

must take with me the remedies that will begin her cure."

These remedies of Leonora consisted in home-brewed ale and home-baked bread; a small provision of which was placed in a hidden receptacle of the carriage for her supper that night; and a light cart from the farm was to convey a cask of the ale; while the home-baked loaf involved a ride each morning of some farm-servant from Gelliot Manor.

"My powers!" exclaimed the highly offended housekeeper of the western-half of Woolton Court. "To think of Squire Gelliot despising in this way, the hospitable care of this noble house for the invalid young lady. Cannot we brew, I should be glad to know! Cannot we bake!"

As reported speeches gliding up stairs and through corridors soon arrive at the supreme lady of the mansion; so, in the like manner, a softening influence, through the medium of Mrs. Bentley, descended with equal speed to the worthy Mrs. Tartson, to induce her to modify her expressions, and even her feelings, because the duchess wished to humor the good old squire, and prevail on him to become a more frequent visitor at Woolton Court; as in the olden times, when the ladies of Woolton wedded the squires of Gelliot; also because Lord Stanmore had so true a regard for Captain Gelliot, the only son of the squire. Peace, therefore, preserved; Squire Gelliot remained a whole week the guest of the Earl of Charleton—effecting, by the united powers of fatherly affection, home-brewed ale, home-baked bread, and teaching her picquet and backgammon, a marked improvement in the health of the sensitive and too studious Leonora. Quite astonished to become the object of so much affectionate attention, her gratitude evinced itself in all those little nameless effusions of looks and smiles, and little services, that give equal happiness to the active as to the passive participator.

The day before the departure of Squire Gelliot, the duchess gave her consent, after private conversation with him, that Leonora, accompanied by Mrs. Bentley, as a lady-companion, and by her own maid, should pass a fortnight at Gelliot Manor. This consent was received with equal joy by the squire and Leonora. Mrs. Bentley raised no objection; and after a short farewell to all at Woolton, and a glistening tear to her grandmother, the adopted father and daughter, duly escorted, entered the old manor-house.

CHAPTER XLVI:  
DIPLOMACY AT VIENNA—LIFE AT THE OLD MANOR-HOUSE.

During these last weeks letters had passed from Vienna, not only from Lady Emily to the Duchess of Peterworth, but also from Lord Claud Chamberlayne to his brother, the Marquis of Seaham; avowing that he was placed in a position from which that brother alone could extricate him. Lord Claud described the exemplary life, first-rate abilities, and hitherto good understanding with himself of the unfortunate husband of an unprincipled woman, who, if not removed from Vienna, by some master-stroke of diplomacy, would ruin his domestic happiness, and even his good reputation as a prompt payer of all claims. Lord Claud tried to write playfully, but his brother saw he was cut to the heart. The marquis had left Westmoreland for Cheshire, where he was conferring with brother ministers, previous to the approaching parliamentary season. A fortnight elapsed, at the end of which Mr. Sidney Cameroll became Sir Sidney Cameroll, with promotion, from a subordinate post at Vienna, to the first rank as envoy to an inferior court; while Mr. Pemble, the hitherto secretary of the marquis, was promoted to the vacant post under Lord Claud.

At the hour when a heart-rending parting between the ambassadress and the cunning friend, whose coffers con-

tained all her disposable money, took place at Vienna—while the thoughts of the parents were exclusively occupied with the painful past, and more hopeful future, of their weak, but amiable but idolized eldest daughter, the forgotten Leonora was playing backgammon in the quaint old parlor of Gelliot Manor—already more rosy, with dimpled cheek and laughing eye the more dimpled and the more archly mirthful because Mrs. Bentley was required to assure the squire, every morning at breakfast, and to re-assure him every evening, at Leonora's supper of the home-brewed and the home-baked, that no place could possibly equal Gelliot Manor, in the effect produced on the health and calm spirits of Miss Whyne. After breakfast, Leonora, well wrapped-up, always walked alone with the squire to the cascade—a really magnificent specimen of the kind, and in that season approaching the sublime.

