

some wistful glances out of the window, she knew perfectly well there could be no coming from Morton Hollow that night. Still, the feminine mind is good at devices; and Miss Kennedy was not the first girl who (for the nonce) has enacted the part of Mahomet. The mountain could not stir,—therefore—

She thought it all out, sitting opposite to Mr. Falkirk at dinner; and when that gentleman had taken his departure, the young mistress of the house fell into a sudden state of activity her last move being to smother herself in a huge dingy cloak, akin to those worn by the mill people in their improved condition.

"Look at me, Byo," she said, pulling the rough hood up over her silky curls.

"My dear," began Mrs. Bywank,— "Miss Wych,—if Mr. Rollo should see you!"

"He would see nothing but my cloak."

"My dear, I'm not so sure. He has wonderful sharp eyes. And you don't wear your cloak like a mill girl."

"Don't I look like a new hand?" said Hazel laughing.

"And if he should find out, what would he think?" said Mrs. Bywank.

"He would think you had a cold and could not come," said Wych. "There's the gig!"—and down she ran, slipping out unseen to join Reo in the darkness.

Riding in an old gig was rather a new experience. The way was still, starlight, and lonely, until they came out in the neighbourhood of the mills. When the lights were visible, and a certain confused buzz of still distant voices gave token of the lively state of the population in the Hollow, Hazel and her faithful attendant left the gig and went forward on foot.

The Charteris mills were silent and dark; the stir was ahead, where a cluster of lights shewed brilliantly through the darkness; and soon Wych Hazel and Reo found themselves in the midst of a moving throng. A large shed, it was hardly better, open to the street and to all comers, was the place of illumination, and the centre of savoury odours which diffused themselves refreshingly over the whole neighbourhood. Coffee, yes certainly Mr. Rollo's coffee and hot buns were on hand there; and truly they began to be on hand more literally among the crowd. Wych Hazel loitered and looked and kept herself out of the lamp shine as well as she could. Men and women were going in and coming out, eating and drinking, talking and jesting; there was a pleasant let-up to business in the Hollow; it looked like a fair, except that there was no buying and selling other than of the viands. There were long deal tables in the shed, besieged by the applicants for buns and coffee, and served by women stationed behind the tables. The crowd was orderly, though very lively. Reo's curiosity and admiration were immense; I think he would have tried the buns for himself, if he had not been in close attendance upon his mistress. Women came out from the shed guarding a pile of the hot buns in their hands; others stood by the tables taking their supper; men came out and lounged about talking and eating, with a mug in one hand and a bun in the other. To anybody that knew Mill Hollow it was a pleasant sight. It spoke of a pause from grinding care and imbruting toil; a gleam of hope in the work-a-day routine. The men were all more or less washed and brushed up; for changing their dress there had been no time.

Hazel was afraid to linger too long or scan too closely; she passed on to the mill with the throng, waited near the door until the reader went in, passing so close that Hazel could have touched him. Then she followed and took her place at the end of a form near the door. That was policy.

The reading room was the huge bare apartment where the fire had been laid, and tracked, a few nights before. The rafters still shewed some smoke, and there was a less number of bales piled up at the end of the room than Hazel had seen it the first time. Lamps hung now from the beams overhead, enough of them to give a fair illumination; for as Rollo explained to her afterwards, he wanted to have a view of his hearers. Their view of him was secured by a well arranged group of burners in that quarter. The audience room was as rough as the audience.

It was a strange experience for the little lady of Chickaree. In the midst of all that crowd of mill hands, with their coarse dresses and unkempt heads and head gear, she was in a part of the world very far from her own. A still, respectful crowd they were, however. Looking beyond and over them, to the circle of lights at the end of the cotton bales, she could just see Dane's head, where he was standing and speaking to some one; then presently he mounted upon his rude nostrum and the light illumined his whole figure.

"He ain't keerful about shewin' hisself," said a drawing native voice in Wych Hazel's neighbourhood. "Hain't no objection to folks' reckonin' his inches."

"He's baulder'n I'd loike to be—" said another voice, Wych Hazel could not guess of what nationality.

"A can bear it," answered a woman. "I'd loike to see you a standin' up for your picter, Jim!"

"He don't mind it" said a brisk lass. "You bet, he knows all about it. Don't he though!"

"Is he a married man?"

"Na, he's got noby to look arter him."

"He don't mind that, ayther."

