

EUPHROSYNE.

(From the Swedish of Esaias Tegnér.)

BY NED P. MAH.

Much of this Grace wrote the sages
'Mongst the Greeks in bygone ages—
Hear what I can nearest trace
Of her figure and her face.

Her form—(so runs the text)—her figure
Tall, and full of youthful vigour,
Like a rosebud here and there
Rounded—rosy, sweet and fair.

Nobler was her form and feature
Far than any earthly creature;
Not voluptuously developed
Yet with every charm enveloped.

And her eyes—yet, with what mixture
May the painter Maylight picture!
Dangerous to behold their hue
Sun warm—deeply, brightly blue.

Dimples sweet her cheek were set in
Hearts to catch, as flies a net in
And each time the Grace but smiled
Some poor heart was aye beguiled.

Legends are—have you read any?
Of her hands and arms and many
Other charming points which ought
Not to be spoken—only thought.

Yet fleshly charms are bagatelles
Among Olympian Mamelles;
Heart and spirit attributes
Are the Grace's noblest fruits.

Joyous is her name's sweet meaning,
From her name her nature gleaming
Critics to describe her would
Say—Not more joyous than she's good.

Peerless in waltz by all confessed,
A nightingale her throat possessed;
But in her heart, by day and night,
Nestled a sweet, pure dove, snow white.

Closed is now Olympus' portal;
Dead are all the gods immortal;
But this Grace survives them still
Where! I can say, if I will.

A GOLDEN LINING.

BY EMMA W. PHILLIPS.

IV.

NOT GRATITUDE BUT LOVE.

Mr. Marner ceased his calculations, and looked up with raised brows. Had the bombshell Gertie had referred to really burst, her ladyship could not have displayed more astonishment; she sat looking at Gertie like one stunned, then, "You have accepted him?" she gasped. "Gertrude, are you mad? Do you know what you are saying? Do—do you know to whom you are speaking?—who you are?"

"Mamma, I am very sorry; I feared this would pain you. But what could I do? I cannot help loving Mr. Vane, therefore could never marry anyone else. So why should I destroy his happiness as well as my own, by refusing him?"

"Gertrude,"—her ladyship's pale cheek slightly flushing as she rose to her feet—"I tell you it shall not be! Recollect, I am your mother. This Mr. Vane shall leave at once; you shall never see him again! If you cannot save yourself, you must be saved. You the wife of a poor, penniless artist!"

"Not quite poor, mamma, nor penniless," said Gertie, a trifle pale, and speaking firmly, yet quite respectfully. "But even if he were, how should that make any difference to me? Mr. Vane's profession is that of a gentleman; he himself is one. Did he think of social position, of money, when he risked his life to save mine? Oh, mamma, if you had seen, as I did, that cruel sea creeping upon you, then, at the very moment of despair, been suddenly revived with hope, by one who risked his life, not only to try to save yours, but to encourage, to support you in meeting death, how would you regard such a person? I confess, as I looked on the brave, kindly face by my side at that moment, when I felt his arm putting its strength between me and death, I thought that earth had not his equal—that it never could have in my eyes; and, mamma, it never can have. After the past, rank, money, must form no barrier between Mr. Vane and myself. Even did I not love him, as I do, most dearly, I should hold it my duty to think of his happiness before my own."

"Though you know really nothing of him!" ejaculated Lady Hannah, a quiver of suppressed rage in her voice. "For what you can tell he may be a gambler, thief, forger! That, I suppose, could make no difference in so romantic a young lady?"

"Mamma," answered Gertie, rather scornfully, "I said rank and money, not crime; and that is not likely."

Lady Hannah gazed at her, too enraged to be able to speak; then abruptly turned to her husband.

"Have you nothing to say, Mr. Marner? How can you be silent before this—disgrace?"

"I cannot call it exactly by that name, my love," said Mr. Marner. "I am very sorry at what has happened. I confess I like Mr. Vane, who, in every way, save in a pecuniary form, is a gentleman. Nevertheless, I say to Gertie, do not be impetuous; reflect calmly."

"If, Mr. Marner, you cannot exert your authority as a step-father better than that," broke in my lady, with passionate scorn, "you had better be silent!"

"My dear," tapping his chin with his pencil, "as you are aware, I have no authority. Your first husband's will—"

Lady Hannah did not wait for the conclusion.

