave in which it never could have blown. Yet M. Dunois had yielded to the general's will, and here they had been living for nearly a week.

As Margaret sat alone she was thinking more deeply than she had ever been called upon to think in her life before. A problem had proposed itself to her since her arrival here, and she was vainly trying to solve it. What was the meaning of the sudden unpleasant change in their circumstances; of a certain distinct difference in her grandfather's looks and ways, including the laxity with which he, who had been until now so particular about society, permitted men, who were certainly not meet associates for herself and her cousin, to come freely into their presence, expecting to be treated on an equality with them? The week that was to see the accomplishment of M. Dunois business was now past, and as yet he had not hinted at any intention of going home. More than this, there was a noticeable air of permanence about all arrangements, which spoke plainly of an intention of staying much where he was.

On leaving London he had forbidden her to bring any servants except Victor and Fifine's French maid; and her own maid had been therefore left behind. With this arrangement she had been satisfied at the time, but as things at present stood, she felt the awkwardness of not having a personal attendant of her own. Fifine, who would not stay in the gloomy atmosphere of the lodgings, and insisted on amusing herself, went where she pleased in the mornings, taking Lisette with her; and Margaret was left alone. The places she could have wished to visit, such as picture galleries and churches, were not the places where Fifine cared to linger. Then Margaret's duties as secretary to her grandfather, of late relinquished in favor of amusement, had been resumed, and seemed much less pleasant performed in a small close apartment off the general salon here, than in the airy, luxurious study at home, under the green shadow or the elm-tree. All his English correspondence was written by her in the mornings; and M. Dunois, while he dictated to her, always seemed absent and depressed. As soon as his letters were dispatched, he went out and did not return home until late in the evening. The cousins had their meals from a restaurant, and were served by Victor, who, by his watchful and deferential care, evidently tried to make amends to his young mistresses for the neglect with which he saw them treated. On his return in the evening, M. Dunois was always accompanied by the general; and, later, other men dropped in, who smoked and talked. From the presence of the visitors Margaret would have retired, but Fifine liked the excitement of the company, and her cousin could not leave her alone among these men.

On the second evening Marigold made an attempt to withdraw herself.

'Fifine, I am going to bed. Come! Our grandfather is so full of business he has forgotten us. You and I can have nothing to do with the people who are round him now.'

But Fifine, who had put on a pretty frock and her most coquettish air, had no intention of withdrawing from the company. This sort of society was pleasantly exciting to her, reminding her of old Bohemian days when she deceived Madame Vilaine, and amused herself among René's companions.

'How stiff and conventional you are, Margaret. Why should not grandfather's old friends be good enough for us? Only the other day you scolded me for suggesting that the general was not everything that is great.'

'I do not like him now. I do not believe grandfather likes him. He is more trouble to him than a friend; and the others are odious.'

'The fact is you are what the English call a snob, my Margaret! So am I, when I like; but who in England knows what we are doing here? We seem to be going to have a dull time instead of a gay one, and may as well take advantage of any little liveliness that happens to come in our way.'

As Fifine was determined to stay with the company, and Margaret was too loyal not to remain by her side, the latter provided herself with some fancy-work, and sat at a small table by a lamp in the most distant corner of the room, while the French girl, on pretence of hovering about her grandfather, kept up a little running fire of conversation with the old gentleman's guests. That M. Dunois would fain have dismissed his children from the room Margaret knew both by instinct and observation, and why he did not seem free to do so was one of the questions that puzzled her.

During the last three or four evenings, the general had detached himself from the knot of men at the table in the end of the apartment looking into the front of the street, and had seated himself by the silent girl in white who sat working so industriously by the open window at the back of the salon. The expression of his eyes, the tone of his voice, the nearness of his person, had all grown detestable to Margaret.

As she sat to-day alone in the salon, having written M. Dunois' morning letters and seen him go out, she took up the embroidery, which had grown to be her refuge from much unpleasantness. She had read Lance's daily letter for the sixth time, and renewed her resolution not to grumble to him about her present uneasiness of mind. By doing so she could only increase her lover's dislike of her grandfather; and, after all, of what had she a right to complain? She might have been well aware beforehand that M. Dunois' friends in Paris were not likely to be desirable acquaintances for her.

Of her mistake, as to the quality of the General de Vedrasse, it pained her to think; and she hardly knew how to mention him in a letter without describing her fears as to the hold which he possessed upon M. Dunois. That the business which had brought them to Paris was connected with this doubtful friend, and that it was a very unpleasant business, she had no longer any scruple in assuring herself. But why annoy Lance about a matter which she could not explain? Surely they must soon return to England now, leaving the general and other offensive individuals behind them.

The weather was bright and exceedingly warm. A deep shadow lay on Margaret's side of the street, but, through an opening in the opposite houses, she could see a pleasant vista of sunshine and gilded spires. She wore a rose in her white dress, and there were roses here and there about the room. Only for these and the heat, and the sunshine on the distant spires, there was not much in the surroundings to remind one of summer.

Fifine, dressed for walking, came tripping in and interrupted Margaret's thought.

'I am going to see Madame Vilaine, and of course I am taking Lisette.'

'I did not know you cared so much for Madame Vilaine,' said Margaret, surprised.

'I hate her,' said Fifine, promptly. 'But I have nothing else to do, and it will be something to let her see me in this charming toilette. She will feel so ashamed of having ever abused me!'

'I wish you would not rush about with only Lisette.'

'And I cannot understand how you can stay in this dismal dungeon. It is bad enough to have to eat and sleep here, after one had confidently expected the Grand Hotel, at least, if not something more pretty and refined. To come to Paris, and be poked into a hole like this! People in a position like ours! To think of what anyone from England would say if they were to find us here! To know we are in Paris, and to be allowed to see nothing! To—to—'

Fifine's head began to spin around with a renewal of the passion of disgust and disappointment to which she had given full sway on the night of their arrival at their undistinguished abode.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

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