"This is the water," said he, "that circulates and purifies the air, and, therefore, braces the human frame—the water-fall—the running water. Our cascade is considered to be the finest in this season; but it has, perhaps, a more beautiful effect in summer, from the contrast of the dark rock now hidden in the torrent."

Leonora repeated:

"In winter from the mountain,  
The stream like a torrent flows;  
In summer the same fountain  
Is calm as a child's repose."

"Thus in grief the first pangs wound us,  
And our tears in despair roll on;  
Time brings sweet peace around us,  
And the flood of our grief is gone."

"These lines are very beautiful," said the squire, "and beautifully repeated. As you are still too weak to sing, I shall be quite content to hear the recitation of good poetry: I, in deed, prefer it. I care but little for young ladies' accomplishments, but I appreciate what is mental; and your mind, as I perceived the first day we met, has been originally well formed by the Creator, and wonderfully cultivated for so young a person. How old are you?"

"Very nearly eighteen," was the reply.

"That is always the way with very young girls," said the squire, smiling: "they mention the date by anticipation. But we must keep in exercise, and reserve the poetry for the evening. You have been brought up in the midst of the frivolities of London life, fashionable watering-places, in the shadow of the court, and yet how congenial you appear with all that is retired, and even solitary. Is it the poetry within you that makes you so blithe and gay, without young companions, or amusement of any kind?"

"How can you say that I have no amusement," replied Leonora, "when I walk out with you amidst all those varied beauties of scenery, so new to me? Some of the wild flowers here are different from those at Woolton Court: I made a book of them; that is, I placed them to dry in the blank leaves of a book, and labelled them. I have commenced a book of Gelliot Manor's wild flowers to-day; then, when our walk is over, sir, and we return to the house, on what interesting subjects do we not converse? Young as I am, I am quite aware of how deeply read you are, and that your magnificent library is not one merely of show, but has been received into the mind of the owner. Then I am making a purse, when I rest on the sofa after my walk: and because it is for you, whom I so greatly love and respect, I am quite agreeably interested in the actual work, endeavoring to make the row of stitches as even as possible. I shall have just finished the purse for you, and the scarf for the housekeeper, before they fetch me back to Woolton Court."

"So you have actually made, not only a purse for me, that I shall prize

all the rest of my days, but also a keepsake for good old Mrs. Coventry!"

"You mentioned once," explained Leonora, "that she had known better days; and I feared that if you had told her of my expected arrival, and of her permission to sit in the drawing-room, she might be hurt that grandmamma would not permit me to come without Mrs. Bentley."

"Just what I saw that first day in those loving eyes and thoughtful brow," mused the squire. "What delicacy of thought and feeling for another in a girl not yet eighteen!"

To Leonora's great surprise and joy, Squire Gelliot consented to accompany her back to Woolton Court, and to remain there some days the guest of Lord Stanmore in the eastern residence. It was then made known to her that her young friends had prepared, as the treat she loved best, a grand High Mass and Benediction in the chapel, for the eighth of December, the feast of the Immaculate Conception.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A MAN MADE HAPPY.—GENTLEMEN—For five years I had been a great sufferer with Dyspepsia; the pain in the pit of my stomach was almost unbearable and life only seemed a drag to me. When I would go to sleep I would have horrible dreams, and my life became very miserable, as there was no rest neither day or night. But with the use of only two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY this unhappy state has all been changed and I am a well man. I can assure you, my case was a bad one, and I send you this that it may be the means of convincing others of the wonderful curative qualities possessed by this medicine, that are specially adapted for the cure of Dyspepsia. A lady customer of mine had the Dyspepsia very bad; she could scarcely eat anything, and was troubled with pains similar to those I suffered with; and she cured herself with two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. I wish you success with your medicine, as I am fully convinced that it will do all you claim for it. Signed, MELVILLE B. MARSH, Abercorn, P. Q. General Merchant.

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