"Gertrude," she exclaimed, "if you marry Mr. Vane—if you disgrace me—I will never forgive you!"

And she swept, in a torrent of passion, from the room.

"Gertrude," remarked Mr. Marner, "this family disturbance is very sad. Are you really resolved?"

"Yes, papa."

"Pon my word, I can't blame you; he's a fine young fellow! Still, he is only an artist."

"And to that very fact, papa," smiled the girl, putting her arms round his neck, "I owe my being now here, instead of having been drowned in the Bristol Channel. Indeed, I must marry him or no one."

At the same moment Lady Hannah, ascending the stairs, was reflecting, "She shall never marry him!—never! She shall not so disgrace her family!"

While the above conversation was proceeding, Vane, strolling through the woods, came abruptly upon the river and a handsome young fellow lying on the bank with a clouded brow, idly flinging pebbles in the water.

The artist had a strong liking for this young man, not only because he was Gertrude's brother, but for his own claims to affection. He was, however, rather given to horse-racing and other expensive pleasures.

"Hullo! is that you, Vane?" exclaimed Lord Belliston, rising to his feet.

"Is that you?" smiled the artist. "Why, what's the matter? You are looking as pleasant as snow in harvest!"

"Matter?"—and confidently his lordship, who had a great liking for this new friend, placed his arm in the other's. "I never was in such a strait as at present! The fact is, it's settling-day in town, and, you know, if a fellow chooses to back horses, he is bound to put in an appearance at the settling, and I'm dead beat for four hundred!"

"Four hundred?"

"Yes; that's all!" proceeded Lord Belliston. "A trifle, isn't it? but as difficult to get as a thousand at the present moment. I can't ask my step-father; he's such a good fellow, and has been so generous, yet I must get the money somehow!"

"I am not very well acquainted with such matters," said Vane; "but those who have expectations—"

"Can get bills!" put in his lordship, quickly. "Of course; but I can't. My own father left the strangest will that could be made. First, it makes Gertie come of age a year before I do. Then it specifies that, should I raise money on my future wealth, borrow at usury—in fact, have anything in the slightest way to do with bill-discounters—my coming of age is to be delayed four years."

"A strange will, certainly."

"Yes. The fact was, he had lost half his own income by that sort of thing, and had had to retrench awfully afterwards; so I suppose he was resolved to prevent my following in his steps. It's an awful bore."

"I wish I could help you," said Vane, earnestly.

"I know you do; that's why I tell you. You're a jolly fellow—one of the best I ever met. You would never split on a fellow. I should have liked you, you know, even if I hadn't owed you Gertie's life. That was a plucky thing. I know those Lynmouth rocks."

Vane's heart began to beat. Would the young fellow by his side speak thus if he knew to what he aspired? Should he tell him? No, until he knew how Gertie had succeeded.

"Well," exclaimed Lord Belliston, rousing himself with a shake; "it's no good being down. The money must be got."

"I wish I had it to lend you," said Vane. "If there were time I might be able to raise it."

"Thank you, with all my heart; but, you see, there isn't time. They'd want recommendations, securities, and all that. There, never mind; the money will come, I don't doubt. By the way, when it does, I'll pay you the five I borrowed. What a shame I should be so stumped! My mother might do it, only—oh, the lecture I should get!"

"Do not speak of my debt," said Vane. "Forget it."

"No, no; I shall not do that. I'll go into the library and write a letter that I must send, then ride into Alcester, and you see if something doesn't turn up."

With the hopeful buoyancy of youth, Lord Belliston hurried off. At the same moment Vane beheld Gertie coming down another path. "They refuse consent; I feared it," said the artist, on hearing of the interview.

"Yes; as I knew, dear Halbert," responded the girl. "But can we not wait? At twenty I shall be my own mistress; and by that time," she smiled, "your name may be renowned."

He shook his head. He thought of her, and she of him, and Gertie conquered. He would not give her up. They would wait and hope.

"But, dearest, I must no longer remain beneath this roof; I must leave at once."

"No," said Gertie. "You must go, of course, but not until noon to-morrow. Papa has arranged that. Your sudden departure would create suspicion among the servants; they would talk. To-morrow it can be said you had letters summoning you to London. Until then—"

"I will not offend her ladyship by crossing

her path," smiled Vane. "A few hours' work will complete the last sketch I began. It stands now on the easel in the library. I will go to it at once. Let Lady Hannah know where I am."

