

## REST AND COMFORT TO THE SUFFERING.

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA" has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Stomach, Ache, Bowels, Throat, Rheumatism, Oedema, Lumbago, and any kind of a Pain or Ache. "It will most surely quicken the Blood and Heat, as its acting power is wonderful." "Brown's Household Panacea," being acknowledged as the great Pain-Reliever, and of double the strength of any other Elixir or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted, "as it really is the best remedy in the world for Cramps in the Stomach, and Pains and Aches of all kinds," and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle. [1878]

## RECIPES.

**LEMON CAKE.**—Take the yolks of five lemons. Beat them until they are thick and plump. Grade in one quart of nutmegs. Wash off the blue off milk, and put in. Add one bar of soap. Put in your fruit oranges. Let it remain in the oven until you remove it.

**ONION SALAD.**—Get one good strong, healthy onion, and kill it. Get a hammer and a nail and drive the nail into the onion. Soak it in kerosene oil two seconds. Build the onion in the oven. Pour the salad over the onion until it is ready. Put a little powder into it and fire it off.

**SAUERBRUT.**—Get a small lamb and put it in a pot. Buy one pint of good, large cabbage. Remove the peel. Get one quart of good, sweet vinegar. Chop the cabbage over the vinegar. Let it remain until it begins to ferment. Den end id ven you have got a cold in your head.

**SHORTCAKE.**—Get a small boy to pick you two quarts of berries at a rolling-pin. Add the berries out with a rolling-pin. Add the juice of seven lemons. Dake one cup of oatmeal and a pocketful of rye flour. Stir id mid a lead pencil No. 2. Cook it until it gets to a cent-like brown. If you expect your mother-in-law to supper, burn the bottom off the cake a little.

**ICE CREAM.**—In do first place, you got ten pounds of goat, sweet, clear ice. Be sure the ice is not sour or mouldy or second-hand. Dake a hot flat-iron and iron it out smooth. Wrap id around a dable-spoon full of cream. Led id stand until it cools off. Add hot carryaway seed do suit de taste. Stuff id mit milk, and eat id slowly.

**BEAN SOUP.**—Boll four quarts of vader until it is brown. Bore a hole in de vader mit a gimlet and put in von cub of salt. Den pur in von bean; stir de bean around mit a proom-handle until de bean resolves. Grade in some horse-radishes. If you keep a boarding-house, put in some more vader. Cut it up in din slices mit a hot knife.

**FISH.**—First, you vas go fishing. Dake along a hook and line and a half a dollar, and catch a fish. God your vife to dress it for you. Cook id Friday for free, day, say, bedder on sat day. Hold an umbrella over it ven id vas cooking, so de flavor will not get away. Get someone to pick de bones out for you. Eat id mid some pineapple doughnuts.

**LIMBURGER CHEESE.**—You get some skinned milk. Skin it in de morning. Pour id into a tub. Put in two lids. Led id stand until id gets tired. Then led id sit down. Pour de cheese into pails to mould it. (Dots where mouldy cheese comes from.) Set id out in de yard till id becomes of age. Build a fence around id, so id will not get away. Ven de cheese begins to walk around id vas ready to eat.

**SPONGECAKE.**—Dake four pounds of damulated sugar. One spoon full mit flour. Bake two eggs, and dake de yolks of de eggs. Pour in four or three large, medium-sized small sponges. Add von salt. Add von quart of molasses of you can borrow id. Bake de cake quickly before de children gets home from school. Put id away in a dry place until you vas alone, and den eat id. Sair de cake will before you begin to comence to cook id.

**BEEFSTEAK.**—Got vone pound of round tenderloin porter-house rack-steak. Pound the steak mit a hammer until it looks like liver. Then run id through de clothes-wringer. Then you led de children play baseball mid id until id vas dender. Put id off de pan. Change id on id's both sides before id vas done. Wipe id off dry mit a wet towel until it vas moist. Add de dower. Cook id until you vas tired. Serve id do some of your enemies.

**MINCEPIE.**—Get a piece of rubber and cut out de under crust. Scollup de edges mit de shears. Buy four pounds of cows neck at one cent a pound. Chop it up until it vas chopped. Chop up vone peck of apples, basket and all. Add vone yard of red flannel and a peck of sawdust. Give id two coats of varnish. Cook it vone hour and sixteen inches.

J. F. PARSONS.

New Haven, Ct.

