

Mountain Musings.
Talk not to me of the great, big East
With its cities so monstrous grand
An' a population that's been increased
Till it scarcely has room to stand.
Give me a lift in the mountain free,
Where the clouds in the tree-tops ride,
And the grizzly bear and the bumble bee
Trot lovingly side by side.
When the breezes soft in the gulches sigh,
An' the sun squirts its genial rays
Through the deep, dark dells on the mountain
high,
Till they seem as if bathed in a blaze:
Where the Indian brave hums the songs of war,
An' seeks for the scalp of his foe,
An' 'twears till the elements seem to far,
When he happens to stab his toe.
I would not live in the eastern land,
Nor snoop along fashion's walks,
Where women, the poor, down-trodden band,
Are obliged to wear shoes and socks.
Ah! no, give Bruden a life in the West,
A cabin beneath the trees,
Where female women are never oppressed,
An' can wear what they god-darned please.
CAPT. JACK.

DAWN:

A NOVEL

BY
H. RIDER HAGGARD,
AUTHOR OF "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," "HEB,"
"JESS," "THE WITCH'S HEAD," ETC.

(Continued.)

"Well, he is a sort of connection of your own, through the Prestons, who are cousins of ours, if any of them are left. His mother was a Preston, and his name is Arthur Preston Heigham. George told me something about him just now, and on thinking it over, I remember the whole story. He is an orphan, and George's ward."

"What is he like?" asked Angela, innocently.
"Really I don't know; rather tall I think—a gentlemanly fellow. It really is a relief to speak to a gentleman again. There has been a nice disturbance at Isleworth," and then he told his daughter the history of the great dog fight.
"I should think Mr. Heigham was perfectly in the right, and I should like to see his dog," was her comment on the occurrence.

As Arthur dressed himself for dinner that evening he came to the conclusion that he disliked his host more than any man he ever saw, and, to say the truth, he descended into the dining-room with considerable misgivings. Just as he entered, the opposite door opened, and Sir John Bellamy was announced. On seeing him, George emerged from the sulky silence into which he was plunged, and advanced to meet him.

"Hullo, Bellamy! I must congratulate you upon your accession to rank."
"Thank you, Carefoot, thank you," replied Mr. Bellamy, who, with the exception of a bald patch on the top of his head that gave him something of the appearance of a jolly little monk, looked very much the same as when we last saw him as a newly-married man.

"A kind Providence," he went on, rubbing his dry hands and glancing nervously under the chairs, "has put this honor into my hands."
"A Providence in petticoats, you mean," broke in George.

"Possibly, my dear Carefoot; but I do not see him. Is it possible that he is lurking yonder, behind the sofa?"
"Who on earth do you mean?"

"I mean that exceedingly fine dog of yours, Snarleyow. Snarleyow, where are you? Excuse me for taking precautions, but last time he put his head under my chair and bit me severely, as I daresay you remember."

Arthur groaned at hearing the subject thus brought forward.
"Mr. Heigham's dog killed Snarleyow this afternoon," said George, in a savage voice.

At this intelligence, Sir John's face became wreathed in smiles.

"I am deeply delighted—I mean grieved—to hear it. Poor Snarleyow! he is such a charming dog; and to think that such a fate should have overtaken him, when it was only last week that he did the same kind office for Annie's spaniel. Poor Snarleyow! you should really have been stuffed. But, my dear Carefoot, you have not yet introduced me to the hero of the evening, Mr. Heigham. Mr. Heigham, I am delighted to make your acquaintance," and he shook hands with Arthur with gentlemanly enthusiasm, as though he were the last scion of a race that he had known and loved for generations.

Presently dinner was announced, and the three sat down at small round table in the center of the big dining-room, on which was placed a shaded lamp. It was not a cheerful dinner. George having said grace, and drinking with gusto, but in moderation, and savoring every sip of wine and morsel of food as though he regretted its departure. He was not free from gluttony, but he was a judicious glutton. For his part, Arthur found a certain fascination in watching his guardian's red head as it bobbed up and down opposite to him, and speculating on the thickness of each individual hair that contributed to give it such a spiky effect. As soon as the cloth had been cleared away, George suggested that they had better go to work. Arthur assented, and Sir John, smiling with much sweetness, remarked profoundly that business

was one of the ills of life, and must be attended to.

