

carpet. It wants mending in two or three places; an' them curtains has got terrible shabby while my lord and his lot has been here."

"Make a note of these things, and I'll give it to the Earl when I see him," Wyett replied. "Will ye, now? Then I'll do it at once. People as can pay ought to be made to pay, oughtn't they?"

She was bustling away, when he stopped her.

"That card-case, Mrs. Price. If you will fetch it, I'll write down your claims the while."

Conscious that her own calligraphy was none of the best, she agreed to this, and went upstairs. After a long interval, during which she could be heard opening and shutting doors and drawers, she returned in an angry mood.

"It's gone, though I'll take my Bible oath I see it on the shelf only this morning!"

"But who could have taken it?" asked Wyett, his brow as black as her own.

"Why, Essie has; the thieving, artful little cat! I see her loitering about when I were talking to you the other day. Listening, of course. She's equal to anything; and she has been and helped herself. Why, Essie! Essie, I say! Where is she? I'll teach her to touch my things without leave!"

She flounced out of the room, and Wyett threw himself into a chair. Ten minutes—twenty elapsed. The high-pitched voice of Mrs. Price was audible both within and without the house, and her subordinates were heard scuttling to and fro at her bidding, as if sent in various directions.

Her face wore a strangely-scared expression when she came back.

"The girl's gone, Mr. Wyett. There's no sign of her, far nor near. Ha! she been wicked enough to drown herself in the pool, d'ye think? I'll have every one crying out that I drove her to it! What'll I do?"

(To be continued.)

## A MISTAKE.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

"What are you aiming, Joe, to see, Scanning each hat and feather?"  
"An azure wing and white egrette That clasps my willing tetter."

"Somebody wears it on her hat—  
The dainty hat, I know it—  
It seems as though the bonny face  
Looks bonnier below it."

"Along the rows of concert seats  
I look until I find it,  
And then—" "What then?" "Oh, then I try  
To take a seat behind it."

"The wary hunter's practised eye  
Is not more keen or truer  
For fitting wings, than mine has grown  
Since first I longed to woo her."

"Ah, there it is! I see it now;  
I know the azure shining,  
The loops, and cunning veil of lace  
About her small head twining."

"Good-bye, good-bye," and Joe had gone.

"Ah, Joe! how fares the feather?"  
"Ask never, 'an you love me, Hal,'  
I blundered altogether."

"I sat quite patiently a while,  
Then love I could not smother,  
And so I bent to whisper low,  
Alas! it was her mother!"

"Since then I put no trust in wings,  
Nor hats of any fashion;  
But evermore I'll see the face  
Ere I declare my passion."

For the Favorites.

## TALES OF MY BOARDERS.

BY A. I. S.,

OF HUNTINGDON, O.

I.

Tell you some of my adventures, girls? Well, I don't think I ever really had an adventure, and I am not much of a raconteuse. My life has been far too busy a one, my mind much too occupied with household cares, for me to practise the art of story-telling. But I have seen some rather queer things, too, in my day, and if you will promise to be very indulgent listeners, I'll tell you something about my boarders, and that will give you a part of my own story at the same time.

It is just fifteen years ago since John and I agreed to tread the path of life together. We married on very little, without, indeed, I were to count our love for each other, and then I should say we married on a good deal. But, great as was our affection, we soon found out that, keep it as warm as we might, still it would not make the kettle boil nor provide food and raiment.

John was a lawyer by profession, so of course we had imagined there could be no possible difficulty in our not only making a livelihood, but in amassing a fortune within a few years; but, alas!

"The best laid plans of mice and men  
Gang oft a-glee."

And this proved especially true in our case. The practice in B— did not amount to \$100

per annum, and it yearly grew worse, until at last we were forced to admit that it was impossible to provide even the necessities of life for ourselves and the babies, who came every two years. First, Fred was born, and then, at intervals of two years each, Kate and Isabel. It was just after Isabel's birth that we decided to change our place of residence, and try what Dame Fortune was disposed to do for us in the nearest city—Montreal. So one cold day in November we packed up our worldly gear and followed our furniture into town.

I did not feel very lonesome at leaving B—, as we had rather kept aloof from society there, dreading that curse of all villages, that afflicted B— in a most particular manner. I mean gossip and scandal.

