

promise her in his new home; it seemed that the news of the birth of his child had been a source of the greatest delight to him, and he dwelt much in his letter on the pleasure it would be to him to feel that he now had a son to work for as well as a wife. Laura said that he assured her he would do his best to make a happy home for her, and that he was already giving all his spare time to prepare it for her reception, and that he entreated her most earnestly not to delay her arrival a day longer than she could help, as the utter loneliness in which he was living was very trying. "In short," continued Lurline, "his whole letter is so warmly and kindly written that I have begun to believe for the first time that my husband really has had a great deal of affection for me all along, and that it has been entirely my fault that we were so miserable together during the first year of our marriage. I think it is so good of him to have been able to love such a one as I was then, that my heart is quite filled with gratitude towards him; and I think when I know and understand him better, as I hope to do in future, I shall not find it difficult to feel as tenderly towards him as a true wife should, and to give him not only all the help and comfort in my power, but the affection also which will make my duties light and pleasant to myself."

Laura then went on to say that she intended to join her husband at once, and that she felt sure it was the course her wise Mary would advise. There was a ship about to sail from Marseilles in a few days, which would take her to the port nearest to Mr. Brant's new home in the Southern States of America, and she had already taken her passage in it, and would be on her way to the port by the time her letter reached Mary. Her next piece of information somewhat surprised the de L'Isles, for she announced that her good and kind nurse, Mrs. Parry, had determined to make the voyage with her, as both she and the baby were still in very delicate health; but the arrangement had only been made on the distinct understanding, that so soon as the faithful old woman had seen Laura safe into her husband's care, she was to return to France, and spend the rest of her days at Chateau de L'Isle, as she was fully determined that no one should be the nurse and friend of Mary's children in the years to come excepting herself. Laura ended her letter, with ardent expressions of gratitude to Mary de L'Isle for all that she had done for her, affirming that she owed her more than life itself, and adding that she had one most longing wish, which, if it were possible, she prayed her to gratify, and that was, that she might see her once again before they parted for ever in this world.

"Oh, Bertrand," exclaimed Mary, "it would pain me very much to refuse Laura this last request, after all that has passed between us in the days that are gone. I should so like to go to Marseilles to take leave of her, if there is time for us to arrive there before the vessel sails. You would not refuse to take me there I am sure."

"It seems to me that I never refused you anything, my Mary," he said, smiling; "but let me see what date she names for her departure," he added referring to the letter: "yes I think we could just manage to arrive there on the morning of the day fixed for the sailing of the ship, so if you do not think the journey would fatigue you too much, my darling, you shall have your wish. I shall be glad for another reason that you should see Lurline. I do not mean her to go back empty-handed to

her husband, as I think we might try and spare her that mortification at least, so we will arrange that you should entrust nurse Parry with a sum of money which she can give to Mrs. Brant as your farewell gift, when you are out of reach of any unnecessary thanks on her part; but, Mary, I wish I could take you to Marseilles without being obliged to have an interview with Laura myself. I think it might be easily managed."

"Oh no, Bertrand! I hope you will not object to meet her now for this last time; it would pain her very much if you did, and indeed she is so completely changed that when once you have seen her again, you will find her quite dissociated in your mind from any unpleasant reminiscences of the past. I want you to part on friendly terms with her, dearest; it will be so much happier for us all that everything relating to our former acquaintance with her should now be forgiven and forgotten."

"Well, Mary, I have no doubt you are right, as you generally are; and, although I do not feel even now that I could have consented to keep up an acquaintance with one who was once at least the Lorelei of Chiverley, I do not object to this one last interview, which can never be repeated, so it shall be as you desire."

"Thank you so much, dearest Bertrand; you have gratified my last remaining wish as regards poor Lurline, and now I will go at once to make arrangements for our journey."

There was just time to let Laura and Mrs. Parry know by telegram of the pleasure that awaited them, and it was found that the meeting would be best ensured if it took place on board the vessel just before it started. It proved in the end that the interview could only be of much shorter duration than Bertrand and Mary had at first intended, for the ship sailed earlier than was expected, and a few minutes was all that they were able to spend together; it was sufficient, however, to remove from the minds of all concerned the last trace of bitter or painful feeling in connection with their former acquaintance, and each one of them looked back to it long years afterwards with pleasure and thankfulness, for in this world they never met again.

