THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

COMMENTS AND CLIPPINGS

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There is extraordinary activity just now in the shipbuilding yards of the Tyne. The weekly pay roll of one firm was lately within. \$5 of \$50,000.

An Irish male hospital nurse when asked what case in his ward he deemed the most dangerous, pointed with a grin to the case of surgical instruments on the table and said. 4 That, sur,"

A cortain master of hounds sent as a New Year's present a pate de foie gras to a farmer in his locality, who, in acknowledging with much gratitude the receipts of the delicacy, assured the donor that since his wife had dressed her chilblains with the salve she had experienced the greatest possible relief .-Manchester Times.

A light, glossy varnisb, for labels, maps, etc., is made out of thirty-two parts of coliodion and one part of castor oil. A good varnish brush must be employed, and the varnish must be applied with decided, steady, regular strokes. The work should be placed in a sloping position during the application of the varnish, and should be kept nearly upright until dry.

The Lakeview (Oregon) Herald says that the remnants of the Modoc Indians that were transferred from the lava beds to the Indian Territory are now among the quietest, most peaceable, and industrious in the country. There are only 100 left, but they cultivate 460 acres of land, have established schools, and are thriving generally. Scarfaced Charley, one of the heroes of the Modoc war, is now a respectable farmer.

At a recent meeting of the Philological Society in London, Dr. Murray gave his annual report on the progress of the society's Dictionary. Of about a million slips sent out by him, nearly 900,000 had come back. His best contributor was Mr. Austin of Oxford; his second, an American gentleman; his third Mr. Wm. Douglas of London. He reckoned the slips handed over to him by his predecessor as two millions and a half.

When Jasper Jones enlisted for the war. in a Maine regiment, he was by mistake paid the bounty of \$350 twice over. When he was recently on his death-bed, eighteen years afterward, he confessed his fault in keeping the money, and died bewailing his inability to refund it. The loss had not fallen on the town of Wells, Me., as he supposed, but on the Rev. W. P. Merrill, who had acted as the town's agent in filling the quota.

It is told of the late Sir G. Cornewell Lewis that when canvassing Herefordshire in 1852 he was in the midst of an inquiry into the trath of reported cases of longevity. This in-guiry was so far uppermost in his thoughts that when a Tory voter flatly declined to support his candidature, he placidly responded, "I am sorry you can't give me your vote, but perhaps you can tell me whether any person has died in your parish at an extraordinary age ?'

Mr. Carlyle gave the lately discovered manuscript of his Irish diary to a friend who is now dead, and who preserved it as a kind of secret treasure so carefully that its existence was long unknown. The style is described as racy, and it contains many frank observations on such points of national character as are of the highest interest at the | waking slowly into life, and stud the mossy present political juncture. Mr. Froude is greatly impressed with its importance, and intends to write an introduction to it.

The question. " Was the death of President Garfield an irreparable loss to the republic ?" was to be discussed by the debating society of a public school in Virginia, Nev., but none of the pupils would take the negative. The principal, therefore, spoke on that side, and introduced the Credit Mobilier and De Gol. yer paying matters so freely that the President of the School Board made charges against evident haste, toward the vicarage. him. He was excused, however, or showing

Special Notice to Subscribers, on earth ?"

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FAITH

AND By "THE DUCHESS."

CHAPTER XIX. "Look you, how she cometh, trilling Out her gay heart's bird-like bliss ! Merry as a May-morn thrilling With the dew and sunshine's kiss.

Ruddy gossips of her beauty Are her twin checks; and her mouth, In its ripe warmth, smileth trulty As a garden of the south,

GERALD MASSEY. To Georgie the life at the vicarage is quite supportable-is, indeed, baim to her wounded spirit. Mrs. Redmond may, of course, chop and change as readily as the east wind, and in fact, may sit in any quarter, being somewhat erratic in her humors; but they are short-lived; and, if faintly trying, she is at least kindly and tender at heart.

As for the vicar, he is-as Miss Georgie tells him, oven without a blush-"simply adorable ;" and the children are sweet goodnatured little souls, true-hearted and earnest, to whom the loss of an empire would be as dross in comparison with the gain of a friend.

They are young!

