HE little village of Clifton, loved of artists and summer tourists, was as wildly beautiful and romantic a spot as you might find should you search the the district school-house.

Turnieg an angle in the road that skirted the base of the mountain, you came suddenly upon it-a long, low, one-story building, grey and moss-eaten, and worn with the storms of long for-

Behind it, steep and rugged rose the hillside, tangled over with trailing black berry vines, and dotted with stunted cedars; before it spread out a wide view and rendered still more striking by full of mountain and plain and quiet villages, with white church spires rising among the trees, and crooked brown roads pair of long dark eyes. winding up the slopes, and scarce a stone's throw from the door flowed the wide, lazy river, anchoring many a fleet of showy lilies, and tempting the little barefaot truant to forbidden sports along its shady margin.

When I first came to the place, I had been so struck with its picturesque beauty that I had made a sketch of the old school-house, with its wild surroundings, and its group of sunburned youngsters playing about the door.

As I worked away at it in the shadow of the arching elm, on the opposite side of the river, I fell to wondering what manner of person the teacher of this tality. primitive temple of learning might be.

She ought to be pretty, I decided, with a simple, rustic style of beauty, of grave and quiet goodness of character, and very, very prim and demure in all

It would be a good subject for a sketch -The Village School-Mistress-and, warm with the fancy, I commenced to transfer my ideal to canvas that very

A slim, pale maiden, I drew her, with dovelike grey eyes, and fair hair neatly quite a model of manly grace; and, withbraided away from a pure, grave, serene young face; her 'vain lendings' a gown of blue and white, that plainly fitted the delicate curves of her shape.

As I hung over my picture, day after day, with all an artist's fondness, I be gold. gan to feel a strange and almost eager interest in the unknown original who had inspired my pleasant task-to won- ate and enjoy nature's bounties. der if she were at all like what my fancy painted her, and to indulge a very masculine curiosity regarding her.

I carelessly asked her name of Mrs. Anderson, my landlady, and was told that it was Hope Dyer.

A pretty name! I said. Is the young lady pretty? Well, some folks think that she is good

looking, but, really, I can't say that I admirer her. She is too quiet and stand offish in her ways, For my part, I like a good, lively girl. Fair, or dark?

Oh, fair, very fair indeed. She has a beautiful clear skin. Tan and frickles never come near her, no more than to a white rose.

So it seemed I was correct in my faney, and, naturally, after that I had a strong desire to see her, to see how much further the resemblance between her and my ideal would be borne out, a desire, however, whose gratification

was not to be immediately experienced. For a week I haunted the road over which she passed morning and evening, and sketched most industriously in the neighbourhood of the school-house.

I had my labour for my pains, and was in a fair way to believe that she possessed the garments in which like the faries of old, she walked invisible to mor-

My curiosity, at first idle enough, was stimulated by the way in which it was so constantly baffled and I soon found myself spending a goodly portion of my time in laying plans and executing manœuvres whereby to catch a glimpse of this elusive mystery.

Very ridiculous and womanish, course, as I would have been the first to exclaim, had it been any one else; but somehow, at that time, and under those circumstances, it did not strike me in that light.

At last, however, fortune favoured me as it ever does the brave, for, sauntering down the road one morning, portfolio under arm as usual, my attention was attracted by an open letter fluttering by the wayside.

I picked it up, and examined it, and found that it was addressed to Hope

fore, a lovely picture rose before my it was no wonder if her casual interview had slipped ont of her mind.

school-house, I seemed to see her fair tell of all the trifling, delicious incidents head shining in the morning sunlight, of that most memorable day; how I made as she stood to answer my summons; myself useful as well as ornamental, in her sweet confusion at being accosted carrying innumerable pails of water from by a stranger, (by no means a bad look-the spring, for Hope to brew the bever-

her fair and gentle face.

I knocked. There was a hush of the multitudinous reciting voices, then a soft rustle

She is coming, I said, and my pulse beat a little faster with expectancy.

I was about to remove my hat, preesque of its many lovely nooks nestled -shade of Venus-what a disappoint ling the next day.

> Where was my fair-haired beauty, with the meek eyes and gentle smile, the justice to the state of affairs. soft blushes and bashful grace?

moulded woman, an out-and-out brun-Such a form and such grace as queens

I was dumbfounded by this unexpected those wonderful eyes upon me.

And such eyes I have never seen be- sparkle. fore or since.

So full of magnetic warmth, of dreamy tenderness, with such shifting lights and shadows in their clear Jepth.