"At any rate, it is all that has agreed uncommonly well with you," growled George, as, rising from the table, he went to a solid iron safe that stood in the corner of the room, and, unlocking it with a small key that he took from his pocket, extracted a bundle of documents.

"That is an excellent deed-box of yours, Carefoot," said Sir John, carelessly.

"Yes; that lock would not be very easy to pick. It is made on my own design."

"But don't you find that small parcels such as private letters are apt to get lost in it? It is so big."

"Oh! no; there is a separate compartment for them. Now, Mr. Heigham." And then, with the able and benign assistance of Sir John, he proceeded to utterly confuse and mystify Arthur, till stocks, preference-shares, consols, and mortgages were all whirling in his bewildered brain. Having satisfactorily reduced him to this condition, he suddenly sprung upon him the proposal he had in view with reference to the Jotley mortgage, pointing out to him that it was an excellent investment, and strongly advising him, "as a friend," to leave the money upon the land. Arthur hesitated a little, more from natural caution than anything he could urge to the contrary, and, George noticing it, said:

"It is only right that, before you come any decision, you should see the map of the estate and a copy of the deed. I have both in the next room, if you care to come and look at them."

Arthur assented, and they went off together, Sir John, whose eyes appeared to be a little heavy under the influence of the port, presuming that he was not wanted. But, no sooner had the door closed, than the worthy knight proved himself very wide-awake. Indeed, he commenced a singular course of action. Advancing on tiptoe to the safe in the corner of the room, he closely inspected it through his eye-glass. Then he cautiously tried the lid of an artfully contrived sub-division.

"Um!" he muttered, half aloud, "that's where they are; I wish I had ten minutes."

Next he turned swiftly to the table, and, taking a piece of the soft bread which he was eating instead of biscuit with his wine, he rapidly kneaded it into dough, and, going to the safe, divided the material into two portions. One portion he carefully pressed upon the keyhole of the sub-division, and then, extracting the key of the safe itself, took a very fair impress of its wards on the other. This done, he carefully put the pieces of dough in his breast-pocket, in such a way that they were not likely to be crushed, and, with a smile of satisfaction, returned to his chair, helped himself to a glass of port, and dozed off.

"Hullo, Bellamy, gone to sleep! Wake up, man. We have settled this business about the mortgage. Will you write to Mr. Borley, and convey Mr. Heigham's decision? And perhaps—addressing Arthur—"you will do the same on your own account."

"Certainly I will write, Carefoot; and now I think that I must be off. Her ladyship does not like having to sit up for me."

George laughed in a peculiarly insinuating way.

"I don't think she would care much, Bellamy, if you stayed away all night. But look here, tell her I want to see her to-morrow; don't forget."

Sir John bit his knightly lip, but answered, smiling, that he would remember, and begging George not to ring, as his trap was at the hall-door, and the servant waiting, he bade an affectionate good-night to Arthur, to whom he expressed a hope that they would soon meet again, and let himself out of the room. Turning round, his smug face red with anger, he pronounced on his toes, and shook his fist violently in the direction of the door.

"You scoundrel!" he said between his teeth, "you have made a fool of me for twenty years, and I have been obliged to grin and bear it, but I will be even with you yet, and her, too, more especially her."

So soon as Sir John had left, Arthur told his host that, if the morning was fine, he proposed to go and fish in Bratham lake, and that he also proposed to take his departure by the last train on the following evening. To these propositions George offered no objection—indeed, they were distinctly agreeable to him, as lessening the time he would be forced to spend in the society of a guest he cordially detested, for such was the feeling that he had conceived toward Arthur.

Then they parted for the night; but, before he left the room, George went to lock up the safe that was still open in the corner. Struck by some thought, he unlocked the separate compartment with a key that hung on his watch-chain, and extracted therefrom a thick and neatly folded packet of letters. Drawing out one or two, he glanced through them and replaced them.

"Oh! Lady Anne," he said to himself, as he closed the case, "you are up in the world now, and you aspire to rule the county society, and have both the wealth and the wit to do it; but you must not kick over the traces, or I shall be forced to suppress you, Lady Anne, though you are the wife of a Brummagem knight, and I think that it is time you had a

little reminder. You are growing a touch too independent."