To Dorian Branscombe, Miss Broughton is a thing of beauty, and a joy forever; her loveliness increases " each moment, rendering her more dear. Ferhaps he himself hardly knows how dear she is to his heart, though day after day he haunts the vicarage, persecuting the vicar with parochial business of an outside sort. It ought, indeed, to be " half in remembrance," the amount of charity this young man expended upon the poor during

all this early part of the year. Then there is always Sunday, when he sits opposite to her in the old church, watching her protty mischievous little face meditatively throughout the service, and listoning to her perfect voice as it riscs clear and full of pathos, in anthem and in hymn.

The spring has come at last, though tardy and slow in its approach. Now-

"Euds are bursting on the brier And all the kindled greenery glows, And morning fields are tringed with fire."

Winter is almost forgotten. The snow and frost and ice are as a dream that was told. No one heeds them now, or thinks of them, or feels aught about them, save a sudden chill that such things might have been.

To-day is beautiful beyond compare. The sun is high in the heavens: the birds are twittering and preaning their soft feathers in the yellow light that Phoebus flings broadcast upon the loving earth. The flowers are woods with colorings distinct though faint ;

"Nooks of greening gloom Are rich with violets that bloom In the cool dark of dewy leaves."

Primroses, too, are all alive, and sit staring at the heavens with their soft eyes, as though in their hearts they feel they are earth's stars Each subtle green is widening, growing. All nature has arisen from its long slumber and " beauty walks in bravest dress."

Coming up the road, Dorian meets Georgie Broughton, walking with quick steps, and in She is lilting some merry little song of her own lancy, and has her hat pushed well back from

know," with hesitation-"I suppose-I am afraid it is very great vanity on my part, but I love my own voice. It is like a triend to me-the only thing I love best on earth." "Are you always going to love it the best

"Ah! Well, that, perhaps was an exaggeration. I love Clarissa. I am happier with her than with any one else. You "-meditatively-" love her, too?"

"Yes, vory much indeed. But I know somebody else with whom I am even hapbier."

"Well that is the girl you are going to marry, I suppose," says Georgie, easily,--- so easily that Dorian feels a touch of disappointment, that is almost pain, fall on his heart. "But as for Olarissa,"---in a puzzled tone,---I cannot understand her. She is going to marry a man utterly unsuited to her. I met him at the ball the other night, and"thoughtlessly-" I don't like him."

"Poor Horace !" says Dorian, rather taken aback. Then she remembers, and is in an instant covered with shame and confusion.

"I beg your pardon," she says, hurriedly. " I quite forgot. It never occurred to me he was your brother,-never, really. You believe me, don't you? And don't think me rude. I am not "-plaintively-" naturally rude, and-and, after all," with an upward glance, full of honest liking,-he is not a bit like you !" turn and go on to Gowran.

"If you don't like him, I am glad you think he isn't," says Dorian ; " but Horace is a very good fellow all through, and I fancy you are a little unjust to him."

"Ob, not unjust," says Georgie, softly. " I have not accused him of any feeling; it is only that something in my heart says to me, Dont like him.''

" Does something in your heart ever say to you, ' Like some one ?''

"Very often." She is (to confess the honest truth) just a little bit of a coquette at heart. so that when she says this she lifts her exquisite eyes (that always seem full of tears) to his for as long as it would take him to know they had been there and then lowers them. "I

shall have to hurry," she says ; " it is my hour for Amy's music lesson.' " Do you like teaching ?" ask he, idly, more for the sake of hearing her plaintive voice

again that from any desire to know. "Like it?" She stops short on the pretty woodland path, and confronts him curiously : Now, do you think I could like it? I don't then! I perfectly hate it! The perpetual over and over again, the knowledge that tomorrow will always be as to-day, the feeling that one can't get away from it, is maddening. And then there are the mistakes, and the false notes and everything. What a question to ask mo! Did any one ever like it, 1 wonder!" petulance, in her tone; and her lovely flowerlike face flushes warmly, and there is something besides in her expression that is raproachful. Dorian begins to hate himself. How could he have asked her such a sense-

less question? He hesitates, hardly knowing what to say to her so deep is his sympathy; and so, before he has time to decide on any course, speaks again. "It is so monotonous," she says, wearily.

One goes to bed only to get up again; and one gets up with no expectation of change, all the morning." except to go to bed again." "'One dem'd horrid grind,'" quotes Mr

Branscombe, in a low tone. He is filled with honest pity for her. Instinctively he puts out his hand, and takes one of hers, and presses it ever so gently. "Poor child !" he says, from his heart. To him, with her says Miss Peyton : but she doesn baby face, and her odd impulsive manner, "I hope you were nice to her ?" that changes and varies with every thought. she is merely a child.

