

TIS WELL.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

A far-off music faded into air,
A half-formed vision mocked me for an hour,
Came to me for a moment fragrance rare,
As of some heavenly flower.

"Tis well the music came not nearer still;
"Tis well the vision died ere fully born;
"Tis well the perfume faded into air
Kre I clasped to my heart the rose's thorn;

"Tis well you are not sweeter than you are,
"Tis well no closer to my heart you grew;
Better to lose a joy just seen afar,
Than, having had, lose you.

For the Favorite.

WINONA; OR, THE FOSTER-SISTERS.

BY LABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD,
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Author of "The Silvers' Chastity Eve," "Wreck-
ed; or, the Roisterers of Mistress," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS.

It stood on one of the banks of the St. Lawrence, neither above or below the Thousand Islands; but just about midway through that fairy scene, where the great silver ribbon is garnished most thickly with the tiny emeralds nature has so lavishly decked it with. It was a large, low house, with deep eaves and great verandas surrounding it on every side, on which lofty French windows opened; where huge pyramids of brilliant geraniums bloomed in the liquid shade. Its walls of rough white plaster, wore mellowed to a golden gray by time and weather; and its peaked roof and fantastic chimneys gave it a picturesque effect, very frequently wanting in the country houses scattered through Canada and the States. A vast vine of Virginia creeper shrouded the whole building in a fluttering tapestry of ruby-tinted foliage, and it had crept up the sloping roof, fastened its tendrils round the rough stones of the chimneys, and waved ruddy banners of triumph out on the hazy autumn air. A dainty lawn, yet green as velvet, bright with vases of scarlet geraniums, and shaded by some half-dozen bowery maples and murmuring beeches, stretched nearly to the water's edge, where a tiny boathouse peeped from a low shrubbery of cedar bushes. Behind the house loomed a grove of lofty pines, with here and there a maple rising like a fountain of flame, amongst their sombre green in its full robe of scarlet, or like a tree of gold from some Aladdin's land, standing crisply out perfect in every leaf, as a lovely Hindoo widow decks herself in her gayest attire to perish on the funeral pile of her dead lord. A croquet set lay upon the lawn, long lace curtains fluttered out of the open windows, a fresh young voice was protising one of Claribel's sentimentalisms within, and a group of three persons was seated on the veranda enjoying the balmy air and the lovely scene of the river below. A steamboat was slowly winding up the stream, bearing the latest summer tourists from their resorts at Murray Bay and Tadoussac, threading her way slowly in and out amongst the islands in order that her passengers might fully enjoy the beauty of the sunset-lighted stream. A couple of late rafts went sailing by with the current, the voyageurs idly lounging against the caboose, the smoke from which proclaimed that their evening meal was in progress. On one a man in a scarlet blouse was singing one of the merry songs peculiar to the Lower Canadian French, and on the other, two young fellows were dancing to the sound of a fiddle played by a comrade. A faint rose dyed the majestic stream, and the track of the pretty steamer lay like a ribbon of lace and pearl, twisting in and out amongst the islets. Her upper and lower decks were crowded with groups, whose laughter came faintly to the ears of the group seated on the veranda.

A pretty, dark-eyed girl, in a white muslin, sat on the steps leading down to the lawn, watching the boat as it steamed slowly past, and talking to a lovely old lady, and a pleasant faced though rather rugged featured man of some sixty years, beside whose wheeled easy chair there lay a pair of crutches, proclaiming him a confirmed cripple.

"Papa," said the young lady, suddenly, "do lend me your glass. I could almost feel certain that I see Cecil Bertrand on the upper deck of the steamer. See! she is waving her handkerchief to us."

"Your eyes are almost as sharp as Archie's would be under the same circumstances," said the old gentleman laughing, as he handed her the glass.

"Is it Cecil?" inquired the older lady, after the girl had examined the steamer with the aid of the glass.

"Yes, mamma," replied the young girl quietly, putting down the glass, and turning away her eyes from the river.