CHAPTER XIX.

Arthur's sleep was oppressed that night by horrible nightmares of fighting dogs. It was very early in the morning of the 1st of May, and, contrary to the usual experience of the inhabitants of these islands, the sky gave promise of a particularly fine day; just the day for fishing. He did not feel sleepy, and had he done so, he had had enough of his doggie dreams; so he got up, dressed, and, taking his fishing-rod, let himself out of the house as he had been instructed to do on the previous evening, and, releasing Aleck from his outhouse, proceeded toward Bratham lake.

About this time, Angela woke up, too, for she always rose early, and ran to the window to see what sort of a day she had got for her birthday. Seeing it to be so fine, she threw open the old lattice, at which her pet raven Jack was already tapping to be admitted, and let the sweet air play upon her face and neck, and thought what a wonderful thing it was to be twenty years old.

Meanwhile our other early riser, Arthur, had made his way first to the foot of the lake and then along the little path that skirted its area till he came to Carefoot's Staff. Having sufficiently admired that majestic oak, for he was a great lover of timber, he proceeded to investigate the surrounding water with the eye of a true fisherman. A few yards farther up there jutted into the water that fragment of wall on which stood the post, now quite rotten, to which Angela had bound herself on the day of the great storm. At his feet, too, the foundations of another wall ran out for some distance into the lake, being doubtless, the underpinning of an ancient bathhouse, but this did not rise out of the water but stopped within six inches of the surface. Between these two walls lay a very deep pool.

"Just the place for a heavy fish," reflected Arthur, and, even as he thought it, he saw a five-pound carp rise nearly to the surface in order to clear the obstruction of the wall and sink silently into the depths.

Behaving carefully to one of two quaintly carved stone blocks placed at the foot of the oak-tree, on which, doubtless, many a monk had sat in meditation, he set himself to get his fishing-gear together. Presently, however, struck by the beauty of the spot and its quiet, only broken by the songs of many nesting birds, he stopped awhile to look around him. Presently, drawn by some unguessed attraction, Arthur took his eyes off an industrious water-bee who was building a nest in a hurried way, as though she were not quite sure of his intentions, and perceived a large raven standing on one leg on the grass about three yards from him, and peering at him comically out of one eye.

This was odd. But his glance did not stop at the raven, for a yard or two beyond it he caught sight of a white skirt, and his eyes, traveling upward, saw first a rounded waist, and then a head and pair of shoulders such as few women can boast, and at last, another pair of eyes; and he then and there fell utterly and irrevocably in love.

"Good heavens!" he said, aloud—poor fellow, he did not mean to say it, it was wrung from the depth of his heart—"good heavens, how lovely she is!"

Let the reader imagine the dreadful confusion produced in that other pair of eyes at the open expression of such a sentiment, and the vivid blush that stained the fair face in which they were set, if he can. But somehow they did not grow angry. In another moment Arthur bethought him of what he had said, and it was his turn to blush. He recovered himself pretty well, however. Rising from his stone seat, he took off his hat, and said, humbly:

"I beg your pardon, but you startled me so, and really for a moment I thought you were the spirit of the place, or," he added, gracefully, pointing to a branch of half-opened hawthorn bloom she held in her hand, "the original queen of the May."

Angela blushed again. The compliment was only implied this time; she had therefore no possible pretext for getting angry.

"My father told me," she said, "that he had asked you to come and fish, but I did not expect to meet you so early. I—I fear that I am disturbing you," and she made as though though she would be going.

Arthur felt that this was a contingency to be prevented at all hazards.

"You are Miss Carefoot," he said, hurriedly, "are you not?"

"Yes—I am Angela; I need not ask your name, my father told me. You are Mr. Arthur Heigham."

"Yes. And do you know that we are cousins?" This was a slight exaggeration, but he was glad to advance any plea to her confidence that occurred to him.

"Yes; my father said something about our being related. I have no relations except my cousin George, and I am very glad to make the acquaintance of one," and she held out her hand to him in a winning way.

He took it almost reverently.

