

The right people never do fall in love with each other; while, from the lady Helen left Manolius to the present time, the converse of the proposition seems inexhaustible and unchangeable.

Strange fatality, that makes those who have nothing so terribly *cypri* with those who have lost! Thus philosophers dogmatize. Malthus propounds his creed, and modern philosophers emigration. John Stuart Mill discourses on the rights of women, while those sanguine adventurous young people pass through their lotus-dream of love, and wake to eat the bitter bread of imprudent marriage.

But all this while Grenville Rose has been reading Maude's epistle. His face darkens as he does so, the brows contract, and a curse breaks at last from his lips in a low, guttural tone that bodes bad times for somebody, supposing that Grenville possesses power equal to his inclination.

'My God!' he muttered, and the fierce expression of his countenance was changed to one of despair and anguish. 'That brute Pearman! My instinct didn't fail me. Better I'd have dislocated his cursed neck by throwing him down stairs that night, than this. And the poor child appeals to me to help her! What can I do?'

Once more he glances at the letter—again he reads the paragraph: 'Gren, dear, you have been my resource in all my scrapes since I can remember. Do come to my rescue now; what am I to do? My childish troubles of bygone days were not of much account, whatever they might look at the time. This seems extinguishing the sunshine of my life on the threshold—as if I was doomed, as I heard you say, not long ago.'

'To grasp the white throats of my dreams, and strangle them one by one.'

I have said I cannot, I dare not. Both papa and mother say I am to decide for myself. But it isn't so you know, Gren, it isn't. There's papa, more sneering and gloomy than ever, suggesting that we had better make the most of Glen during the remaining few weeks that it remains to us, as I have decided to give away the property. Mother, of course, all tears, and papa bullies her worse than ever. Oh, tell me what to do, Gren, for I am very miserable. I can't stand it much longer—I know I can't. I shall have to give in; I cannot bear to see mother always in tears. I almost wish I was dead, I do indeed; and yet I don't want to die.'

'Yes,' he mutters, after reading it through for about the twentieth time. 'It's easy to see the whole thing. My precious uncle intends you shall marry Pearman so that he may finish his days in Glinn. My aunt, poor old, is weeping a Dead Sea over the arrangement, and having her soul harried out besides. Maude—Maude, my darling, how can I help you? Pretty chance of a pauper and myself being much use on the occasion,' he mused, with a bitter sneer. 'She never says, poor child by the way, what sum, if any, would stop the gap—though, of course, there must be a price. However, that is a question there is no use in raising. Of course it's thousands; and to raise a few hundreds would require all my ingenuity, to say nothing of terminating in my eventual destruction, not but what it's little I'd think of that just now, to save Maude. My love, I am powerless.' And Grenville Rose leaned his head upon his hands, and tested the bitterest sorrow this world can afford—that of an appeal for succor from the woman whom he loved, and a knowledge that he was powerless to help her even a hair's breadth in her bitter anguish. Better to stand by her death-bed than this!

Our nineteenth-century training makes us bear such trials well. Stoicism in grief or difficulties is the free translation of *noblesse oblige*. The elopement of your wife, or the breaking of the bank that contains your all, ought not to prevent your placidly finishing your cigar before you go off to inquire into

her whereabouts. Attention to *matrimonial* and *sherry*. That evening, in the smoking-room, the tide of chaff ran high, and a good deal of it flowed his way, but he bore it meekly and spoke not.

'Well, Jim,' said one of his chums, at length, 'I had no idea that you could have been so demoralized by a gallery. You never touched a feather after the ladies joined us—'

You are quite right, Stephenson,' was the reply, 'though you don't quite understand the wherefore. It was the ladies. I always indulge in awful language when I miss a rocket; to-day I couldn't. I can't shoot if I can't swear!'