**EPPE'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.**—By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected COCOA, EPPE'S has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.* Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets and tins (1 lb. and 1 lb.) labelled—JAMES EPPE & CO., Homeopathic Chemists London, England. Also makers of EPPE'S CHOCOLATE ESSENCE for afternoon use.

## \$200.00 Reward!

Will be paid for the detection and conviction of any person selling or dealing in any bogus, counterfeit or imitation HOR BITTERS, especially Bitters or preparation—i.e. the word HOR or Hops in their name—connected therewith, that is intended to mislead and cheat the public, or for any preparation put in any form, pretending to be the same as HOR BITTERS. The genuine have cluster of GREEN HOPS (notice this) printed on the white label, and are the purest and best medicine on earth, especially for Kidney, Liver and Nervous Diseases. Beware of all others, and of all pretended formulas or receipts of HOR BITTERS published in papers or for sale as they are frauds and swindles. Whoever deals in any but the genuine will be prosecuted.

HOR BITTERS MFG. CO., Rochester, N. Y.

## CARRIED BY STORM!

By the Author of "Guy Earlscount's Wife," "A Wonderful Woman," "A Mad Marriage," "Edmond O'Donnell," etc.

## PART III.

## CHAPTER II.

## AFTER THE CONCERT.

The lamps are lit in the pretty drawing-room of the villa. Dinner is over, and the one guest, the Rev. Ignatius Lamb, sits near Mrs. Ventnor's sofa, talking earnestly. The executor of St. Walburg is the incumbent of a beautiful little church in the village now, not so rich or so rare a gem certainly as St. Walburg in the days of Mrs. Abbott—still an extremely pretty structure. Gothic as to style, mediæval as to painted saints on golden backgrounds, aristocratic as to congregation, and all that there is of the most ritualistic as to doctrine.

Mrs. Ventnor, pallid, languid, graceful, reclining on her couch, listens with weary interest. She has a paw at St. Chad's, and is especially anxious about the success of Mr. Lamb's latest project—that of founding a convent and an orphan asylum, on a grant of land recently presented to the church by Colonel Ventnor. The order is quite a new one, the Sisters of the Suffering—Mr. Lamb himself the founder, and to establish the mother House in Brighton, with an asylum and a day-school, is a project very near to the reverend gentleman's heart.

"I saw the Reverend Mother last week," he is saying to Mrs. Ventnor, "and it was she who proposed this concert. For obvious reasons, it is more convenient at present than either a picnic or fair. Mother Bonaventura knows this singer—this Miss Jenny Wild—knew her before she entered religion, you understand, and speaks of her in the very highest terms. Her moral character—Miss Wild's, of course—is perfectly unexceptionable. And she is more than willing to assist us by giving a concert and donating the proceeds. She is said to excel in charities indeed, and is especially interested in orphan children. In addition to her concert she promises a hundred dollars. All this, with the noble donation of your excellent husband, my dear madam, will enable us to start work at once, without incurring pecuniary liabilities. Everything is arranged, and the concert takes place on Monday evening. Miss Wild is at present in New York, but will reach Brighton on that day. May I hope, my dear Mrs. Ventnor, that you will endeavor to be present?"

"I go nowhere of late," Mrs. Ventnor responds, languidly, "as you are aware. My wretched health, you know—but assuredly, if possible, I will be present at the concert."

"And Miss Olga—we may, I presume, count upon her without fail?"

The door opens as he speaks, and the Rev. Ignatius pauses, and is conscious of a shock—not an unpleasant one. He holds distinct views upon the celibacy of the clergy, and has always advocated them, but at this moment he feels that under certain influence, a man and an Anglican priest may be untrue to the convictions of his life, and yet be excusable.

She comes in, tall, slender, white-robed, her lovely hair falling like a bath of sunshine over her shoulders, her gold and snowy drapery trailing about her, a faint flush on her cheeks, a sunny light in her blue eyes. Behind her comes her faithful shadow, Frank, and the Reverend Ignatius frowns slightly, and realizes that handsome distant cousins are no more dangerous and objectionable class of men.

"My dear, how late you are," mamma murmurs, as Olga stoops and kisses her; "we have dined without you. Dr. Gibson, you know, is most peremptory on the point of my always dining at the same hour."

"Pray make no excuse, mamma—it does not matter in the least," Olga says, gaily, "Frank and I will dine late—a little. We have been quarrelling all the afternoon, and can recommence over our soup. Anything new, in Brighton, Mr. Lamb? What of the new convent?"

