WHEN THE FLOODS ARE OUT.

Ilma started, and looked down her dress.

"I don't know," she answered; "I did not take it out. I must have dropped it."

"Perhaps while you were playing chess," suggested Sir Philip.

"No; I saw it when you left the table," said Roland.

"It must be somewhere about the floor;" and Ilma looked round her. "Never mind, Rol; you will have to give me another."

Just then Rose drew near.

"Roland, we want you for whist; and Rachel has no partner. Come along."

Roland could not well refuse; he could not make a pretense of waiting to hear classical music; so he was fain to be a victim—and never was there a more unwilling one.

"Will you play that last piece again?" asked Darrell, as soon as he was gone.

Ilma complied, and, while she played, Sir Philip, who was looking down, caught sight of something lying near his foot. It was Roland's little-cared for rose. He did not pick it up at once; but, when Ilma had finished playing, he raised it and placed it on the piano before her.

"Your rose," he said. "I wonder I did not see it earlier; it fell close to me."

"Thanks." There was no pleasure in her face. She took up the rose as if she hardly knew what to do with it. "The stalk is broken off," she said, with a perplexed look. "I can't put it back in my dress; it's not much good now;" and she let it drop on the piano again."

Darrell bent forward with a quick-drawn breath, and his deep gray eyes flashed.

"You have not always so treated the gift of a flower," he said.

Crimson as the rose itself were Ilma's cheeks and brow; her eyes, half turned to him, had seen the look of his, her ear had caught—nay, to her very heart had rung—the tone in his voice. Yet she knew nothing and felt nothing clearly. She had a sense of losing some safeguard, of having some vail or mask torn from her. She saw how Darrell read her conduct about the flowers he had given her; but she could not, in that bewildering moment, tell whether he was right or wrong. She could not think at all.

Darrell, a man of the world with a woman's subtlety of perception, saw that this child who turned from him and knew not how to answer him had given him more than her lips could have told him, than her whole heart, half child's, half woman's, could have told herself; and back on his soul came the surge of the reaction. The daring words he had spoken should never have passed his lips. Had he said too much to draw back in honor? Nay, if she loved him, of what use to draw back. It would be too late too save her. "If!" Ilma was still a child in many things. How should she give to him, he asked himself again, in so short a time, such love as he gave to her? At least he could test it, at least he could find out by absence if he had won a woman's heart, or only the girlish love that was more of the imagination than the heart.

Quickly all this flashed through Sir Philip Darrell's mind—so quickly that there was scarce a moment's pause before he laid his hand lightly on the keys, as though he were speaking of some piece of music to her, and, forcing back from eye and lip all that made his heart beat so wildly, said earnestly—

"I should not pain you, Ilma; let my words pass—not as a jest—no—I wounded to-day by a jest, born of my own pain—but as a thought too hastily spoken, a thought that my life is not barren of at least a kindly memory."

What a bitter mockery to him were such words! They pained her, but they gave her self-command, and she was for the time even grateful to him; later, in the silence of a sleepless night, she saw their hollowness, and knew that his heart had spoken in that first look and tone.

"Kindly memory!" she repeated very low. "Why should you not think so Sir Philip? I owe you too great a debt of gratitude to fall short of so much as kindly memory."

"You give me a problem to solve, Ilma; for, by my faith, I cannot discover how I am your creditor. I thought I was a debtor. Hush! Give me a woman's privilege, the last word, unless you will take it in music; and I would rather listen to Schumann than fathom enigmas."

So Ilma played again; and, when she rose to leave the piano, she forgot the poor damask rose, and the piano lid closed over it, and it died there neglected.

But, when Ilma dressed to go back to the Grange, she took Sir Philip's flowers carefully from the water and hid them in her breast, knowing not where else to put them, for she dared not carry them in her hand lest they should be seen. Miss Durnford and Ilma were to return in the carriage, and Zuleika was to follow them. As the farewells were being said, Roland continued to whisper to his cousin—

"You remember what I asked to-night about explaining to you?"

"Yes," said the girl wonderingly. "What do you mean?"

"May I come and see you, Ilma?"

"I suppose so; but not yet, not—not before Thursday."

"But you will come here before then?"

"Maybe. Good night. Auntie is waiting."

She ran away quickly, and Darrell handed her into the carriage; then he mounted Hassan, and rode with the ladies as far as the Grange. He would not go in, but bade adieu to them on the steps, lifting Ilma's hand to his lips, as his custom was; but this evening the soft moustache hardly touched the little hand, and he turned away without a parting word.

But there was a deeper meaning in that reticence than even in lingering kiss and passionate words. And when he was gone Ilma stood quite still for a moment in the summer night, and pressed her hands over her eyes with a low quick sob that was half bitter pain and half the very agony of joy.

Did Philip Darrell love her? was the question that Ilma asked herself over and over again that night. Had she been a few years older, there could have been no doubt as to the answer—scarcely any need for the question; but, even when there seemed none other than one solution to what had passed that day and evening, still the torturing thought came that she was foolish and only a child. He might be fond of her in a fashion, but love her! And yet——. Did he fear to bring sorrow on her? So only could she read what must otherwise seem like trifling with her; for his looks, words and tones that day, his manner when he parted with her, would not agree with a man's affection for a child; that would be frank and free, quite different. He did not then regard her as "only a child," but sometimes tried to make her think he did—for her sake, not for his. He would not seek her love; but, alas, had he not won it?

She knew now in this solitary self-communing—shrink from it as she would, self-analysis was forced upon her—that he was right about the flowers; that it was because he had given them to her that she valued them; she knew that he was far more to her than all the world besides. And, oh, if he loved her, why should the curse on his life blight his life? She did not, would not believe in it. There was no stain on his honor; the ban of Heaven could not be on such as he; and, if it were, she would rather die with him than live without him. But he was going away, and she was glad, for that might save him. She could not resist the influence of the general belief that deadly peril lay for the last of the Darrells in the Coalmere floods this year. Would he go without seeing her? She trembled at the thought of seeing him again, and wept passionately at the thought of not seeing him.

Morning found the girl with no feeling of weariness; every pulse was beating high, and every sense on the alert. She rose before the sun was above the horizon, and, dressing quickly, went down to the stable and saddled Zuleika, and went for a ride. She rode miles before good Miss Durnford had opened her eyes and, when Ilma came in to breakfast, she looked so bright and fresh, and seemed so happy, that no one could have guessed how she had suffered, and suffered still.

Rose came over early to the Grange, and wanted Ilma to go back with her for a game of lawn tennis; and Ilma went, having no excuse for refusing; but she took care never to be alone with Roland. The shadow of the approaching Thursday hung over her like a pall. She could not now avoid more than suspecting what Roland wanted to speak to her about; and she shrank from that with a dread that grew more and more as the day approached.

Meanwhile nothing was seen of Sir Philip Darrell. He was still at the Court; all Scarth Abbott would have speedily known it if he had left.

"Maybe, missy," said Job Heston to Ilma, as she was crossing the lock bridge early on Wednesday morning, and met the miller, "he's setting his house in order at last; time he did, if he means to stop till the rains come. They'll be on us in a day or two, or my name's not Heston."

"How do you know?" asked Ilma with a sinking heart.

"Know? Oh, I can tell! His days are numbered, missy."

"I don't believe it," said Ilma steadily.

"Don't you, missy? But then, you see, you're a foreigner."

"How do you know?" asked the girl. "What is meant by 'life for life?' That implies a life possibly saved."