Grenville had made up his mind that he was powerless; but still, all the same, Maude's letter must be answered. This, again, was not so easy to do. When the girl you are in love with appeals to you tearfully to save her from being married to somebody else, the obvious course would seem to be to run away with her yourself. But, as George Eliot says, 'Running away, especially when spoken of as "absconding," seems at a distance to offer a good modern substitute for the right of sanctuary; but seen closely, it is often found inconvenient and scarcely possible.' So, to emulate young Lochinvar and bear off your fair Ellen of Netherby may seem the proper thing to do on the first blush of such occasion, yet, on mature reflection, it may prove hardly feasible. Mrs. Lochinvar must be clothed and fed, while the reiving and raiding by which that adventurous gallant doubtless supported the lady of his love would, in these days, be known by the prosaic term of "robbery with violence." The attentions of Colonel Henderson and his myrmidons, the grave consideration of his conduct by twelve of his countrymen, and an eloquent oration, rather to his disadvantage, by a criminal-court judge, would probably be the termination of young Lochinvar's career in these days.

What is he to write? What is he to say? Can you not guess? Of course he will sit down and do the very thing he should not. He can't help; but he can complicate her troubles. Love is essentially a selfish passion. Having no consolation to offer her, no assistance to render her, he betakes himself to his desk and pours forth his story of love and lamentation. He exhorts her not to marry Pearman, but gives her no hint of how she is to combat the difficulties that surround her. He pours forth, in good, honest, genuine terms, the tale of his love; he dwells on the certainty of his having a home ere long to offer her through his own exertions (a purely poetical flight), and winds up with a tremendous peroration of having loved her from her cradle. He has done nothing of the kind. His loved is a child of something under a twelve-month's growth; still—

"Females love exaggeration."

and though I fear all lovers romance fearfully, they thoroughly believe in their figments at the time. Then comes another sheet of postscript about 'can she love him?' etc.; he shall know no rest till he gets her answer. And after it is all done and pested, Grenville Rose is more uneasy than ever. He is not thinking so much of poor Maude's troubles as, what will she say to his declaration of love? He racks his brain for every trace of favor she has shown him all the past year. Sweet and consoling she has ever been, but no sign of love can he recall. 'Fool that I have been!' he mutters; 'I have been so careful not to give her a hint of my feelings, and now—well, I suppose I will get my congo. I wish I had that letter back. No, I don't know, in short—and the last fragment contained pretty well the gist of Grenville's thoughts at present.'

Ah, these love-letters! how shall we judge them? They are not always sent judiciously. I have the two sweetest that ever were printed before me now, and one

troubled, and determined to read it in the solitude of her own chamber, and there she betook herself as soon as breakfast was over.

Her cheeks flushed as she perused it, and the very large gray eyes opened with astonishment. Grenville's tale of passionate love would have moved most girls, for—albeit he has not as yet in these figures to any great advantage—still Grenville Rose had a shrewd head upon his shoulders, and was a comely man to look upon, to boot.

He told his love well; and few maidens, even if they do not reciprocate it, can listen unmoved when that old-world story is passionately told them. There was plenty of warmth in Grenville's fervent pleading; and after reading the letter through twice, Maude dropped the paper on her lap, and, utterly oblivious to her troubles, fell into a reverie.

It seemed so strange. She had loved and admired Gren as long as she could remember, but she had never thought of him in this way—at least she did not think so—and yet, almost unconsciously to herself, of late she had been more solicitous about gaining his good opinion and pleasing him than of yore. 'To think Glen should care about me in this way!' she murmured; and I—do I love him? I don't know. He's nicer, and better, and cleverer than any one I ever met. Why didn't he tell me this when he was here last? I think I'd rather have heard it from himself. Ah! but doesn't he tell me why not? and the girl once more took up the letter and read:

'All this, my darling, has been on my lips for months, but how could I tell you?—how could I seek your love who had not even a home to offer? What the struggle has been to see you so often, and yet keep down what surged within me, I only know. When I kissed your cheek at parting last time, I nearly clasped you in my arms, and poured out the secret of my soul to you. I did not; it seemed madness—it is perhaps madness now; but, my darling, I could not lose you. When you tell me that another seeks the prize I covet, right or wrong, I must speak. Maude, you must decide between us. Can you trust me, and wait?'

