

It was this enthusiasm of poor Gertie Brown's on poor George de Vray's behalf which first began to make the cup of Moyle's bitterness overflow. That worthy gentleman had taken to supposing that there was an end now to his chances of sitting in parliament, getting a baronetcy, and all that. George de Vray might remain a pet of society, and by means of Millie's money keep a sumptuous town-house; but this was not the same as being an earl, with an enormous rent-roll and influence over a whole county. Old Moyle hinted as much to his daughter, and to make the lesson more forcible, threw out gloomy suggestions that his own fortune was not very secure, and that Millie might some day find herself constrained to live on her husband's £300 a year, and to make her own dresses with the sewing-machine. This lamentable prospect caused Millie's tears to burst out afresh, peevishly, so that she flew at Gertie when the latter happened to make some remark in George's praise. Mr. Moyle also scolded his niece, and very roundly, saying she was a silly girl to think that there was anything grand in throwing one's money out of the window, so that all the world might talk about it. Poor Gertie held her tongue, though her heart throbbled wofully. She had heard that the new Lord Beauvray, the ex-Mr. Timburel, had been invited to dinner for that evening; and she began to suspect that her precious uncle was forming a plan for making of this former clerk of his a suitor for Millie's hand.

Her intuition was not at fault. Old Moyle had hastened to make peace with his discharged clerk; and the latter, whose vanity was tickled by seeing his quondam tyrant cringe before him, gradually became a regular guest at the bill-discounters, though he took care never to come at times when he was likely to meet George there. These visits displeased Gertie Brown, who could feel no admiration for the vulgar manners and pure-prod ostentation of Ralph de Vray. This young man was handsome, however, and not devoid of talent. It was no secret to Millie that he had aspired to win her hand at a time when such a hope was folly, and he exercised over her that fascination which saucy assurance and a bold "gift of the gab" ever do over girls who are weak and giddy. One day, after he had been talking to Millie for an hour in his most brilliant vein, some recollection of a droll sally of his made the girl laugh after he was gone, and she exclaimed, "He is decidedly very amusing."

"I find him most wearisome," answered Gertie, dryly.

"You are not bound to sit and listen to him, then," said Millie, with a flash in her eyes.

"I will withdraw, then, on another occasion with great pleasure," was Gertie's reply.

"That's it, do—we shan't miss you. By the by, you never make yourself scarce when Mr. George de Vray comes here."

"There are not the same reasons for doing so. Mr. George is a thorough gentleman."

"And you mean that Mr. Ralph is not?"

"Certainly not, to my mind."

"Ah! ah! pray is it simply because Mr. George has given up property that was not his that you consider him so superior to his cousin? I see nothing wonderful in that. If I found one of your trinkets among my things I should restore it without crowing all over the town about my honesty. Indeed, I think it rather strange that Lord Beauvray should not have discovered this secret until he had enjoyed his property several years; it looks much to me as if some other people had discovered it, too, and as if he had only acted under compulsion."

"Oh, Millie, you are casting an aspersion on one of the most noble acts I have ever heard of!" exclaimed Gertie, quivering all over.

"Well, it's your fault," screamed Millie, exasperated; "I am sick of hearing you always harp on the same string. If you are so fond of Mr. de Vray, why don't you get him to marry you? That would be two beggars together!"

Naturally, Gertie went to her room to have a good cry, but from that day she ceased speaking about George, and became very circumspect in her demeanour towards him. When he called to see Millie she left the room. George soon noticed these tactics, for his interviews with Mr. Moyle's daughter were growing more and more irksome by reason of Millie's coldness and irritability. At the least thing she would snap and sulk; and one afternoon when George innocently made some inquiry about Miss Brown, she fired up in a jealous pet. "You seem very anxious about Miss Brown. I am not obliged to show her off in the drawing-room whenever visitors come. She is only a pauper cousin whom we have taken in from charity."

"It's queer charity, dear, if you talk of it in that way," laughed George. "I don't consider poverty a disgrace, either."

"No, but it's very inconvenient," said Millie, still querulously, "and that reminds me: if we marry, I suppose you don't mean to live on my money! Papa says his banks might break and all sorts of things. So I suppose you will do something to get an independent income!"

"Yes," answered George, colouring deeply. "I have applied for an exchange into the line, and think of going out to the war on the Indian frontier. I shall have lieutenant-colonel's rank—so if you will wait for me two years, Millie, I may return with a new career and perhaps an income before me."

"Oh, wait two years to become a soldier's wife, and go out to live in baking Indian heat!" exclaimed Millie, pointing. "I never bargained for that!"