"Suppose it did, missy, his would be lost," said Job, grimly; "and both must be lost."

"Why? A life is given if it is given by the will; actual death is not a necessity."

"Well, of course," returned Heston, "the curse is doubtful to some extent; but I fancy Sir Philip himself takes it rather that he'll lose his life some way. Don't be the other party, that's all, missy; you're far too handsome to lose your life."

Ilma turned away haughtily and walked on. Job stood and looked after her.

"Is that to be it, I wonder?" he said to himself musingly. "The young Squire fancies her, or I'm much mistaken; but, if Sir Philip's in the field, he'll win—no fear. Then the Squire isn't one to take it coolly if his girl is taken away from him. I don't know what he'd do—something many wouldn't expect. As for the lord, he'd carry her off; that's the Darrell way."

* * * * *

Thursday morning dawned clear and sunny: but Ilma awoke with a heavy load of dread and grief on her heart. She could not meet Roland; he would taunt her about Sir Philip, and her face might betray her. The dread grew to an everlasting terror; and the girl determined to fly from the impending interview, the more so as Miss Durnford said at breakfast that she was going to visit some of the poor people, and, as Ilma never accompanied her on these occasions, she would be left alone.

"What are you going to do with yourself, my dear?" asked Miss Durnford.

"I shall take a ramble presently, auntie, perhaps."

"Very well, dear. How odd it is," continued Miss Durnford, tying her bonnet-strings, "that Sir Philip has not been this way for so long! It makes me very anxious. He seems determined to dare to the uttermost."

Ilma made no answer; and Miss Durnford went out with her mind tolerably at rest concerning Dark Darrell and her beautiful neice.

Ilma walked with her aunt to the gate, and noted which road she took; then she went back to the house, caught up her hat, and left the premises the back way; but instead of going towards the river, she took an opposite course, running for some distance till she had put half a mile or more of wood and field between herself and Scarth Abbot, and then she dropped into a quick walk.

CHAPTER IX.

Ilma had not the least idea where she was going, and did not care, so long as she escaped Roland. Indeed she wanted to escape from every living thing, and the wilder the country grew the better pleased she was. Up hill and down dale she went, and along rocky paths, till she came at last to a deep gorge, the sides of which were thickly clothed with verdure.

The place looked like an enchanted dell, and brought to Ilma's ready imagination the old legend of the knight who rode with the cross hilt of his sword uplifted through the enchanted groves. She wondered if the superstition of the country folk had peopled the glen with elves and other mysterious beings, and if the hoof-marks her quick eye detected among the thick moss that carpeted the ground were those of a headless steed, like the one that haunted the precincts of the Alhambra.

The entrance to the gorge sloped gradually from where Ilma stood. At another time she would have deliberately skirted the verge for the pleasure of scrambling down; but now she had lost her wild high spirits, and walked onwards slowly, swinging her hat and listening to the singing of the birds in the trees, and watching with dreamy interest the sunlight among the leaves. Deeper and deeper she went into the dell, thinking she would discover the outlet; for, she argued, there surely was an outlet, since the hoof-marks were still visible going one way, and there was no sign of a return journey.

It was strange, the girl said to herself, that she had never heard of this wildly beautiful spot before. Stay! She stood still a moment, trying to remember. Yes; had not Rose, only the other day, talked of the Abbot's Dell, which was said to be haunted? No doubt this was the place. Haunted! Then she need have no fear of meeting any one. But the hoof-marks! The girl had moved onward, but now halted again with a sudden throb at her heart. There was one man who cared nothing for peasants' tales. She glanced behind her, but saw no sign of any living creature, save the birds in the branches and the scuttling squirrels. She listened. There was a dead silence, though indeed on the mossy ground even a horse's step would not be audible till the animal were within twenty yards.

She bent down and examined the marks more attentively. An Indian would have made more of them, light as the impress was; but Ilma could see that they were those of a small hoofed animal, though whether they were recent or not her knowledge did not enable her to determine. Had Hassan passed that way? Well, why frighten herself so? It might have been yesterday, or two days before, or three hours ago that Sir Philip had ridden through the glen; and, if it were only five minutes ago, he would be far ahead of her, out of sight before she reached the end. But how the mere thought of his having been so near—perhaps so recently—made her heart beat! And how, argue as she would, her lips quivered and her eyes gazed fearfully before her with every onward step she took! How she started at every rustle of a leaf, as though she expected to see an elfin creature instead of a bird shoot forth from the brake!

Another turn, and no sign yet of the end of the long winding glen. Hark! What was that? The girl stopped abruptly. A sudden flight of birds from out of the thick foliage scarce a hundred paces ahead. What had startled them? In another second a dark object came round the turning—not the knight of the legend, with cross-hilted sword elevated before him, but Sir Philip Darrell, mounted on Hassan, and gazing before him with such a look as strong proud men wear when they are fighting a stern battle with their own passions, and know that they are losing ground inch by inch. But this Ilma had not time to see; for he had recognized the slight form standing in the soft twilight of the glen at the instant that he passed the curve; and a wild joy lighted up his face, and the last frail barrier the strong will had striven to uphold tottered and fell.

Not even pausing to draw bridle, he sprang from his horse, and was at Ilma's side, her hands clasped in his, before the startled steed had halted.

"Ilma, Ilma," he cried—and his whole heart went out to her in the passionate utterance—"oh, my life, my soul, I can strive no longer! Why have you come to tempt me?"

But Ilma could not answer him. She was trembling violently. Her golden head drooped, and her eyes sank before his. How could she meet the look that would have told her the whole glorious truth if his lips had been silent and his hand had never touched hers?

"Ilma!" Now his arms were round her, her heart was throbbing against his, and his lips sought hers. "Ilma, my darling, I knew that you love me. Let me hear you say it. Raise those dear eyes and look into mine, and tell me that your life is mine, as mine is yours."

Was the curse forgotten?

She thought not of it, but raised her eyes to his and whispered softly, the sweet eyes sinking again immediately—

"I love you!" And his lips sealed the avowal.

Philip Darrell's wish was granted, and that brief wild happiness was his. But, oh, it was brief indeed, and not even for a moment was there peace! Once more—and now too late—rose up before him all that he had trampled under foot and seemed to have crushed for ever. He raised his head, which had been bowed on hers, and sought to loosen his clasp; but Ilma read his heart, and with a low cry of pain clung to him, pressing her golden head against his breast.

"No, no," she said, passionately, "you shall not put me from you! You have done me no wrong to love me and teach me—ah, you could not help that!—to love you. Heaven will not curse you—I will not believe it."

"Ilma, Ilma, hear me!"

"No, no!" she cried again. "Even if the curse be true, you cannot save me"—and a noble triumph shone in the large, clear eyes that gazed now full into his—"for I love you, and I must suffer with you. Your fate must be mine, Philip, whether for weal or woe; and, oh, it would be a thousand times better to die with you than to live without you!"

"Hush, hush, darling, you break my heart!" But he strove no more to put her from him, folding her closer and closer to him. "Why should I be exempt from the curse that has been on all my house for three hundred years; though indeed such love as yours, Ilma, might redeem the blackest doom that ever fell on man? Child, listen to me. I was yet a youth when I vowed that no innocent life should suffer for my love; and I believed that I could live my life without love. Once—it was years ago—I saw one whose face was fair enough to linger in my thoughts; and I feared, and would not see her again; and soon almost the bare memory of that face passed away. Since then I have seen many fair women in many countries, but not one who could win me to break the vow I had made. But, when I saw you, I knew for the first time the force of the power that I had thought more under my own control. I was master of my own heart no more. There was one being in this world, through which I had wandered so many years, who was to enter into my life and make it her own; and that one was a golden-haired child, with cloudless eyes that spoke to me a language they were not conscious of uttering."

