

PRETTY MISS NEVILLE

BY B. M. CROKER
We all must follow, when Fate puts from show—Byron.

CHAPTER I
THE BURIAL

"Young barbarians all at play."—Childe Harold

Miss Nora! Miss Nora! your grandfather would be real mad if he was to see ye. Whatever are ye doing, diggin' holes in the plantation?"

"Neva, your mind, Sweetlips," I answered, pertly. "Don't waste your time watching us, but trot away to your dinner; the potatoes will be cold."

I was down on my knees, lading out the earth from a hole in front of me, with both hands, and never even condescended to turn my head.

"Such childer! such heart-scalds! such young divils! Ugh! they bato all—the plagues of Egypt was nothin' to them. Ugh!"

"There, that is done!" I exclaimed, triumphantly, as I stamped down the earth with a series of energetic jumps.

"How are we to find the place in ten year's time?" asked Deb, the man of fact, with doubtful face.

"I wonder what we shall all like this time ten years?" I remarked, by way of a digression, as I stood in an easy attitude, with my hands clasped behind me, and hat on the back of my head, and watched Rody's progress with critical interest.

certing candor, scooping deeper and still deeper into the bark.

"You think there is room for improvement, as far as I am concerned?" I asked with a broad grin of complacent inquiry.

"Red hair," he continued, as if I had not spoken, "great wild cat's eyes, a face as freckled as a turkey's."

"Lumphish figure!" screamed Deb, "and what is yours, I should like to know, you hideous, shock-headed, stupid lout!"

"I'm not your good girl!" cried his sister, vehemently.

"Hulloa!" he cried, looking more surprised than pleased, "this is an unexpected pleasure. What are you doing here, you imps?"

"I can't! I hate carving! It hurts my hand," whined Debora. "Look here, Rody, it's no trouble to you, and you do it so well, in a cajoling voice."

"Let me inform you, my young friends," he proceeded, raising his voice, and surveying us with a pair of very angry, handsome, dark gray eyes.

for your energies. There is a wearisome sameness about your jokes: I am getting a little tired of finding flour in my pockets, water in my boots, snuff among my handkerchiefs

"Room!" he echoed. "Oceans of room! You are a first-rater in your way—good runner, climber, and I'll back you to throw stones against any fellow I know."

"How I hate him!" I observed a few minutes later, as I walked up the back avenue, angrily kicking the fire-crackers before me.

"Then what will you do?" inquired Rody, with wide open eyes.

"What fun if Maurice were to marry her!" cried Rody, cutting a caper.

"No matter what you think!"—scornfully: "Maurice is only eighteen, and Miss Fluker is—oh!—my age; and besides, horrid as he is, and detestable as he can make himself, he is ten times too good for her!"

"Who is she, is it? Sure she's your own cousin, Miss Nora O'Neill; who else could it be?" returned Dan, with unintentional irony.

"Needless to say, we did not amalgamate; our guests scorned climbing trees, and driving the donkeys tandem—neither did his tastes lean to rat-hunts nor practical jokes."

and we certainly took every advantage of our opportunity.

"At first he tolerated us with passive politeness, and put up with our continual society as a necessary evil actually tried to teach us cricket and rounders, and man-ners!" suggested that I should show a few buttons.

"I must confess that my new acquaintance did all in his power to divert attention from me, and screened me as much as possible."

"I heard nurse talking it over with Miss Fluker one night when they thought I was asleep."

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my own extremities, two shapeless masses of mud.

"How did it all happen?" he asked, abruptly, kindly averting his eyes from my face; "how did you come to grief?"

"I was driving, I was upset," I muttered dolefully.

"That 'Oh!' spoke at least one volume of astounded disapprobation, and he and I relapsed into silence— a silence that remained unbroken until I was delivered over to the tender mercies of Miss Fluker and hurried off to bed."

"I descended in all the glories of a perfectly clean frock, my fiery locks tied back with a brand new ribbon."

"I glanced across at Maurice, expecting to meet some signal of sympathy, to support me under this overwhelming threat; but he was calmly buttering his toast, and looking just as if grandfather had made the most commonplace observation."

"She's not a bit hurt, she never is," who in Dan, with laudable gravity.

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and listened to the deeply interesting description of the sacking of a house, and picking of its inmates, with unconcealed indignation.

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things, he bore himself well—was respectful and attentive to grandfather, amiable and polite to Miss Fluker, and kept his temper in an astonishing manner as far as we were concerned.

A CONVERSION, AN APOSTASY, AND RESTORATION

By Isaac L. Gamewell in the Missionary

Having been requested by a priest I hold in respect and veneration, to give a narrative of my religious experiences, I yield to his opinion that some good may be done to others thereby, not that I think my personal affairs either spiritual or material, are of any degree of interest to the general public.

"Of course that desire was opposed unanimously by my family, but my mother, an earnest, devout soul, finally said: 'My son, I don't want you to join the Catholic Church—none of us do, but if you are fully persuaded that you ought to do it and that the step is necessary to your religious peace, you may. I won't force anyone's conscience, nor allow any one else to force yours. But remember, if you will be a Catholic, be a credit to them and be as good a Catholic as you can, and remember also that you shall attend the church of your choice. I won't force you to attend my church but you certainly shall attend some church and attend irregularly.'"

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