"Olga thinks of renouncing this wicked world, and going in for Mother Abbess. The role would suit her, I think. She has rather the look at this moment of a vestal virgin—a Norma—a Priestess of the Sun. These sort of people never cared for anybody but themselves, and were made of ice-water more or less, I believe."

"My dear Frank, how often have I told you that sarcasm is not your strong point? You mean to be cynical, but in reality I am almost sure I would like it. The habit of the Sisters of the Suffering is in admirable taste—a trained black robe, a white veil, and long black veil are always picturesque and becoming. What of our fair, Mr. Lamb—or is it to be a picnic?"

Mr. Lamb explains. It is to be neither. It is to be a concert—a ballad concert, with Miss Jenny Wild as prima-donna, and Monday next is the appointed night.

"Miss Jenny Wild? Jenny Wild? I do not know the name. Who is she? do you know her, Frank?"

"Never heard her—heard of her though. Sings in character—ballads chiefly, and is very popular. Good contralto they say, but seldom comes to New York. It is not to be supposed you would know her, Miss Ventnor—scampering over the face of the earth as you have been for the past five years. Come to dinner. I do not know how it may be with you, but I am considerably hungry."

They go. Frank may be in love with the exquisite face across the table, but that fact does not impair his appetite to any serious extent. If it exists, it is perhaps a love of the eyes, not of the heart, for he is distinctly conscious of being much more comfortable away from his adored one than with her.

Her presence, her triumphant beauty, have upon him the effect of a fever. He seeks to woo and win her, and he feels that if he succeeds he will be in a state of unrest and discomfort all the rest of his life. She exacts too much; her ideal is too high; he can never reach it; it is always uncomfortable to dwell on the heights. Still the family expect it of him, and to show the white feather in love or in war is not the nature of a Livingston. In an off-hand sort of way he has been making love to his pretty cousin ever since he can remember, but to distinct proposal he has never yet come. In his pocket, to night a letter lies from his mother, urging, entreating, commanding him to speak before he leaves Brighton. Business calls him away on Tuesday next, and the Rubicon must be crossed between then and now. He is not a nervous young man as a rule, but, truth to tell, the thought makes his heart beat a little quicker. Perhaps it is not to his discredit that he is a trifle afraid of this Olga. He is not the first man who has feared this chill, white goddess. This is Thursday evening. He has still one, two, three, four days and nights to screw his courage to the sticking-place, and put his fate to the touch, win or lose it all.

"I will speak to-morrow," he thinks, looking at her across the old flowers and crystal. "I will speak to-morrow, but I am afraid."

"I like you so much, Frank, that I am sorry you have said this. You do not mean

"Praise as you may, when the tale is done she is but a maid to be wooed and won. But to-morrow comes and he does not speak. He does not feel sentimental as to the chances, and his fellow can propose in cold blood. And Saturday, and Sunday, and Monday come, and still golden silence reigns, and his fate hangs in the balance. And Monday evening is the evening of the concert, and there is no longer chance or time."

The whole Ventnor family go. Olga in Indian mullin, with touches of crimson here and there in her pale, crisp draperies and laces, is, as ever, bewildering. A fairly fashionable assembly fills the hall, and Miss Ventnor finds an acquaintance who seems to know all about the musical star of the night.

"A very charming songstress, I assure you," the lady says. "She travels with her guardian and his wife—Gorman, I believe—and has a very sweet and powerful contralto, with an odd sort of pathos in it that most people are captivated by who hear her sing. I have seen her give nearly a whole evening's entertainment herself, singing after song, in character, with a rapidity and power quite amazing. It is very good of her to proffer her services in this way; but then she is good; it is quite like her. She is the most generous and large-hearted creature in the world—and beyond reproach, I assure you; in all quarters Miss Wild is most highly spoken of."

"Yes?" Olga says, indifferently. She is not much interested, naturally, in Miss Wild or her character. Her glass sweeps the hall, and she is busy acknowledging bows. It is something of a bore to be here at all, after seasons of Paris and Nilsson abroad. Still, it is for Mr. Lamb, and she is Olga Ventnor—and no less obliging.

