

yours is the noble nature intirely, and the tender, too." And for a moment Biddy's tears fell fast on the little marble hand, and then she stole away.

Long and anxious was Biddy's watch that night and the next; but she never saw Mr. Moore. I felt persuaded that he had sailed to some foreign land; and would willingly have prevailed upon Margaret to leave Eldersley, but she would not hear of this. She implored me to remain with her in the lodgings for one other week, and had a short advertisement inserted in the local as well as the London papers, intelligible enough to her father, should it meet his eye. As for herself, she would sit all day at the window, hidden by the curtain, but able to command a long reach of the street. She hardly ever spoke to me, but she would wring my hand, and when I kissed her sweet pale face, the tears would sometimes gather in her eyes, but she never relaxed the intenceness of her gaze. I could hardly get her to eat enough to support life; she seemed to be in a sort of trance. Early in the morning, this watch would begin, Biddy always within call, and ready to rush out at a moment's notice; and as soon as the streets grew dark, Biddy began to pace up and down. This had gone on for some days, and we were sitting one morning, silent and sad, when Henry Cameron suddenly rushed in. I rose to leave the room, but he would not let me go.

"Stay," he said, "stay, and plead for me."

And then he flung himself down by Margaret's side, and seizing her little hands as they lay listlessly in her lap, he kissed them again and again, while his whole frame quivered with his strong emotion. It was some minutes before he spoke.

"Margaret, I cannot part with you; I have tried it. I cannot live without you, Margaret. I thought I could the other day, when you were proud and cold. You made no allowance for the shock it was to hear all at once of this; you despised me for thinking of your fortune, thinking for a moment that matters might be hushed up. Perhaps you were right—God knows! But I thought, if you had loved me more, your path would not have seemed so clear to you. I thought there was nothing for it but breaking our engagement off. But I cannot lose you—I can bear poverty, anything with you. We'll leave the country. I can exchange into some other regiment. We can go to India. I don't care where, so you go with me. Your unhappy father—I don't want to speak a harsh word of him, Margaret—his disgrace can never touch you. You will never hear of him more; to you he'll be as one dead. I don't care what my own family say. I care for nothing but to have you for my own—my Margaret, my own wife—mine for ever." And winding his strong arm round her waist, he raised her from the chair where she sat, kissed her hair, her lips, her throat, and clasped her to his heart again and again, as if he never would part with her more.

At length she patiently disengaged herself from his grasp; and I could see her face. Its colour and roundness had returned, the soul's life was again there.

"You love me, Henry?"

No answer, save a look into her eyes, and a long kiss on her fair forehead.

"You love me?" she said again. "I want to hear the words once more."

"I love you, Margaret. So sure as God above hears me speak, I believe no man ever loved woman more."

"You are willing to marry me, a portionless girl, and the daughter of a dishonoured man; willing to brave poverty and disgrace for my sake?"

"You are my life, Margaret; I cannot part with you. If we are poor, we'll struggle on together, and we shall be happy in spite of all."

"You can bear the world's sneer, Henry? This is no hasty impulse, that one day you may repent; you have counted the cost?"

"I have, Margaret. Night and day, since we parted, I've thought the matter over. I may have been an expensive, thoughtless fellow hitherto; I can change my habits; I can do without society, friends, everything but you."

"He loves me," she said—"he loves me!" Then turning to me: "You hear it; he loves me. He is generous and true." And again that ineffable beauty came into her face.

Henry Cameron looked at her as if, even to him, its radiance was new. "And you love me, my Margaret? You forgive me—you consent?"

"I?" she said—"I love you, Henry?" And she laid her head down on his breast, and passed her fingers through his curling hair. It was a pretty picture, as I saw it through my tears, and thankful was I to believe that Margaret might yet be happy. But it did not last long. When next she raised her head, she was deadly pale, and her voice quite changed. "Forgive me, Henry," she said. "I have been selfish; but I wanted to be happy once more. I had so suffered; I had doubted of your love; I had thought poorly of you. Now, I have been happy. I know that I am dear to you—your poor Margaret herself, and not her fortune; and my love has all its old pride! And now, I can bless you, and there is no bitterness in this great anguish of bidding you farewell for ever! Hush! hear me to the end. My father—hush!—whatever he may be, he was tender always to me, and would have bought my happiness at the loss of his own soul. I must save my father; I must seek him till I find him. I shall find him; I shall work for him in some foreign land; there, no one knows that shame hangs on the old man's name. He, too, has suffered—his hair is grown white—my poor father."

