

Mrs. Seymour was comfortably seated on a sofa with two old friends at the other end of the room and having a delightful gossip.

"And I also caught sight of your sister enjoying a flirtation with a fine-looking fellow, a Dr. Delamare—a new acquaintance, I presume?"

"No, he was our fellow-passenger crossing the Atlantic."

"Oh, he was indeed a pleasant companion, no doubt; I suppose he enabled Georgina to pass the time pleasantly. It is rather unfortunate he is married."

"Married! is it possible?"

"Yes; were you ignorant of that fact. But he kept it to himself, I suppose, he probably passed himself off for a beau."

"Emily was silent, but the doctor saw something of consternation in her face, and an instant perception of the true state of things flashed upon him. He tried to change the conversation, but Emily's thoughts were too full of the startling fact communicated to her; she wished to gain more information on the subject."

"Is Mrs. Delamare here to-night?" she asked.

"No, poor thing, her health is too delicate to allow her to attend an assembly like this. She seldom goes anywhere."

"What sort of person is she?"

"Neither young nor pretty, but amiable, and, I might add, sensible, were it not for the egregious folly she committed in marrying a man some years her junior. But you know how fascinating Delamare can be, and most ladies in affairs of the heart do not show the wisdom of a Minerva."

"And what was Dr. Delamare's inducement to form this ill-assorted union. From what I have seen of him I think he must have had some interested motive. He is not one to be won either by good sense or amiability. Some more powerful attraction would be needed."

"You judge him correctly. Louise St. Hilaire is an heiress, and by marrying he came into the enjoyment of ample means. He was a young physician beginning life with nothing to depend on but his profession, his handsome face was the making of his fortune."

"And the marriage is not a happy one?"

"No, how could it be with love only on one side?"

Emily sighed as she thought of her own marriage with Lascelles. The observant doctor noticed the sigh, and hastily added—for he read her thoughts. "You who know Delamare can easily understand there could be no chance of happiness for Louise in a union with him—a union into which he was led by mercenary motives only, with one, too, older than himself, homely-looking and sickly."

Eugene Lascelles, who had been dancing, now joined Emily, and the subject dropped.

"Where have you been all this time?" asked the doctor, with assumed irritation. "You have neglected Miss Davenant, and have been carrying on various flirtations with some pretty French girls yonder. I saw you in my tour round the ball-room."

"I was not flirting," and Eugene glanced deprecatingly at Emily. "One must do the agreeable to young friends, you know."

"That means that a fellow must have half a dozen strings to his bow, so that if he is rejected by one lady he may turn for consolation to another. You are too great a flirt, Eugene," said the doctor, laughing at his nephew's discomfited look.

"I do not think flirting is one of my weaknesses," he said hurriedly; "why do you accuse me of it?"

"Merely to put Emily on her guard," rejoined his uncle, mischievously. "You'll not believe all the soft nothings he pours into your ear, Emily."

"I am afraid you are not enjoying the evening, Miss Davenant," began Lascelles, when Dr. Seymour interrupted him with the laughing observation, "What confounded puppyism to think she could not enjoy the evening without your presence."

"You are in a bantering humour to-night, uncle," remarked Lascelles, looking a little annoyed.

"The gaiety around has given him an unusual flow of spirits," was Emily's quiet observation.

"You cannot expect me to sit in a ball-room feeling as sober as a judge," laughed Dr. Seymour. It is not often "the rose of enjoyment" adorns a physician's life, we can't spare time from our lugubrious duties to attend many scenes like this; but when I do come to a ball it is with the determination to enjoy it."

"Why don't you dance, uncle, that would be the best way of enjoying yourself at a ball."

"I am too old for that fun—a man on the shady side of fifty is scarcely fitted to become a votary of Terpsichore, but I can amuse myself sufficiently looking on and criticising the dancing and the dancers."

"And your criticisms are pretty severe, no doubt. Am I not right, Miss Davenant?"

"Yes," she answered smiling. "I really did not think the doctor capable of making such severe remarks."

"How can I help it, when there is so much reason to find fault with things in general! Such vanity and frivolity in young and old! But I think I shall vary the amusement now

and go and play a rubber at whist in the card-room. Eugene, I leave Miss Davenant in your care. I think you had better join the dancers again, Emily," added the doctor, with an arch gleam in his eye, "for Eugene's conversational powers are not particularly brilliant, and you will pass but a dull time listening to his rapid observations."

"The doctor is not complimentary to me," said Lascelles, smiling good-humouredly as his uncle moved off in the direction of the card-room.

"He seems to take pleasure in trying to ruffle your temper, knowing how difficult it is to do so," remarked Emily, kindly. The more she saw of this young man the more she felt inclined to like him and the less repugnance she experienced towards the contemplated union.

"Perhaps we had better follow uncle's advice and join the dancers," he suggested.

"I feel no wish to do so, but let me not detain you from joining them; I know you are fond of dancing."

"Yes, I like the amusement, I must confess, but I would infinitely prefer the happiness of sitting here with you," Lascelles added, with a look of passionate meaning which sent a pang to Emily's heart, as she thought, I never can return the fond affection he feels for me.

The night wore on. At length the festivities drew to a close, and Dr. Seymour and his little party withdrew from the ball-room. As they could not be well accommodated at the hotel it was determined to proceed to Lascelles' residence, which was situated a few miles from St. John's, there to repose for some hours before returning to Montreal.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

Reformers are not appreciated at Carlisle. A jeweller named Wheatly seems to have there started a time gun, but the magistrates have fined him for firing it.

It is recorded that a hungry Irishman tasting green corn for the first time was delighted with it, and handing the well-cleaned corn cob to the waiter, shouted, "Hurry up, and put some more peas on my stick!"