The curtain rises; the stage is handsomely decorated. A slim, dark young man, with great Italian eyes and accent, appears, and sings "Let Me Like A Soldier Fall," in a very fine baritone voice. There is a piano solo—Liszt's "Rhapsodie No. 2," performed in a masterly manner by Herr Ericson, and then Miss Jenny Wild is before them, and "Love My Love," is ringing through the concert-room, in a voice that makes even Olga Ventnor, difficult as she is, look up in pleased surprise. And looking once, she looks again.

The singer, a tall, finely-formed young woman, dressed simply enough, in dark silk, is a person to command from most people a second glance. It is hardly a handsome face, but it is a striking one; the features are good, the eyes dark and brilliant, and with an intensity of expression not often seen. There is vivid dramatic power in her rendering of the song—the voice has that sweet, touching, minor tone Olga has heard of. But something beyond all this strikes and holds Miss Ventnor. "As in a glass darkly" she seems to recognize that face, that voice. She knows her brow, and tries to recall. In vain—Miss Jenny Wild refuses to be placed. She concludes her song, and disappears in the midst of a tumult of applause.

"She is really a very fine singer," Olga says to the lady by her side, "but it is the oddest thing. I seem to have seen and heard her somewhere before."

"You have attended some of her concerts, perhaps?" the lady suggests.

"No, it cannot be that—this is the first concert I have attended since my return to America. Frank!" imperiously, "are you asleep? What are you thinking of, sitting there, with that dazed look?"

"Of Miss Jenny Wild. Somewhere—in some other planet, perhaps—I must have met that young lady before. Ah! she is good-natured, she responds to this encore. Here she is again."

Miss Wild reappears, bowing gracefully to the hearty call she had received. Her dark eyes calmly survey the house, and lift and rest for the first time on the Ventnor party. They fall on Frank Livingston, and meet his puzzled glance full.

A slight flush rises to her face, a slight smile draws about the lips, then her graceful figure is drawn up, and she is singing "With a Mile of Edinboro' Town." The old ever welcome favorite is listened to with delight, and a great basket of flowers is presented to the singer. Olga hands Frank her bouquet.

"Throw it," she says; "she deserves it. She sang that delightfully. Miss Jenny Wild is worth coming to hear. But, oh! where have I seen and heard her before?"

Frank throws the cluster of white roses with uttering aim—it light as the feet of the songstress. She stoops and picks it up, and again that slight glance and flush and smile rest on Livingston, as she bows and quits the stage.

"The Italian sings again, Herr Ericson performs a ringing rondo, and Miss Wild sings the grand aria 'Nabucco' from Verdi, quite magnificently, and again is rapturously encored. Once more she responds with another Scotch song, 'Sleeping Magpie,' and once more her eyes look and linger with evident amusement on the profoundly puzzled face of Frank Livingston. Then the concert is over, and they are out in the sweet darkness of the June night.

"Who is Miss Jenny Wild?" cries Olga, impatiently. "I hate to be puzzled, and she puzzles me. Frank, I command you! find out all about her, and tell me why her face and voice are so ridiculously familiar. And she has evidently seen you before—she did you the honor to look at you more than once in the most marked manner."

"I go to-morrow," is Frank's answer, "and whether I shall ever return to discover Miss Jenny Wild's antecedents, or for any other reason, depends entirely upon you, Olga, and what you will say to me to-night!"

The hour has come—the two are alone, lingering for a moment before saying good-night and going in. They stand on the piazza; the June stars shine above them; the silence of midnight is around them.

She glances at him in surprise, she is humming "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town."

"For I cannot, cannot—wunnot wunnot—wunnot buckle to!" she sings, and then breaks off to laugh.

"What a magical face! What a desperate tone! What a dramatic speech! You go to-morrow, and whether you will ever return depends on what I will say to-night! Really Frank, the concert and the impassioned singing of Miss Wild have been too much for you. Must you really go to-morrow? I am sorry. Hurry back."

"Are you sorry, Olga? Shall you miss me? Do you care for me, I wonder, the very least in the world? Oh, you know what I mean! Do not laugh at me, for God's sake! I with most angry impatience. 'You have laughed at me long enough. I love you, Olga—I want you to be my wife!'"

The words, thought of so long, came abruptly enough—roughly, indeed. He sees in her face the familiar, mocking look he knows full well—a look nothing seems to have power to soften or change. But at the irritated passion of his voice and face, it dies out, and she looks at him with smiling, gentle, half-amused eyes.