I could not resist interposing. "Dear girl, if, as I fully believe, all your efforts to trace your father prove vain, surely you will not wreck Captain Cameron's happiness as well as your own?"

"I shall find him!" she said, in a tone that silenced me by its calm authority.

"And you can give me up, then, Margaret? You have not a thought for my happiness; you sacrifice me to your father thus. This is your cruel resolve?" exclaimed her lover.

"This," she said, "is my unalterable resolve."

The young man's face grew very dark. His ardent love was but a great selfishness, and he overlooked her suffering in his own. Long and vehemently would he have pleaded with and reproached her, but that I implored him to spare her the further conflict, for which her deadly paleness shewed that she was quite unequal, holding out to him hopes of a change of purpose, of another interview, but in my secret heart having no hope of either. As he turned to leave her, the grandeur of her nature seemed to flash upon him, and he came back and

knelt at her feet. "You are an angel," he said. "I never could have been worthy of you; but I shall never love another woman!" Calmly the poor girl bent down and kissed him on his forehead. The clinging womanly fondness to which she had yielded herself up so lately seemed to have changed into the holy pity of an angel indeed. From that moment she had done with earthly happiness.

And still no sign of Mr. Moore! It was now a fortnight since the terrible day on which his daughter recognised him; but she never gave up her firm conviction of his return. Her instinct was a true one. One night, Biddy saw him creep stealthily along the street, and stand still under the lamp-post, looking up at the window. The faithful creature's grasp was on him at once, and though he struggled hard, he could not shake her off. She implored him by the lost love and happiness of his young daughter—by the laughter of her childhood, and her weeping now—by the tears he had himself shed at the grave of the wife who bore her to him: she told him that Margaret had given up lover and fortune for his sake, and would he take from her life as well, and leave her alone in the world, the orphan of a living father, without a duty to bear her up against her sorrow? In short, she prevailed over the weak man's strongest purpose; and that night, when the rest of the household were asleep, she let him in, and he hid his face on his daughter's breast.

Two days later, they left England for the continent. The sale of her mother's jewels and her own trinkets brought in a sum sufficient to defray all that Margaret owed in Eldersley, and to provide for her father and herself till she could obtain pupils. Of these, her rare musical talents rendered her secure. Biddy positively refused to leave her young mistress. She had enough, she said, to pay her passage, and plenty of clothes, as good as new, for years and years to come. She could not be bothered with wages, would not know what to do with them. "And sure, miss, dear, the master will be wanting some one to look after him; and may be he'll find it a comfort to scold some one, as he used to, in them furrin parts. And is it cooking ye want? Sure and I've not been out and in of the kitchen of one of the mal ginty for so long without giving an eye to see how things get done. Anyhow, I'll cook a dale better than them furriners; and it's going with ye I am, to the end of the world, so sure as my name is Biddy Daly, and yours is written in heaven, Glory be to God!"