He paused a moment; his voice failed him; but Ilma whispered softly:

"It is so sweet to think that it was my lot first to win your heart, Philip, and that even on that morning when you saw me on the river bank you gave me what must ever be mine."

"Ay," he said bitterly; "but I should have been stronger. I did struggle, Heaven knows, to conquer, but not till I had madly flung myself into temptation—till I had sought you, defying my fate, and given my whole heart to you; and then, when I believed you loved me, Ilma—ah, forgive me for the cruel tests I put you to, and never blush how, dear one, that your heart betrayed a truth it should not recognize!—I thought the last cord that bound me had snapped. Yet I made one more effort to be true to myself. On that last evening that I saw you I resolved to keep away from you—I would try to discover whether your love was but a girl's fancy—and in one second of time all was swept to the winds of heaven, save only my love for you. And now must your dear life be sacrificed for mine? Oh, Ilma, when you will not believe my evil fate, it is your great love that speaks! But, even so, is my guilt the less in winning you?—for I cannot plead doubt."

"Guilt?" The girl almost smiled. "Your heart, I think, spoke better in that than your reason. You know I am not an utter skeptic, Philip. I was at first; but after what I heard, I could be so no longer. But why is there only one reading to the fulfilment of the prophecy? You all allow it to be ambiguous, yet believe that it can point only to the extinction of your house."

"'Life for life,'" repeated Darrell; "and gladly would my life by laid down for you, Ilma; but, even then, should I not bring to you bitterest woe?"

"Woe to which death were happiness," said the girl passionately. "But Philip, life is given by will as by deed; may not that be the expiation?"

Sir Philip started violently.

"I cannot—I dare not think it," he said hurriedly. "Not if the hope were too bright——"

"You have lived so long, Philip, in the shadows that the light blinds your eyes; but, come life or come death, I am still yours."

"Not to share death—just Heaven forbid!" he said, looking upwards.

"Philip, Philip, what are the mere years of existence when all is gone that makes life more than time?"

Darrell gazed down wonderingly at the exquisite face through which the woman's soul shone so clear and strong. Was this the happy careless child he had seen but a few days before dancing in the sunshine, without it would seem, a thought for the morrow?

"Oh, my heart, my heart," he said, with inexpressible sadness. "I have robbed you of your happy childhood, and have given you in exchange a love that must pierce you like a two-edged sword!"

"But, ah, the joy with the pain," she whispered, hiding her face. "And is not one hour of more than earthly happiness worth long years of dull content?"

"Dost thou so love me, darling?"

He could say no more, but bowed his head on hers again in silence; and he was almost won to her faith, and the bitterness almost passed away in the glory of her sublime love.

The sun was not past the meridian; but time was unheeded in the enchanted glen. Gentle Hassan seemed content to be forgotten for the slight dark eyed girl to whom his master spoke so low and tenderly; and the birds sang softly in the deep foliage.

Softly, little by little, yielding to his questions, Ilma, confessed to her lover how she had suffered during those days of his absence from her, and how, when she knew her own heart, she feared him, although she yearned to see him again, so that she would have fled from him at the moment she beheld him if it had been possible.

"Sweet one"—he could not help smiling now—"you sought all unconsciously, what you would most avoid. There is not one in in these parts who will enter this vale save myself; there is no outlet at the other end, as you imagined, and I had ridden through the glen only ten minutes before I met you; so there was fate in this at least. No snare ever set for bird was more complete."

"Then—oh, Philip, if anyone was seen me enter the glen it will be said I came to meet you!"

"It is unlikely that you have been seen; the country is wild, and human beings are scarce, though we are only a mile from the gates of the Court park."

"Near the Court? I had no idea where I was," said Ilma, coloring deeply.

"Whom do you fear?" asked Darrell, watching her. "Roland Sabine?" The girl started.

"Yes," she answered in a low tone.

"Ilma," said Darrell quietly, "has he dared to speak to you?"

"No; it was to avoid him I came out to-day. He said something the other night that startled me, and I said I did not understand him. When we were going, he asked to see me that he might explain; and how could I refuse? So I said he could come to-day; but I grew so frightened that at last, when I awoke this morning, I felt I could not meet him; and that is how I wandered out."

"A childlike act indeed, darling, remarked Sir Philip, stooping to kiss the trembling lips that had told him this with such girlish naivete. "And so you fled to a lover scarcely less dreaded, because loved." Then his face grew stern. "Ilma, if Roland speaks to you, refer him to me; and let him guard his tongue well, or he will learn to his cost that the last of the Darrells is not one whit behind his ancestor in avenging an insult,"

Ilma had herself too high spirit to rebuke the fierce temper of her haughty lover; but the mention of Roland had brought to her the first thought of the time; and now she suddenly pointed upwards to a gap in the trees.

"Philip," she said, "see how late the day is growing. Aunt Rachel will have returned, and will wonder where I am. I must go home. How far is this from Scarth Abbot?"

"Too for you to go yet," replied Sir Philip. "Nay, sweetheart, a little longer! I cannot so soon yield my first taste of Elysium."

And Ilma suffered him to lead her farther onwards, away from the entrance to the glen. The sun was sinking towards the western horizon when Dark Darrell and his golden haired love came forth from the deep shadows of the Abbot's Vale. Leading Hassan, he walked with Ilma almost to the village, leaving her where he could see the slight foot flitting onwards to the very gates of the Grange garden.

Turning when he had nearly reached this point, she saw him still standing motionless by his horse, watching her; and, as she turned, he kissed his hand to her.

CHAPTER X.

It was barely eleven o'clock when Roland Sabine went to the Grange, only to learn that Miss Ilma was out and had left no message. No message! Had she forgotten her promise to him? Roland ground his teeth but, hiding his wrath from the servant, he said he would wait till Miss Durnford returned.

The old lady came back before one. She knew nothing of Ilma; doubtless she would be in during the afternoon. Roland departed, and at three called again. Ilma had not yet returned. Miss Durnford had flattered herself that the girl was at the Larches; but the young Squire's appearance made her anxious. What could have become of the child? She could never have stayed away so long on purpose. Roland shared her anxiety, and went off at once to make inquiries about Ilma.

He turned his steps first toward the river, and was just approaching the lock bridge, when he saw Zeph coming down the slope. She stopped the moment she saw Roland; and, as he came towards her, she looked into his face with a wicked flash and laughed.

"You can keep off," she said shortly; "and you needn't try to hide what you're after. It's Dark Darrell's lady-love you were going to ask about, I know."

"Dear Zeph," began Roland, "if you have seen——"

"Don't 'dear Zeph' me!" interrupted the girl fiercely, stamping her foot. "You'd drown me as soon as look at me if you dared, or see me drown, which is the next thing to it. It's that golden-haired foreign cousin of yours you are in love with; and all the pretty things you said to me count for nothing now. But you won't get her. Didn't I know Sir Philip would have her when I saw her riding the Arab?"