"You can not," he said, with much sincerity, "be more glad than I am. I do not know more relations. Till lately I had my mother, but she died last year." "Were you very fond of her?" she asked, softly.

He nodded in reply, and, feeling instinctively that she was on delicate ground, Angela pursued the conversation no further.

Meanwhile Aleck had awoke from a sleep in which he was indulging on the other stone seat, and, coming forward, sniffed at Angela and wagged his tail in approval—a liberty that was instantly resented by the raven, who had now been joined by another not quite so large. Advancing boldly, it pecked him sharply on the tail—a proceeding that caused Master Aleck to jump round as quickly as his maimed condition would allow, but not before he had been pecked by the companion bird; indeed, it was not until Angela intervened with the bough of hawthorn that they would cease from their attack.

"They are such jealous creatures," she exclaimed; "they always follow me about, and fly at every dog that comes near me. Poor dog! that is the one, I suppose, who killed Snarleyow. My father told me all about it."

"Yes, it is easy to see that," said Arthur, laughing, and pointing to Aleck, who, indeed, was a lamentable case, having one eye entirely closed, a large strip of plaster on his head, and all the rest of his body more or less marked with bites.

"It is an uncommonly awkward business for me, and your cousin will not forgive it in a hurry, I fancy; but it really was not poor Aleck's fault—he is gentle as a lamb, if only he is let alone."

"He has a very honest face, though his nose does look as though it were broken," she said, and, stooping down, she patted the dog.

"But I must be going in to breakfast," she went on, presently. "It is eight o'clock; the sun always strikes that bough at eight in spring," and she pointed to a dead limb, half hidden by the budding foliage of the oak.

"You must observe closely to have noticed that, but I do not think that the sun is quite on it yet. I do not like to lose my new-found relations in such a hurry," he added, with a somewhat forced smile, "and I am to go away from here this evening."

The intelligence was evidently very little satisfactory to Angela, nor did she attempt to conceal her concern.

"I am very sorry to hear that," she said. "I hoped you were going to stay for some time."

"And so I might have, had it not been for that brute Aleck, but he has put a long sojourn with your cousin and the ghost of Snarleyow out of the question; so I suppose I must go by the 6.30 train. At any rate," he added, more brightly, as a thought struck him, "I must go from Isleworth."

She did not attempt to see the drift of the last part of his remark, but answered:

"I am going with my father to call at Isleworth at three this afternoon, so perhaps we shall meet again there; but now, before I go in, I will show you a better place than this to fish, a little higher up, where Jake's son gardener always sets his night-lines."

Arthur assented, as he would have been glad to assent to anything likely to prolong the interview, and they walked off slowly together, talking as cheerfully as a sense that the conversation must soon come to an end would allow. The spot was reached all too soon, and Angela with evident reluctance, for she was not accustomed to conceal her feelings, said that she must now go.

"Why must you go so soon?"

"We have to tell you the truth, to-day is my birthday—I am twenty to-day—and I know that Pigott, my old nurse, means to give me a little present at breakfast, and she will be dreadfully disappointed if I am late. She has been thinking a great deal about it, you see."

"May I wish you many, very many, happy returns of the day? and—with a little hesitation—"may I also offer you a present, a very worthless one I fear?"

"How can I?" stammered Angela, when he cut her short.

"Don't be afraid; it is nothing tangible, though it is something that you may not think worth accepting."

"What do you mean?" she said, bluntly, for her interest was aroused.

"Don't be angry; my present is only the offer of myself as your sincere friend."

She blushed vividly as she answered:

"You are very kind. I have never had but one friend—Mr. Fraser; but if you think you can like me enough, it will make me very happy to be your friend too." And in another second she was gone, with her ravens flying after her, to receive her present and jobation from Pigott for being late, and to eat her breakfast with such appetite as an entirely new set of sensations can give.

In the garden she met her father walking up and down before the house, and informed him that she had been talking to Mr. Heigham. He looked up with a curious expression of interest.

"Why did you not ask him in to breakfast?" he said.

"Because there is nothing to eat except bread and milk."

"Ah! well, perhaps you were right. I will go down and speak to him. No, I forgot I shall see him this afternoon."