You may imagine my astonishment on finding the house which John had taken for us, and which he had described to me as being of "a convenient and middling size," to be a two-story stone house on St. Antoine Street, the rent \$50 a year and taxes,—we who had nothing in the world but our furniture and \$15 cash! I am not easily discouraged, but I'll admit I was then. However, I saw plainly that something must be done immediately, and that I must be the one to do it, for what could John do but wait for practice? He did speak of giving up his profession, and trying to get a situation of some sort; but I would not hear of that any more than he would, at first, listen to my plan of taking a few boarders. He positively would not hear of such a thing, and it was only by dint of great persistence, and, I may say, clear reasoning that he granted me the required permission.

I spent a few shillings in advertising, and within a week had the great good fortune of securing two gentlemanly young men as boarders at \$20 a month each.

I was quite elated at my success, and determined to make them as comfortable as I possibly could, well knowing that that would be the surest means of procuring others.

They were clerks in the same mercantile house, and, as I said, both nice fellows; but I must say I preferred Mr. Malcolm, a young Scotchman, just a few weeks out from Scotland. Mr. Ervine was very quiet and pleasant, but Mr. Malcolm was the soul of good nature.

He had been with us about two months when one day he came to me in great distress. He said he had but one sister, Jean; that they were orphans and quite alone in the world, with the exception of a maiden aunt, a sister of their father's. It was in her care that he had left Jeanie when he decided to try his fortune in Canada; but that he had just received a telegram from his sister, saying that she was in Portland, and would be in Montreal the very next day. The poor fellow was at his wit's end with wonder and annoyance, and all he could do was to beg of me to take her as a boarder, and, if I could possibly do so, to "see after her a bit," as he said; "for," he added, "it is easy for you to see she is but a thoughtless creature, and goodness knows what's brought her out here."

Of course I consented to do the best I could for her, and instantly set to work to arrange a room for her. I was not in very good spirits, for though the money for her board was not to be despised, the prospect of having a giddy-headed young woman added to my cares was anything but bright.

She arrived the next day with her trunks, or I should better describe it as her trunks arriving with her, for I never saw such a number belonging to one small person.

I was surprised to see that she was exceedingly pretty (which did not lessen my fear of the trouble I expected she would give me). Auburn hair, dark grey eyes, shaded by long dark lashes, a lovely complexion, piquant features, a perfect little figure (she was quite petite) made up a very charming tout-ensemble.

Although I was slightly prejudiced against her, I could not dislike her. In fact my heart opened to her from the very first, and I soon perceived that, as generally happens, I had drawn a very false picture of her in my mind. From her escapade of coming to Canada without asking her brother's advice, or even of warning him of her projected journey, I had imagined her to be a wild, giddy thing; but, on the contrary, although she was gay enough, she was not at all giddy.

She was with me a great deal during the first month of her stay with us, and, in one of our intimate "talks," she told me of her engagement to a Mr. McDonald.

"He is much older than I am," she said; "I am only eighteen, and he—oh! he is ever so old! more than forty, I am sure; but aunt says I need some staid person to take care of me, and he is very staid. I never saw him laugh; but he is very kind to me, and writes me such nice fatherly letters."

I saw plainly that she was not much in love with her "futar," and, according to my usual habit, I drew a fancy sketch of him in my mind,—a cold, stern, money-making Scotchman,—and I did not wonder that she should be quite content and happy away from him. I had never heard the reason of her sudden visit to Canada, but I inferred that the maiden aunt was of the opinion that "absence makes the heart grow fonder," and had hurried Jeanie off that she might persevere in her present happy frame of mind until the wedding, which was to take place in August, and for which she was to return to Scotland.

The knowledge of her engagement was a great relief to me, and I no longer thought it necessary to keep such a strict watch over her as I

had at first done. The consequence was that, having a great deal to attend to just then, a teething baby and an unruly servant, I left my three boarders very much to themselves, quite satisfied when I heard Mr. Malcolm's voice in the parlor.

Jeanie made acquaintance with a number of very nice people, people with whom I was a stranger, and, so, from one reason or another, we soon fell back into our normal positions of landlady and boarder.