"Zeph, are you mad?" cried Roland hoarsely. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, I may suffer," retorted the undaunted girl; "but you must not wait an instant to know what the girl you love is about! You may talk to me, and tell me you love me, and give me things, and there is no harm done; as if I had no heart, and need not mind seeing you throwing me over directy a beauty from foreign parts comes your way! 'Tis no use to fume, Mr. Sabine; you have treated me as Sir Philip would not have done, whatever his ancestor did. He's a noble gentleman anyhow, and he'd never fool with an honest girl he couldn't marry, as you have done. You needn't worry after Miss Ilma; she's chosen a handsomer lover than you—ha, ha! She's been dreeing her weird while you've been hunting the woods for her. She's not afraid of Sir Philip's kisses, I'll warrant; she'd rather die with him than live with you."

"Zeph," said Roland, grasping the girl's wrist, "tell me what you know. Are you talking like this to torture me, or do you mean that Ilma Costello has fled with Darrell?"

"Oh, no!" replied Zeph quietly. "Maybe she's home now; but I saw them on the road together twenty minutes ago; he was leading his horse and she was by his side. Drop your hand, Mr. Sabine; you hurt me. Just a bit above the village they stopped and said good-bye. He didn't kiss her then, though there was nobody by that they could see; but he stood still where she'd left him and watched her. When she'd gone on a bit, she looked back, and he kissed his hand to her. You don't like it, eh?" for Roland stamped his foot, and, with a terrible imprecation, ground it on the path. "Well, go and tell him so; but you can't save her if she loves him; you know that."

"By the heavens above, he shall not have her!" said Roland, in blind fury. "I will take her from him, or they shall perish together! I swear it!"

Zeph's eyes flashed. She sprang forward and grasped the young man's hand.

"Count on me," she said. "I hate her as you hate him, and will hate her when she scorns you; for she will. Ay"—as Roland shook off her hand her voice rose almost to a shriek—"it's of no use, Roland Sabine! If she loves Philip Darrell, she must die; and you know it. You take her from him! Ha, ha!"—and she laughed long and loudly.

Before the echo of her laughter had died away, Roland was hundreds of yards from the spot, speeding he knew not whither. Not homewards, for he dared not be seen there; nor to the Grange, for he could not meet Ilma in her aunt's presence. He dashed into the woods, and there remained till long after darkness had fallen, now walking wildly to and fro, now lying on the ground in a chaos of thought that made him feel at times as if his reason were leaving him. He never doubted that Ilma had met Sir Philip Darrell by appointment: and she had either forgotten her promise to himself or had deliberately ignored it. He swore again that she should be his, or die with the lover she had preferred to him.

In Roland Sabine's nature there was a ferocity that no one would suspect who saw in him a frank, perhaps at times sullen tempered, North-Country squire. His love was, after all, a selfish passion; it was incapable of self-sacrifice. What he desired to possess should be his or should belong to no one else; rather would he destroy what he valued than allow another to have it. He had displayed this trait even as a lad. He had shot a favorite pointer that had acquired troublesome tricks rather than allow a neighbor with whom he was on bad terms to have the animal.

He would rather have seen Ilma Costello stretched dead at his feet than happy in a rival's arms. Fearful as the thought was he did not put it from him, or even try to do so. He nursed it with a fierce triumph, and even noted with a grim satisfaction, as he at length walked homewards through the night, that a heavy cloud hung solitary in the heavens, otherwise clear, which seemed to brood over the river, and that the air was close and heavy. In a few days—it might be a week, it might be less—the floods would be out!

Ilma, kneeling at her chamber window, saw that cloud too, and bowed her sunny head; and she prayed—ah, how earnestly!—with bitter tears, for her lover. She had not told her aunt of her interview with Sir Philip Darrell. The old lady had received her with the joy of one relieved from keen anxiety; and she had told Ilma that Roland had called twice, and had gone to search for her. Ilma had been very penitent; but she had only said that she had been for a long ramble and did not know how the time had passed—which was strictly true; and Miss Durnford had been satisfied with the explanation.

But now the old lady could not sleep, for she saw the black cloud hanging in the sultry sky; and she stole softly to Ilma's chamber and opened the door. The girl started up from the window and came to meet her.

"Auntie!"

"My dear child," said Miss Durnford, "it is past eleven, and you are not even undressed. What are you doing by the open windows?"

"Watching that cloud, auntie. I am not tired."

Miss Durnford could not see the speaker's face distinctly in the dusk of the apartment; but she drew the slight form towards her and said gently—

"I cannot sleep to night, and I came to see if you were wakeful too. My hearts fails me"—and her voice faltered—"when I think of Sir Philip Darrell—still at the Court."

Ilma gently disengaged herself from her aunt's embrace, and went back to the window, not kneeling down this time, but standing with her forehead resting against the glass. Presently she said softly, without looking round to where her aunt still stood—

"I do not believe in the curse, auntie."

"Ilma dear," returned Miss Durnford, "you must not mind my saying this, that I hope you are not speaking so because you do not wish to believe in misfortune coming to Sir Philip Darrell. I mean, I hope you do not think too much of him. You understand me?"

"Yes, auntie; I understand."

Miss Durnford paused; but Ilma said no more; and the old lady felt disappointed. Why could not the child be frank with her? Surely, she thought, in fear and perplexity, nothing had passed between Ilma and Sir Philip? If there had been anything, the child ought to tell her. Miss Durnford did not know how difficult is such confidence to a sensitive nature, even if willingly offered, and Ilma was not willing. The secret belonged to herself and Sir Philip, for the present at least. Its revelation could only make her aunt unhappy, and perhaps angry. Why should any one know? So the girl stood silent.

"Ilma," said Miss Durnford, "you make me anxious. You are not open with me, as you should be. I do not want to blame you; Sir Philip is a most fascinating man, and it would be nothing strange if you had allowed him to engage your fancy."

Fancy—when the very sound of his name thrilled through every nerve! But the girl shrank from the prim phraseology, and felt that she could not give her confidence; besides, had she a right to do so? It was true that her lover had not uttered a word that implied he desired secrecy: but she would not—indeed she could not—speak of what seemed to her too solemn and sacred to be talked about.

"Auntie," she said pleadingly—and there were tears in the sweet young voice—"please do not ask me any questions to-night—another time perhaps, but not now. Don't think me unkind or ungrateful; but I couldn't say anything to-night."

Miss Durnford sighed heavily.

"You American girls," she said sadly, "are so independent, I cannot understand you. When I was your age, I sought my mother's help when I was in trouble; but you fight your own battles at seventeen. Good night, dear; go to bed and try to get some sleep."

Ilma was alone again. Independent? Yes, doubtless she was; yet somehow she did not now feel the need of even a mother; and a mother, she argued—she had never known her own—was something that the kindest of aunts could not be. Her lover seemed all-sufficient.

"'Father to me thou art, and mother dear,
And brother too, kind husband of my heart.'
So speaks Andromache."

And so spoke Ilma. Even with regard to Roland Sabine she felt stronger—she still dreaded him, but not so much. She might have spoken to her aunt, and so avoided an interview with him; but this idea did not occur to her. She could, in her fear, run away from him altogether; but to ask any one to interpose on her behalf was contrary to her nature; and, after all, she thought, Roland had a right to see her. Certainly she would not seek an interview, but she would no longer avoid it.

At the turn of the night the rain came. It fell suddenly, like a vast sheet of water from the heavens, with the roar and hiss of a cataract. It beat down the flowers in the gardens; it laid flat the corn in the fields; it converted many a dry mountain watercourse into a brawling stream. Villagers, startled out of their sleep by the pouring of the torrent, drew back their curtains and gazed forth in terror; and the thoughts of all turned to the grand old castellated mansion of the Darrels and its doomed lord.