She looks at him and shakes her head.

"You must not think me unhappy," she now is so kind to me,-Clarissa, and the Red-

me there. Indeed, I begin to feel myself no- says Dorlan. "There is nothing like oppo-where beside the curate." He can read well; sition for that kind of thing ; you go and tell and drink tea well, and I can't do either." "Why, here we are at the vicarage," says such a girl, and ten to one he goes and does Georgie, in a tone of distinct surprise, that is it directly."

flattering to the last degree. "I didn't think we were half so close to it. I am so glad I met you because, do you know, the walk hasn't seemed nearly so long as usual. Well, good-by."

" May I have those violets?" says Branscombe, pointing to a little bunch of those fair. comers of the spring that lies upon her breast.

"You may," she says, detaching them from her gown and giving them to him willingly, kindly, but without a particle of the tender confusion he would gladly have seen in her. They are rather faded," she says, with some disappointment; "you could have picked yourself a sweeter bunch on your way home.' "I hardly think so."

"Well, good-by again," she says, turning up to him the most bewitching and delicious of small faces, " and be sure you put my poorflowers in water. They will live the longer for it."

"They shall live forever. A hundred years hence, were you to ask me where they were I swear 1 should be sble to show them. " A very safe oath," says Miss Broughton and then she gives him her hand, and parts from him, and runs all the way down the short avenue to the house, leaving him to

CHAPTEB XX.

There have been hearts whose friendship gave Them thoughts at once both soft and grave." In the drawing-room he finds Clarissa sitting among innumerable spring offerings. The whole place seems alive with them. "The breath of flowers is on the air." Primroses and violets shine out from tiny Etruscan vases, and little baskets of pale Belleek are hidden by clustering roses brought from the conservatory to make sweet the sitting-room

of their mistress. "I am so glad you have come," says Clarissa, rising with a smile to welcome him, as he came up to her. "The day was beginning to drag a little. Come over here, and make yourself comfortable."

" That will I, right willingly, so it pleases you madam." says Dorian, and straightway, sinking into the desirable lounging-chair she has pointed out, makes himself thoroughly happy.

A low bright fire is burning merrily; upon the rug a snow-white Persian cat sits blinking; while Billy, the Irish terrier, whose head is bigger than his body, and whose hair is of the shaggiest, reclines gracefully upon an ottoman near. Clarissa, hersolf, is lying back upon a cushioned chair, looking parti-There is some passion, and a great deal of cularly pretty, if a triffe indolent. " Now for your news," she says, in the tone one adopts

when expecting to be amused. Dorian, lifting his arms, lays them behind his head.

"I wonder if ever in all my life I had any news," he says meditatively. " After all, I begin to think I'm not much. Well, let me see; would it be news to say I met, and talk-

ed with, and walked with your 'lassie wi' the lint-white locks ?""

"So she told ma."

"Ah! And how far did you go with her ?" "To the vicarage. As 1 had been there all the morning, 1 couldn't well go in again, -a fact I felt and deplored." "1 am glad you walked back with her,"

says Miss Peyton : but she doesn't look glad. "Extremely nice : ask her if I wasn't. And our conversation was of the freshest. We both thought it was the warmest spring

we had ever known, until we remembered last says, hastily. "I am not that. I was twice Thursday, and then we agreed that was the as unhappy before I came here. Everybody | warmest spring day we had ever known. And then we thought spring was preferable to monds, and"---with another glauce from under summer. And, then, that Classy Redmond

a fellow he can't and sha'n't marry such-and

NY1

" Don't speak like that," says Clarissa, en entreatingly; she is plainly unhappy.

"Like what? What nonsense you have been talking all this time! Has it never occurred to you that though, no doubt, I am endowed with many qualities above the aver-age, still I am not at 'Adonis,' or an 'Apollo,' or an 'Admiral Orichton,' or anything o that sort, and that it is probable your Miss Broughton might be in my society from this till the day she dits without experiencing a pang, so far as I am concerned."

"I don't know about 'Apollo' or ' Crichton," says Clarissa; " but let her alone. 1 want her to marry Mr. Hastings."

"The curate ?" says Dorian, for the second time to-day.

