

COMMENTS AND CLIPPINGS.

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, "That, sur."

A certain 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 receipt of the delicate assured the donor that since his wife had dressed her children with the same he had experienced the greatest possible relief.

The Lakeview (Oregon) Herald says that the remnants of the Modoc Indians that were transferred from the lava beds to the Indian Territory are only 100 left, but they cultivate 460 acres of land, have established schools, and are thriving generally.

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.

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.

It is told of the late Sir G. Cornewall Lewis that when canvassing Herefordshire in 1852 he was in the midst of an inquiry into the truth of reported cases of longevity.

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 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.

Here is a real adventure in the far West for boys to read: Christian Alfozo, aged 12, wandered into Utah. He was employed awhile on a sheep ranch, but was too small to do the work, and was discharged.

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 daffodils. Lady Colin Campbell was there, looking superb."

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, took the tradesman of Paris by storm.

Special Notice to Subscribers.

All subscriptions outside of Montreal will be acknowledged by change of date on address-label attached to paper.

FAITH AND UNFAITH.

By "THE DUCHESS."

CHAPTER XIX.

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

Ruddy gossip of her beauty, In its ripe warmth, smileth fruitly As a garden of the south."

GERALD MASSEY.

To Georgie the life at the vicarage is quite supportable—is, indeed, balm 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—Miss Georgie tells him, even without a blush—"a simply adorable" man, and the children are sweet good-natured little souls, true-hearted and earnest, to whom the loss of an empire would be as drops in comparison with the gain of a friend.

They are young! To Dorian Branscombe, Miss Droughton is "a thing of beauty, and a joy forever; her loveliness increases" each moment, rendering her more dear. Perhaps 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 pretty mischievous little face meditatively throughout the service, and listening to her perfect voice as it rises clear and full of pathos, in anthem and in hymn.

The spring has come at last, though tardy and slow in its approach. Now—"Duds are bursting on the brier And all the kindred greenery grows, And morning fields are ringed 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 preening their soft feathers in the yellow light that Phœbus flings broadcast upon the loving earth. The flowers are waking slowly into life, and stud the mossy woods with colorings distinct though faint;

Nooks of greening bloom Are rich with violet and blue, 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 evident haste, toward the vicarage. She is lifting some merry little song of her own fancy, and has her hat pushed well back from 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 Greenaway's charming 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 him—the little, kind, indifferent smile that comes so readily to her red lips.

"Well, so am I," says Dorian, turning to accompany her. Miss Broughton glances at him demurely. "You can't wait 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 eyes, for the first time, full upon his. "Tell me."

She is quite calm, quite 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 I may—." What a very charming hat you have—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 that she misunderstood him; "why it has been 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 generations have been permitted, to gaze upon it. It is yours!"

"I suppose—I am afraid it is very great vanity on my part, but I love my own voice. It is like a friend to me—the only thing I love best on earth."

"Are you always going to love it the best on earth?" "Ah! Well, that, perhaps was an exaggeration. I love Clarissa. I am happier with her than with any one else. You?" "Meditatively—'I love her, too!'"

"Yes, very much indeed. But I love somebody else with whom I am even happier."

"Well that is the girl you are going to marry, I suppose," says Georgie, easily,—to which Dorian feels a touch of disappointment, that is almost pain, fall on his heart.

"But as for Clarissa,—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,—placitively— naturally rude, and—, after all,—with an upward glance, full of honest liking,—he is not a bit like you!"

"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."

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

"Does something in your heart ever say to you, 'Likes some one?'" "Very often." She is to confess the honest truth just a little bit of 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 Art's and Leo's lesson."

"Do you like teaching?" she asks, idly, more for the sake of hearing her plaintive voice again than 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 think 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 me! Did any one ever like it, I wonder?"

There is some passion, and a great deal of petulance, in her tone; and her lovely flower-like face flushes warmly, and there is something besides in her expression that is reproachful. Dorian begins to hate himself.

