

hedge a farthing. It's neck or nothing this time, and no mistake. If Bony doesn't founder, I shall. (*Sees the letter on the ground.*) Hullo! there's that letter I have to give to "Madame Barrie, Dressmaker" (*turns it over curiously in his hands*), whoever she may be. Well, it's none of my business. Uncle sends me over here; pays all expenses. No questions asked. But it is odd. The mysterious madame has to say to me, "Silk is rising." Then I hand my letter to the mysterious madame, and exit Duval. Well, I wish silk would rise soon, and then hey for England once more. I hate this France. It always reminds me of Cousin Mary and our old boating days before that confounded Frenchman ran away with her. I think she cared for me a little then. I know I loved her. Heigho! that's ten years ago; ten years without a word from her; she must be dead; at any rate she's dead to me.

### BALLAD.

[Duval.]

### WHITE AND PINK.

Floating down the river slow,  
No one by, none to spy,  
We together boating go,  
Dainty Cousin May and I.

All my sense bewilder'd, flies,  
Cousin May, the little fay,  
With her roguish hazel eyes,  
Laughs at what I say.

And the sun comes shining down  
On the fair, soft golden hair,  
Sun shade pink and muslin gown,  
Fairy Mary sitting there.

"Shining sun and wanton wind,  
Ever stay so all the day,  
Leaving me would be unkind,  
Happy me!"—I say.

But she only blushing cries,  
"Charley fie!" (Charley's I.)  
And to catch the rushes tries,  
As the boat drifts slowly by.