They gave the gazer an indiscribable impression of lonliness, of a soul liv- slowly sailed upward. ing away from the world, feeding on its own sweetness, and filled to perfect content with its own tropical wealth of vi-

I must have stared long and rudely enough, for a shade of surprised haughtiness crept over her perfectly self- | self? possessed manner; and I handed her the letter in a fashion of which I re-

had never been one of my chief charac-

Indeed, I was aware that I was re- that to teach me so. garded by not a few of my friends as

Well, I did not make these things myself, and is it not one's duty to appreci-

When I reached home, I turned my now nearly completed picture to the wall, where, by the way, it remains to this day.

But I could not get the image of that painting her.

on ways and means; that I was still ling. session there. ering in the purple light of youth and romance, and finally, that having no society in the place, I was thrown entirely upon my own resources for amusement, and consequently became more imaginative and visionary every day.

derly over the lovely blonde of my crea. warmer feeling. tion, I now grew into an almost Pythaas Jeptha's daughter, wandering sadly shine.' over the olive crowned hills.

duction to Miss Dyer, I had reached society. the heights of a romantic secret passion | When one has a friend, she said to

efforts of mine, after all.

the lady of my dreams, and laughingly of cowards. appointed to the position of first assis- I shrank from putting it "to the test and happiness at my heart than I had tant to Miss Dyer, who, as she after- to win or lose it all," conscious, with a ever dared to look forward to.

Remembering my formerawkwardness ner soon set me at my ease as nothing ing under the strain.

else could have done. she did not recognize me, but a little friendship, I once more took my way faith or not the result will show. Of course, it was my duty to restore reflection convinced me that Miss Dyer down the well known road. was most probably not an artist, and had It was late in afternoon when I was self, for I knew that Fate uses such hu- of orimson roses swam to the smooth As I went along with little more ani. not spent hor days in sketching, and her mation than I had felt the moment be nights in dreaming of my august self, it parlour.

Glancing at the open doorway of the Well, it would take a long while to

and a stir, and brushing of trailing gar- al sweets in gazing into her eyes while her. squeezing lemons.

paratery to my most killing bow, when sion she graciously accorded me of call- ings that ornamented the walls, and the had found a nest of downy, round-eyed,

To say that after that I became a strewn over the tables. frequent visitor, would not be doing In a moment a careless movement sent Gargery.

Before me stood a tall and royally read our favorite authors; and when Hope's initials embroidered on the cover. tive meal, composed wholly of the fish cursions, landing at noon, to cook our knew so well my interest in drawing. ought to wear, but seldom do; and a gipsy meal on some enchanting wild- However, I would not examine it with- the rustic seat where we had whiled face whose creamy pallor was relieved, wood shore, and rowing home again in out her permission, and I laid it on the away so many hours of sweetest idleness the dewy twilight, with the stars blos- little table; but another turn and my el- -"Lovers Seat" the villagers called it, lips of softest crimson, and straight soming out above us, and the sweet bow knocked it off for the second time, in appreciation of its romantic situation. black brows that almost met above a mournful cries of the whip-poor-will and this time its contents were scattered sounding from the woods dim edge.

ed apparition (I had been so sure of my and we scoured the country, while the door blew through the room and separa- waves. beautiful blonde), but I did not realize east was still rosy with the dawn, and ted thom widely, and one of the leaves her beauty, I think, till she slowly turn- the whole world was bathed in sweet- fluttered to the other side of the apartness, and radient with colour and ment, and lodged against the sofa.

stretch of living green, hung with veils but, as I walked the length of the room of crimson and gold and dun, as the sun ly help seeing the subject.

if I were only an artist—a true artist—preparatory to the tournament. whose pencil was dipped in the fire of

A thought struck me. Why had it never before presented it-

learn to paint? If you would permit I hastily took out the other sketches.

I should have said that awkwardness are very kind, as you always are, but I the face of the chief knight was like do not care to learn. I have no talent, mine, and his lady's like Miss Dyer's indeed. I do not need such things as own.

> cantered away, looking back and gaily with a bright, surprised smile. waving a challenge to a race.

was a perpetual delight to my artist's that it was you, as I have no other eyes, whose intelect and culture both friend within calling distance. I was need, and whose perfect sweetness and missed you. whiteness of soul strengthened and eleimperial school mistress out of my head vated my entire nature, but one result her hands clasped lightly before her, he and, as you may expect to hear, I fell to was possible to one of my temperament; whole face lit with pleasure and anima and stronger and more enduring than tion. In the twilight darkness of th Please to consider that I was an ar. life itself, the great love of my life came room, her eyes, unaccustomed to the tist by profession, of a dreamy, poetical in its glory and its power, and casting g oom, saw me but indistinctly. I step temperament, in such easy circumstan out all the oldtime idols-love of self, or ped forward towards the window where ces, that my mind was unharrassed by ease, of pleasure-swept and garnished she was, the sketches still in my hand any depressing pecuniary reflections up- the chambers of my heart and took pos- and I know not what wild story of pas

Whether she loved me or not it was impossible to tell.