How could he have asked her such a senseless question? He hesitates, hardly knowing what to say to her so deep in 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, 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 baby face, and her odd impulsive manner, 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 says, hastily. "I am not that. I was twice as unhappy before I came here. Everybody now is so kind to me,—Clarissa, and the Redmonds, and—, with another glance from under the long lashes—"you, and—Mr. Hastings."

The curate? "says Dorian, in such a tone as compels Miss Broughton, on the instant, to believe that he and Mr. Hastings are at deadly feud."

"I thought you knew him," she says, with some hesitation. "I have met him," returns he, "generally, I 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." "Neither do I. On the contrary, one should be proud of it. It betrays such meekness, such simplicity, such contentment. I myself am not fond of tea,—a fact I deplore morning, 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 enough," says Mr. Branscombe, at which she laughs again.

"One can't have all one's desires," she says. "Now, with my 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 for you?" "Because I have no time, no money, no—, anything."

"What a hesitation! Tell me what the 'anything' stands for." "Well, I mean no home,—that is, no husband, I suppose," says Georgie. She is quite 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 thoughts are far away, and she hardly sees the warmth of his gaze or the evident meaning in his tone.

"I suppose if I did marry somebody he would take me to hear all the great people?" she says, a little doubtfully, looking at him as though for confirmation of her hope.

"I should think he would take you wherever you wanted to go, and to hear what ever you wished to hear," he says, slowly.

"What a charming picture you conjure up!" 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 don't want anything; I merely ask you 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 Branscombe; and then something in his own mind strikes him, and he leans back in his chair, and laughs aloud. There is, perhaps, more bitterness than mirth in his laugh; yet Miss Peyton hears only the mirth.

"I hope she won't," she says, severely. "Nothing would cause me greater sorrow, underneath her childish manner, than a passionate amount of feeling that, once lifted into play, would be impossible to check. Amuse yourself elsewhere, Dorian, unless you mean to marry her."

"Well, why shouldn't I marry her?" says Dorian.

"I see no reason why you shouldn't. I only know you have no intention whatever of doing so."

"If you keep on saying that over and over again, I dare say I shall want to marry her," says Dorian.

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."

"I am glad to be here," 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 shaggy, reclines gracefully upon an ottoman near. Clarissa, herself, is lying back upon a cushioned chair, looking particularly pretty, if a trifle indolent. "Now for your news," she says, in the tone one adopts when expecting to be amused.

Dorian, lifting his arms, says 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 talked with, and walked with your 'lassie' at the Mint-water locks?"

"George? You—." She was with me all the morning."

"So she told me." "Ah! And how far did you go with her?" "To the vicarage. As I had been there all the morning, I couldn't well go in again—a fact I felt and deplored."

"I am glad you walked back with her," says Miss Peyton; but she doesn't look glad. "I hope you were nice to her?"

"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 Thursday, and then we agreed that was the warmest spring day we had ever known. And then, when the spring was preferable to summer. And then, that Miss Redmond would be very pretty if she hadn't a cocked nose. Don't look so amused, my dear Clarissa; it was Miss Broughton's expression, not mine, and a very good one, too, I think. We say a cocked hat; therefore why not a cocked nose? And then we said all education was a bore and a swindle, and then—." How old is she, Clarissa?"

"You mean Georgie?" "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?" "Rather 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.

"I 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, indolent child!

"No, no, I am in earnest," 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 give it up, and betake myself to Salt Lake City."

"You won't understand me," begins she, sitting more upright, as though desirous of argument; but he interrupts her.

"There, you mistake me," he says. "My motives are quite pure. I am dying to understand 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 Clarissa, a little vexed.

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

"I don't want anything; I merely ask you 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 Branscombe; and then something in his own mind strikes him, and he leans back in his chair, and laughs aloud. There is, perhaps, more bitterness than mirth in his laugh; yet Miss Peyton hears only the mirth.

"I hope she won't," she says, severely. "Nothing would cause me greater sorrow, underneath her childish manner, than a passionate amount of feeling that, once lifted into play, would be impossible to check. Amuse yourself elsewhere, Dorian, unless you mean to marry her."

says Dorian. "There is nothing like opposition for that kind of thing; you go and tell a fellow he can't and shouldn't marry such-and-such a girl, and ten to one he goes and does it directly."