"He's mighty onconsarned, anyhow," said

the first speaker. "Lawk, I never could be a orator."

"Don't, then," said the girl. "You hush, or he'll hear."

Rollo did them justice, as far as not minding anything went. His first action, after taking his stand, was to fold his arms and take a somewhat prolonged survey of the company. The quick gray eyes came everywhere; did they know Hazel? It appeared not; for after a few minutes of this silent survey, Rollo bade his audience "good evening," and began his work.

He gave them in the first place the principal items of the week's news out of several papers which he had at hand. This, it was plain, was an extremely popular part of the entertainment. He read and talked, explaining where it was necessary, sometimes responding to a question from some one in the crowd. The papers were both English and German, American and foreign; the bits of intelligence carefully chosen to interest and to stimulate interest. This part of the programme took up something over a half hour. The next thing was the story of the "Chimes." And here also the reading was exceedingly successful. Knowing his hearers more thoroughly than is the privilege of most readers, Rollo could give them a word of help just where it was necessary to make them understand the author; briefly, and only as it was needed; for the rest, he made the story speak to their hearts. Perhaps the simplicity of his aim, which had no regard whatever to his own prominence in the performance, gave him an advantage over most people who read in public; perhaps Rollo was uncommonly gifted; but Wych Hazel certainly thought, when she had time to think about it, that it was no wonder Miss Powder or anybody else should make parties to come and hear him, and rather wondered the whole countryside were not there. And as for the rough audience who were present, they were entranced. They forgot themselves. They forgot everything in the world but Tiny Tim and his father and all the humble experiences of the family; and tears and laughter alternately testified to what a degree the reader had them all in his hand. Hazel for her part laughed and cried when the rest did,—and when they did not.

Just as this part of the reading was finished, there came a slight disturbance down near the door; but all that appeared to the reader was that one of the mill girls got up and went out.

"Where's the master?" a small frightened child had said, peering in. "I wants him."

"Well you can't have him," answered the rough cloak imperiously. "Don't you see he's busy?"

Whereupon the small girl lifted up her voice in lamentation, and was instantly smothered in the cloak and swept out of the mill; neither one appearing on those boards again that night. But the reading went on, and the hours too; and it was eleven o'clock, all told, before the audience were dismissed. Coming out at last into the starlight darkness, Mr. Rollo ran full up against Dr. Arthur Maryland.

"Arthur!—What now?"

"Dane, you can tell me—Where is the Patrick who has no wife? I've been to six and they're all happy men."

"Patrick?—who has lost his wife? It is Rafferty. What do you want him for?"

"Something the matter there."

"What?—Come, I'll shew you the way. What is it?"

"A child hurt. The father away drinking, the young ones at home fighting—as near as I can make it out. This one got a fall."

Rollo had used his voice a good deal that evening, namely, for two and a half consecutive hours. He said scarcely a word more until they got to the house in question; but as he went he thought what he would do with the gin shops whenever he should get control in the Hollow. The cabin of the wireless Patrick was high up the valley and high up on the bank, a short walk after all. A little stream of light came out to meet them from the open door; and once in line with this, Dr. Arthur stopped short with a suppressed exclamation, and Rollo looked up.

The door had probably been left open of intent for air; for on some low seat in the middle of the floor sat Wych Hazel, still muffled partly in the cloak, which she had not taken time to throw off. The hood had fallen back, and the cloak fell away on either side from her silken folds and white laces; Hazel's attention was wholly absorbed by the child on her lap. A little tattered figure lay with its head on the young lady's breast; while both Wych Hazel's hands, the one passed round the child as well as the other, were clasped tight around one little arm. So they sat, quite still,—the child's eyes upon her face; while a small circle of great admiration stood around; fingers in mouth, hands behind back, wholly absorbed in the vision or spell-bound with the voice. For she was softly singing.

"You'll never be in Adam's case of destitution,—that's one thing!" was Dr. Arthur's comment, as his friend sprang past him into the cabin. Then, however, like a wise man, postponing other things to business, Rollo only demanded calmly what the matter was? Hazel had not expected him, and there was a look of surprise and a minute's flush; then her thoughts, too, went back to business.

"I think her arm is broken. I have been holding it in place."

"And she let you?" queried Dr. Arthur.

"I would do it. She is more quiet now."

"Sixteen carats fine!" said Dr. Arthur.