little business affairs, and in every way betrayed the most perfect confidence in my friendship; but I could not find-And inasmuch as I had lingered ten- search and try her as I might -a single lips, parting scornfully, disclosed gleam-

Her gracious nature made her kind gorean infatuation for the new shape of and gentle to every one; even the beg beauty that wes constantly being repeat gars by the wayside blessed her sunny ed under my pencil-sometimes as the smile and pleasant words; and one dark serene, imperial Eleanor, languid and eyed, poetic-looking daughter of Italy lovely among her silken cushions; as taught her dimpled child to kiss the hem Boadicea, standing loftily charioted, or of "the lady with the heart full of sun-

All that she seemed to desire was And surely it was not strange that by simple friendship, and she made no the time kind fate ordained my intro- secret of the pleasure she took in my

me once, one enjoys two lives.

Our introduction was the result of no It is not, perhaps, so very strange that I, who had flirted lightly with In an idle mood I had volunteered to more girls than I could number years accompany Mrs. Anderson to a sunday- and had been slightly singed, it may be, sclool picnic, out on High Rocks, and in the flames of love, when I came to five minutes after my arrival upon the feel a real, soul-heated passion, should a summer's wooing had failed to make grounds, was brought face to face with be dumb as a stone, and the most arrant plain; and I went home, disturbed and

wards informed me, taught a class in the lover's humility, that my deserts were indeed small.

in her presence, I felt not a little embar- weeks of delay, when I felt that I could good angel to bring about an explana rassed at our unexpected meeting; but no longer endure this state of suspense; tion. the perfect unconsciousness of her man- body, mind, and spirit were now suffer-

At first I could scarcely believe that an end to this fool's paradise of calm

shown into the cool picturesque little man instrumentalities as she finds suited cheek, and the lips were curved into the Miss Dyer was not in, the servant in-

formed me, but was expected every minute, so I threw myself into the luxurious depths of an easy-chair to await her re-

Scattered over the piano were the

in helping her revive the smouldering, its gay tangles of silks, and wools, and row down the river. sulky, refractory fire; and tasted celestic embroidery, was the last book I had lent It was the very day that Hope and I

assisting her in the delightful task of After waiting about half an hour, I Every foot of the river banks between Suffice it to say that the blessed fruit about the room, examining for the hun- Here, close down to the water's edge, of that days picnicing was the permis- dredth time the photographs and engrav- was the blasted tree in whose hollow we

a little portfolio to the floor.

Together we walked and drove, and I picked it up to replace it, and saw which we had daily cooked our primiher vacation came round, spent whole It was strange, I thought, that she which we two had snared by our com-

far and wide over the carpet.

With an impatient exclamation, Once we paused on the mountain top, stooped to gather them, too absorbed in nightbirds on the shore, I turned homewith all the valleys below us a wide my thoughts to notice them particularly, ward. of shining mist, shot through with bars with the last in my hand, I could scarce-

It was a picture of a knight, whose Ah! sighed Hope with sparkling eyes, "fair ladye" was buckling on his armour,

But my indifference suddenly vanished when I perceived the face of the knight was a perfect likeness of my own. My heart gave a great leap as I recognized the fact, and, without thinking, Miss Hope, I said, would you like to scarcely-indeed, knowing what I did -

member nothing except that it was inme, I should only be too happy—
They were all illustrations of the legcomparably awkward.
No, no, she interrupted quickly. You ends of King Arthur, and in every one They were all illustrations of the leg-

I stood there, with the sheets tremb-She was bending forward caressing her ling in my hands, my heart plunging. horse's mane as she spoke, her eyes ling- and the blood flying through my veinout being over-vain, I was very glad to ering tenderly on the panorama spread like streams of fire. In an instant there be the possessor of my six feet of well- out before us; but, as she finished, she was a light footfall in the hall, a voice proportioned stature, a pair of great ex- turned her head and regarded me for a singing a snatch from that song of lovepressive blue eyes, and a rolling tossing moment with an odd, bright, searching songs, "Thou art so near and yet so wealth of hair that shown like living look, then, shaking her bridle rein, she far," and then Hope stood before me

I did not know you were here, sh Well, thrown so constantly into the said. The servant said that a gentleman society of a woman whose rare beauty and called, and I supposed, of course stimulated and satisfied every mental feeling, oh, so badly, to think that I had

She stood there, lightly poised, and sion and of love flaming in my face.

One glance, and she drew herself up white and rigid with anger, her head rais She came to me with all her cares and ed and thrown back, and her nostrils di lated almost fiercely. Then a vivid carlet flew to her cheeks, her great eye flashed and darkened ominously, and the ing pearls.

> I am sorry, she said, in a peculiar, icy voice, that I have had the misfortune to nisunderstand your character for so long a time, Mr. Tremaine. I had believed that you were a gentleman.