Once more the letter fell in her lap, and the softened gray eyes and slightly-flushed face augured well for Grenville Rose's wooing. 'Yes,' she muttered, softly, 'I think I love him now as he would have me; and if I don't quite yet—for it seems all so new to me—I know I could shortly. Gren, dear, what am I to write to you? I think it must be 'Yes.'

It was wrong, she thought, to keep Gren in suspense when he was so dreadfully in love with her; so that night's mail bore a timid, fluttering little note, the receipt of which produced such a tremendous state of exhilaration in that young Templar, that anybody would have thought he was engaged to 'a lass wi' a tocher,' and contemplating matrimony with four horses, instead of having turned down one of the most tortuous, tangled, briery paths of Cupid's ambrosial garden.

Yes! nectar and lotus-eating, love-letters and walking on air for a few days, a nepenthe for the reckless pair of you. But there is a Nemesis coming that will rend these silken chains; when lawyer's deeds meet billet-doux the battle is unequal, I ween.

But poor Maude, after the first flush of exultation that enters the breast of every girl at a welcome declaration of love, quickly awoke to the fact that her position was not a whit improved by it. She confided her engagement to her mother, and for the first time in her life Maude beheld Mrs. Denison really angry. 'I'm surprised and disgusted with Grenville,' said that lady. 'It's too bad of him to take advantage of a child like you in this manner. I like him—always have liked him—and, under different circumstances, would have sooner seen you his wife than any man's I know. But he can barely keep himself as yet, and must know that his thinking of a wife at all is foolish in the extreme, and that thinking of you is simply absurd. He's be-

lieve that there can be no doubt Mr. Denison will easily pay them off at the expiration of the notice of foreclosure. The old gentleman even indulges in jocularity on the subject.

'Mean to have the very last day out of us, I see, sir; and quite right too,' he chuckled, upon meeting the squire one day.

'Yes, Pearman,' was the grim retort. 'I learnt the exacting of my pound of flesh, to the last pennyweight, in your hands. I have not forgot my lesson. You burn it into your pupils' minds very deeply.'

The old lawyer has laid himself open to another rebuff, and Denison has not failed to take advantage thereof. Why? Sarcasm breaks no bones, few knew better than that astute 'fisher of men.' His sensitiveness was tolerably blunt, and he recked little what men said to him or of him, as long as the furtherance of the object he had in view was attained. That his son should marry Maude Denison was the goal he now aimed at, and that that was to be brought about, he still thought far from improbable. To that end he conceived, even while pressing him for money, it was quite necessary to keep on easy terms with the squire. None knew better than he how bitter it is for a proud man to take his words back, and if what he now played for was to be achieved, that was a necessity. The task must be made as easy as possible—the unpalatable draught sugared as far as might be.

'He—he!' he answered; 'you will have your joke, Mr. Denison. It's a mighty pity you couldn't make up your mind to vacillate the property once more. Beg pardon, squire,' he continued, deprecating Denison's angry gesture; 'don't fear my alluding to it again. It was presumption on my part, I know, and if I said anything to vex you, I'm sure I'm heartily sorry. You'll forgive an old man, who, not having been brought up with your views, saw nothing but the concentration of an estate. Yes, I know I was all in the wrong; it isn't likely Miss Maude could be brought to think of such a thing. I'm sure I hope the calling in of the mortgage is no inconvenience; you can easily raise it elsewhere. But Sam's got so deep in the racing now, that we must get that sum together before the Two Thousand. I wish he wasn't; but he's clever, Sam is—clever in his way—too great a gentleman for me. No offence, sir, I hope; but I'm a plain man.'