"Who are her companions, Viola?" asked Mrs. Fraser. She was a petite woman, who showed her lofty French descent in every tone of her still musical voice, and every gesture or

movement. Her eyes were yet extremely brilliant, of a deep intense blue, and her cheeks retained much of the delicate bloom of her youth. There was an unconscious stateliness about her, and one invariably found oneself thinking of old point and court trains in her society, though she might be clad in the simplest morning cap and gown a Canadian matron could wear. Her eyes were cordial, frank, radiant, and her lips parted readily in a smile, that was all things to all men, witty, tender, grave as the case might be, but over and above all, lighted by a lovely kindness that made her absolutely beautiful. Her hair had been blonde, but now was a peculiarly bright and soft silver. She was at once the proudest and the humblest of women, and never for a moment did she forget that she was the grand-daughter of a French nobleman, who had laid down his life in a vain

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ed Olla, turning her smiling brown eyes on her father, "and dear old auntie has a pretty taste in colors. You know too, I shall be staying with Cecil part of the time, and the Bertrands go out so much."

Olla was like her father and Archie, but a soft and pretty likeness of both. She had a lucid brown skin, a soft-featured oval face, lighted by dazzling brown eyes, tenderly radiant, and a quantity of rich black hair, rolled away from her forehead over a low cushion, and hanging in large curls nearly to her slim waist. She was far from being regularly beautiful, but her face grew upon you until you found it one of the loveliest in the world. She was ordinarily pale, but the slightest emotion sent waves of rose, like flying clouds of dainty color across her cheeks, and her lips were of a rich deep scarlet. "Didn't Cecil write that she and this Mr.



WHAT FARMER LEFT BEHIND HIM.

attempt to save Marie Antoinette from the scaffold. She had never for an hour left the shores of Canada, but she was as perfect a type of a courtly French Dame, as though she had flourished in the palmy days of the Faubourg St. Germain.

Viola made a pretence of looking again at the receding vessel through the glass before answering her mother's question.

"I'm not quite certain, mamma; but I think the gentleman she is with is Mr. Denville."

"Humph," ejaculated Captain Fraser, dryly, "sit the wind in that quarter! I'm afraid Miss Cecil is a sly little pussie. Eh, Desirée?"

"I am afraid she is hardly worthy of Archie," replied Mrs. Fraser, a little coldly. "I think it is rather heartless of her to display her coquetry so openly, when she knows our anxiety about him."

"Oh, mamma," cried Viola, "pray don't think so hardly of Cecil, and I'm sure Mr. Denville has not the least intention of flirting with her. He told me he intended visiting some friends in Toronto this fall, and that was long before he met Cecil."

"Ah, Olla," said Captain Fraser, smiling, "has Denville's little tour in that direction, anything to do with your dutiful pilgrimage to aunt Ursula's next week? I thought it was odd all those pretty dresses being got for old auntie's delectation."

"They are very gay in Toronto, papa," return-

ed Olla, had some thrilling adventure at Murray Bay?" went on the Captain, "saved her life in fact?"

"So he did," replied Olla, her eyes flashing and the sudden lovely rose flying across her cheeks; "he risked his life in the noblest way to save her. She says she would certainly have been drowned, had it not been for his exertions."

"I knew his mother when I was a girl in Montreal," said Mrs. Fraser; "she and I were educated in the same establishment. I have not met her since both our marriages, however. She married a very wealthy Montreal merchant."

"I wish we heard from Archie," said Olla, after a moment's pause; "it seems so strange that he has never written to us during an absence of three months."

"I do feel very uneasy about the boy," confessed the Captain; but then we must remember that he is quite beyond the pale of civilization and mail bags, up behind the Manitouline."

Mrs. Fraser sighed deeply, and a shade crept over Captain Fraser's open countenance. Archie was their only son and his silence troubled them not a little. Olla's bright face grew very pensive in the fading light. Her brother was the hero whom she worshipped, the embodied ideal of her imaginings, pure, chivalrous, honest and true, not a lofty, moral, colossus

walking on distant mountain tops of impossible virtue, but kindly, generous, strong-handed, and with the basis of a character and intellect time would only ennoble and expand. How seldom a girl says to herself, "If ever I marry, it shall be just such a man as my brother I will choose." But this had ever been Olla's feelings towards Archie, and it may here be mentioned in strict confidence to the reader, that the hero of Murray Bay strongly resembled him both physically and morally. Olla was the next in age to the young officer, and there were yet two younger girls, aged respectively nine, ten and sixteen, slim, erect young creatures with clouds of golden hair, tied back from their blooming pretty faces, and with their mother's brilliant deeply blue eyes, and high-bred air.