Job Heston arose and went to his daughter's chamber and knocked at the door.

"Lass, lass, get up and look at the rain! It has not fallen like this for more than twenty years.

The girl was at the door in an instant, with a white scared face.

"Father, is the Mill safe?"

"Ay, for to-night, yes; but, Zeph, if it rains like this for two nights more, the river will be over its banks, and this time the Mill will go."

"And Dark Darrell?" said Zeph, in a low tone, after a pause, filled up by the rush of the rain, mingled with and almost drowning the roar of the weir.

"Why," replied Heston steadily, "he'll die and the foreign missy too. You saw her with him to-day, Zeph. I knew how it would be; hers is the life for which he'll lose his. It'll come about somehow. They'll toll the great bell in the chapel for the last of the Darrells before Sunday comes round again."

The storm began to lessen at three o'clock, but the rain still fell in torrents till nearly midday; and at that time the Coalmere was rushing rapidly between its green banks, a swollen and angry tide.

"The water's risen more'n two feet since six o'clock this morning," said the old lockman to Zeph. "If I was your father, I'd clear out of the Mill; for there's no saying what may happen if the rain comes again to-night as it did last night."

"We'll have to go to uncle's yonder," returned Zeph gloomily, pointing across the bridge.

"And I'd see to it before nightfall if I was you," said the lockman. "I'd warrant the lord's life as soon as I'd warrant the Mill to-night if the rain comes on heavy; and, once the floods are out, how'll you get away, even if the Mill don't go—and it's bound to?"

Early in the afternoon it became known that Job Heston and his daughter were transferrring all movables from the Mill to places of safety on the Scarth Abbot side of the river, household goods being deposited with a relative of Job's late wife, who was only a cousin, though Zeph called him "uncle."

No one liked the Hestons, so, even in his present extremity, Job could obtain little help but what he paid for. He knew that if he had sent up to the Court Sir Philip would have dispatched a gang of laborers to aid him; but Job would not be "beholden" to Sir Philip for nothing.

The miller expressed no regret for the impending destruction of his property. He had amassed a good sum of money, and could easily reinstate himself elsewhere; and other feelings which might have clung round the inheritance of his fathers seemed to be all but obliterated by the grim satisfaction with which he contemplated a ruin that would include, as he believed, that of the last representative of false Sir Ingelhard, and which would fulfil the curse. He said little indeed, but glanced anxiously at river and sky, and once remarked—

"Maybe this'll be Dark Darrell's last night on earth; the Mill won't be there at sunrise to-morrow."

CHAPTER XI.

Nothing but the rain and the fate of Sir Philip Darrell was talked about at breakfast at the Larches. Roland's face on the night before had plainly showed that something was very wrong; but he had vouchsafed not a word of explanation, going straight to his room; and now he was equally uncommunicative. He sat at the table while the buzz of talk went on around him, and did not utter a word. His appetite—usually hearty—had deserted him. He drank eagerly, as if consumed by thirst, but ate nothing; and his mother and sisters arrived at the conclusion that he had seen Ilma, spoken to her, and been rejected. Rose tried strenuously to banish Sir Philip's name from the conversation, and succeeded partially, but not entirely.

Directly after breakfast Roland withdrew to his study, and locked the door; and no one ventured to intrude upon his solitude. The heavy fall of rain till noon frustrated his original intention of seeking Ilma in the morning: but, as soon as it abated, he sallied forth; and, as he crossed the hall, Rose rushed up to him breathless.

"Roland, Roland, have you heard?"

"Heard what?" said her brother roughly. "I have heard nothing."

"Why, Job Heston is leaving the mill! It is said that if it rains to-night as it did last night the floods will be so great that the mill will be washed away."

"Ah, by Heaven ————"

Roland paused suddenly, and a look came into his face that made his sister recoil—a look she remembered afterwards, and read rightly then; now it only filled her with a vague horror.

"Roland!" she cried, in a tone that startled him into self-recollection.

"So," he said musingly, "the Mill is doomed? Well, Rose, I am going to see how things are; and I will step down and have a talk with Job."

He passed out, mounted his horse, and rode away. When he reached the Grange, he asked for Miss Costello. She was at home, the servant told him, but Miss Durnford was out.

This was just what Roland desired; and he entered the drawing-room, and waited with a beating heart for Ilma. Would she run away from him a second time? No! He heard a light step in the oak passage, the door opened, and the girl entered. She looked deathly white, and there was a latent dread in her large eyes; but the curved lips and firm brow showed nothing but resolve. She drew back as Roland came forward eagerly, and held out her hand, as if by that action to deny him any other salutations until she knew whether he returned it as lover or as cousin. Roland paused.

"Well," he said, with a forced laugh, which the angry flush in his cheeks and the fierce gleam in his eyes belied, "are we strangers?"

"No, Roland." The girl colored deeply, and her eyes fell. "I am sorry about yesterday. I don't want to make excuses. I did not forget my promise to you."

"You need not apologise," returned her cousin, declining the proffered hand. "I know why you broke your promise; and it is not worth while to ask whether your other promise was made before I said good-bye to you the other night or afterwards."

"Other promise! What do you mean?" said the girl haughtily. "I made no other promise. I went out to avoid you; that is the plain truth—nothing more."

"Very well, then; I wronged you," answered Roland, who did not doubt his young cousin's truth. If Ilma had made an appointment with Darrell, she might have refused to answer questions; but she would never have stooped to untruth. "I thought you had promised Sir Philip Darrell to meet him; for you were with him. You were seen walking along the road with him."

"What then?" said Ilma. "Is that so new or very strange a thing to do? Have I never walked or ridden with Sir Philip before? What is it to you or to any one else in this place what I do or where I go?"

"It is everything to me, Ilma," cried the young man, "if Darrell is—as I believe he is—your lover! No; you shall hear me! You know that I love you; and I can give you what he, with all his beauty and his wealth, and his intellect, cannot give you—happiness! Sneer as you will, you cannot shake off all faith in that terrible curse. You must believe that to love him is fatal——"

"Then how can you save me?" interrupted Ilma, with flashing eyes. "If I love him, it is too late—I must share his fate."

"Love? No, no," said Roland almost wildly; "it is not love—only fancy. You are captivated by his graces; his very doom excited your interest. He is a dastard to have tried to win you; and he tried from the beginning. Look back, and you will see that I am not unjust to him. He threw himself in your way: he gave you a costly gift, such as no man would have given to a girl he did not want to lay under an obligation to him. Did he mean nothing by those flowers, nothing by——"

"Stop, stop, Roland! I will not listen to you! How dare you speak so to me of Philip Darrell?" The slender girl seemed transformed into a woman, as she stood erect, with stern brow and commanding gesture, never more superbly beautiful than now. "Leave me; you have said too much already. I should not have loved you if I had never seen Sir Philip Darrell. I never liked you, never trusted you; and you have proved that my instinct was right."

"Never liked me, never trusted me!" echoed Roland, drawing back a step. His face was livid; the look in his eyes made the girl tremble inwardly, though she showed nothing of this in her fearless mein and dauntless gaze. "Then you love Philip Darrell, and he loves you?"

"Why should I deny it! Even if his fate is sealed by a gipsy-woman's curse, am I not free to choose death with rather than life without him?"

Roland stood still for a moment, gazing on the beautiful girl before him. He felt as if he could strike her; but not so should his vengeance be worked out. Suddenly he burst into a discordant laugh.