"Yes. Why should you be so amazed ? He is very charming, and I think she likes him. He is very kind-hearted, and [would] his mind. Gazing at her with open and sinmake her happy ; and she doesn't like teaching."

"I don't believe she likes Hastings," says Dorian ; yet his heart dies within him as he remembers how she defended him about his unlimited affection for the cup that "cheers but not inebriates."

"I believe she does," says Clarissa. " Can't you do something for me, Clarissa ?' says Dorian, with a rather strained laugh you are evidently bent on making the entire country, yet you ignore my case. Even when I set my heart upon a woman, you instantly marry her to the curate. I hate curates! They are so mild, so inoffensive, so abominably respectable. It is almost criminal of you to insist on handing over to one of them that gay friend of yours with the yellow hair. She will die of Hastings, in a month. The very next time I have the good fortune to find her alone, I shall feel it my duty to warn her of him."

"Does anybody ever take advice unless it falls in with their own wishes ?" says Clarissa. "You may warn her as you will?"

" I shan't warn her at all," says Dorian. When he has left Clarisse, and is on his homeward way, this thought still haunts him. Can that pretty child be in love with the lanky young man in the long-tailed coat? She can't! No; it is impossible ! Yet, how sure Clarissa seemed and of course women understand each other, and perhaps Georgie had been pouring confidences of a tender nature into her cars. This last is a very unpleasant idea, and helps to decapitate three unoffending primroses.

Certainly she had defended that fellow very wormly (the curate is now "that fellow") and had spoken of him as though she had felt same keen interest in bim. After all, what is it to him? (This somewhat savagely, and with the aid of a few more flowers.) If he was in love with her, it would be another thing; but as it is-yes, as it is.

How often people have advised him to marry and settle down ! Well, hang it all, he is surely as good to look at as the curate, and his position is better; and only a few hours ago she had expressed a desire to see something of life. What would Arthur think

liberty." She says it jestingly, but with a somewhat sad shrug of her rounded shoulders, His thoughts change. Georgie's riante as she remembers the dismal school-room, lovely face tades into some deeper recess of his hearf, and a gaunt old figure, and a face storn and the restraint that, however gentle, is hateand disappointed, rises before him. Ever ful to her gay, petulant nature. Her smile dies, and tears creen into her eves. since that day at Sartoris, when the handker-In another moment she is laughing again : chief had been discovered, a coldness, a namebut months go by before Dorian forgets the less but stubborn shadow, had fallen between him and his uncle-a shadow impossible to sad little petition and the longing glance that accompanied it, and the sigh that was only lift until some explanation be vouchsafed by half repressed. the younger man. "I like Mr. Brauscombe so much," says Such an explanation it is out of Dorian's

Georgie, a little later on, when Dorian has diapower to give. The occurrence altogether was unhappy, but really nothing worthy of a appeared. They have foreaken their late game, and are now in Clariesa's own room. violent quarrel. Branscombe, as is his nature, standing in a deep oriel window that overpertinaciously thrusts the whole affair out of sight, refusing to let it trouble him, except on looks the long sweep of avenue on one side, such occasions as the present, when it pushes and the parterre beneath where early spring itself upon him unawares, and will not be sun-

Georgie, stopping short suddenly, cries "Oh !" and 200 flutters to the ground.

March 15,

'82

Clarissa, who is standing with her back to the hall door, turns instinctively toward it, and sees Dorian Branscombe.

"I have disturbed you. I have come in at the wrong moment?" asks that young man, fearfully.

"Ahl you have spolled our game. And we were so well into it. Your sudden entrance startled Georgie, and she missed her aim."

"I am sorry my mere presence should reduce Miss Broughton to a state of abject fright," says Dorian, speaking to Clarissa, but looking at Georgie. Her arm is still half raised, her color deep

and rich, her eyes larger, darker than usual; the excitement of the game is still full upon her. As Dorian speaks, her lips part, and a slow sweet smile creeps round them, and she looks earnestly at him, as though to assure him that she is making him a free present of it-an assurance that heightens her beauty to cere admiration, he tells himself that.

"Nature might no more her child advance,"

"Your presence would not frighten me," she says, shaking her head; "but it was-I don't know what; I only know that I forgot myself for the moment and missed my aim. Now, that was hard, because we were so near our second hundred. Why did you not come a little sconer or a little later?"

