

"Was there ever anything so provoking!" she exclaimed, an angry discontented frown replacing the radiant smile with which she had bowed to her visitors as they drove away.

"What is the matter?" asked Emily in surprise.

"Mrs. Seymour has invited me to drive with her to-morrow, and I have nothing fit to wear. I would look quite shabby seated beside her. Did you notice how elegantly she was dressed?"

"She will not expect you to dress so fashionably," was Emily's quiet answer. "She knows our circumstances."

"She will expect me to make a respectable appearance," retorted Georgina, petulantly.

"And so you will. Your wardrobe was pretty well supplied before we left England."

"I tell you I have nothing stylish, and if we are to mix with Mrs. Seymour and her set I must have a more fashionable outfit."

"What is it you require so much, Georgie?" asked Mr. Davenant, now re-entering the room and overhearing her last remark.

Georgina explained the necessity for a new outlay. Mr. Davenant's face lengthened.

"How much money do you want?" he asked, drawing out his purse.

"Really I cannot say how much, papa. I don't know anything of the price of dress goods out here, but I shall get nothing but what is absolutely required to enable me to make an elegant appearance."

"Georgie, you are too extravagant," remonstrated Mr. Davenant. "The outlay you think necessary is beyond my means."

"Then I shall stay at home, and send a note to Mrs. Seymour telling her I have nothing fit to wear," rejoined Georgina, sullenly.

"Papa, let me have your purse, and I think I can get Georgina what is really requisite without spending much money," interposed Emily.

Mr. Davenant placed his purse in the hands of his eldest daughter with the grave remark, "I wish she had your economy and self-denial, dear."

"Now mind! you're not going to put me off with something cheap and unfashionable," was Georgina's observation, as the two sisters sallied forth on their expedition, the arrogant beauty closely veiled, determined not to let her beautiful face be seen in the streets of Montreal until she could make her *début* in all the glory of fashionable attire, seated in Mrs. Seymour's handsome carriage.

Some of the articles of dress Georgina wished for were purchased in Notre Dame Street, and the following day her vanity was fully gratified as she drove through the principal streets of the city, for every eye was attracted by her rare beauty. Mr. Lascelles occupied a seat in the carriage at his own request, for he felt a strong curiosity to see the young English girl about whose beauty his aunt Hermine raved. To her great surprise he did not seem much attracted by Georgina Davenant; he acknowledged, however, that she was singularly handsome, but her gorgeous beauty did not captivate him. Mrs. Seymour thought her husband must have prejudiced his mind against her favourite, and she accused him of it. A roguish smile flashed over his face as he replied:

"I was only putting him on his guard—merely repeated the vulgarity about beauty being only skin deep."

"And you extolled Emily to the skies, I suppose?"

"Not at all. I only told what I knew of her, and described our first meeting. Emily's actions speak for themselves. Eugene, like a sensible man, is half in love with her already, and very anxious to make her acquaintance. When will you ask the Davenants to spend an evening with us, Hermine?"

"In a few days after they return our call. You know we must observe something of etiquette."

"Hang etiquette! The world would get on much better without it," was the doctor's blunt rejoinder.

Weeks rolled on very pleasantly for the Davenants. The friendship of the Seymours was a source of constant enjoyment. The girls were introduced into society, and in this new pleasant life Georgina had less time and inclination to indulge her secret grief. She struggled more against it and gradually the bitterness of her disappointment became less poignant and her mind recovered much of its cheerful tone. But the love for Delamare was only subdued—crushed down, yet still smouldering beneath the ashes on her heart's altar where the fire had burned so brightly, and whenever she did allow her thoughts to dwell upon the fascinating object of her girlish idolatry the old despairing anguish flowed back upon her spirit and it seemed as if nothing—neither time nor absence nor neglect could banish his image effectually from her thoughts or "break the chain by which she was so darkly bound." She still clung to the hope that she might meet him in society notwithstanding her frequent disappointment, and it was this cherished hope which led her so eagerly to mix in the gayeties of Montreal life, to which, through the kindness of Mrs. Seymour, she had free access, for that lady took an almost maternal pride in the beautiful girl she chaperoned, hoping one day to see her well settled in life.

Her hope that her nephew Eugene would make Georgina an offer of his hand was destined to be disappointed, and Dr. Seymour's prediction that he would prefer Emily Davenant to her more beautiful sister was verified. Every succeeding interview served to strengthen the favourable impression she had made, and the young man became warmly attached to her, but his *affaire du cœur* progressed slowly owing to the freezing indifference with which Emily received his attentions.

There certainly was nothing very attractive about Eugene Lascelles, his plain face had not even fine eyes to redeem its ugliness, yet it was a good face, Emily thought, and she liked the young man well enough as an acquaintance, although she could not return the affection with which she knew he regarded her. The truth is Emily Davenant had no heart to give, hers was buried in the grave of a former lover.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

Brigham Young has just invoiced his stock of children again, and thinks there are 68 in all.

A recent letter says that the new echo at Lake George is punctual, and as an Irish accent.

Shakespearean reader to Mr. Fahrenheit's thermometer: "Down, down, thou climbing sorrow."

An Ohio journalist has written the heading, "Another Lie Nailed," 37,000 times during his long career.

Copper-toed fans are sold for the benefit of young ladies who have no one to love, and who chew the stuffing out of any other kind in one evening when a hop is in progress.

It is said that a farmer in Western New York has cleared \$900 by burying wooden Indian cigar signs for a few months and then digging them up and selling them to colleges for petrified Mohicans.