"I would have liked to have gone to poor Howard, myself," remarked Captain Fraser, after a moment's pause, "but that was impossible," and he looked at his crutches a little ruefully. Mrs. Fraser placed her beautiful hand fondly on her husband's, and was about to answer, when a sunny head appeared between the floating curtains of one of the open French windows, and a dazzling white throat, with a blue ribbon tied round it.

"Madame Mamma, Monsieur Le Capitaine and Olla, tea is ready," said in a sweet girlish voice; "and oh! papa, there is a wonderful man in the kitchen who wants to see you. An Irish party, Olla, with a voice exactly like Mr. Denville's."

"Sidney, you monkey, behave yourself! What does the man want?"

"You, papa, he says he has a message for you."

Sidney came dancing into full view from her lurking place behind the curtains, made a dash at a great spray of scarlet geranium on one of the stands, tucked it under the blue ribbon tying back her radiant hair, executed a step or two of a gallop before her father's chair, and then folded her white hands and became demure.

"What are your commands, sir?" she inquired, "is Mr. Denville's double to be introduced on the scene or not? He has a sweet novelty in the chapeau line, Olla, that might furnish that person you know, with an idea for a winter head-gear."

"Send the man here, Miss," replied the Captain, smiling with very allowable pride on the lovely sparkling face before him. "I will see him before we go to tea."

"I am gone!" said Sidney, theatrically, waving her rosy hand and disappearing through the open window, to re-appear presently round the corner of the veranda, followed by a short man with a shock of red hair, surmounted by a coon-skin cap, with the tail of the animal hanging down on his shoulders, and swinging like a pendulum as he advanced. A greasy doeskin jerkin and well-worn moccasins, with trousers of coarsest Canadian frieze, completed his costume. He carried a large leather wallet in his hand, and his naturally merry countenance looked careworn and fatigued.

"Good evening," said the Captain, courteously, "I hear you have a message for me?"

"That same's true, yer honor, if yer yerself an' no one else, Captain Fraser."

"I am Captain Fraser," replied the old gentleman, suppressing a smile at the quaint figure and address of his visitor, while Sidney stole behind him more closely to inspect his head-gear, daintily touching the swaying tail with her mischievous fingers, watched in alarm by her mother and Olla, who were tenacious to a degree where another's feelings were in the case, and dreaded lest the man should discover and feel hurt at the occupation of the sixteen-year old sprito; but he was too much pre-occupied to observe her.

"Well, Captain, it's myself is distressed this day," said the owner of the coon-tail, "shure it's dead he is, Captain, an' no mistake about, glory be about him."

"What do you mean!" cried the Captain, with a look of terror, while Mrs. Fraser and Olla turned deadly white. "Has anything happened to my son?"

"He wor skowered up as nate as a Christmas turkey wid an arrow through him, an' it's dyin' we thought he wor for a matter of s'-weeks; but mushee, he's gottin' bravely over it, the stout young gentleman that he is; it's the Colonel's dead, an' the heart ov me's broke in'tirely, intirely," and Mike Murphy sighed profoundly, and putting back his hand, brought the coon-tail round and wiped his eyes with it.

"Has my son been in danger, my friend?" said Mrs. Fraser still very pale, and Mike, remembering his manners, lugged his head-gear off by the tail, and ducked his head in the direction of his questioner.

"Bedad he has, ma'am, but he's gottin' finely over it, though he's too wake to come home yet awhile. So says he to me. Mike, the best you can do is to go right down to my father wid the pore Colonel's will, and give him a clear discount of the way matters has gone here as ye can. Mind an' be sharmkumstanshial, says he, 'so as he'll understand ye.'"

"Sit down," said Captain Fraser, pointing to one of the pretty rustic chairs that furnished the veranda, "and tell me as plainly as possible what has occurred."

Mike seated himself as requested, laying the coon-skin cap carefully at his feet, and Sidney stole to Olla and seated herself quietly beside her, softly stealing one of the slender, brown hands into her own. Archie had been in danger, and the girl's pallid cheeks and dilated eyes showed how deep was the soul over which played so continual a ripple of sunshine, baffling the sight in its effort to penetrate to the depths below, by its glitter and radiance. It is in the