Just at this minute Gertie Brown came in. She had a message to deliver to Millie from Mr.

Moyle, and blushed as she crossed the room to where the pair of quarrelling lovers sat. "Miss Brown," said George, rising to shake hands with her. "I will wish you good-by, for I have just been telling Miss Moyle that I am going off to the war in India—"

"You are going to the war! oh, Mr. de Vray—if anything should happen to you!" exclaimed Gertie, and tears started to her eyes.

"Thank you for those tears," said George, gratefully. "I shall know that one person here, at least, will feel interest. Now give me as a keepsake that red book-marker you are holding in your hand. I will bring back the ribbon with something hanging to it."

"The Victoria Cross, perhaps," tittered Millie rather uncomfortably. "I declare that's quite poetical. Well, good-by, Mr. de Vray, we part as friends, don't we?"

"Excellent friends," answered George, as he lifted both her hands to his lips, and kissed them playfully.

That evening when old Mr. Moyle was apprised of what had happened, he rubbed his nose and said, "Well, well, it's he who has broken off the match, not we. I suppose we've heard the last of him now—for he'll go out to India and stay there. As for the new Lord Beauvray, my dear, I was quite wrong in my estimate of him. He is a remarkably clever man, and he means to get me into parliament!"

III.

One year passed. There had been a triumph of the British arms in India, and the name of Col. de Vray was associated with it. His name was in everybody's mouth. He had received promotion and other honours, and was returning to England after the termination of the campaign as Major-Gen. Sir George de Vray.

As for Millie Moyle, she was betrothed to the new Earl of Beauvray, and when Sir George arrived in London one of the first things he read in the papers was that the marriage between this young lady and his cousin was to take place in a week.

He no longer cared now. He went to Mr. Moyle's house on the very day of his return, in the afternoon, and was ushered into the dining-room, where luncheon was taking place. He was received like a hero, for Mr. Moyle liked to be on good terms with successful men, and Millie was anxious to obtain something like forgiveness for her jilting. She received it fully and freely, so far as could be judged from the young general's manner, for he was frank and pleasant, but after first greetings were over he addressed himself principally to poor little Gertie Brown, who sat roliant and trembling. To her he recounted his adventures, and oh, what a brave knight she thought him with his sunburnt face and the modesty of true glory that breathed in all his words! The new Lord Beauvray was not present.

At last, when a toast had been drunk to George's honour and Millie's happiness—honest Mr. Moyle acting as toast-master—the general drew a parcel from his pocket and extracted from it Gertie's book-marker. No longer scarlet now, but faded pink from exposure to the air, for it had seen many a battle entwined with the soldier's sword knot. There were hanging from it a Cross of the Bath, a Victoria Cross, and something else—a wedding ring. "Will you take all three, Gertie?" said George approaching Millie's little cousin.

"Bravo, Sir George!" exclaimed Millie, clapping her hands, though she turned a little pale. "I always said that Gertie and you were made for each other."

"So did I," cried worthy Mr. Moyle; "but I say, hullo! what's that?"

There had been a loud knock at the door, and a footman entered with a telegram on a tray. Mr. Moyle opened the missive and uttered an exclamation of horror and dismay: "Great heavens, my Lord, read this!" he faltered.

The telegram announced that the new Lord Beauvray had been killed in a railway accident. So the Indian hero got his family title and estates again. He showed no elation, but seemed, on the contrary, much shocked, and was the first to lend assistance to Millie when she swooned in a somewhat forced attack of hysterics.

Old Moyle had sunk on a chair, helpless. His face was a thing to see.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

ADAM and Eve knew naught of the sweets of paternity until they began raising Cain.

SINGLE weddings are becoming fashionable in Iowa. They occur when the first child is old enough to speak.

THE thinnest thing now on record is a man's pocket-book that has just been struck in the stomach by a milliner.

LADIES are like watches—pretty enough to look at; sweet face and delicate hands, but somewhat difficult to "regulate" after they are set a-going.

IT takes a woman with a remarkably strong mind to gaze straight at the pulpit and not look around when a new soprano starts up a tune in the rear.

TRYING at the same time to drink in the beauties of the bonnets of two ladies, who are walking in opposite directions, has made many females cross-eyed for life.

"THERE is truth in my remarks," yelled out a scolding wife to a suffering husband, and he meekly answered, "I'll grant all the truth there is in your remarks if you will only put fewer remarks into your truth."

WE should like to kiss the sweet little creature who said that fire-flies were made by God to "yite ze 'ittle froggies to bed."—(Eric Herolt.) If she is seventeen or eighteen years old, send her address this way.