"I will; and, Halbert, you will trust me? We will wait."

"Until our hairs are gray, dear love, if then I may hope to call you mine. Oh, that I may prove worthy of the sacrifice you make!"

"Sacrifice!" she laughed. "I am ashamed of you, there!" as she broke away from his arms. "Get to your work, sir, and let our motto be that true love levels all mankind."

Vane obeyed her. He went to the library and set to work, taking his meals alone. At dusk he went out. When he returned, rather late, he ascended at once to his room.

On his table was an envelope addressed to himself. It was from Lord Belliston. It contained a five-pound note, and these hurried words:—

"All right, old fellow! Have got the money! Told you it would come. Enclose you the five with a whole heap of thanks. Can't write more. Going up to London to-night."

"I wonder where he got it?" thought Vane. But what business is that of mine? By the way, I ought to get this cashed. I shall have to fee the servants to-morrow."

A footman entering, he asked if he could get it changed, as he had forgotten while out.

"I daresay the butler, sir, could change it."

Mr. Moxon, the respectable, gray-haired butler, was quite able and pleased to do so for Mr. Vane. Halbert placed the coins in his purse, undressed, and went to bed.

By noon to-morrow he would have left Cumberland—left Gertie.

V.

FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS.

"Five hundred pounds in bank notes! They were in my desk yesterday afternoon; now they are gone—not one remains!"

"But, my dear Hannah, reflect a moment! Are you sure you have made no mistake?"

"Mistake, Mr. Marner!" exclaimed her ladyship, impatiently. "Reflect! What is there to reflect upon? The notes, I repeat, were there, and they are gone!"

The hour was about nine. Mr. Marner had been seated, according to custom, in his private room, attending to his morning's letters and other matters, when Lady Hannah had sailed in, erect and indignant, with the startling news that since noon of the previous day notes to the amount of five hundred pounds had been stolen from her desk.

"Don't you think it was unwise to leave such a sum in an unlocked desk?" suggested Mr. Marner.

"The fact is, I had been writing letters in the library, and going to the morning-room for something, saw the new book, which I was just glancing through, when Gertrude came in with that astounding information concerning the impertinence of Mr. Vane, and that made me for the time forget all else. When later, I would have gone to lock the desk, Gertrude informed me that that fellow was finishing his sketch there."

"I thought, Hannah, you always banked your half-yearly income?"

"So, I do generally; but I had need of most of it this time, consequently delayed. But"—and she rose from her chair—"we are losing valuable time, Mr. Marner. The thief may be escaping, or at least destroying all clue to discovery."

"I suppose I had better send for a policeman to help us?"

"No. I should prefer interrogating the servants first, Mr. Marner."

"Have you the numbers of the notes?"

"They are here."

That is fortunate. They can be stopped; it's a most unpleasant affair. Supposing we ring for Mrs. Bramble first, and hear if she has cause to suspect any of the servants of dishonesty?"

Mrs. Bramble duly arriving, had only good characters to give of all her staff of domestics. After ten in the morning, none of them would have any business in the library, and she did not think it likely that they would go in, as Mr. Vane had been there all day sketching the view from the window.

A strange expression came over Lady Hannah's face.

"Oh," she remarked, "Mr. Vane was there all day?"

The voice was quiet, yet there was a something in it that caused Mr. Marner to throw a quick glance upon her.

Yes; if her ladyship remembered, he had had even his dinner there. Mrs. Bramble didn't think any of the servants could have been in the library alone, unless when the footman went to light the lamps.

"Ascertain which footman it was, Mrs. Bramble, and send him here, if you please," said Mr. Marner. Then, turning to his wife on the housekeeper's withdrawal, he added, "Hannah, your tones just now seemed to imply that you thought Mr. Vane capable of taking these notes."

"I could sooner believe him guilty than any of the servants. Put the matter into the hands of the police, and see whom they will suspect!"

"Hush! here is the butler!"

He came to say that he had been with the footman when the lamps were lighted, and that

the man hadn't been a moment alone in the room.

"Then, Moxon, I see nothing for it but to put the case into a detective's hands."