"I like you so much, Frank, that I am sorry you have said this. You do not mean

it, do you? We have been playing at fiction all our lives, and by mistake, you have fancied the play earnest to-night. You are not in love with me—you do not want me to be your wife. You would be miserable if I said yes, and you know it. But fear not. I am not going to say yes."

"Say it and try? I will risk the misery. All my life will be devoted to you—every thought of my heart, if you will marry me, Olga."

"Marry you?" she repeats; marry you, Frank! There is that in her tone makes Livingston redder and throw back his head. She laughs a little in spite of herself. "I never thought of such a thing in my life," she says with cruel coolness.

"Do you mean to tell me, the young man demands, in no very tender tone, 'that you do not know it was a compact made and agreed to years and years ago?'"

"Never!" she answers, with energy, "never! In such compact I had no share—of such compact I never heard. Oh, yes!" contemptuously, in reply to his indignant glances; "I have heard hints, insinuations, seen smiles and wise glances; but do you think I heeded them? They are the impertinences relatives seem to think they have a right to. There is but one person on earth who has a right to speak to me of such a thing—my dear father—and he has been silent. And I do not care for you, Frank—in that way. I am very fond of you—there never was a time when I was not, I think; she says, and holds out her hands with the sweet, alluring smile that makes men her slaves; there never will come a time when I shall not be. But not like that. There is not a friend I love in this world I would not sooner lose than you; so shake hands, and forget, and forgive all this. Let us say good-night and good-by, and when you return—say in three or four weeks—you will have forgotten the fancy of to-night. Do not look cross, Frank, it does not become you—and come in."

She slips her hand through his arm, and half laughing at his moody face, draws him into the house. The gas burns low in the drawing-room, the piano stands open; she strikes the keys as she stands, smiling over her shoulder, and sings:

"The fairest rose blooms but a day—  
Good-by!  
The fairest spring must end with May,  
And you and I can only say:  
Good-by, good-by, good-by!"

## CHAPTER III.

## AFTER LONG YEARS.

The morning that follows this night of the concert is bleak and raw for June. A drab sky frowns on a sunless world; the wind is as much like November as the month of roses, and the weather-wise predict rain. But in this threatening state of the weather Miss Jenny Wild hires a pony carriage, and starts all by herself for a drive.

Not for any aimless drive—she seems to know very well where she wants to go. She is very plainly dressed in black, a straight dark skirt sitting upright in the little carriage, a black straw hat, with a blue veil twisted round it, on her head. She pulls this veil over her face as she drives through the village, and glancing hardly to the right or left, taking the woodland road, and pulls up at the Red Farm, erstwhile Sleaford's.

Here she sits and gazes for a long, long time, with darkly thoughtful face and brooding eyes, at the dreary and deserted house. There her most miserable childhood was spent; working in that kitchen her most miserable girlhood wore on; in that attic room how many supremely sad and heart-breaking the child Joanna suffered through! In that adjoining chamber her motherless task-master had met his fate, and passed to his death. In that parlour, with its shattered panes, how many a jolly revel that been held, which her part was only additional drudgery. And yet she had liked them too, there were lights and music, and laughter and dancing, and youth, and at one of them she had first seen Frank Livingston's gay, handsome face—the same face, older, madder—she had looked upon again last night. Out of yonder broken gate she had watched him come one never-to-be-forgotten morning, with his fair little cousin in his arms. Last night he had sat by that fair young cousin's side, and listened to her singing. Always these two are associated in her mind, and always with a sense of dull morbid pain. In that gloomy kitchen she first saw Geoffrey Lamar, the true, noble-hearted friend who had done all in his power to lift her out of her misery, and out of herself. Here wild Joanna suffered and slaved, was beaten and girded at; from here she fled out into the world, with George Blake! And to-day she might have been George Blake's wife, if chance—or Providence—had not thrown in her way Frank Livingston, and so in a moment changed her whole life.

She turns from the eerie spot at last, and goes on to Black's Dam. Here, too, time and decay had laid their ruinous finger. The old mill, her shelter and solace so often, has fallen to utter decay; the pond is almost dry—silent desolation reigns. She turns from it with a shudder, and drives away. Great drops of rain are beginning to patter, but she cares almost as little for a wetting now as in the old days. She drives to Abbott Wood—the old gate-keeper lives still in the wretched gothic lodge, but he can give her no news of his missing mistress.