They settled in Berlin. Margaret had soon more pupils than she could well undertake, and she herself played at morning concerts, in this way realising a tolerable income. Her own letters were loving but short. She never complained; but I could perceive only too plainly that her spirits never rallied, that she was resigned, but cheerful and hopeful no longer. The great trial is the hourly trial. The very energy required for the prompt decision nerves against the pain. The right hand cut off, and cast from us in a moment of generous enthusiasm, seems not so terrible; it is the after-smart, the sick reaction that is so hard to bear. Never by tone or glance to reproach those for whose sakes we have stripped our own life bare; never to believe that duty had been best undone, and selfishness more blessed than self-sacrifice—not many of us are capable of this. Perhaps even Margaret was not. Biddy's letters, with their marvellous spelling, were invaluable to me, for they gave details I should never have otherwise obtained, of admiration and love laid at the beautiful girl's feet. Biddy thanked our Lady that the young mistress was not one to demean herself by looking at a furriner, even if she'd had any heart to give; but sure hers broke that day Captain Cameron laid his last kiss on her lips, and the angels took it to keep and mend in heaven. But these letters contained too many a dark hint respecting "the master's ways," that gave me a sorrowful insight into the daily struggle my poor Margaret was called upon to bear. It lasted rather more than fifteen years—yes, fifteen years. Then Mr. Moore's health began rapidly to decline. Weak and unworthy as his life had been, the pathetic beauty of his last days was all that Margaret afterwards remembered. He bore his sufferings with unflinching patience, and they seemed to ennoble his nature. His penitence, humble hope, and love for her, shone out very brightly towards the end, and he died blessing her for having saved him. That was her reward. Soon after, she returned to England. Youth and beauty were indeed gone, but might there not be happiness to come so intense as to restore both? Henry Cameron had never married; I could not help hoping they might meet again, when his regiment returned from the West Indies. But he died there. Margaret had not been in England a year before I received a black-edged letter in an unknown hand. It was from the colonel of his regiment, and enclosed one from Captain Cameron. I opened it with trembling hands. Only a curl of his rich brown hair, and the words, "For Margaret—my dear!" We never now breathe his name. She who has borne so much cannot bear that emotion. But I know that curl has lain on her heart ever since, and will be there when they lay her in her coffin.

With her father's extravagant ways, it was not likely that she could have saved money at Berlin. I implored her, on her return to England, to come and live with me, but I believe mine was an injudicious wish, and she steadfastly refused. I daresay her enforced occupation has been, and is a blessing to her. Biddy is with her still in her little Bath lodging—an old woman now, and disinclined to move—and, as you know, Miss Moore gives lessons, is the regular music-teacher, indeed, at a young ladies' school. Every summer she pays me a long visit; every summer I think she grows more cheerful. Formal and cold you thought her? I cannot judge? I see my former Margaret still through what years have made her—But I declare it's nearly dinner-time; I must go and call her.

AMERICAN ETIQUETTE.—The *Saturday Review* has lately seen a book which aspires to a higher level than the common manuals of etiquette. It attempts to raise the subject of which it treats to its proper connection with health, morals, and good taste. "We think," says our contemporary, "that any such attempt must necessarily fail. Such a book is useless except as an indication of the character of the American society for which it purports to have been written. But for this purpose such a book is valuable. As the author politely says, there are some charming American women who, though endowed with every other personal attraction, are destitute of that fulness essential to the perfection of the female form. He advises these ladies, instead of grieving over an organic defect and resorting to useless and injurious means to remedy it, to console themselves with their natural fineness of structure and lightness of movement, and the use of such resources as are furnished by a skilful toilet. Translated into plain language, ladies who have the misfortune to be scraggy are advised to

have recourse to padding. They may also try regular habits and a generous diet as a means of gaining flesh. Ladies and gentlemen alike are desired to take notice that the use of a comb, or even its habitual carriage in the pocket, is irreconcilable with all nicety of manners, as we think it is. The English books on etiquette are sufficiently absurd, but we do not remember meeting in any one of them with a suggestion of the possibility of finding "decent people" deliberately combing themselves at a table common to many guests. We are tempted to ask, if this be decency, what must be indecency in America? . . . If we were to take this book as an authority, we should say that the commercial aristocracy of New York was incurably vulgar. People who grow rich in London usually struggle with more or less success to get into society which they think better than that in which they were born. We laugh at the absurdities often exhibited in these attempts, but they are on the whole beneficial to those who make them. The vulgarity of the London tradesman is for the most part offensive, and without hope of mitigation. The people who keep shops, unless they keep the largest class of shops, are excluded from the society of the people who do not keep shops, and their manners are therefore formed entirely in their own circle. The daughters of a thriving tradesman may be sent to a good school, where they acquire a polish which soon rubs off when they are returned to their homes and hear the conversation of their brothers and receive the attentions of their brothers' friends. The sons of a thriving tradesman are perhaps the most offensive animals in creation. They are incurable, unmitigated snobs. But the commercial class in London which does not keep shops finds as it grows rich opportunities of entering society which is able to avoid vulgarity without the help of manuals. And, unfortunately, there is very little of such society in New York. This at least seems to be a fair inference from the publication of a book upon decorum."