The first use to which the Bidleston telegraphic wire was put was to knock the postmaster down. He had to record a message from the lightning, for which he was not quite strong enough. Such practical jokes are averse to the pursuits of science.

Two Troy milliners, who hated each other as only rivals can hate, started for Europe, each flattering herself that the other was ignorant of her intention, and found themselves the occupants of the same stateroom on the steamer. The way they avoided each other was a study for a philosopher.

Pending the occurrence of a threatened earthquake a South American paterfamilias sent his boys to stay with a friend beyond the limits of the fated section. The convulsion did not turn up when due, but the youngsters remained in their place of safety till the following note from the host procured their recall:—"Dear P.—Send the earthquake along here, and take home your boys."

An Edinburgh paper has a singular idea of original poetry. The following is the first stanza of a column and a-half of print under the heading of "Original Poetry":—"Between July 1 and 20 one hundred and eight mad, or reputed mad, dogs were killed in Paris. The number of persons returned as bitten is 14." The man who takes this for poetry has surely been one of the fourteen.

A Pennsylvania young man had a lady friend who was the fortunate possessor of a half-dozen gold-fish. He went fishing one day and caught a pound trout. He preserved it alive, thinking it would be a nice companion for a gold-fish, and concluded to surprise the young lady by putting it into the aquarium while she was away. The surprise was complete; for the trout swallowed all the gold-fish, and then calmly turned over on its dorsal fin and died of indigestion.

A Mississippi River story.—A couple of flat-boat men on the Mississippi river, having made an extraordinary speculation, concluded that while they were in New Orleans they would go for a real first-class dinner at the St. Charles Hotel. Having eaten the meal they called for their bill. The waiter in attendance misunderstood them, and supposing that they wanted the bill of fare, laid it before them with the wine list uppermost. "Whew, Bill!" said Jerry, "here's a bill! Just look at it! Here, you add up one side and I'll add up the other, and we'll see what the whole thing comes to." So Bill added up the prices of wines on one side of the list and Jerry added them up on the other, and they made the sum total of \$584. "Wh—ew, Bill?" said Jerry, "that's pretty nigh all we've got! What are we going to do about it?" "We can't pay that," said Bill; "it 'ud clean us right out. The waiter ain't here now, let's jump out o' the window and put!" "No, sir-ee," said Jerry, "I'd never do such a mean thing as that. Let's pay the bill, and then go down stairs and shoot the landlord."

Scotch clergymen are given to eccentricities in the pulpit, and a recent contribution of that nature is not the least amusing. The reverend gentleman, who was noted for his simplicity of style, was discoursing on the text, "Unless ye repent, ye shall all perish." Anxious to impress upon his hearers the importance of the solemn truth conveyed in the passage, he made use of a very striking figure: "Yes, my friends," he emphatically urged, "unless ye repent ye shall as sure perish," placing one of his fingers on the wing of a large fly which alighted on his Bible, and having his right hand uplifted, "just as sure, my friends, as I'll kill this blue flea." Before the blow was struck the fly got off, upon which the minister at the top of his voice exclaimed, "There's a chance for ye yet, my friends!"

A paper out West wants modern improvement worked into school reading books, and offers the following as a sample that would be up to the spirit of the age: "Here is a man. He is a fireman. He belongs to No. 10. If you are good boy, you will some day be an angel like that fireman. They sometimes get their heads broken.—Do you see that small boy? He is a good boy, and supports his mother by selling newspapers. His father don't have to work any more now.—Here is the picture of a young widow. See how "sad" she looks. Her husband could not pay her dry-goods bill, and so he—died. Do you think she will get another man? She will try hard.—Here is the face of a reporter. See how joyful he looks. He has cut his own throat, and he is going for the item. Should you like to be a reporter, and get licked on dark nights, and see dead persons, and climb up four pairs of stairs?"

A good story is told of Daniel Webster, when once dining with a Boston merchant. A dusty old bottle of wine had been carefully decanted, and Mr. Webster's glass filled.

"How do you like it, Mr. Webster?" said the host, holding his own glass up to the light.

"I think it a fine specimen of old port."

"Now you can't guess what that cost me?" said the host.

"Surely not," said Mr. Webster. "I only know that it is excellent."

"Well, now, I can tell you, for I made a careful estimate the other day. When I add the interest to the first price, I find that it cost me the sum of just one dollar and twenty cents per glass!"

"Good gracious! you don't say so!" said Mr. Webster; and then draining his glass, he hastily presented it again, with the remark, "Fill up again as quick as you can, for I want to stop that confounded interest."

The gentle editor of a Western exchange makes the *amende honorable* in the following elaborate style: "There is a fly in our office, one particular aggressive fly, distinguished from his brethren by a pertinacity and untiring energy that, if properly directed, are enough to make him President. Other flies we can dispose of by whisking a paper at them, or putting them out of the window. But this fly we can't manage. We don't like to kill flies. There is something so confiding about them, that it seems like a breach of hospitality to kill them. That fly tumbles into our inkstand, crawls out and dries his little feet by walking over our paper as we write. The compositor has hard work to decipher our manuscript sometimes. And in this connection, we would make a slight correction. In the last number of our paper we called the Hon. Mr. — an unprincipled demagogue; we should have said "a high toned patriot." It was all the fault of that fly. The brother of the Hon. Mr. — came into our office this morning with a new and substantial looking cane and reminded us of the misprint."

BIRTHS.

In Montreal, on Saturday, the 7th instant, the wife of Mr. Frank Krauss, of a daughter.

In this city, on the 2nd instant, the wife of Mr. Francis C. Lawlor, of twins—son and daughter.

At Clydeside, Lower Lachine Road, on the 3rd inst., the wife of Mr. William Angus, of a daughter.

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