AN epitaph in a Maine cemetery asserts: The wedding day appointed was, The wedding clothes provided, But ere that day had come, alas! He sickened and he died.

WHEN you see a woman going toward the river with a good-sized pole in her hand and a wrinkle across her nose, you needn't think she's going fishing. Not much; she's got a boy down that way who promised her, with tears in his eyes, he wouldn't go in swimming.

ONE of Grevin's designs represents a little wife leaning over her husband's chair and stroking his beard in the most affectionate manner. "Well, well, Julia," says the husband, "you are very tender to-night. Heigh-ho! I wonder how much it'll cost me this time?"

REV. DR. SOMMERFORS, having the week previous married a couple, is interrupted by the ex-bridegroom, while enjoying the paper and a quiet cup of tea. Ex-Bridegroom: Ah! my dear doctor, allow me to present you with a little memento (\$10 bill). That marriage turned out better than I expected.

AUNTY: Well, love, did Mr. McSiller propose! Edith: No, aunty; but he was on the verge of it when— Aunty: When what, darling? Edith: When the clock struck and reminded him that there was only just time to catch the last cheap train, and he had a return ticket.

"ONCE for All."—"In your long absence have you thought of me?" asked she coyly. "Yes," replied he, provokingly, "once." "Only once?" inquired she, rising as if to depart. "Only once," repeated he, holding out his arms, "only once—all the time." And she came right back.

"WHAT young man of 25 is insensible to the pleasure of talking with a bright girl of 17 for a listener?" asks the New Haven Register. We think it is the youth who stands in full view of three ice cream saloons and four soda fountains and realizes that he has only eight cents in his pocket.

VARIETIES.

AN UNSET DIAMOND.—Presently the Western train came due, says Burdette in one of his railroad phantasies, and a tired-looking woman came in with two children hanging to her skirts and a baby in her arms, beside a handbox and a satchel. It was the only vacant seat. She sank into it with a weary sigh, and tried to hush the fretful baby and keep watch of the two other restless, fluttering budgets, who were also tired and fretful, and kept teasing for this and that until the poor mother looked ready to sink. "Pretty tired, marm?" remarked Jonathan, a tall Yankee, who was uneasy himself, and anxious for something to do. "Going fur?" "To Boston, sir," replied the lady court-ously.

"Got to wait long?" "Until three" (glancing at me) "Oh, dearies, do be quiet, and don't tease mother any more." "Look-a-her, you young shavers, and see what I've got in my pocket," and he drew out a handful of peppermint drops. In a few minutes they were both upon his knees, eating their candy and listening eagerly while he told them wonderful stories about the sheep and calves at home.

But the baby wouldn't go to sleep. He was quite heavy, and wanted to be tossed the whole time. Jonathan noticed this, and finding a string somewhere in the depths of his old carpet-bag, he taught the two children a game which he called "Cat's Cradle." Soon they were seated on the depot floor, as happy as two kittens.

"Now let me take that youngster, marm," he said, "you look clean beat out. I guess I can please him. I'm a powerful hand with babies," and he tossed the great lump of flesh up until it crowded with delight. And by it dropped its head upon his shoulder and fell fast asleep.

Two hours afterward I peeped through the window, as he helped her and belongings aboard the cars, and I don't believe if he had been the Czar of Russia she could have looked any more grateful or thanked him any sweeter.

"Tain't nothin' at all, marm," I heard him say, bashfully, but I knew she thought differently, and so did I.

He came back, resumed his seat, and buying a pint of peanuts from a thin-faced little girl—giving twelve cents instead of ten for them—sat munching away in hearty enjoyment until the Northern train came due. Then he snatched his dilapidated carpet-bag and that of an old lady near by, who was struggling feebly to walk the door.

"Lean right on me, marm: I'll see you safe through," he said, cheerfully.

The conductor shouted "All aboard!" and the train moved away.

As I looked around at the empty seats I thought, "Something bright has gone out of this depot that doesn't come in every day—in honest heart."

SEVEN STAGES OF DRUNKENNESS.

All the world's a pub. And all the men and women merely drinkers; They have their hicups and their staggerings; And one man in a day drinks many glasses. His acts being seven stages. At first the gentleman, Steady and steadfast in his good resolve; And then the wine and bitters, appetizer; And pining, yearning look, leaving like a snail The comfortable bar. And then the arguments, Trying like Hercules with a wrathful frontage To refuse one more two-penn'orth. Then the mystified Full of strange thoughts, unheeding good advice, Careless of honour, sobber, thick, and gutt'ral, Seeking the troubled repetition Even in the bottle's mouth; and then quite jovial, In fair good humour while the world swims round, With eyes quite misty, while his friends him out, Full of nice oaths and awful bickerings; And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts Into the stupid, slipping drunken man With "blossoms" on his nose and bleary-eyed, His shrunken face unshaved, from side to side He rolls along; and his unmanly voice Huskier than ever, falls and flies, And leaves him—staggering round. Last scene of all, That ends this true and painful history, Is stupid childishness, and then oblivion— Sans watch, sans chain, sans coin, sans everything.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been said, Le Demi-Monde will be played in London by the Comédie Française.

