

be angry? . . . Will she scold you?—“My mistress never gets angry; never scolded me in her life! There is no one so good in all the world as my young lady.” . . .

“Is that all?” said Marguerite.

“Yes, that is all,” replied he.

“Ah! you were watching me. . . .”

“Really, now let me see your account of the 26th.”

“Here it is. ‘Tuesday, 27th of May. Yesterday, in the afternoon, I was taking some bread to Nelly; on going down the steps I saw a soldier talking to the concierge. I stayed about five minutes in the stable; on coming out I looked: the soldier was still there. . . . I returned to my room and found Julie there. . . . Oh! when curiosity seizes one it is terrible! I said to Julie: ‘I expect a letter from Paris; go down and see if it is in the concierge’s room.’”

“She went off. . . . I waited. . . . Julie did not return. I went into my dressing room, which looks into the court, and saw Julie talking to the soldier. At last she returned. ‘There is not a letter.’—“Well, you stayed long enough.”—“Oh! no, Miss Marguerite.”—“But you did, I saw you; you were gossiping with a hussar.”—“A hussar! Oh! no, Miss Marguerite.”—“But I say again you were; I saw you. . . .”—“I was not talking to a hussar; it was a chasseur; there is a difference in the uniform. The hussars have white braid, the others black; the hussars have a collar like a cape, and the chasseurs have a red one.”—“How do you know that, Julie?”—“I have a cousin in the Hussars, Miss; here, in Saint-Germain, there are only chasseurs: two regiments, the 21st and 22nd, which together make a brigade. . . . The soldier to whom I was talking belongs to the 21st regiment of chasseurs.”

“To the 21st! His regiment! My conversation with Julie was doomed to have deplorable consequences. . . . About six o’clock we were out walking with mamma on the Terrace when we met two officers of the chasseurs. Mamma said: ‘Those hussars have splendid horses.’”

“I replied, stupidly: ‘Those are not hussars, mamma, they are chasseurs; the hussars have white braid, and the chasseurs black; the hussars have a collar like a ca—’”

“I never finished. . . . I looked at mamma. She was stupefied:—“How do you know all that?”—“Mon Dieu! mamma, it was from Julie. . . . She has a cousin in the hussars. . . . So one day, when she was doing my hair—“Strange subject of conversation!” said mamma. . . .

“We stopped there. . . . But all was not finished. Papa came back from Paris; and when we were at dinner he told us he had met an officer in the train. . . . If it were he! . . . A colonel. . . . It is not he! . . . Papa had stayed a month with the colonel last year at Caunterets. They had played whist together. Now they had renewed their acquaintance. Papa had invited him to dine with us on Wednesday, the 4th of June.

“I said to papa: ‘Is the colonel’s regiment at Saint-Germain?’—“Yes, it is here.”—“Is it the 21st or 22nd?”—“Then there are two regiments here?”—“Yes, papa, together they make a brigade. . . .”

“At this papa was more astonished than mamma had been. “But who has given you all this information?”—“Mon Dieu! it was Julie; she has a cousin in the Hussars.”—Mamma said: “I am sure I do not understand anything about them; Marguerite for a long time has talked of nothing but military men.”—“Ah,” said grandmamma, “perhaps she has noticed some handsome officer. . . .”

“I turned crimson. I replied with impatience, almost in a rage. I almost hated this man whom I did not know, and never would know. Yes, I hated him for having interrupted my life. Why did he look at me in the train? Why did he show off before my window? What business had he staring at me the other day when I was out riding? Next time I meet him I shall gallop off. . . . Alas! it is not my old Nellie’s habit to go off on a gallop; but papa is going to give me another horse on my birthday. . . . I wish I knew if it were his colonel who is to dine with us on Wednesday, the 4th of June.”

This was the last sentence of the bulletin for the 27th of May.

She then passed hurriedly over ten or twelve pages of her diary, saying “There is nothing about you from the 28th of May until the 3rd of June, absolutely nothing. . . .”

“And here,” replied he, “there is not a word about you. I know the reason of it, we unfortunately did not see one another for eight whole days. I was not at Saint-Germain. . . . About twenty of us officers were away with the general and colonels, manœuvring between Vernon and Rouen. I had taken Jupiter with me, and my journal is filled with notes on his excellent qualities: ‘Jupiter irreproachable. . . . very strong, lively and intelligent. . . . Yesterday the colonel mounted Jupiter and found him perfect, etc., etc.’ The 3rd of June, at eight o’clock in the evening, we returned to Saint-Germain, and the 4th of June. . . . There. . . . ‘Am I going to see that beautiful little blonde who lives on the Terrace?’”

“And here is my 4th of June: ‘I know his name. The colonel dined with us to-night. He came at seven o’clock. I looked straight at the collar of his uniform. . . . I saw the figures 21. . . . It must be his colonel. During dinner the conversation was quite easy. . . . but, afterwards when I was pouring the coffee—“Colonel,” said papa, “perhaps you can render me a service: I would like to give my daughter a horse; do you know of a safe animal?”

