

"Oh yes, I think she would come—she would come to take care of her fish again!" And Mrs. Doyno laughed.

#### CHAPTER XLIV.—IN LOVE.

The proposed fishing excursion to Barnly came off the next day; and as Colonel Doyno sat under the great oak, drinking his champagne with thorough enjoyment, he also kept his eyes on this sylph-like Lily, and thought he was not a clever man, nor an observing man, still, prompted by his wife's idea, he came to the conclusion it would be worth while to go to the expense of giving the dinner party.

For there was something in Lily's manner and something in Sir Alan's manner that reminded him of his own early days, when he had been in love with a bright-eyed Irish cousin, long before he had ever seen the present local passenger of his heart and name.

Lily's coy, sweet beauty, her dawning loveliness, had suddenly ripened into perfect womanhood with the strange new tumult in her heart. She was a beautiful girl, her father thought, watching her sitting under the sylvan shelter of the oak, looking up with her large eyes into Alan Lester's face, who was bending over her with a new tenderness, a new deference, born of his secret knowledge of her feelings to himself.

They left the Colonel for a little while after lunch to enjoy his cigar alone, who said he preferred sitting where he was, to the chagrin of the servants, who were waiting impatiently for the remains of the feast and the ends of the bottles. But the Colonel was too old a soldier to allow this idea to disturb him, though he was perfectly aware the two men were casting longing looks at the luxuries under the great oak. No, he would give his Lily a chance, he thought, and so resolutely sat until she and Sir Alan had quite disappeared in Barnly woods. Then he, too, strolled away in an opposite direction, not, however, without finishing the champagne bottle standing nearest to him.

As he walked down to the edge of the stream he decided to give the party that his wife had suggested, and he decided also that if his Lily could only marry Sir Alan Lester, nothing that could now happen to him would give him such real satisfaction.

The child would be near them, and then she was so happy, so unmistakably happy in Alan's society. True, the Colonel himself did not care particularly for Sir Alan Lester. His easy, jovial nature did not suit the somewhat stately reserve which Alan's manner very naturally assumed to those for whom he did not care; and Alan did not like Colonel Doyno. The Colonel had in fact personally preferred poor Jim, whose open hand and hearty appreciation of the Colonel's broad jokes were more to the Colonel's liking than Alan's refined and lofty bearing.

But on the other hand, Colonel Doyno knew that Alan Lester was a man, universally held in high esteem in the neighborhood, and that he was a man with whom a woman's happiness was safe. If his little Lily liked this fine gentleman, well, then, it would be all right for her. There would be no anxiety about her married life, as there was about Annette's. No uncomfortable stories had ever crept out; no scandals been whispered in connection with his name. He was known to be a devoted son, and had acted in a perfectly honorable and straightforward manner when the terrible blow of his elder brother's marriage had come to light. Therefore, the Colonel, looking contemplatively into the stream at Barnly, was devoutly wishing with all his heart that Sir Alan Lester was in the way of proposing to his Lily! That would save the expense of this confounded dinner party, reflected the Colonel, and yet he believed his mother was right. Sir Alan was such a high and haughty gentleman, he would, of course, like to think his future wife was intimate with all the best people about. So the Colonel carefully drew out his pocket-book and began doting down all the various items of expense that he thought his party would entail.

In the meanwhile, Alan and Lily were walking slowly along the narrow path above the stream, which ran through the very heart of Barnly wood. A grey sky was overhead, and the shadows on the water were scabro-faded, and the murmur of the stream more sad than when the golden-burled oaks rippled with its gold.

These grey and gloomy days are sometimes very depressing, but this special one certainly had not that effect on Lily Doyno. Alan had never seen her so bright, she

was joyous—gathering the pale-green friends of fern, and trailing ivy, and rare bits of moss growing on the outskirts of the wood.

Was it because he was near her, thought Alan, looking at her with a kindly, almost tender smile.