J. W. HILL, manager of Denham Thompson and "Joshua Whitecomb" has probably made more money with his star this season than has been made by any other luminary.

PETROLEUM V. NASHBY's dramatization of "The Widow Redout Papers" has been brought out in Philadelphia. The play, as a whole, is said to be crude and inartistic, but an exceedingly funny character is made of the garrulous, meddling Widow.

MR. DAMIE FITZGERALD GARRETT, a distinguished musical amateur of Limerick, who appeared successfully in leading tenor rôles ("Faust," "Mentel," and "Don Giovanni") in Italian opera, is the popular candidate for Mr. Butt's vacant seat in Parliament.

FATHER GIOVANNI, the wonderful Roman tenor, is reported to be growing wealthy through his voice. He gets a very large salary for his musical services, and sings also in society. He is getting enormously fat, and his voice appears to grow in proportion.

THE Viennese conductor Richter has at once become "the rage" in London, and from the tone of the criticisms, his reputation has not been unduly heralded. He is pronounced to be "the greatest symphonic conductor who has appeared in England," and his concerts have been so crowded that admission has been refused and people turned away from the door.

AUBREY's famous opera, La Muette de Portici (Masaniello), is to be revived in Paris, with magnificent sets and immense chorus and ballet. The opera has its political history; it helped to bring about the revolution of 1830, and has never been a favourite with Governments that wished to seem strong. Its revival will be something of an event musically and historically.

MISS FANNY PITT has made a great hit at the Alexandra Theatre, Sheffield, by her interpretation of the rôle of the heroine in Mrs. Bright's new play called "Naomi's Sin." So pathetic and realistic was her acting in the poison scene that on one evening there came from the gallery a sympathetic voice, which exclaimed: "Don't drink, lass, thou'll poison thyself!"

LITERARY.

A Moscow publisher has Froude's "Cæsar" in press and will publish it soon.

ROBERTS' Brothers have in press "Our Autumn Holidays on French Rivers," by J. L. Mulloy.

MR. HUSBAND is the author of "Law of Married Women in Pennsylvania."

THE Appletons are to publish a "Dictionary of New York," compiled upon the plan of Mr. Dickens' Dictionary of London.

"SIE GIBBIE," George Macdonald's new story, has just been published by Messrs. Harper Bros., and in a complete and handsome form is sold for only fifteen cents.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROS. have just issued the third volume of the Library edition of Greene's "History of the English People." The period treated in the volume from 1633 to 1688 is a most important one, and Mr. Greene handles it in a masterly manner.

THE Marquis of Lorne's work, entitled "Travels in the Dominion," is to be published this season in London. It will be illustrated by the Princess Louise, with whom the Misses Montalbo are now sojourning, in order that the mutual art studies of those ladies and Her Royal Highness may be renewed.

MR. J. W. Boston has Captain Hervey's extended edition of Scott's Novels. There are 4,000 additional illustrations, autograph letters, &c., bound up with it. Captain Hervey was an assiduous collector of rare books, and devoted to "extending" popular authors. His edition of Irving's "Washington" is well known among bibliomaniacs.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & CO. will shortly publish a work in four volumes consisting of selections from the English poets, which it is their purpose shall be a truly representative selection from poets other than dramatists, embraced in the period from Chaucer to Landor and Keats. Each poet is to be assigned to a special writer, who will be responsible for the selections, and write a short critical introduction. Matthew Arnold will write a general introduction. Two volumes are promised for this year.

MESSRS. ROBERT CARTER & BROS. will shortly issue a new book of consolation for Christian mourners, under the title of "The Paths of Esau," by the Rev. Dr. Macduff. Of Dr. Macduff's several books over 1,262,000 copies have been sold by the English publishers, including over 400,000 of his "Morning and Night Watchmen," 234,000 of "The Mind and Words of Jesus," and 123,000 of "The Flow in the Cloud." Of the first-named over 40,000 have been sold in England by one of the several houses printing it, and the American and Colonial sales of his book would probably bring the total up to two million copies.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. SMAN, Station D, New York City.