A man out West says he moved so many times during one year that whenever a covered wagon stopped at the gate his chickens would fall on their backs and hold up their feet, in order to be thrown in.

A Peruvian surgeon has earned almost a fabulous sum by shaving off the little toe of the ladies, thus making for them a very small foot. Ladies look upon the little toe as an absurd superfluity of nature.

As so many articles in every day use are manufactured of paper, it is asked if a paper beefsteak cannot be invented to take the place of the leather ones common at boarding houses.

There is a man down East, a rather facetious fellow, whose name is New. He named his first child Something.—Something new. The next child was named Nothing; it being nothing new.

Joaquin Miller is to lecture in New England next fall. By way of an advertisement he has deserted and been divorced from his wife, has got engaged to a Scotch peeress, and wears a shirt with pink boa-constrictors writhing on a green ground.—*Chicago Post*.

A Connecticut woman was prevented from attending the funeral of her sister by the non-arrival on time of a lace handkerchief from New York. The brutality of the express company is severely commented upon by the neighbours.

A young lady lately wrote H. G., asking the best remedy for dandruff. The great farmer replied: "Use a rotating harrow, if the surface is rolling, until the soil is well loosened; then seed down with Canada thistles. If this fails go further West, where Indians are plenty and frisky. They remove dandruff by a simple remedy, and warrant it never to return."

There were green peaches on exhibition before one of our markets Thursday, and there was a melancholy interest in listening to the observations of people as they passed the stand. "Our Charley went to a better world with three of them," said one lady in a broken voice. "They made me an orphan," observed a rugged young man, wiping his eyes. "We'll meet above, dear Danny," and the young couple who said it hurried tearfully by. "My old man pegged out on them things," gasped a venerable lady from the suburbs. And thus the mournful procession glided on.—*Danbury News*.

The Cleveland *Leader* makes a distressingly funny story out of a family affair in that city. The wife purchased one of the Greeley fans and took it home, where she happened to leave it on her husband's pillow, when she dropped to sleep. The poor fellow came home from his cups and saw by the side of his wife "the features of a bald-headed, gray-haired man, whose flushed face betokened guilt and poor liquor."—Angered to desperation, he pulled out his revolver, and fired two shots at the thing, when his wife woke up in terror, and he, seeing his ridiculous situation, endeavoured to make her believe that he understood it at first.

An Ohio Teuton, found guilty of selling liquor contrary to law, and sentenced to be imprisoned in the county jail for thirty days, protested as follows: "Chail! Me go to chail! But I can't go! Dere's my pizness—my pakery! Who pakes my preat when I ben gone!" Then casting his eyes about the court-room appealingly, they fell upon the good-natured face of jolly Chris. Ellwaner, a fellow countryman who had no "pizness," and forthwith a brilliant idea occurred to him. Turning to the Court he said in sober earnest: "Dere's Chris. Ellwaner! He's got nothing to do; send him!"

STEAM ENGINE JOKES.—Engineer Stone, or "Old Rock," as he is more generally called among his acquaintances, who runs on the east end of the Peoria and Oquawka Railroad, is a natural wag, dry as a chip. One day "Rock" met with a party of the St. Louis, Alton and Chicago Railroad boys at Peoria junction, and they stepped into Sam Emery's for a "social" glass of beer. Conductor Hedges of the St. Louis road, as a sort of sentiment gave: "Old Rock, otherwise Stone, a perfect brick." "That is very good," exclaimed Stone. "Here is to old Brush, otherwise Hedges, a perfect stick." The next that was seen of "Rock" he was pursuing a "2:40" gait toward his engine, and Hedges with a big stick close on his rear. This is not quite so good as the repartee of Nick Denton, while a division engineer on the Illinois Central, at a festival, several years ago, in De Witt County. A fellow, named Jack Wallace, gave as a toast, "The Two Nicks—Old Nick and Nick Denton." The table came down with a clatter. Nick arose, as grave as a judge, and when the noise had subsided, he said he fully appreciated the honour conferred on him in connection with Jack's most intimate friend! He hardly knew how to requite the kindness, but as one good turn deserves another, he would give: "The Two Jacks—Jack Wallace and Jackass!" Jack collapsed, and the company went into hysterics.

"Max Adeler" relates the following story: There is a baffled old man in Williamsport, and he is disgusted, too. It seems that he learned that his daughter intended to elope upon a certain evening with a lover upon whose suit he frowned. So he locked his child up in her room, and sat down stairs listening for the sound of the lover's carriage wheels. But that disgraceful young man tied rags around the ties of his sulky, so as to muffle the noise, and he drove softly up to the back gate. He then sent a boisterous rickety hack around to the front, and engaged the man to make so much racket as he could for the money. When the infuriated father heard it he rushed out with a shot gun, just in time to see a female figure jump into the hack and drive off. He fired two rounds of buckshot at the concern; rushed out and got his horse and started in pursuit. Meanwhile the insidious outcast who loved his daughter persuaded her to slide down the lightning rod and then he fled away with her in the opposite direction from that in which the enraged parent had gone. The bereaved old man caught up with the hack about eighteen miles out of the town, and he not only shot the driver but he burst the door open, and dragged forth a man dressed in a water-proof cloak. He was immediately arrested for highway robbery and assault and battery with intent to kill, and the prosecutors say they will press the suit unless he comes down with a handsome dower for his daughter, and then gives the couple a parental blessing. There is no use of trying to explain the mental condition of the old man. The English language is copious and vigorous and all that; but it fails utterly in these extreme cases.

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