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The Weekly Colonist.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1886.

(From the Colonist Holiday Number.)

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

God rest ye, merry gentlemen; let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas-day.
The dawn rose red o'er Bethlehem, the stars shone through the gray,
When Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas-day.

God rest ye, little children; let nothing you affright,
For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born this happy night;
Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks sleeping lay,
When Christ, the Child of Nazareth, was born on Christmas-day.

God rest ye, all good Christians; upon this blessed morn
The Lord of all good Christians was of a woman born:
Now all your sorrows He doth heal, your sins He takes away;
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas-day.

Dinah Maria Mulock Craik.

BONNY BROWN HAIR;

OR

MARRYING A COOK.

BY ASA GLANVAL.

"Look at that girl with the brown hair!" exclaimed Frederic Middlebury, addressing a handsome young man who stood near him.

"I see a dozen with brown hair," replied Herbert Glascow, without moving his eyes, "and none of them passably good looking! By the lord Harry!" he exclaimed, as the thirteenth brown head turned her face toward him.

"That girl has no business cooking," said Middlebury, with sarcastic impatience. "She must be in charge of fools to allow her to think of such a thing."

"These may not be genuine cooks," remarked Glascow.

"Yes, they are; I asked the matron. She said they all were training for professional cooks." Then, after a minute's hesitation, he leaned forward and whispered, "I am going to get introduced, being under the delusion that she is not a cook. I'll give that as an explanation if I should be so unfortunate as to have to explain myself."

Glascow looked at his companion a moment in silence, and then turned upon his heel and left the building.

He went straightway to the secretary's office and asked about brown-haired girls. The officer, whose vocal organs had been very suddenly put in fine running order by a golden guinea, gave all the information in his power. The pretty one—the "stunner," he termed her—was called Susie Welch. She had come with a larger specimen—Ella Chapman. The two lived some distance away, and were to take the places of cook and assistant in some swell American palace. He couldn't say which was the cook nor which was the assistant, but the little one seemed to be boss, and he'd heard she was the best in the class.

"One thing more," and there was another material exchange of civilities. "Has any one else asked you anything of her?"

"Not a soul."

"If any one should, please mislead him. The average swell has no business with knowing such a child."

"You may depend upon me," was the gracious reply, and Glascow left the building.

For several succeeding mornings the gallery of the cooking hall held these two scions of old families among the audience.

"I followed her home yesterday," whispered Middlebury, "and the very devil's in it. She's a domestic at Herndon's."

"Then that settles your pursuit of her,"

"For the present—yes."

"For the present?"

"I'll keep my eye on her—if I don't, somebody else will."

"Do you know, if I had an unmarried female relative, I'd object to her knowing you."

"And do you know that if you had an unmarried female relative that was worth knowing I'd behave myself in your presence? Do you know that?"

"Humph!" ejaculated Glascow, scornfully.

"You needn't grunt," replied Middlebury, with unruffled serenity. "All a man's got to do is to keep his eyes open. Just let him have sense enough to show the right side to the right crowd. Why, bless you," he continued, forgetting the chief point of attraction, "I know the particular hobby of every rich woman in the whole fashionable circle. To the penurious I talk of business and economy; to the showy I talk of style and fine establishments; to the intellectually ambitious I talk of books, politics, etc. I know 'em every one, and at least a dozen are ready to give me the pick of their family—and all from knowing how to wind 'em up."

"That is no excuse for hunting down an ignorant girl because she has the misfortune to be unprotected and pretty."

"Don't make the affair so tragic," said Middlebury, turning his face lazily toward the class. "By Jove! but she's pretty from a side view!"

Glascow got up and left his friend without explanation or adieu.

"What's the matter with Bert?" asked a mutual acquaintance who had just come in.

"He's taken it into his head that nobody must admire rural beauty but himself."

Middlebury aptly indicated the direction in which to look for further explanations.

"I had heard of her," after a long gaze, "but I was not quite prepared—but wouldn't she create a furore on the boards?"

"She's creating quite enough now to turn her head," said Middlebury, "and her cases get worse; I stay here the two hours. Bert is much worse off—he can't stand it but a few minutes at a time." Good Lord!"

This exclamation was caused by the entrance of twenty or thirty young fashionables who had come to worship at the shrine of beauty. Up to this time the girls had not become aware of the honor that was done them, but the presence of so many could hardly fail to attract their attention, and not a few veiled glances were sent in that direction, resulting in an occasional smile and some spoilt dishes.

Herebert Glascow stood within the entry, out of sight of the gallery, but where he could see all that was passing. Middlebury was entertaining a coterie of decoriously merry fellows whose jollity made Glascow furiously angry. One among the crowd, Jerome Ballenger, a type of the genuine Yankee, seemed to be enjoying the whole thing out of proportion to the facts of the occasion. Glascow stood irresolute for a moment, and then walked rapidly toward the group.

"Here he is now," exclaimed Middlebury. "Couldn't stand it any longer, old boy?"

"Bert, you'll have to get her before the world as a fine actress. Her beauty will pass her every time."

"It seems to me gentlemen," said Glascow, seriously, "that if we have any respect for youth and innocence, we should not discuss these poor girls in a mob like the present company."

"Poor girls!"

"Mob!"