"If it's any of the servants, they'll find it difficult to pass 'em, sir, and that might lead to their detection."

"Well, that is true, Moxon; and, fortunately, her ladyship has taken the numbers. Make a note of them, in case you should come across any in the village."

The butler, whose hair had grown gray in his present service, took the paper Mr. Marner had passed over, and began copying the numbers in his note-book. Suddenly he stopped, and regarded one with a strange, surprised expression.

"What is it, Moxon?"

"Why, sir, if I'm not mistaken," began the butler, "I have—that is—Excuse me a moment."

Taking out his pocket-book he produced from it a five-pound note, and compared it with the numbers.

"I thought so!" he exclaimed. "It's the same, sir. It's one of 'em—219,641!"

"One of the notes? Impossible!" exclaimed Lady Hannah, leaning quickly forward.

"Yes, my dear," said Mr. Marner, with knitted brows. "It's one of them. Where did you get it?"

"When Mr. Vane, sir, returned home last night, it being late, he went direct to his own room, and shortly after the footman brought me this note to ask if I could change it."

"From Mr. Vane?" exclaimed Lady Hannah.

"Yes, your ladyship."

"Mercy on us!" ejaculated Mr. Marner.

"I beg pardon, but I knocked twice without receiving any answer, so thought the room unoccupied. You desired to see me here at this hour, Mr. Marner, before I left."

The speaker was the artist, Halbert Vane himself. He stood just within the door, erect, handsome, self-possessed.

"You are engaged, I perceive; I will retire."

"No, no; come in, Mr. Vane. Moxon, you may go, said Mr. Marner, nervously. "Take a chair, Mr. Vane."

But the artist stood, seeing his host had risen.

What was the matter? Something, he could tell by their countenances. Lady Hannah looked white, vindictive, yet a trifle scared. Of course it was about his love for dear Gertie.

"Mr. Vane," said Mr. Marner, fingering his watch-chain, "a most unpleasant thing has happened. I scarcely know how to put it; but out of her ladyship's desk that stands in the library a roll of notes of five hundred pounds value was yesterday stolen."

"Five hundred pounds!" ejaculated Vane.

"Mr. Vane," said her ladyship, "we have questioned the servants, and they have said that you were sketching there all day. That being so, possibly you may be able to give us some clue to the thief."

"I regret Lady Hannah, that I am unable," he answered. "I would I were; that is—"

"You wish it would be safe to do so?"

He looked at her, believing she had divined his suspicion, but the scornful smile on her lips revealed the truth.

"Lady Hannah," he ejaculated, astounded yet indignantly, "surely you do not—you dare not suspect that I would be guilty of such a crime?"

"Mamma! oh, what does this mean?" exclaimed Gertrude Belliston, at this moment entering. "Bramble tells me that notes have been stolen from your desk."

"And, Miss Belliston," said Vane, inclining his head, "her ladyship has honoured me by regarding me as the thief!"

"You, Halbert?" cried the girl. "Oh, for shame, mamma!"

"Have the goodness to hear before you condemn," said her ladyship, haughtily. "Will Mr. Vane deny that his manner was singularly conscious when he heard of the loss?"

"And for that your ladyship would condemn me?" he said.

"No, Mr. Vane," put in Mr. Marner, gravely. "We merely ask if you suspect anyone to tell us—to give us, if you can, any information. We have reason to think you can, for yesterday my butler tells me he cashed for you this note."

"He did," said Vane.

"Then, as it is one of those stolen, will you inform me where you obtained it?"

Vane had small doubt as to who was the thief. He remembered Lord Belliston's desperate need of money; how he had gone to the library to write letters, and how, in his letter, he had said the money had been procured.

But could he betray Gertrude's brother?—denounce him as guilty?

Impossible!

"No, Mr. Marner," he said, quietly, but with an effort; "I deeply regret that I cannot, for I perceive how in some eyes it will condemn me. But I cannot give you that information."

Lady Hannah leaned back in her chair, smiling.

"Oh, Halbert, why not?" exclaimed Gertie.

"I would have given twice the money that this had not happened!" said Mr. Marner. "Mr. Vane, I am deceived, and it pains me! Had you desired a loan—"

"What, sir?" cried the artist; "do you, too, believe me guilty?"

"What can I believe? The very night the