"Don't speak like that," says Clarissa, enviously; 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 average, still I am not an 'Adonis,' or an 'Apollo,' or an 'Admiral Crichton,' or anything of that sort, and that it is probable your Miss Broughton might be in my society from this till the day she dies without experiencing a pang, so far as I am concerned."

"I don't know about 'Apollo' or 'Crichton,'" says Clarissa; "but let her alone. I 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 make 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 curate that "cheers but not intoxicates."

"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 Clarissa, 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-failed 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 ears. This last is a very unpleasant idea, and helps to decapitate three unflattering primroses."

Certainly she had defended that fellow very warmly (the curate is now "that fellow") and had spoken of him as though she had felt some keen interest in him. After all, what is it to him? (This somewhat savagely, and with the aid of a few more flowers.) If he is 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 of—"

His thoughts change. Georgie's riant lovely face fades into some deeper shade of his heart, and a gaunt old figure, and a face stern and disappointed, rises before him. Ever since that day at Sartoris, when the handkerchief had been discovered, a coldness, a nameless but stubborn shadow, had fallen between him and his uncle—a shadow impossible to lift until some explanation be vouchsafed by the younger man.

Such an explanation it is out of Dorian's power to give. The occurrence altogether was unhappy, but really nothing worthy of a violent quarrel. Branscombe, as is his nature, pertinaciously thrusts the whole affair out of sight, refusing to let it trouble him, except on such occasions as the present, when it pushes itself upon him unawares, and will not be suppressed.

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 kind.

Both Annersley, too,—though plainly desirous of avoiding his society ever since his meeting with her in the shrubberies,—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 with him.

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 Gowran, and, making her way to the morning room, runs to Clarissa and gives her a dainty little bag.

"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 Uggdale's, and so I'm my own mistress."

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

"And now to make you happy," says Clarissa, meditatively.

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

"Still, you so seldom get a holiday," 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 encouragement 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 his heart of hearts he condemns all Sunday-schools, as making the most blessed day one 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 Clarissa. "We might have gone for a nice long drive."

She goes over to the window, and gazes disconsolately at the huge shining drops that cling themselves heavily against the panes, and on the leaves and flowers outside; while "The third earth soaks up the rain, And drinks, and gapes for drink again."

"I cannot feel anything to be a 'pity to-day,'" says Georgie. "I can feel only a sense of freedom. Clarissa, let us play a game of Battleships and shuttlecock. I used to be such a Branscombe; try if you can beat me now."

Into the large hall they go, and armed with battleships, commence their fray. With a backward and forward move the little figures of the girls. The game is at its height; it is just the absorbing moment, when '189 has been delivered, and received, and returned,—when

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

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.

"Ah! you have spoiled our game. And we were so well into it. Your sudden entrance startled Georgie, and she raised her arm."

"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 his mind. Gazing at her with open and sincere 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 sooner 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 battleships and shuttlecock from morning till night." Then, reproachfully, "I think you might both shake hands 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 Branscombe; "I thank you, Clarissa, 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 I am content to go. A fit for your civility, Clarissa! At least I leave one true mourner behind."

"Two," says Clarissa, relenting. "Too late now; a dog 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-like face, framed in gold, that is gazing at him smilingly from the distance.

"Me?" she says, waking, as if from a reverie, with a faint blush. "Oh! give me my liberty!" She says it jestingly, but with a somewhat sad shrug of her rounded shoulders, as she remembers the dismal school-room, and the restraint that, however gentle, is hateful to her gay, petulant nature. Her smile dies, and tears creep into her eyes.

In another moment she is laughing again; but months go by before Dorian forgets the sad little petition and the longing glance that accompanied it, and the sigh that was only half-repressed.

"I like Mr. Branscombe so much," says Georgie, a little later on, when Dorian has disappeared. "They have forsaken their late game, and are now in Clarissa's own room, standing in a deep orbit window that overlooks the long sweep of avenue on one side, and the parterre beneath