"Yes, I suppose you have a right to choose your fate. Yours is a fair life to win from him the 'needful sacrifice.' A man might well lose all for you. Yours will be merry marriage-chimes. Ha, ha! Tell them not to toll the minute bell when they bring the last Darrell home with his bride! No, I am not mad; you need not recoil with that white face. It will be whiter to-morrow before this time!"

He laughed again, and, dashing open the door, rushed from the room and the house, leaving Ilma in the full belief that his mind was unhinged.

An hour later Roland Sabine stood in the little wood near the Coalmere, talking in low tones to Job and Zeph Heston; and, as the trio parted, Zeph nodded with a resolute look of evil in her black eyes, and said, "All right; I'll do it;" and Job dropped some money into his pocket and said, "Agreed—all one to me, sir."

Then Roland turned back towards the village, but not homewards. He went no farther than a deserted barn a little way up the slope; and there he sat down, with the wide landscape of hill and wold and river before him, and his heart full of a foul design that he scarcely cared even to try to veil with a euphemism.

He had not told Zeph the whole truth when he had enlisted her services; he had not told her that Ilma should have one chance for her life, and that that chance was to fly with him; he had only told her the alternative, as though it were the entire scheme; and, if Ilma chose that, his crime would perish with her. The Hestons dared not betray him, for his guilt was theirs, and Zeph regarded herself as in some sort an instrument to fulfil the curse of her ancestress. Moreover, in speaking to her first, he had filled her foolish undisciplined heart with wild hopes for the future, till he gave the girl cause to think that he would some day make her his wife. What the result would be when Zeph found herself deceived Roland did not ask himself; he was not a man who at the best of times was able to forecast beyond a short period, or to hedge round any contemplated misdeed with safeguards; and now he was in no condition of mind for even ordinary precautions. Had Sir Philip Darrell at that moment appeared before him, he would most likely have sprung at him with the ferocious instinct of a wild beast, and without a second's consideration of his inferiority to his antagonist or of the consequences to himself if even he succeeded in taking the hated life.

Startling was the change that evil passions had wrought in the young man in a few hours. His cheek was livid and haggard, his nether lip was drooping, and his eyes were wild and bloodshot; any one who had seen him seated in that dreary place, with his elbows on his knees and his hand proping his chin, might well have deemed that he had committed or contemplated some deadly crime.

Although the rain had ceased at Scarth Abbot, it was pouring down over the far-off hills, and the storm might sweep over Scarth Abbot again that night. The river rose steadily; and numbers of villagers watched anxiously the progress of the floods, and predicted that whether the rain came or not the river would certainly overflow at the turn of the night, if not before; though what mysterious influence the midnight hour had upon tides and currents was not explained.

Black and heavy the clouds rolled up from the west, till the whole sky was one black canopy, beneath which the river rushed foaming and roaring; and against the inky background the doomed Mill stood out white and ghost ike.

Just when darkness had fallen on the scene, two figures came out from the wood and passed down to the lock bridge, and one—a man's figure—vanished in the shadow; the other ran swiftly towards the Grange garden, which, at the back of the house, stretched to within a few hundred yards of the river.

As Zeph—for it was she—drew near to the gate of the garden, her keen eyes detected a form standing just without; and her vengeful hear gave a glad bound. The next moment Ilma had sprung forward, and Zeph was panting for breath, pressing her hand to her side.

"What is it? What is the matter?" asked the Canadian hurriedly, her thoughts flying instantly to Roland, who had left her in so distraught a state of mind.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FONETIK READING.

The komparison ov the fonetik method of reading with the old romanik iz almost lik the komparison of evrithing with nuthing. In the fonetik sistem we kan read eni word we fynd with perfekt eaz. In the romanik sistem we are not shure ov the pronunsiashn ov even the komon wurds of the langwaje. It takes seven long years tu learn tu be but a poor speler, az it wer, in the romanik sistem; and but three dayz, after mastering the alfabet, tu learn tu be a komplete speler in the fonetik sistem. Kompair three dayz with seven yearz. This reprezentashn iz not overdrawn; but tu fairli understand it, it iz nesesari tu not konfound speling with pronunsiashn. Pronunsiashn iz wun thing and speling iz another. If wun noez how tu pronouns the wordz ov the langwaje, he may learn tu spel them fonetikali in a few ourz after mastering the alfabet: but in the old sistem it rekwyrz about az long tu learn the speling az the pronunsiashn. If the langwaje wur printed fonetikali, the speling wud okupi skarsli eni tim at all, and the pronunsiashn mit be learnd three timz az fast az at prezent. This wud be a saving ov more than haf the tim new uzed in learning the langwaje, nearli all the tin in speling, and nearli win forth the spase in print. In point ov ekonomi, nashonali konsidered, it wud be a saving ov milyonz ov dolarz anuali. Enuf tu reprint all ov the valubl old books menl timz over. The importans ov speling reform shud not be overlookt, and no wun shud refuze tu asin himself praktikali tu the movement.

Each subskriber for a paper shud rit, sin and send the foloing petishn tu its editor:

"We rekwest the editor ov the paper for which we subskrib tu insert az much az wun kolum ov fonetik print, in each number, for the purpus ov teaching pronunsiashn and asisting in the jeneral introdukshn ov a true sistim ov orthografi."—*W. H. Graham.*

THE SORROWS OF A POOR OFFICER

The London *World* has received the following "comical letter": "Sir,—I am goaded to the madness of writing this letter to you by a statement published in the *World* of to day to the effect that each officer is forced to pay five pounds for the handsome new shoulder-straps brought back by the pair of Royal Dukes from last year's German maneuvers. Sir, you do not know half. Each pair costs fifty shillings, as I am a living sinner! As you, sir, well know the army orders about the continuous wearing of uniform, in which so good an example is set by the higher authorities in London, it is needless to explain that I am forced to have two tunics, one undress coat, and a greatcoat for the service of my ungrateful country. But, sir, 4 times 50 shillings is £10! I am five feet five inches high; my commanding officer is six feet four inches. For three weeks I have been trying to see what his rank is from the badge on his shoulder. I at last found out yesterday for I stood on a chair while he was at lunch. One highly decorated badge on the tunic and one on the greatcoat, the whole covered by a cape is not a pleasant shoulder ornament as a *tout ensemble*. But, I, sir, dare not complain as I am only A POOR OFFICER."

A MATTER-OF-FACT MAN.

An Englishman, wandering alone upon the edge of a bog, at the foot of Ben Nevis, had the misfortune to miss the proper path, and stumbled in a bog where, ere long, his struggling had served to sink him to his armpits in the tenacious mire. In this terrible plight he espied a stout Highlander, not far away, to whom he cried out at the top of his voice:

"Ho! What ho! Donald! Here!—come here!"

"My name is not Donald," the Highlander said, approaching the spot.

"Never mind what your name is! Do you see the plight I am in? I can never get out of this alone."

"Indeed, mon, I dinna think you can." And with that he turned away.

"Good heavens! Are you going to leave me here to die?" the Englishman cried.

"Eh? D'you want me to help you?"

"Do I want you to help me? What can I do else?"

"Sure, I dinna know."

"Will you help me?"

"Aye—if you want me."

"Oh! help! help! help me, in Heaven's name!"

"Indeed, mon, why didn't you ask that in the first place!" And the Highlander quickly lifted him out, and set him on hard ground.