Yes, and because something in his manner—that new deference perhaps—had filled Lily's breast with sweet glad hopes. Was he learning to love her? Could she ever fill the place in his heart that Annette had left empty? She felt unaccountably had begun to think this. Alan took little or no notice of any of the other girls in the neighborhood, and yet he had planned this little fishing picnic by the stream merely to please her, and this idea made her whole being thrill with intensest joy.

What was the dull sky to her, and the silent murmur of the water as it swept them on its way through the green woods? These were beautiful, glad in the glory of their spring-time, every that in its first freshness, while the wild flowers which grew thickly in these woods were always a delight and a pleasure to Lily.

She was imaginative and sensitive, as Alan had told her, and would sit looking at little things in nature—at a green patch of moss on an old tree—almost and dreamy, weaving romantic legends of some fabled sprite, whom she created in her fancy. All her young girlhood she had dreamed sweet day-dreams of things vague and unreal, but now a change had come. This had given a softer bloom to her fair cheeks, and a brighter sparkle to her large eyes. And now here, alone with Alan in the green woods, she was too happy to fully understand her happiness. The whole world seemed full of joy to her, and the love notes of the birds seemed to echo the love song in her heart.

"You are fond of the country and country things, Lily?" said Alan's placid voice.

"Yes, I could not live among bricks and mortar."

"They are only dull company, certainly—a wet day in town is horrible—now I rather like to see the (rain fall upon the new-mown grass.)"

"I don't like to see heavy rain though, it seems to hurt the flowers."

"And they feel, Lily, don't they?" smiled Alan.

"I always think they feel. I hate to see them lying dying without water like some people leave them."

"You must never live in a great city, Lily, your heart is too tender for the world."

"And is it such a cruel world?"

"There are many cruel things to be seen."

"But one might perhaps help to make things better?"

"And break your own heart in the effort, Lily. No, it wants a harder nature than yours to be a city missionary."

"But I did not mean a missionary," said Lily, with a little laugh.

"I know what you meant—but we are forgetting your father," and Alan looked at his watch. "I declare it's three o'clock—I think, Lily, we ought to turn."

So they went back to the Colonel, whom they found standing whistling the stream with skillful hands, and he looked quickly at them both as they came back, and wondered if the momentous words which he hoped to hear from them already spoken.

But there was no unusual excitement in Sir Alan's quiet manner, and though Lily looked very happy, Colonel Doyno came to the conclusion that "nothing particular had occurred." She had an armful of flowers and ferns, for which she had brought a basket which she now began placidly to fill. While Alan came mere took up his fishing rod, and they spent a very pleasant afternoon, and parted (on the Colonel's part) with expressive expressions of gratitude and enjoyment.

"I don't know when I've enjoyed myself so much, Sir Alan," he said, in his hearty, easy way; "I and my little girl here will be content begging a day's fishing of you, I'm afraid."

"You are most welcome," said Alan; "good bye, Lily, you must tell me when you wish to go again."

They shook hands and parted, and Lily ran with her light, fleet steps, up the garden to the house, while the Colonel stood a moment to wave his adieu to Sir Alan, who had driven them to Kingsford.

Mrs. Doyno was at home ready to receive them, and that evening the subject of the

proposed dinner-party was very seriously discussed by the husband and wife.

They decided upon giving it, and Mrs. Doyno drew out a list of the proposed guests. Lady Elizabeth and Mr. Claxton, Mr. Harford, Mr. and Mrs. Miles Sparrowhawk, Mr. and Mrs. Laid Fox, and one or two other neighbors, and of course, Alan Lester, for whose sake the party was especially planned.

It is not the slightest trouble to rich people to entertain, but to poor people the worry and anxiety is very great. With no proper staff of servants, no proper furnishing for the table, in town you can get everything you want at a day's notice, but in the country this is almost impossible without considerable risk and expense. But Mrs. Doyno was energetic. She sent out her various notes, and she began her preparations, and the next day she received an answer from Sir Alan Lester declining her invitation.