"Because 'a thoughtless animal is man," quotes he, his blue eyes full of contrition. "And the door was wide open, and the picture before me put all other thoughts out of my head. I wish I was a girl! I should do nothing but play battledore and shuttlecock from morning till night." Then, reproachfully, "I think you might both shake hande with me, especially as I can say only 'how d'ye do' and ' good-by ' in one breath ; I am bound to meet Arthur at three precisely."

"What a comfort ?" says Clarissa, devoutly. Then there is some faint chance we may be allowed to end our afternoon in peace !"

" If there is one thing on earth for which I have a keen admiration, it is candor," says Brauscombe; "I thank you, Olarissa, for even this small touch of it. Miss Broughton, be candid too, and say you, at least, will regret me."

"I shall," says Georgie, with decided-and, it must be confessed, unexpected-promptness.

"Ha!" says Dorian, victoriously. "Now 1 am content to go. A fix for your incivility, Clarissa! At least I leave one true mourner behind.

" Two," says Clarissa, relentingly.

"Too late now; a ology is useless! Well, I'm off. Can I do anything for either of you?"

"Yes; bring me up that little dog you promised me-one of Sancho's puppies."

"You shall have the very prettiest to-morrow, in spite of your ill treatment. And you, Miss Broughton, what can I do for you?"

He is looking tenderly at the small child-ish face, framed in gold, that is gazing at him smilingly from the distance. "Me ?" she says, waking, as if from a rever-

ie, with a faint blush. "Oh! give me my

that he was a good Republican and had baid for a portrait of Garfield to hang in the school room.

Here is a real adventure in the far West for boys to read: Christian Alfson, aged 12, wandered into Utah. He was employed awhile on a sheep ranch, but was too small to do the work, and was discharged. For twenty days the poor little fellow trudged aimlessly about, in bitterly cold weather, scantily clothed and fed. One day he was found insensible in a snow-drift, with a little flour in a tin pail as his entire stock of provisions, and so badly frozen that, on being sent to Salt Lake for treatment, his feet were amputated.

In reference to the late drawing-room in London, the World of that city says :- " The beauty of the day was a lady in black, who wore a bouquet made entirely of dafiodils. Lady Colin Campbell was there, looking superb. One lady had a splendid bouquet of azaleas, and another had one on a very large 'scale composed entirely of lilles of the val-"ley, which, as each sprig costs a shilling at present, must have represented a goodly sum of money. The youngest looking person present was Maria, Marchioness of Aylesbury, in sang de bauf and black, with a magnificent tiara of diamonds. Lady Kilmorey was by far the most lovely of the married contingent who were presented. Her corsage was of white Venetian velvet, trimmed with ostrich feathers, the dress itself being of white satin, the head dress being composed of ostrich feathers and diamonds. Apart from the question of becomingness, the following was a poetic dress, worn by a debutante :- The front was composed of a mass of snowdrop fringes and some things that looked like icicles in the sunshine, but which were in reality bugles. The bodice and long train were heavily fringed with snowdrops and bugies, and the large bouquet was composed entirely of snowdrops and maidenhair.'

A man named Pietro Fosco recently died at a hotel in Pesth, where he had been a waiter, who, in 1872, under a much more sounding title, teok the tradesmen of Paris by storm. He appeared in the French capital as the Marshal-Count Bustello Foscolo, Duc de Busignano, Patrician of Venice, attached to the person of H. R. H. the Prince of Skanderborg, King of Epirus and Albania. Duo de Busignano was known everywhere, and it is supposed that his career furnished Dandet with material for his "Kings in" Exile." He went out in search of men who wished for rank and distinction and were willing to pay for it, and promised them interviews with his Royal Highness, chief of the most knightly Order, of the Star of Epirus. At last the police looked up the "King's" record, and, learning their intentions, his Majesty escaped, leaving the Marshal as a guarantee for his return. The latter was tried on a charge of swindling; his real name, Pietro Fosco, was flung at him; but, with tears in his eyes, he told his judges the vicissitudes of his noble family, and how his ancestor, Marino Faliero, had been beheaded on the Glant's Stafrcase. He failed to move them, and was sentenced to two 'years' imprisonment, which he underwent with him and really belleved him to be's persecuted and unfortunate nobleman.

her forehead, so that all her sunny hair can be seen. It is a lovely hat-inexpensive, perhaps, but lovely, nevertheless, in that it is becoming to the last degree. It is a great big hat, like a coal-scuttle-as scuttles used to be -and gives her all the appearance of being the original one of Kate Greensway's charm-

ing impersonations. "Good-morning," says Dorian, though, in truth, he hardly takes to heart the full beauty of the fair morning that has been sent, so rapt he is in joy at the very sight of her. "Going back to the vicarage now ?"