A lawyer from the city does everything that is to be done in these latter days. Of Mrs. Abbott or Mr. Geoffrey no one seems to know anything. The main falls heavily as she drives through the lovely, leafy avenues, up to the grand, silent, sombre house. It looks as if it were mourning for those it had lost. She does not go in, though she is invited to do so by Mrs. Bill. She feels she cannot look at those fair, empty apartments, filled by the haunting faces of half a dozen years ago. Her own is among them, the restless, unhappy, aimless Joanna of seventeen. She is neither aimless nor restless now. She has found her niche and work in life, and they suit her well. But happy? Well, she is hardly that, and yet a very different, a much wiser, gentler, nobler Joanna than the dark, discontented protégée of Geoffrey Lamar. Softened and good, she has grown, through years of kindness and affection given to her lavishly and loyally by the Herr Professor and Madame Ericson. All that is best in her has its day at last. Of friends she has many; of lovers she has had her share; of admirers more than she cares to remember. And love has redeemed her, and Miss Jenny Wild is all that they say of her, and more, giving of her abundance to all who ask and need.

That afternoon Professor Ericson and his family, as he calls them, leave Brighton. By the morning train Mr. Frank Livingston has gone up to New York, and while Miss Wild is recalling the days of her youth, he is spinning along, a cigar between his lips, the morning paper in his hand, far from the scene of his despair. Truth to tell, he looks anything but despairing this morning, in a most becoming English suit of the very roughest grey tweed, fresh vigorous, good-

looking, alert. Broken-hearted at his rejection he has a right to be, and may be, but a broken heart is becoming to some people, and Livingston is apparently one of them. In his secret soul there is rather a sensation of relief, that as the train bows along it bears him in its throbbing bosom a free man! He has done what destiny and his Maker and the united houses of Ventnor and Livingston expected of him, and she said no, and there is no appeal. And when Mr. Livingston dies, and worms eat him, whatever the immediate cause may be, he is comfortably convinced it will not be love. So, in a fairly cheerful mood, he surveys his fellow-passengers, untolds his Brighton paper, and reads what the musical critic of that sheet has to say about last night's concert. Miss Wild is lauded, and Livingston is disposed to laud also. She sang remarkably well, and looked very imposing. That grand aria from 'Nabucco' is still ringing in his ears, and it occurs to him once more to wonder why her face should be so oddly familiar. Not a pretty face, he decides, but a good one, a striking one, and once seen not easily forgotten. And then he turns to another column and subject, and forgets all about it.

He spends three or four days in New York, among old friends and old haunts. His principal object in coming to town is to tell his mother the result of his proposal, and so make an end of that business once and for ever, but his mother has gone on a visit. He proposes to follow her, for he knows it is a subject on which she is more than anxious, but it is now that will keep, and he does not hurry himself. On the evening of the third day he sees by the bills that Miss Jenny Wild is to give one of her character concerts, and makes up his mind to go.

"Perhaps I shall be able to place her this time," he thinks, "and so get rid of her altogether. I believe I was dreaming of her half the night last night."

So, a little after the commencement of the concert, Mr. Livingston saunters in, and finds a large and fashionable gathering. Many of the faces present are familiar; one lady in a private box bows, and smiles and beckons, and in a few moments he is shaking hands with Mrs. Van Rensselaer and her daughters.

"So glad to meet you once more, my dear boy," that great and gracious lady exclaims, "and looking so extremely sunburned and well. We heard you had returned with the Ventnors, and were staying with them at that charming villa. And how is dear Mrs. Ventnor, and the lovely Olga, after their prolonged European tour?"

"Mrs. Ventnor is much as usual, and Olga is rather lovelier than usual," says Frank.

"And when are we to congratulate you, Mr. Livingston?" says the elder Miss Van Rensselaer, a dashing and daring brunette, but not quite so young as she used to be. "Ah! we hear more than you think, we stay at home. We expected Olga would have captured a duke at least, so many rich American girls are making brilliant matches this year. And yet there she is, la belle des belles, back again, and—as we understand—unattached! But you can open the mysteries, no doubt?"

"I only know Olga refused half the peerage," says Livingston, with calm mendacity. "As for your very flattering hints, Miss Van Rensselaer, you do me too much honor in inferring I have anything to do with it. I might as well love some bright, particular star, and so on, as my beautiful cousin Olga. Such daughters of the gods are not for impetuous artists like myself. Ah! here is Miss Wild, and as Marquise, singing the famous 'Jewel Song.' How well she is looking, and in what capital voice she is tonight!"