"Half the woman I know would have dropped the arm the moment they saw me, and nine-

tenths of the others would not have touched it at all! Now let me see."

But first a change was made. Rollo took the child into his own arms. It was done too swiftly and skilfully for the poor little creature to make any objection, but its dismay and displeasure were immediately proclaimed. The new hands that held it were, however, both kind and strong, and the master's voice was already known, even by these little ones. So the worst was soon over, thanks to the firmness that had kept the arm quiet till the doctor came. It was true; she "had the fight in her," as Dane had once said; though now the woman was taking her revenge, and Hazel sat behind the others with blanched cheeks. Dr. Arthur glanced at her once or twice.

"Ever so far away to Chickaree!" he said,—"I should think it was! Dane, can you find a substitute to watch this child to-night?"

"I'll see to that," said his friend briefly; and laying the child out of his arms as soon as its arm was made secure, he went to Wych Hazel, pulled her hood on again, and drawing her hand through his arm, took her out of the cabin. Then asked her "how she expected to get home?"

"O Reo is here, somewhere."

"With the carriage?"

"With an incognito gig."

Rollo put her into a chair, stationed Dr. Arthur to keep ward over her, and went to look for Reo. It seems that in the interest of the reading Reo had missed the episode of his mistress' leaving the assembly room, and had thereafter been wholly without a clue by which to seek her. Near the mill Rollo found him, and presently brought up the gig to Patrick Rafferty's cottage. Unsuspectingly Wych Hazel allowed herself to be put into it. Then, standing with the reins in his hand, Dane spoke to the doctor.

"It is late, Arthur; come up to my house and I'll take care of you. Reo, take the road straight up to Mrs. Boerresen's."

With which he jumped into the gig and put the horse in motion; with such good will that before Dr. Arthur could get to the foot of the hill the gig had climbed to Gyda's door, and Rollo had lifted Wych Hazel out.

"But I did not mean to come here!" she said dismayfully. "I was thinking of something else! Mr. Rollo—what made you do so?"

"The obvious necessity of the case."

"But I must go home."

"To-morrow."

He staid no further question. He opened the gate and led the little lady across the few steps to the door.

"Gyda," said he as they went in, "let us have some coffee and anything else that can be had quickly. Three people wanting it." And with that he went into the next room for the cushions.

"I shall stand for an upholsterer one o. these days," he remarked, as he arranged and prepared Wych Hazel's easy chair. "There! Now!"

He unfastened and threw off the rough cloak, much as if he did not like it; took Wych Hazel's hands and put her in her place.

"What have you got to say to me?" he queried softly.

Hazel felt extremely shy and discomposed at the course things had taken. It had been no part of her plan to have her escapade known to any but the old servants at home; and here she was, not only discovered but carried off,—and that with Mr. Falkirk's strictures still sounding in her ears. Yet her first words went to another point.

"You should not touch me," she said with a gentle little push.—"I have not washed my face. And you know I had to use every means I could think of to quiet the child."

Hazel shivered a little, thinking what the screams had been at first when she took the case in hand. Dane's eyes laughed and sparkled, but he only disregarded her admonitions, and remarked that she "did not answer him?"

"Mr. Rollo, I must go home. Mr. Falkirk will be so vexed."

"What else have you got to say to me?"

"What do you want to hear about?" said Hazel demurely. "I liked the reading very much,—all that I heard of it. And the people seemed to like you."

"Did you think I would not find you out?"

"And you did not!" she said triumphantly.

"I should have found you out in another half hour. I saw you, and you bothered me very much, but the lights were in my eyes. Did you hope I would not see you, Hazel?"

She laughed gaily. "Of course I hoped that! How did I 'bother' you, please?"

"Something I did not understand. Gyda, won't you take Miss Kennedy where she can wash her face?"

Gyda led the way to her kitchen, a little detached building connected with the house by a covered way. It was warm and light with fire and full of savoury odours from the cookery going on. Here the young lady was supplied with a bowl of water and a napkin, and Hazel came back very much refreshed.

It was now half past twelve o'clock and more. Dr. Arthur was come, and there were preparations on foot for supper. Reo had come too, and was sent to Gyda's little kitchen to get some refreshment, while the others supped.

"Now," said Rollo, as he gave Wych Hazel some porridge and filled her cup, "you may begin and give an account of yourself."

"Autocratic," said Hazel. "I am no longer a mill girl, Mr. Rollo."