"Yes." She is smiling sweetly to himthe little, kind, indifferent smile that comes so readily to her red lips.

"Well, so am I," says Dorinn, turning to accompany her.

Miss Broughton giances at him demurely "You can't want to go to the vicarage

again ?" she says. lifting her brows. "How do you know I have been there at all

to-day ?" says Dorian. "Oh, because you are always there, aren't

you ?" says Georgie, shrugging her shoulders, and biting a little flower, she has been holding, into two clean halves. "As you know so much, perhaps you also

know why I am always there," says Branscombe, who is half amused, half offended, by her willfulness.

"No, I don't," replies she, easily, turning her eye, for the first time, full upon his. " Tell me."

She is guite calm, guite composed : there is even the very faintest touch of malice beneath her long lashes. Dorian colors perceptibly. Is she a coquette, or unthinking, or merely mischievous?

"No, not now," he says, slowly. "I hardly think you would care to hear. Some day, if 1 may------. What a very charming hat you have on to-day ?"

She smiles again-what true woman can resist a compliment ?--- and blushes faintly, but very sweetly, until her face is like a pale " rosebud brightly blowing."

"This old hat !" she says, with a small attempt at scorn, and a very well got-up belief thoughts are far away, and she hardly heeds that she misunderstood him; "why it has the warmth of his gaze or the evident meanseen the rise and fall of many generations. You can't mean this hat ?"

"Yes, I do. To me it is the most beautiful hat in the world, no matter how many | she says, a little doubtfully, looking at him generations have been permitted, to gaze upon it. It is yours i" " " Oh. yes; I bought it in the dark ages,"

says Miss Broughton, disdaining to notice the insinuation, and treating his last remark as a leading question. "I am glad you like it." "Are you? I like something clse, too; I mean your voice."

"It is too minor-too discontented, my aunt used to say."

"Your aunt seems to have said a good deal in her time. She reminds me of Butler's talker; 'Her tongue is always in motion, though very seldom to the purpose;' and again, 'She is a walking pillory, and punishes more ears than a dozen standing ones.'; But I wasn't talking exactly of your everyday volce ; I mean your singing, it is quite "perfect." " Two compliments in five minutes !" says Miss Georgie, calmiy." Then changing her tone with dazzling, because unexpected haste, she says Nothing pleases me so much as do. Unless in words of one syllable, I can't sign for saying that over and over the absorbing moment; when 199 has been de-having my singing praised. Do. you read at all. So the oursie has the pull over sgain, I date say I shall want to marry her," livered, and received, and received

ings."

"The curate ?" says Dorian, in such a tone as compels Miss Broughton, on the instant, to and a very good one too, I think. We say a believe that he and Mr. Hastings are at cocked hat; therefore why not a cocked deadly feud.

"I thought you knew him," she says, with some hesitation. "I have met him," returns he, " generally,

think, on tennis-grounds. He can run about a good deal, but it seems a pity to waste a good bat on him. He never hits a ball by any chance, and as for serving-I don't think I swore for six months until the last time I met him.

"Why, what did he do?"

" More than I can recall in a hurry. For one thing, he drank more tea than any four people together than ever I knew."

"Was that all? I see no reason why any one should be ashamed of liking tea.¹

"Neither do I. On the contrary, one should be proud of ft. It betrays such meekness, such simplicity, such contentment. I myself am not fond of tes, - a fact I deplore mornog, noon, and night."

"It is a mere matter of education," says Georgie, laughing. "I used not to care for it, except at breakfast, and now I love it."

"Do you? I wish with all my heart I was good souchong," says Mr. Branscombe, as which she laughs again.

"One can't have all one's desirer." she save "Now, with me music is a passion; yet I have never heard any of the great singers of the age. Isn't that hard ?"

"For you it must be, indeed. But how is it you haven't?"

"Because I have no time, no money, nono anything."

"What a hesitation! Tell me what the anything' stands for."

"Well, I meant no home,-that is, no husband, I suppose," says Georgie. She is quite | argument ; but be interrupts her. unconcerned, and smiles at him very prettily as she says it. Of the fact that he is actually in love with her, she is totally unaware.