"You have seen her before?" Miss Brenda Van Rensselaer inquires.

"Once before, at a concert last Monday night. Her voice has the ringing of mountain bells! What pathos and dramatic force she has! She would make a fine actress. It strikes me Miss Wild grows on me. I like her better now than I did even then."

"Oh! she is lovely," cries Miss Brenda, gushingly. "We are the greatest friends. She is received by the very best people. She is perfectly charming in private life, and unlike most artists, always so willing to sing. She comes to us to-night after the concert; mamma has a reception. I think her drawing-room songs are even more beautiful than her stage singing."

"Come and make her acquaintance," says Mrs. Van Rensselaer graciously.

"Thanks—I will," Livingston responds. He is exceedingly taken by Miss Wild; he loves music almost more than he does art; and her voice, her look, are so sympathetic that they draw him irresistibly. Besides, he wants to discover what is that familiar look about her that so perplexes him now.

"Who is Miss Wild?" he asks, as, in the midst of hearty applause, she quits the stage.

"Ah! who, indeed?" returns the elder Miss Van Rensselaer. "Find somebody to answer that, if you can! No one knows; she arose first a little pale star out West, and went on shining and enlarging until she is the star of first magnitude. You see her now. Hark to the clapping—she will return in a moment—they always adore her songs. Flattering, but rather a bore, I should think. Here she is; what will she give us now, I wonder?"

An hour later he stands in the Van Rensselaer drawing-room, and awaits his introduction to the cantatrice. He cannot tell why he is so vividly interested in her, unless it is caused by that puzzling familiarity. But interested and impatient as he is, and as he has never been to meet any artist of the kind before.

"Mr. Livingston, Miss Wild," says simply his hostess, and he looks down into two dark, jewel-like eyes, into a smiling face. He is conscious of bowing and murmuring his pleasure—another moment and some one else has claimed her, and she turns—is gone.

He looks after her with knitted brows and ever deepening perplexities. That tall figure, that gentle, earnest face, those great gem-like eyes—they are in some mysterious way as well-known to him as his own face in the glass. He tries to approach her more than once as the evening wears on, but she is always surrounded. The charm of her manner evidently carries all before it, as well as the charm of her voice.

Presently, when he is about to give up in despair, he hears her singing, and makes his way to the piano. The words she sings he has never heard before—the air is tender and very sweet:

"My darling! my darling! my darling!  
Do you know how I want you tonight?  
The wind passes, morning and evening,  
Like some evil ghost on its flight;  
On the wet street your lamp's gleam shines  
Redly.  
You are sitting alone—did you start?  
As I spoke? Did you guess at this deadly  
Chill pain in my heart?"

Out here where the dull rain is falling,  
Just once—just a moment—I wait;  
Did you hear the voice that was calling  
Your name, as I passed by the gate?  
It was just a mere breath, but I know, dear,  
Not even Love's ears could have heard;  
But oh, I was wondering so, dear,  
For one little word.

Ab, me! for a word that could move you,  
Like a whisper of magical art!

looking, alert. Broken-hearted at his rejection he has a right to be, and may be, but a broken heart is becoming to some people, and Livingston is apparently one of them.

In his secret soul there is rather a sensation of relief, that as the train bows along it bears him in its throbbing bosom a free man! He has done what destiny and his Maker and the united houses of Ventnor and Livingston expected of him, and she said no, and there is no appeal. And when Mr. Livingston dies, and worms eat him, whatever the immediate cause may be, he is comfortably convinced it will not be love. So, in a fairly cheerful mood, he surveys his fellow-passengers, untolds his Brighton paper, and reads what the musical critic of that sheet has to say about last night's concert. Miss Wild is lauded, and Livingston is disposed to laud also. She sang remarkably well, and looked very imposing. That grand aria from 'Nabucco' is still ringing in his ears, and it occurs to him once more to wonder why her face should be so oddly familiar. Not a pretty face, he decides, but a good one, a striking one, and once seen not easily forgotten. And then he turns to another column and subject, and forgets all about it.

He spends three or four days in New York, among old friends and old haunts. His principal object in coming to town is to tell his mother the result of his proposal, and so make an end of that business once and for ever, but his mother has gone on a visit. He proposes to follow her, for he knows it is a subject on which she is more than anxious, but it is now that will keep, and he does not hurry himself. On the evening of the third day he sees by the bills that Miss Jenny Wild is to give one of her character concerts, and makes up his mind to go.