"You came into my dominions with my livery. There's no help for you now."

"Well," said Hazel, "the only drawback to the pleasure of my drive over from Chickaree, was the state of mind in which I had left Mrs. Bywank."

"Well?" said Rollo, proceeding to take care of the doctor's cup. "Go on. Arthur and I are very curious."

"After that, I wanted a bun, and saw no invitation to strangers."

"You were there, were you! Isn't it a good institution?"

"Very—for people who are not strangers. Reo and I devoured things with our eyes for some time. Then I—When the reading began, I was in my place."

"I should say, you were in somebody else's place. Never mind! If it was not so late, I'd send down and get a bun for you."

"What came in between the 'Then' and the 'When'?" said Dr. Arthur. "If one may inquire. Mere blank space?"

"Not quite," said Hazel laughing and colouring. "Just private, scientific business. I was testing theories."

"We are both interested in that, the doctor and I," said Dane. "Theories, and scientific business. Pray explain, Hazel."

"I once heard a short lecture on magnetism," said Miss Wych, all grave except the gleam in her eyes; "and it occurred to me to put it to the proof. So I stood by the door and saw the people go in."

Dr. Arthur laughed, but asked no further questions.

"Your true lovers of science are always ready to venture a good deal in the pursuit of it," observed Dane dryly.

Wych Hazel's lips curled with mischief. "When I got in," she said, "before the reading, I heard a good deal about the reader. Most of it striking, and some of it new."

"That at least all may hear," remarked Dr. Arthur. "Science may have its reserves; but public news about Dane!"

"It's very old indeed," said the person concerned. "Only new to this witness. May be safely passed over."

(To be continued.)

ARTISTIC.

A STATUE of Shakespeare, ten feet high, and modelled by Herr Von Muller, has just been cast at Munich, for erection in a park at St. Louis.

QUEEN VICTORIA is making a collection of oil paintings of distinguished men and of personal friends. A fine one of Lord Beaconsfield has just been finished.

ART has sustained a severe loss by the death of Mr. John Samuel Raven. It is rarely of late years that the walls of Burlington House have been without some work of his.

IMPORTANT works for the "restoration" of the Chapel of the Palace at Versailles are proceeding, including reparation and replacing of the sculptures, and other decorations of the building.

MRS. BUTLER (the late Miss Thompson) has started for Adrianople, with the intention of crossing the Balkans to the seat of war; but her husband, Major Butler, C.B., was unable to procure leave from the Horse Guards to accompany her.

MEISSONIER'S picture of Napoleon III. in the Luxembourg, which suffered last year, it will be remembered, from an act of political vandalism, has been restored by the painter in such a manner that no one could tell that any injury had ever been done to it.

A CATALOGUE of the artistic treasures of France has been in preparation for three years, under Government direction, and the first instalment has now appeared. Not only are important historical monuments to be indicated, but even the minutest object in every private and public collection and in the most obscure village will be carefully described. The present volume is devoted to ecclesiastical art in Paris, and two volumes will be brought out every year until the work is completed.

M. THIERS' Art Collection has been entirely reconstituted, and is now nearly equal to its original condition before the Communists devastated the house in the Rue St. Georges. The library was easily re-arranged, as M. Thiers does not care for rare and beautifully bound editions, but regards books solely as means of gaining information, and as aids to his work, and thus prefers them in common binding, the pages being scribbled over with marginal remarks. His artistic treasures gave him more trouble, and although nearly all the Florentine bronzes and old Italian paintings were recovered, in many cases the ex-President has been obliged to put up with copies of the originals he formerly possessed. The china and porcelain Madame Thiers herself has superintended, and she has succeeded in collecting all the scattered pieces of an old Sevres dinner service, each plate worth £2 or £3, and the set was used at the dinner given to celebrate M. Thiers' eightieth birthday.

"No need of having a gray hair in your head," as those who use *Luby's Parisian Hair-Renewer* say, for it is without doubt the most appropriate hair dressing that can be used, and an indispensable article for the toilet table. When using this preparation you require neither oil nor pomatum, and from the Balsamic properties it contains, it strengthens the growth of the hair, removes all dandruff and leaves the scalp clean and healthy. It can be had at the Medical Hall and from all chemists in large bottles 50 cents each. DEVINS & BOLTON, Druggists, Montreal, have been appointed sole agents for Canada.

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