"That is a regret likely to be of short standing." he says, his eyes on hers. But her ing in his tone. "I suppose if I did marry somebody he

would take me to hear all the great people?" as though for confirmation of her hope.

"I should think he would take you wherever you wanted to go, and to hear whatever you wished to hear," he says, slowly. "What a charming picture you conjure up I" says Georgie, looking at him. "You encourage me. The very first rich man that asks me to marry him, I shall say 'yes' to.'

"You have made up your mind, then, to, marry for money?" He is watching her closely, and his brow has contracted a good deal, and his lips show some pain. "I have made up my mind to nothing. Perhaps I haven't one to make up,"-lightly. "But I hate teaching, and I hate, being poor. That is all. But we were not talking of that. We were thinking of Mr. Hastings. At all events, you must confess he reads well, and that is something ! Almost everybody reads badly."

"They do," says Branscombe, meekly.

nose. Don't look so amszed, my dear Clarisca : it was Miss Broughton's expression, not mine,

nose ? And then we said all education was a is she, Clarissa ?"

"You mean Georgie ?" 4 Yes."

"Neither nineteen nor twenty." "So much! Then I really think she is the youngest-looking girl I ever met at that age. She looks more like sweet seventeen."

"You think her pretty?" "Bather more than that : she reminds me always of 'Maggie Lauder :"

"Her face is as the summer cloud, whereon The dawning sun delights to rest his rays." And, again, surely Apollo loves to

"Play at hide-and-seek amid her golden hair." " Dorian, don't-don't make her unhappy, says Clarissa, blushing hotly.

" 1 wish I could," says Dorian. He laughs as he speaks, but there is truth hidden in his jesting tone. Oh, to make her feel something, -that cold, indifferent child ! "No. no. I am in carnest," says Clarissa a little anxiously. " Don't pay her too much

attention, if you don't mean it." "Perhaps I do mean it." "She is very young,"-ignoring his last

speech altogether. "She is a perfect baby in some ways. It isn't kind of you, I think." "My dear child, what am I doing?" If I hand Miss Broughton a chair, or ask her if she would like another cup of tea, is that making you unhappy ?' I really begin to think society is too moral for me. I shall

City." "You won't understand me," begins she sitting more upright, as though desirous of

There you mistake me," he says. "My motives are quite pure. 1 am dying to under stand you, only I can't. If you would try to be a little more lucid, all would be well; but why am I to be sat upon, and generally maltreated, because I walked a mile or so with a friend of yours, is more than I can grasp." "I don't want to sit upon you," says Cla-

rissa, a little vexed.

"I don't want anything; I merely ask you Branscombe; and then something in his own

Miss Peyton hears only the mirth.²

"1 hope she won't," she says, severely. "Nothing would cause me greater sorrow. Underneath her childish manner there lies a

"Well, why shouldn't I marry her ?" says "I see no reason why you shouldn't. I

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pressed.

Horace has never been to Pullingham since the night of the ball, and his letters to Clarissa have been many and constant, so that Dorian's suspicions have somewhat languished, and are now, indeed, almost dead, he being slow to entertain evil thoughts of any

one. Buth Annersley, too-though plainly desirous of avoiding his society over since his meeting with her in the shrabberies-seems happy and content, if very quiet and subdued. Once, indeed, coming upon her unexpectedly, he had been startled by an expression in her eyes foreign to their usual calm; it was a look half terrified, half defiant, and it haunted him for some time afterward. But the remembrance of that faded, too; and she never afterward risked the chance of a tete-a-tete

Meantime, Miss Peyton's little romance about the Broughton Hastings affair rather falls to bits. Georgie, taking advantage of an afternoon that sees the small Redmonds on the road to a juvenile party, goes up to Gow- his ears. After all, how much worse a crookran, and, making her way to the morning cd eve would be !" room, runs to Clarissa and gives her a dainty little hug.

"Aren't you glad I have come ?" she says with the utmost naivete. "I'm awfully glad myself. The children have all gone to the Dugdale's', and so I sm my own mistress."

"And so you came to me," says Olarissa. "Yes, of course."

"And now to make you happy," says Clar-

issa, meditatively. "Don't take any thought about that. It is already an accomplished fact. I am with you, and therefore I am periectly happy."