And Arthur, let those who disbelieve in love at first sight laugh if they will, sat down to think, trembling in every limb, utterly shaken by the irush of a new and strong emotion. He had not come to the age of twenty-four without

some experiences of the other sex, but never before had he known any such sensation as that which now overpowered him, never before had he fully realized what solitude meant as he did now that she had left him! In youth, when love does come, he comes as a strong man armed.

CHAPTER XX.

Arthur did not do much fishing that morning; indeed, he never so much as got his line into the water—he simply sat there lost in dreams, and hoping in a vague way that Angela would come back again. But she did not come back, though it would be difficult to say what prevented her; for, had he but known it, she was for the space of a full hour sitting within a hundred of yards of him, and occasionally peeping out to watch his mode of fishing with some curiosity. It was, she reflected, exceedingly unlike that practiced by Jake's. She, too, was wishing that he would detect her, and come to talk to her; but, among other new sensations, she was now the victim of a most unaccountable shyness, and could not make up her mind to reveal her whereabouts.

At last Arthur awoke from his long reverie, and remembered with a sudden pang that he had had nothing to eat since the previous evening, and that he was consequently exceedingly hungry. He also discovered, on consulting his watch, that it was twelve o'clock, and moreover, that he was quite stiff from sitting so long in the same position. So, sighing to think that such a vulgar necessity as that of obtaining food should force him to depart, he put up his unused fishing-rod and started for Isleworth, where he arrived just as the bell was ringing for lunch.

George received him with cold civility, and asked him what sport he had, to which he was forced to reply—none.

"Did you see anybody there?"

"Yes, I met Miss Carefoot."

"Ah! trust a girl to trail out a man. What is she like? I remember her a raw-boned girl of fourteen with fine eyes."

"I think that she is the handsomest woman I ever saw," Arthur replied, coldly.

"Ah!" said George, with a rude little laugh, "youth is always enthusiastic, especially when the object is of the dairy-maid cut."

There was something so intensely insolent in his host's way of talking that Arthur longed to throw a dish at him, but he restrained his feelings, and dropped the subject.

At half-past three, when George was still away, for he had gone out with his balliff immediately after lunch, Philip and his daughter were shown into the drawing-room, where they may be sure Arthur was awaiting them.

"Mr. Carefoot is not back yet," said Arthur, "but I do not suppose that he will be long."

"Oh, he will be here soon," said Philip, "because I told him we were coming to call. What sort of sport did you have? What, none! I am very sorry. You must come and try again—ah! I forgot you are going away. By the way, Mr. Heigham, why should you go just yet? If you are fond of fishing, and have nothing better to do, come and put up at the Abbey House for awhile; we are plain people, but there is plenty of room, and you shall have a hearty welcome. Would you care to come?"

It would have been amusing to any outsider to watch Angela's face as she heard this astonishing proposition, for nobody had been invited inside her father's doors within her recollection. It assumed first of all a look of blank amazement, which was presently changed into one of absolute horror.

"Would he come, indeed?" reflected Arthur. "Would he step into Paradise? would he accept the humble offer of free quarters in the Garden of Eden?" Rapture beamed so visibly from every feature of his face that Philip saw it and smiled. Just as he was about to accept with enthusiasm, he caught sight of Angela's look of distress. It chilled him like the sudden shock of cold water; she did not wish him to come, he thought, she did not care for him. Obligated, however, to give an answer, he said:

"I shall be delighted if—and here he bowed toward her—"Miss Carefoot does not object."

"If, father," broke in Angela, with hesitation, "you could arrange that Mr. Heigham came to-morrow, not to-day, it would be more convenient. I must get a room ready."

"Ah! domestic details; I had overlooked them. I daresay you can manage that—oh, Heigham?"

"Oh, yes; easily, thank you."

As he said the words, the door was flung open, and "Lady Bellamy" was announced with the energy that a footman always devotes to the enunciation of a title, and next second a splendid creature, magnificently dressed, sailed into the room.

"Ah! how do you do, Mr. Carefoot?" she said, in that low, rich voice that he remembered so well. "It is some time since we met; indeed, it quite brings back old times to see you, when we were all young people together."

"At any rate, Lady Bellamy, you show no signs of age; indeed, if you will permit me to say so, you look more beautiful than ever."

(To be Continued.)

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