“I immediately protested and said: ‘Not too quiet, colonel; for I ride very well.’ . . . (Is it not true, I ride well?) . . . The colonel said he would look for one and tell me of it. . . . ‘Ah! one of the officers in my regiment has a horse that would suit you admirably. . . .’

I rode him several days ago. . . . He is perfect.”—“Would he be willing to let me have it at a good price?” said papa.—“Oh! he would not care about price; he is rich, very rich. . . . He is a captain. M. de Léonelle.”—“A captain, and rich?” cried George; “perhaps it is the officer we saw the other day in the dogcart, drawn by a black pony. It is he, I am sure. Oh! my sister and I know him quite well; we have met him several times. . . .”

“At this moment I felt my cheeks flame, literally flame. . . . The colonel is looking at me. . . . I must be crimson. . . . He must see it. . . . He left at ten o’clock, and, on leaving, said to me:—“I will speak to M. de Léonelle to-morrow morning, but I fear I shall not succeed; for he adores his horse. . . .” Now the question is: Am I going to get his horse? Papa said I might go as high as three thousand francs.”

“The 5th of June. This is the day of the appointment at the photographer’s.”

“And your first visit commenced.” The distance between them had diminished. She came and sat down, not on his lap, but on a stool at his feet, and coaxingly put her head on his knee. Profiting by his advantageous position, he commenced to kiss her with vehemence. She drew away . . . but not at once. . . .

[To be continued.]

MUSIC.

WHITBY LADIES’ COLLEGE CONCERT.

A VERY interesting and pleasing concert was given in the Pavilion Music Hall on Friday evening, the 9th inst., by the musical department of the Ontario Ladies’ College, Whitby. Over one hundred young ladies took part in the entertainment, which was given for the benevolent purpose of raising funds to aid the Ladies’ Relief Society of Toronto. His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor was present, and there was a large and enthusiastic audience. The first part of the programme, which consisted of piano duos and quartettes, and part and solo songs, was carried out in a manner that reflected infinite credit both on the performers and their instructors. One of the most interesting numbers was Saint-Saens’ very ingenious variations on a trio from a pianoforte sonata by Beethoven. The piece was played as a piano duet by Miss Wilson and Miss L. Ross, who rendered it with excellent technique and great clearness of phrasing. The overture to “Tannhäuser,” arranged as a piano quartette, and played with much brilliancy of execution by the Misses Cochrane, Percival, Hatch, and McGee, was warmly applauded, and was evidently much appreciated. Mozart’s concerto in E flat Major for two pianos was played in an intelligent and effective manner by the Misses Lord and French. The Liszt “Rakoczy March” for piano quartette—not a very felicitous arrangement by the way—was played at a very rapid tempo by the Misses Gordon, Janes, Eck, and Johnston and gained much applause. The choral class gave Marschner’s part-song “Upward” with excellent light and shade effects. Miss Higgins sang Randegger’s “Peacefully Slumber,” and Miss Long sang Faure’s “In Dreams I’ve Heard the Seraphs Fair,” with much sweetness of tone, and won a most flattering verdict of approval from the audience. Mr. Bayley played the violin obligato part to both of these songs with his accustomed care and ability. The second part of the programme was devoted to Henry Smart’s cantata, “King René’s Daughter,” which was produced in a very creditable style. The principal parts were taken by the Misses Jacobs, E. Shaw, Tyrrell, Percival, M. Ross, French, E. Hatch, Bridgland, I. Hatch and Bambridge, assisted by Mrs. Bradley, of Toronto. The whole concert was under the conductorship of Mr. Edward Fisher, the musical director of the College.—*Clef.*

TORONTO VOCAL SOCIETY.

THE prospects of a brilliant audience on the occasion of the first concert of the Toronto Vocal Society are very encouraging. The Society will number about fifty-five selected voices, and it will be assisted by Mr. Godowski, solo pianist. The programme contains numerous gems in part singing, some of those given are announced for the first time in America. “Scots, wha hae wi’ Wallace bled,” as arranged by Henry Leslie and sung by the celebrated Lambeth Choir, of Glasgow, before Her Majesty at Balmoral, will, no doubt, prove the most popular number, while “Come unto Him,” by Gounod, the test piece selected for the Choral Competition last summer in London, will be the musical gem. The concert is announced for Tuesday evening, April 27, in the Pavilion Music Hall, and Mr. Haslam, the musical director and conductor, is confident of creating an important event in the musical history of Toronto.

AN entertainment of dramatic recitations was given by Mr. George Belford, an English elocutionist, on Friday night, in the theatre of the Normal School, to an audience composed largely of city school teachers and Normal School students, with a few guests. Mr. Belford’s manner is prepossessing; he recites without aid of book or note; he has a good, flexible voice, which he modulates with ease; and his gestures are very graceful. His programme was selected apparently with more regard to literary merit than adaptation to dramatic representation, which, perhaps with another really excellent performance; but, as it was, the appreciation was full and hearty.