The fair autumn morning was very lovely, with a bright sun and a sea, smooth as crystal, when Bertrand and Mary de L'Isle put off from the port of Marseilles in a small boat, and boarded the outward-bound vessel where she lay just ready to start. They were on the deck, and as they passed along towards the poop where the passengers were collected, they saw nurse Parry, with the infant in her arms, standing by the side of a quietly-dressed lady-like person, in whom Bertrand completely failed to recognize the brilliant Lorelei of his recollection. With an involuntary start he paused for a moment, and looked fixedly at her before he could satisfy himself that it was indeed Laura Wyndham he beheld. The beauty which had depended so much on her artful fascination of look and manner had almost quite disappeared, and she seemed many years older than she had appeared to be before her marriage, but she had now a thoughtful pleasing expression of countenance and a quiet grace of movement which was entirely without affectation.

Laura came forward with evident timidity and embarrassment, and though she embraced Mary warmly she seemed quite unable to raise her eyes to Bertrand's face, while a crimson flush dyed her cheek at the sight of him; any rancorous feelings which he might have retained vanished at once when he saw her so gentle and meek, and, taking her hand kindly, he told her he had

come to wish her all possible happiness in her new home. Mary, with her ready tact, turned away at once to speak to nurse Parry, and then Laura looked up into Bertrand's face, and said, with much emotion, "I do not attempt to thank you, Mr. de L'Isle, for all your goodness to me, both in Italy and in Paris, but especially for your forgiveness; Mary assured me of it in your name, and it has indeed been the greatest boon you could bestow upon me, for I know—I know well—how much you had to forgive. Let me tell you now, in this last hour, when we shall never meet again, how thankful I am that you will have the darling Mary to be your guardian angel always, as she has been mine of late; it gives me bitter pain to remember the false interpretation I put upon her stillness of manner long ago, when I tried to persuade you that it meant want of feeling and not depth."

"Ah, Laura," said Bertrand smiling, "I think we have both of us learnt now that my Mary is like the crystalline sea out there, still but deep."

There was no time for further words, the anchor was being weighed, and all visitors were hurrying away; there was a hurried parting, half smiles half tears, and then Bertrand and Mary were warned that they must leave the ship at once. Those pages in the record of their lives on which the name of Laura Brant was written had come to an end for ever. They descended into their little boat; it passed from beneath the shadow of the vessel; one glimpse they caught of the fair face of the Lorelei watching them with tear-dimmed eyes, and they waved to her their last farewell. Then, with the sunshine smiling on them, and their hands fast locked together, they glided away towards their happy home, and we see them no more.

THE END.

STEAM-CAR INCIVILITY.

There is one place where our people are fast losing their really finest quality. It is in our railway cars. Here the inborn courtesy of the American is sadly lacking. Generous and considerate, and truly polite everywhere else, he is fast becoming selfish and boorish in the extreme here. Within a week we have witnessed such a scene as this: an ingress of eight or ten persons—nearly all of them ladies and children—into a car not more than three-fourths filled with passengers. The incomers slowly walk down the aisle, seeking places for themselves among the half-occupied seats. They pass six or more men who hold their places at the outer end of the seats, as if to bar all entrance. They pass two or three quite lady-like dressed women, who manage to fill an entire seat; one of them having wedged her back and feet between the two arms. Others there were who had beflanked themselves with valises or bundles, holding a sort of squatter sovereignty over the entire domain. There were in all sixteen seats thus occupied none of the occupants were entitled to more than one sitting. There was not a movement nor expression from any of them all toward the party of ladies and children, who stood waiting long after the train was in motion. When at last the gentleman of the party began to assert his right to the unfilled seats, there was an uttered lie from one man, who claimed the place by his side for "a friend" who never appeared, looks of defiance, and scowls of dissent from the ladies, and a reluctant, protesting movement from each one who was forced to make way for these other rights.—*Boston, Mass., Watchman and Reflector.*