AN AWKWARD MISTAKE.—A Dissenting chapel was lately built, upon the front of which a stone-cutter was ordered to cut the following as an inscription: "My house shall be called the house of prayer." He was referred, for accuracy, to the verse of Scripture in which these words occur; but unfortunately, to the scandal of the society, he transcribed the whole verse: "My house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves."

A CHINESE BILL OF FARE.—The following comes to us as having been the bill of fare of a dinner given by the Chinese in Paris at Thord's. We give it, without comment, for what it is worth: "*Premier Service*—Hien teon kio (anchovy toast, with a pigeon's egg on the top), pe tsan hoa (cauliflowers with pickles and spices), hoa seng (pistaches), ku tee (pasteque—don't know what it was), yen ono tung (swallow's nest).—*Second Service*—Tchao tehu pay ko (sides of pork with hard-bake), nien jo tchao teon kio tse (beef and veal, with haricot beans, garlic, and onions), tsing sse ky ton sse tung (lard as an omelette), leang ky jo pien (cold fowl and cucumber), pe ku jo pien (cold cat's meat), ya oey (duck with vinegar sauce), pe ko hoen yen ono (boiled pigeon and nutmegs), chong tsay tchao mean jo (small bits of beef seasoned with cockcomb dried and powdered over it).—*Wines*—Bordeaux and Champagne."

SELLING EGGS BY WEIGHT.—It has long been urged that eggs should be sold by weight, instead of by count. There can be no doubt that the great difference in size, a difference which is growing more and more marked by increased care in breeding, fully warrants the proposed change. *Twice a Week* says that the average of a great number of hens' eggs, weighed at random from time to time, in the market, is two ounces, or 1½ pounds per dozen; but the difference in consequence of breed or feed and care makes the range from 1½ to 2½ ounces, so that if eggs are 45 cents per dozen the buyer would, on the average, pay 30 cents per pound, but by paying the same price per dozen and taking those larger or smaller than the average, he may get his eggs at 40 cents per pound or pay but 16½ cents per pound for them. For an article of as great consumption as eggs the difference is too great to be thought a trifle, and a little care will save many a dollar in the annual marketing outlay. Some people might think it small to stand and pick out eggs, but there is nothing wrong or little about it. In fact, it is the duty of every housekeeper to do so, and let it be once understood that either only the large eggs will be taken, or a less price paid for small ones, and dealers will find it necessary to sell by weight.

As to the difficulties in the new system, the *Poultry Bulletin*, which advocates the weight system, says: "Fractions of a pound can be as easily calculated as in meat, cheese or other commodities, of which it is almost impossible to make the exact weight wanted, yet which are always sold by weight, and no difficulty found in the transaction."

PLANTING TREES ON SLOPES OF RAILWAY EMBANKMENTS.—A London paper advocates planting the slopes of railway embankments with trees, adducing many arguments in support of the plan. Among the points made is that the roots of trees, at least those which do not penetrate with a straight tap-root, possess the property of binding together and giving cohesion to the slope through the surface-soil of which they permeate and interlace. Nothing is more common in Scotland than, where there is a steep slope, more especially if it consists of what is called "travelled" earth, to find it closely planted, with the object of guarding against land-slides. There is still another argument which, if rather a far-fetched one, is entitled to count for a trifle. Were embankments clad with trees, a train might indeed leave the rails, but when the trees are fairly being "precipitated to the bottom of a lofty embankment," it might be possible for a railway carriage to get "up a tree," but it would be difficult for it to go "down a hole."

Josh Billings thus speaks of a new agricultural implement, to which the attention of farmers is invited; "John Rogers' revolving, expanding, uncerimonious, self-adjusting, self-contracting, self-sharpening, self-greasing, and self-righteous horse-rake is now and forever offered to a generous public. These rakes are as easy to keep in repair as a hitching post, and will rake up a paper of pins sowed broad cast in a ten acre lot of wheat stubble. These rakes can be used in winter for a hen roost, or be sawed up in stove wood for the kitchen fire. No farmer of good moral karakter should be without one, even if he has to steal one."