—An Italian writer, criticising the various managers of Italian opera in the United States during the last twenty years, says that Jacob Grau died broken hearted from having deserted Italian opera for French opera bouffe; that Maretzek, once styled the Napoleon of managers, met his Waterloo in St. Louis a few years ago, where his company went to pieces; and that Strakosh, the Napoleon III. of managers, recently met his Sedan at New Orleans, where he gave "grand English opera" to empty benches at 25 cents per tickets without extra charge for reserved seats. Mapleson alone is successful.

OUR SPECIAL BUDGET.

Mr. Alfred R. Wallace, the well known naturalist, is to have a pension of two hundred pounds a year.

The Princess Louise attended the afternoon service at Westminster Abbey on the 16th ult., and occupied a seat in the choir. The celebrated Canon Farrar preached on the occasion to an immense audience.

Col. Deakin, a former Manchester brewer, has left personal propertyworth $1,25), 000, and real estate valued at $3,000,000.

Mr. Alfred Tennyson, the Poet Laureate, is in poor health, and has been staying in the Isle of Wight. The production of his play, The Cup, was so anxiously looked for that the telegraph office was kept open in order that Mr. Tennyson might hear the verdict of the audience.

One of the youngest and most accomplished literary men in England, Mr. Frederick W. Myers, has written the life of the poet Wordsworth for "Englishmen of Letters." No modern poet has had so much said of him as Wordsworth, notwithstanding he was not regarded in his day as great a poet as he really was. As the leader of what was known as the lake school of poets, he held an unenviable position. Byron, in his bitter way alluded to him in his "English Bards" as:

"The simple Wordsworth, farmer of a lay
As soft as evening in his favorite May."

The English publishers are beginning to discover that they made a mistake in publishing books at such high prices as they have been accustomed to issue them at. Lord Beaconsfield's "Endymion" was published in three volumes at $7.87 for the set, while in Canada the price of the complete work in one volume was seventy five cents, and in Harper's Franklin Liberary form at twenty cents. It is surprising that such high prices continue to be paid for works in England.

A goose ninety years old would hardly suit those who are fond of a tit-bit. There is said to be one, nevertheless, of that age, at Littlecote Farm, in Wiltshire, England. We have heard of century plants and the like, but a hundred year old goose is a rarity indeed.

A laughable anecdote is told of Daniel O'Connell and Mr. Soulburn, then the English Chancellor of the Exchequer. The pair had been staying at a hotel, while traveling, without knowing of each other's presence. They accepted rooms on the same flat, and were restless. In the course of the night O'Connell rose, and partially dressing himself, paced the hall, and all at once, striking an attitude he repeated the famous lines from Moore:

"We tread the land that bore us,
The green flag flutters o'er us;
The friends we've tried are by our side,
And the foe we hate 's before us."

Just as O'Connell had uttered the last line Mr. Soulbum, whom he heartily detested, passed out at his room door, and as a matter of course, heard the words which seemed to exactly suit the occasion.

The following is said to be a translation of the evening song of Polish children:

"The stars shine forth from the blue sky;
How great and wondrous is God's might!
Shine, stars, through all eternity,
His witness in the night.

"Oh Lord, Thy tired children keep;
Keep us who know and feel Thy might
Turn Thine eye on us when we sleep,
And give us all good night.

"Shine, stars, God's sentinels on high,
Proclaimers of his power and might;
May all things evil from us fly;
Oh stars, good night, good night!"

In speaking of the late Mr. Carlyle, particular reference has been made to his friendship with the great Scottish preacher Edward Irving. Mrs. Oliphant in her "Life of Irving" says: "Among all the fellow students of Edward Irving, there are no names which have attained more local celebrity, except that of Thomas Carlyle, whose fame has overtopped and outlasted that of his early friend." In 1810 she says Carlyle thus spoke of Irving: "The first time I saw Irving was in his native town of Annan. He was fresh from Edinburgh, with college prizes, high character and promise. He had come to see our schoolmaster, who had also been his. We heard of famed professors, of high matters classical, mathematical, a whole wonderland of knowledge, nothing but joy, health, hopefulness without end looked out from the blooming young man." But, perhaps this was still a higher tribute paid to him through through the columns of *Frazer's Magazine*: "But for Irving I had never known what the communion of man with man means. His was the freest, brotherliest, bravest human soul mine ever came in contact with. I call him, on the whole, the best man I have ever found in the world, or now hope to find."

Carlyle was a rare compound of oddity, distrust and apparent contradiction, but as has already been said of him, in spite of his alleged cynicism, he was a man of the tenderest feeling. With the death of his wife, which was caused by a nervous shock consequent upon seeing her pet dog leap out of her carriage window, he lost control of himself, and impatience and despondency followed, which led to his being looked upon as anything but kind and genial. Newspapers had no charm for the philosopher, for he spoke of editors as "empty egotists and impertinent wind-bags," while all the time he was himself the most supreme of egotists.

Much has been told of Carlyle in the way of anecdote. Being once invited to dine with a new acquaintance, he arrived several hours before his host. He entered the library, and when the host came dinner was eaten. After leaving the table he told the author that he should be happy to show him his books. "I've read 'em," was the reply; and so he had, for he had actually absorbed the best of the well-selected library.

When Dickens was writing his "Tale of Two Cities," he asked Carlyle to send him a few books. He sent a whole van-load of books in five or six languages.

Talking to Mr. William Black, the greatest living Scottish novelist, he remarked:

"You know Scotland vary well, I see. I've read your neovels with pleesure. They're vary amusing, vary. But when are ye goin' to do some wark—when are ye goin' to write some real books—maun?"

Emerson, in his "English Traits," mentions having visted him, and says:

"We went out to walk over long hills, and looked at Criffel, then without his his cop, and down into Wordsworth's country. There we sat down and talked of the immortality of the soul. It was not Carylye's fault that we talked on that topic, for he had the natural disinclination of every nimble spirit to bruise itself against walls, and did not like to place himself where no step can be taken. But he was honest and true and cognizant of the subtle links that bind ages together, and saw how every event affects all the future." This is purely Emersonian, but Carlyle was less mystical though, perhaps, not so fully pronounced as he might be on questions of such momentous import. Mr. Horne, in "A New Spirit of the Age," tells this story of Carlyle and Leigh Hunt. Soon after the publication of "Heroes and Hero Worship," they were at a small party, when a conversation was started between these two concerning the heroism of man. Leigh Hunt had said something about the islands of the blest, or El Dorado, or the millennium, and was flowing on his bright and hopeful way, when Carlyle dropped some heavy tree trunks across Hunt's pleasant stream, and banked it up with philosophical doubts and objections at every interval of the speaker's joyous progress. But unmitigated Hunt never ceased his overflowing anticipations, nor the saturnine Carlyle his infinite demurs to those finite flourishings. The listeners laughed and applauded by turns; and had now fairly pitted them against each other, as the philosopher of hopefulness, and of the unhopeful. The contest continued with all that ready wit and philosophy, that mixture of pleasantry and profundity, that extensive knowledge of books and character, with their ready application in argument or illustration and that perfect ease and good nature which distinguished both of these men. The opponents were so well matched that it was quite clear the contest would never end. But the night was far advanced, and the party broke up. They all sallied forth, and leaving the close room suddenly found themselves in presence of a most brilliant starlight night. They all looked up. Now, thought Hunt Carlyle's done for! he can have no answer to that! "There," shouted Hunt, "look up there; look at that glorious harmony, that sings with infinite voices an eternal song of Hope in the soul of man." Carlyle looked up. They all remained silent to hear what he would say. They began to think he was silenced, at last, he was a mortal man. But out of that silence came a few low-toned words, in a broad Scotch accent, and who on earth could have anticipated what the voice said. "Eh! it is a sad sight." Hunt sat down on a stone step. They all laughed—then looked very thoughtful. Had the finite measured itself with infinity, indeed, rendering itself up to to the influence? Again they laughed, then bade each other good-night, and betook themselves homeward with slow and serious pace.