This was a most unexpected turn of ship.

But, Hope-Miss Dyer, I said, hastly, listen a moment. Let me ex

No, she said, still more angrily. Don't ask me to listen. You shall not explain. almost a sob. Nothing of that kind is possible from one who would take advantage of any circumstances to discover what 1 tears. would not willingly disclose.

And with this hasty, and most unwise and unconsidered speech, she was gone Her blind anger had shown me what annoyed, it is true, but with more hope

Blessed with the assurance of her love. I was willing, in spite of my impatience. But the time came, after days and to brave circumstances, and trust to my

I felt, somehow, as if Fate had had the affair in hand from the beginning, So, with the desperate resolve to put and that she would see it safely through. round us, for the second time I saw my

to her purpose.

So'l called again the very next day. I was refused admittance.

Then I wrote a long, pleading, impassioned letter, setting forth in "words that burn" all that everything but lan-The room was full of the traces of her guage must have told her long before. The letter was returned upopened.

A week or so after this, my patience womanly wrath.

ing one); the wild-rose blushes rising to age that cheers but not inebriates (to songs we had sung together; near the well nigh exhausted by the failure of my use a novel expression), and smutched low, latticed window stood the little numerous plans to bring about a reconmy hands and endangered my moustache wicker workstand, and peeping out from ciliation, I took my boat for a solitary

had set to go in search of lilies.

rose and began to wander nervously which I passed was haunted ground. different articles of 'vertu' that were noisy owlets, one of which she had taken to "bring up by hand," 'a la' Mrs.

There was the embowered spring by days in the most delightful river ex- had never shown it to me, when she bined arts; and high up on a rocky cliff that hung far out over the water was

At length I came to a bend in the river, where a crowd of milky beauties, the Sometimes I brought saddle horses. Just then a draught from an opened lilies, spread their splendours on the

> I heaped the fragrant flowers in the bottom of the boat, and, after lingering awile to watch the sky warmly flushing to sunset, and listen to the cries of the

> As I rowed slowly along, a little wearied in body and depressed in spirit, and thinking that, after all, I might as well give up my fruitless love chase, return to the city, and strive, by hard work, to forget all about it, my eye was caught by the far off flutter of a familiar scarles shawl up on Lover's Seat,

> My dulluess and depression swiftly vanished when, drawing nearer, I saw that it was indeed Hope, sitting there alone, her back turned to the river, and her head bent down on her hand in . thoughtful, melancholy attitude.

The plash of the oars roused her. She turned, and seeing who it was, rose, as if with a wild impulse, to escape from my sig t.

But, with the first step, her foot aught in a loop of the vine that climbed and trailed over the rocks, and after struggling for a moment to regain her balance, with a wild, frightened call upon my name for help, she plunged head tong over the cliff.

Before the cry of horror could fairly scape my lips, I saw that she had eaught, and was hanging by one slender

and among the network of vines. Shooting my boat swiftly beneath, I climbed, by the aid of the strong, ropeike runners, and in a moment held her,

salf fainting in my arms. With some difficulty, I descended, and placed her silently in the boat. For some moments not a word was

spoken between us. Strangely enough, for the first time I began to feel a little angry with herangry at her obstinate ignoring of all ny efforts to put myself upon what I considered a fair footing; and I I deter. nined to show her that I was, at least, gentleman" enough not to take advantge of her helpless position to force upon er an explanation to which she would

't "willin ly" listen. I would not increase her embarrasse ment by even a glance, I thought.

So I looked at the water, at the sky. at the lilies at her feet-anywhere but it her face, which I would rather have looked at than anything else in the wide Meanwhile I pulled vigorously at the

oars, anxious to shorten as much as pose

sible the time of our enforced companion. Soon she stirred uneasily, as if to attract my attention, and I could see that her white fingers were working nervously in the fringes of her shawl.

Then she drew a long, quivering sigh, I could hold out no longer. Our eyes met, and hers were full of

Oh, Mr. Tremain, she said, as she bent forward, burning up with blushes. Do not be so angry with me. 1 can's thank you for the great service you have done me till you forgive me for the une kind words I said to you the last time we met. I was excited and angry-and -and-

And you love me? I said. Eor an answer she turned those glos rious, heavenly eyes upon me.

I drew her softly to my bosom, and, as we rode slowly home, with the twilight falling softly over us, and the odour of the lilies rising like incense a. Whether she deserved my implicit darling's face transfigured; those brown eyes shown with profoundest depths of In the meantime, I was not idle my- love and tenderness, a hue like the hearts softest smiles.

And Hope Dyer long ago ceased to be. But there is a certain wonderously beautiful woman known as Hope Tremain, who wears joy's roses in her happy face, and its light in her shining eyes, and has none but loving words for the man she once scorned so fiercely in her

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Dec. 13.