She had in fact done the most stupid thing in the world to a man like Alan Lester when she sent it. He disliked Mrs. Doyno; he knew very well what she was, and how she had courted poor Jim when he was in pecuniary straits, and now—just because he had been a little civil to Lily, Alan argued—she was going to court him too. It threw cold water indeed on his dawning regard and admiration for Lily, this overhaste. His own mind was by no means made up regarding his intentions, and Mrs. Doyno's wisest plan would have been to have let him alone. Alan knew very well the Doynes could not afford to give dinner parties; even during his engagement to Annette he had very rarely dined there, preferring to go in late, or to spend the afternoon with his young love.

So he wrote to decline, without, however, saying anything to his mother, and his answer caused the bitterest disappointment, not only to Colonel and Mrs. Doyno, but also to Lily, to whom he would have been exceedingly sorry if he had thought of it to have caused any pain.

But this coldly-worded refusal which Mrs. Doyno in her first exasperation placed in Lily's hand was to the poor girl like a rude awakening from a happy dream. Alan's manner had been so kind, almost so tender of late, that hope—the flower that blooms so easily in young breasts—had grown and grown at late in Lily's heart. He might learn to love her; did he love her? How often had she asked herself this question, and with sweet tremulous smiles had thought the unspoken answer. Perhaps the fact that one man, and a man so kind and true as Mr. Harford, had cared for her so deeply, might make Lily naturally suppose that another man might do so also. Therefore, she grew a little pale as she read Alan's note to her mother, and Mrs. Doyno saw her hands tremble.

"He is probably going from home," she said.

"Then he might have said so," answered Mrs. Doyno, sharply, "I am sure I am very sorry we gave ourselves the trouble of inviting him."

And to increase Mrs. Doyno's wrath, the same-day a note arrived from Lady Elizabeth and Mr. Claxton also declining her invitation.

"It's just to keep Mr. Harford away, and nothing else!" she said angrily to her husband. "I am sure, I wonder there's not a fine scandal got up about Lady Elizabeth and the Squire! She's jealous if he speaks to another woman, and she's just persuaded him not to come."

A little difference had indeed occurred between the cousins regarding Mrs. Doyno's dinner-party. For Lady Elizabeth had decided not to go, immediately she received the invitation. In fact, though she was so pleased that Godfrey was not going to marry Lily, yet she was offended that "one of the Doynes" could have thought of refusing him!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

#### A Wedding Present

Of practical importance would be a bottle of the only sure-pop corn cure—Patnam's Painless Corn Extractor—which can be had at any drug store. A continuation of the honey moon and the removal of corns both assured by its use. Beware of imitations.

"If the Godello fashion does not draw the lines away," says Brother Talma, "the primitive fig leaf will again be an indispensable article."

#### A Treaty on a Handkerchief.

A Swiss correspondent of the *Republique Francaise* in looking over the papers of the eccentric Duke of Brunswick, deposited at the library of Geneva, has found the draft of a secret mutual assistance treaty between him and the late Emperor Napoleon. It is dated Ham, 25th June, 1844, and is not only signed Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, but written by him on a white silk pocket handkerchief in marking ink. The French is full of Germanisms. The treaty is in five articles, and the contracting parties are bound by an oath and their honor to observe it. In return for the money which the German Prince was to furnish the French one . . . to escape from Ham and restore the empire, the latter was to aid the other to enter again into the possession of his Duchy and all his fiefs, and, if possible to make all Germany one nation, giving it a Constitution suited to its traditions, manners, and the needs of a progressive age. A Napoleonic conspiracy was carried on by the assistance of the Duke of Brunswick's purse. On the 22nd of July, 1870, Napoleon III. was for the last time reminded of the promises sworn to and written on the silk pocket handkerchief. He answered this reminder in a short note thus worded, which was found pinned to that curious document: "I have received your letter and find it impossible to comply with your demands. I beg you to believe in my sentiments of sincere amity.—Napoleon." Six weeks later the Emperor was a prisoner of the Germans, and the Duke of Brunswick on his way to Geneva, to which he determined to leave his personal estate, all he had after the Brunswick revolution of 1830.

The wealth of our language is shown by the fact that "hang it up" and "chalk it down" means precisely the same.

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