Things went on in this way until about the middle of the month of June, when one day Miss Malcolm announced her intention of visiting Niagara with a party of her friends, of whom were to be her brother and Mr. Ervine. They were to leave on Monday and return on the Thursday of the same week; but unfortunately Mr. Ervine received orders from his employers to leave for Chicago on very urgent business on Wednesday at the latest, and he consequently would be unable to return to Montreal with the remainder of the party.

He seemed very much perturbed at this news, which was the more surprising as we all knew that this journey would lead to sure advancement, and, most probably, eventually to a junior partnership in the firm. But strange as was his apparent unwillingness to accept the task assigned him, Miss Malcolm's evident distress was even more singular, and for the first time I surmised there might have been more going on before my eyes than I had noticed—that these two entertained for each other a feeling warmer than friendship.

I was unable to verify my suspicions, as they left for their trip the next morning.

During their absence a number of letters arrived for them. Mr. Ervine's I forwarded to his address in Chicago, and Mr. Malcolm's and his sister's I gave them on their arrival home on Thursday evening.

I was not surprised that Miss Malcolm should keep her room that evening, as she was very pale, and, I concluded, much fatigued.

But I was really startled by her looks when she came down to breakfast the next morning; I was more, I was seriously alarmed.

"Why, Miss Malcolm, you are not looking at all well this morning," I said to her; "I fear your trip has been more injurious than beneficial to you. Are you ill?"

"Oh, no!" she said, "it is nothing. I am very much fatigued and passed a wretched night. I shall keep my room to-day, and be all right by the evening."

That evening her brother came into my sitting-room and begged to speak a few words to me alone. When I had sent the children away, "Mrs. Lang," said he, "I am very much concerned about Jeanie."

"Why," I asked, "is she ill? She looked far from well this morning, but I thought her looking better when I saw her about an hour ago!"

"She is not looking strong; but she says she is not ill. She is weeping bitterly now. Would you be so kind as to go to her. Perhaps she might tell you what ails her."

Certainly, I said I would go; but that I doubted whether she would tell me, especially if it were anything serious, as I had become such a stranger to her.

I was exceedingly grieved for the poor little creature, for I thought I understood what troubled her.

Mr. Malcolm left me at her door, at which I knocked several times ere I was admitted.

I found her as her brother had said, apparently in great distress, and, to tell the truth, now I had got there I knew not what to say, how to console her; so I said the first thing that came to my mind.

"My dear Miss Malcolm, what is the matter with you? Are you ill? Your brother fears that you are, and has sent me to you. Can I be of any service? Speak to me, my dear," I continued, putting my arms around her as she continued to sob hysterically. She looked so very youthful, such a mere child, that I felt very much grieved and alarmed for her. I held her for a moment in my arms, when she suddenly threw hers around my neck, sobbing out:

"Oh! dear Mrs. Lang! dear, dear Mrs. Lang, will you—can you help me? Oh! what will Allan, what will Aunt Marion say?"

"What is the matter, dear?" asked I, interrupting her. "Tell me, and perhaps I can help you."

She hid her face for a moment in her hands, and then she murmured:

"I am married!"

"Married!" I cried. "How, where, to whom? Explain—tell me. To whom are you married?"

"To Mr. Ervine, on Tuesday," said she, growing suddenly calmer.

"To Mr. Ervine! on Tuesday!" I repeated, almost stunned by this very unexpected piece of intelligence. "Does your brother know?"

"No, Allan knows nothing, suspects nothing. Whilst the rest of our party were resting after our visit to the Falls, we were married, and back at the hotel before our absence had been noticed."

"But was it a sudden resolve on your part? Had you thought of this before?"

"Oh, yes, we had arranged everything before we left Montreal,—and Allan does not know! Oh! what shall I do? How shall I tell him? If only Mr. Ervine had not been obliged to go on that unfortunate journey; if he were here he would tell Allan. He promised to write to both him and to aunt; but I cannot bear this secret alone. I never had a secret before!"

I thought she had done pretty well for a first attempt, but I said:

"And what about Mr. McDonald? Does he know?"

"No, no, he knows nothing of it either," and she began to sob again; so I drew her to the lounge, and by dint of caressing and soothing, I succeeded in quieting her sufficiently to enable her to tell me her story at least coherently.