"Still, you so seldom get a hollday," goes on Clarissa, regretfully, which is a little unfair, as the Redmonds are the easiest going people in the world, and have a sort of hankering after the giving of holidays and the encourage-ment of idleness generally. The vicar, indeed, is laden with a suppressed and carefully hidden theory that children should never do anything but laugh and sit in the sun. In burning with curiosity. Not for an instant his heart of hearts he condemns all Sundayschools, as making the most blessed day one | is about to be fulfilled; Mr. Hastings, who of toil, and a wearying of the flesh, to the little ones.

"Why-why," said he, once, in an unguarded moment, bitterly repented of afterward. forbid them their rest on the Sabbath day ?" "What a pity the afternoon is so uncertain ?" says Clarisss. "We might have gone for a nice long drive."

She goes over to the window, and gazes dis consolately at the huge, shining drops that fling themselves heavily against the panes, and on the leaves and flowers outside; while

And drinks, and gapes for drink again.*

"I cannot feel anything to be a pity topassionate amount of feeling that, once called day," says Georgie. " I can feel only a sense into play, would be impossible to check. of freedom. Clarisss, let us play a game of Amuse yourself elsewhere, Dorian, unless you battledores and shuttlecock. I used to beat you at Brussols; try if you can beat mis now. ¹⁷ Into the large hall they go, and, armed with battledore, commence their fray. Hither and thither flies the little white bird, backward I only know you have no, intention whatever and forward move the little figures of the

flowers are gleaming wet with the rain that fell so heavily an hour ego. "Every one likes Dorian," says Clarissa,

pleasantly, but without her usual warmth when speaking of Branscombe. "He is a general favorice, and I think he knows it. He is like a spoiled child; he says what he likes to every one, but nobody takes any thing he says seriously."

This friendly hint is utterly thrown away. Miss Broughton understands it not at all. "Yet sometimes he looks quite grave," she

says...." nearly as grave as Mr. Hastings when in his surplice, only not so solemn. That is all the difference." "I like Mr. Hastings in his surplice," says Clarissa ; "1 think him very handsome;

don't you ?" "Well-yes Only I wish his ears didn't stick out so much. Why do they? He always, somehow, makes me think of Midas." "But you like him," persists Clarissa feeling, however, a little crestfallen. It doesn't

sound promising, this allusion to Mr. Hasting's ears. "Ever so much," says Georgie, enthusias-

tically; " and really, you know, he can't help

"Of course. And his eyes are really beautiful."

"You are not in love with him, are you?" says Miss Georgie, with an amused langh;

and again Olarissa's hope's sink to zero. "No. But I am glad you are a friend of his. Does he-like you ?"

"Yes, I think so; I am sure of it. Clarissa"-with hesitation-"if I tell you something, will you promise me faithfully not to tell it again ?"

"I'promise faithfully, darling, if you wish it." " It is something Mr. Hastings said to me

last night, and though I was not told in words to keep it secret, still I think he would wish me to be silent about it for-for a while There can't be any harm in confiding it to you, can there? You are such an old friend of both.

"Not the slightest harm," says Miss Ferton, with conviction. Woman-like, she is does she doubt that one of her greatest wishes has a small though not insignificant income of his own, independent of the Church, is about to marry her dearest Georgie.

" Her dearest Georgie," raising herself allitle from her recombent position, leans her arm upon. Clarissa's knee, and looks up into her face; there is importance largely mingled with delight in her: fair features.

"Well, then," she says, 'slowly, as though loath to part all at once with her treasured news, " last night-he told me-that he-was in love Palana

"Did he?"-with suppressed excitement. "And-and you-what did you say ?"

"And-and you-what and you say ?" "I didn't say much," says Min- proughton regretfully. "I minte have said a great deal more, 'primotang kinder, more encouraging, 'you know; but I was so surprised and so-" Pleased ?"--tenderly."

"" Pleased ! I should think so," with so much empressement that by a blarlssn is taken aback. "I was never so delighted in my "life, only, as I said before a little confused; and couldn't think of anything preity (Oontinued on Third Page.)

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give it up, and betake myself to Salt Lake

with him.

"No! I dare say that chair is more comfortable."

to be careful. She is very young, and has seen few men; and if you persist in your attentions she may fall in love with you. "I wish to goodness she would," says

mind strikes him, and he leans back in his, chair, and laughs aloud: . There is, perhaps, more bitterness that mirth in his laugh ; yet

of doing so.

mean to marry her." Dorian.