Harold Denison touched his hat haughtily and rode home; but the old usurer's artful speech still simmered in his brain. Why should it not be? It would cut the tangled knot of his difficulties. He had made inquiries. Young Pearman had been brought up a gentleman, and visited in several good houses in the county. He, naturally, a little exaggerated this to himself to justify the course he intended to pursue, nay, for the matter of that, had been pursuing for some days. His wife had told him that she had laid the Pearman proposition before Maude, and that the young lady had declined with thanks; since which intelligence he had bullied Mrs. Denison, and snubbed or treated his daughter with cold indifference. The heads of the family can make contumacious children conscious of their high displeasure without any unseemly rating—indeed, that may be looked upon as mere mild and salutary punishment compared to the other, that other which, to speak metaphorically, consists in being condemned to the domestic ice-house. It is hard to describe, still there will be few of my readers who, if they have had the good fortune not to experience it, but must have seen some culprit enduring that slow punishment—meted out more often, perhaps, to daughters than sons. But don't we all know it: the chilling rejoinder that meets any attempt at geniality—the austere look that seems to say it is horsey that we should presume to forget the measure of our offending—the moral thong always awaiting us should we show any signs of relapsing into cheerfulness? Bah! those physical tortures of the middle ages were mere bunglers at their craft.

but, cut off from all communication with her lover, she gave way at last to the moral pangs brought to bear upon her, and, with pale cheeks and heavy eyes, whispered to 'that they might do with her as they liked if she couldn't marry Gren, she didn't care who it was.'

And that weak mother, who, under her husband's influence, had for the last week done all in her power to abet the will of the daughter she loved so, wept bitterly now her end was accomplished.

Yes, they had worn her down at last—

"Non vi sed sumpsit cadendo."

'Don't cry, mother,' said Maude, gently. 'I will do all you wish. I would rather not know more about it than I am obliged to just yet. And one thing more. I must—what all's settled, you know; there can be harm then—I must just write to bid Gren good-bye; you'll let me do that, mother, won't you?'

It was all over. The bright Maude of a few weeks back, with her high spirits and ringing laugh, was scarcely to be recognized in the pale spiritless girl who moped about the house now. Hearts don't break every day, but when young ladies dispose of their affections injudiciously, the intervention of the authorities is wont to be followed by a short interval of sorrow and sadness.

Harold Denison, upon hearing his daughter's decision, made a mighty gulp, and swallowing as much pride as might have set up two or three county families, penned a letter to lawyer Pearman.

It was an awkward epistle to compose, but the squire showed himself quite equal to the occasion. The sum of it was this:—He first apologized, in a haughty manner, for what he was pleased to term his curtness at their last interview. In the encumbered state of his property he had thought it but right to lay the proposal before Miss Denison, who, it appeared, took a different and perhaps more sensible view of it than we had done in the first instance. He should therefore be happy to welcome the visits of Mr. Pearman, junior, to Glinn; and it must then, of course, depend upon how he did his *dévoir* in Miss Denison's eyes, as to whether Glinn should be once more consolidated.

'Told you so, Sam—told you so,' said old Pearman, when he received this precious epistle. 'He only wanted time and line enough. I've done my part, boy. It's in your hands now; but I think you'll find it all pretty smooth sailing.'

To be continued.

On Friday John Tennant, living near Morriston, moved a hen off a nest that had been hatching turkey eggs. Much to his surprise he found a young turkey hatched out, having two distinct necks and heads. The body of the bird was perfectly formed.

Mr. Jasper Hill, a wealthy farmer in Binbrook has during the summer, had a number of swine erected on his farm. Friday one of his cold, a valuable animal, in racing across the field sprang into a swing, and being unable to extricate himself, remained there till he died. He was valued at \$100.

An Englishman, boasting of the superiority of the horses in his country mentioned that the celebrated Eclipse had run a mile in a minute. 'My good fellow' exclaimed an American present, 'that is rather less than the average pace of our common roadsters. I live at my country seat, near Philadelphia, and when I ride in a hurry to town, of a morning, my own shadow can't keep up with me, but generally comes into the store to find me, from a minute to a minute and a half after my arrival. One morning the beast was restless, and I rode him as fast as possibly could several times around a large lot—just to take the Old Harry out of him. Well, sir, he went so fast that the whole time saw my back directly before me, and was in danger of riding over myself!'