"The worst of it is," she continued, "the letter you received for me on Monday is from him, and he tells me that he will be here almost as soon as his letter. If he should come during Mr. Ervine's absence I know not what to do! I almost think it were best to leave him in ignorance of my marriage until George comes back."

"Why, child, you surely would never dream of such a thing! Receive him as your betrothed? You? A married woman?"

"Ah, yes!" she said discouragedly, "I had not thought of that. What shall I do? What would you advise?"

"Well, my dear," said I, "this is an entirely new experience for me; but I should say, confess everything by all means. Concealments are always wrong, and generally injudicious. The task is a hard one, I grant you; but then you must expect a little bitter to mingle with the happiness you have—" I was about to say "stolen," but checked myself and said, "the happiness you have won."

Just then the door-bell rang.

"Oh, who can that be?" cried she, starting, and trembling violently.

"Some one for Mr. Lang, doubtless," I answered; "and now, as I see your nerves are quite unstrung, I shall leave you, and you must go to bed immediately. I will send you up a cup of tea, and, in the meanwhile, think no more of your troubles. I will tell your brother everything to-night, and I think that, between us, we can find some way of breaking the news to Mr. McDonald without your being obliged to see him."

I bade her good-night and left her. At the door of my sitting-room stood Mr. Malcolm, awaiting my return. I motioned him to a seat, and told him everything without further preamble. He was dreadfully angry. Not with his sister, for he said she was such a childish creature that he did not blame her, but with Mr. Ervine. I can't begin to tell you all the harsh things he said of him, nor of the vows of vengeance he took.

I said nothing, but let him rant on until his anger was quite exhausted. He had grown as nearly calm as could be expected, when Mary, the housemaid, (the one who is with us yet) knocked at the door and presented a card for Mr. Malcolm. She said that the gentleman had asked for Miss Malcolm, but that, in accordance with Miss Malcolm's directions to her that morning, she had said that she was too unwell to see any one. He had then asked for Mr. Malcolm, but "Sure I thought you had gone out, and I told him so," said she. He had then left a card, saying that he would call in the morning.

I made her a sign to leave the room, and turned to Mr. Malcolm, who stood gazing fixedly at the card in his hand. I could not imagine what could be the matter, he looked so dazed. I was still looking at him with curiosity when he slowly raised his eyes, and with a smile, partly of anger and partly of amusement:

"Well, well," said he, "here's a pretty business."

He handed me the card, on which was written in a business-like hand:

"DONALD E. McDONALD,  
"Glasgow."

It was my turn to be surprised, and I most decidedly was so.

"Is it Jeanie's Mr. McDonald?" I asked as I handed the card back.

"Yes, it's Jeanie's Mr. McDonald, and a nice mess she has made of things. I wonder what on earth she'll do. No use of my trying to smooth matters. Oh! what a daff creature she is!"

"But must she see him, Mr. Malcolm? Is there no means of preventing that? She is so nervous and weak that I'm sure she will be very ill if she is obliged to meet him."

"Yes, if I may judge by what I know of McDonald's character, I should say that she must see him, will ye, will ye. The only thing to be done is to try and soften his anger beforehand—before he sees her, I mean. I would willingly do that much for poor misguided Jean, but it is too late for me to go hunting around for him to-night. You see he has not given his address, and to-morrow morning I must, of course, be at the store. I'll try and get leave for the afternoon, but of what use? He will most probably be here as early as possible." He stood thinking, silently twisting the card. At last he looked up deprecatingly, and said:

"It is a great deal to ask of you, Mrs. Lang; your kind interest in poor Jean urges me. Will you see him?"

"Oh! how could I see him? How would he take the news (and such news!) from me, an utter stranger?" I explained to him that my unwillingness did not arise from any selfish motive, but was entirely on Mr. McDonald's account.

Finally we decided that I should see Mr. McDonald when he called, and give him a gentle hint of how matters stood; or, at all events, to rouse his sympathies by dwelling on Jeanie's weak state of nerves. In fact, I was to imply that, if she was not quite ill, she was at least in a delicate state of health.

I shall not tell you of Miss Malcolm's tears and wailing when Mr. McDonald's arrival was announced to her, nor of the difficulty we had in persuading her to consent to see him. Suffice