—Two aristocratic beauties of the Spanish colony in Paris, the Countess Multeda and Senorita Penedo, had a narrow escape from being suffocated by natural flowers in their hair and the trimming of their ball dresses as they were returning home from Queen Isabella's last soiree in a closely shut up carriage. The flowers were profusely employed in garlands. The ladies for some time chatted gayly. One of them then became silent, and then the other. Count Multedo, who was with them, grew alarmed when neither of them replied to observations he made and questions he put, and all the more so that he felt oppressed by the perfume of the flowers. When he caused the carriage to stop and opened the window he found them insensible, but they soon recovered when taken into the air. They, however, caught a severe cold from the sudden exposure.

THE TENDER PASSION.

A Young Man Gets Upon the Ragged Edge of Unhappiness While Pursuing the Even Tenor of an Uneventful Life.

The St. Catharines *Journal* says: A stout, robust young man lately made his advent in this city having previously gyrated between Hamilton and Buffalo. After being here a short time he got into trouble and was brought before the Police Magistrate on a charge of breach of the peace, committed to to jail and released after a few days incarceration. He is in consequence in a state of profound unhappiness, and wants to let the public know the whys and the wherefores which led to so untoward a denouement. With this view he has written a letter for publication in the *Journal*, in which he endeavors to make clear the origin of the trouble. The letter, however, deals with questions which are as yet not proper for newspaper publicity. There are some points about it, however, that will bear a little ventilation, and perhaps will shed sufficient light upon a case which has to a certain extent been buried in mystery, supposing, of course, that the young man's story be a true and faithful narrative, which he avers is the case. The first scene opens in a boarding house in Hamilton. The young man is in love with a fair and beauteous maiden, versed in music both vocal and instrumental, and altogether a charming companion. There was another lady in the house who professed to be smitten with the young man, and on learning that he was paying attention to the beauteous maiden aforesaid, was fired with the green eyed monster jealousy, and

No matter where this young man went
The siren still pursued him.

First with all the blandishments and witchery the sex are capable of in the way of arch glances and winning smiles. But the young man was proof against such archery, and resisted them because as he says he was in love with the beauteous maiden, who filled his heart to its full capacity that a responsive love was capable of. Then the siren who wished to win this young man, finding herself foiled, pursued him still more, he himself hath said it in quoting the language of the poet:

"Hell hath no fury
Like a woman scorned."

He then detailed his grievances to the lady boss of the boarding house, and so much did it prey upon his mind that the average boarding-house hash had no charms for him, nor did he care a rap if the butter had one hair in it or a dozen, or whether the eggs and bacon were done to a turn or underdone, nor yet if the coffee settled upon its own grounds or didn't settle at all. Finally the burden became too great for his love charged breast, and he packed his grip-sack and started for Buffalo, "all bruk up." He next appeared in St. Catharines, hoping perhaps that change of scene and change of air would do him good. But alas, in an evil hour—

"In thoughts that breathe
And words that burn,"

he wrote a letter. He says it was a harmless effusion, and wants to see it again, as the sight of it would be good for sore eyes. This letter was supplemented by a card, and upon this evidence of his chirography he was placed on the shelf to ruminate on the glorious uncertainties of the law. He claims that if all the knowledge of this case were unearthed from the profound recesses of his true inwardness, it would make a harrowing story of a young man's vicissitudes.

There is another side to this affair, which may perhaps afford a reasonable solution, viz., that he has been the victim of a joke, which he has seriously taken to heart, and was so "bruk up" that he retaliated in the only way that seemed open to him, *i. e.*, to write a few lines, which proved to be no joke to those interested.

GRIGGINS'S DREAM.

Griggins has turned dreamer, and was in to-day to tell his latest vision. He says he dreamed that he died and went to Heaven, which of course was a strange dream, as we mentioned to Griggins; but then dreams always go by contraries, and it is quite possible that the rule holds good in Griggins's case.

"I dreamed," he said, "that I knocked at the door, and presently it opened, and St. Peter looked out. Everything seemed to be satisfactory until he asked me how I had occupied my time. I told him I was a sort of collector."

"Collector of what?" said he.

"Of many things," I told him; and as he seemed to be waiting for me to explain, said I: "At one time I was interested in postage stamps."

"Said he, in a severe tone: 'You collected several thousand stamps, stamps that were worthless, and did it for pleasure; and it took a good deal of your time, I suppose?'

"I told him it took all my spare time for five years. You should have seen the look he gave me. He made a motion as if he would shut the door in my face.

"'The next thing I collected,' said I, 'was business cards. I suppose I've got the biggest collection of any person in Boston.'

"Not a word, but only that curious pantomime.

"'Then I also collected half a million calendars—'

"'Half a million what? Are they very expensive?' he asked.

"'Oh, no,' said I; 'they give them away. As I said I have half a million of them.'

"'How far do they run back?' he asked.

"'Oh!' said I. 'I see what you are thinking. They are all the same year!'

"'All the same year!' he yelled.

"'Yes,' said I, kind of frightened like.

"'And half a million of them!'

"'Yes,' said I again, but fainter even than before.

"Then he looked at me as though he'd go through me. Said he, 'Young man, we don't want any postage stamp idiots, or coin lunatics, or button fools, or card or calendar fiends up here. Go to—'

"He slammed the door with such a ring that I didn't catch the name of the place."

—*Boston Transcript.*

WEPT OVER THE WRONG GRAVE.

Martha White was black. She lived in Brooklyn and died there, at the Colored Home, this week. The friends of Martha clubbed together, raised a subscription to defray the funeral expenses, and instructed an undertaker to repair to the home and get the body of Miss White. The funeral services were held at the undertaker's office. When the friends assembled to take the last look at Miss White many of them thought the girl must have changed greatly in her last illness. The undertaker laughed at the thought that he had got the wrong person, and so the body was buried. The dissatisfied friends went to the Home and there they found that Martha had not changed in her illness, but after her death the Home people had changed her completely, and the real Martha still lay unclaimed at the morgue. It turned out that it was Alice McMann who was buried. The consequence is that there is a terrible time in colored circles there over this ghostly Buttercup business, and several law suits are likely to ensue.

CULINARY GEMS.

—The stew is the great dish of the future.

—It is impossible to get warm in cold weather with undigested food in your stomach.

—Fish should never be boiled, but steamed, so that no fine properties are dissolved in the water.

—Exclusive diet on peas, beans and lentils do not develop the brightest and quickest type of mind.

—Food is only coarse when coarsely cooked, as the plainest materials contain nutritious and dainty elements.

—It's a great mistake to eat half raw steaks on a cold winter's day. Half raw meat yields much less nutrition than well cooked meat.

—Vegetables are the life and soul of healthy living, and should not be neglected at any meal.

—If meals are kept irregularly in youth something creeps up in adult age which shows diminished vitality.

—The want of a warm meal in the middle of the day is to people who have had perhaps but a slight breakfast and have been in the cold winter air the cause of disease and want of vitality.