"Youth and innocence!"

"Hear, hear!"

The Yankee held his handkerchief over his mouth and shook the bench he was sitting upon in his efforts at restraining his laughter. They began again, and their jokes were fast becoming too much for police reports when Glascow sprang to his feet in wihte wrath.

"Anything further will be taken as a personal insult," he exclaimed. "I am honorably attracted toward Miss Welch (Ballenger stared) and I espouse her cause henceforth."

The silence of death fell upon them. They all knew that Glascow's words were followed by actions, and while perhaps there was not a coward among them, none felt like creating a scandal over a servant girl. In a few moments the class was left to pursue its efforts, free from unwelcome or eruptive admiration.

"By George! I'll have to tell Lil that," said Ballenger, as he entered his dog cart and drove off.

* * * * * * *

"Who'd you say it was?" asked Mr. Herndon of Ballenger, his nephew.

"Herbert Glascow. The boys were talking rather freely, and he flew up and swore that he'd form a ring right there and thrash them every one, one at a time, of course. He didn't say he was going to marry her, but he did say he'd see to her—I suppose he means to send her to school and then make her his wife."

"That fellow's dangerous to be loose," said Mr. Herndon, bluntly. "Too much Don Quixote for everyday life."

"That's what I like about him; it's so rare. You can't snap a rock in any direction here without hitting a fortune hunter, but you'd have a grand old search to find a man who could see true worth and choose it out of the gutter."

"That's all rot! True worth don't come out of the gutter."

"Perhaps he has not taken her for a gutter daisy. It doesn't make any difference; he's my man, and you'll find that you won't repent if you take my advice."

"That's all beyond my control."

"You can get hold of the young man, and when the proper time comes—"

"That's something I don't want hastened or interfered with. It'll all come too quick any way."

"That's my idea, and it'll come wrong if you don't look about while you've time."

"Bring him around, then; but mind you—no traps!"

"Bringing him around" proved not to be so easy. Glascow met Ballenger's advances with repellent coldness, and was not, in the least mollified when the latter informed him that his defence of the little girl was "plucky, by gemini!"

"All right, old boy!" exclaimed Ballenger, as the other moved away. "You'll find out some day that you're off your co-base. If I should start from Liverpool to Copenhagen," he remarked to the assembled company, "I wouldn't sail for New York, cross overland to San Francisco, cross the Pacific Ocean, sail through the Chinese pirates, through the Indian Ocean, then Suez, then across the Mediterranean, then by rail and water and flood. No, I'd just buy me a ticket and take a packet and get there and be done with it. But then if there's any other fellow that wants this other route, why, I say, let him take it—let him."

Glascow turned his back during this harangue, and drummed softly upon the table.

Since the "Glascow Manifesto," as his fast friends called his little ebullition in the cooking school gallery, very few young men put in an appearance there. Glascow himself was always present, but he kept well out of sight of the class. Mr. Herndon went one morning with his nephew, and came away highly amused, which so much incensed Glascow that he thought better of it, however, and kept his seat, inwardly chafing at the vulgarity that well brought up men are forced to tolerate.

The school was only a few days from graduation when, one evening, a foreign lord, notorious for his debaucheries, approached Miss Welch with her companion and began intruding his compliments upon them. Miss Chapman put herself between Susie and danger, from which vantage ground the latter looked out in much open-eyed wonder, and stared innocently at the "horrid man" whose language she did not comprehend.

"Another one came up," she afterward confided to her mother, "and they began to fight with their fists. Just looked as if they didn't care what they did, and hit ever so hard, and right in the face, too. Chappie wanted to run, but I wouldn't, and that's the way the police got us. But papa and Cousin Joe were mad! I'd think it was a lark if it weren't for that poor fellow getting his nose smashed by Lord Nanicio—and just to think they were both to take tea—"

"Preshie!" some one called from below, and intercepted the kernel of her remark—that is if it had any kernel, which few remarks from seventeen-year-old girls have.

About this time Glascow kept his rooms pretty closely. The papers have a full account of his escapade, and one of them came out in a long and eloquent editorial about the "unbridled license of young men of the day." Mr. and Mrs. Glascow suddenly closed their town residence and went to the country, bidding adieu to their battered boy in a short note that contained enough information for several legal papers. "The next time our name is in the police record I will cut your allowance by half," was the closing sentence.

He had read the letter twice, and was in the act of beginning again, when Ballenger entered.

"You are Herbert Glascow, are you?" was the query of the visitor.

"Yes," was the ungracious reply.

"I didn't know—you don't look like him—but what I've got to say, I wanted to say to the right fellow. "Now look here!" he went on, not waiting for a reply, "you just wait until to-morrow, and this thing will be set right. As luck would have it the Rev. Charles Brewer was present, saw the whole fight, heard every word Lord Nanicio said and what was answered, and he's going to tell the tale to every paper of importance in the city. I'll tell you, old boy, you'll be a hero to-morrow, and just as soon as ever you'll do to be seen, Herndon will give a grand ball in your honor. He's taken this thing up hot; he's the fellow that's footing the bills to-day, and they're good ones."

"Give a ball for me!" exclaimed Glascow in astonishment.

"Lord! yes. He says you're the grandest fellow in the country. But as to the ball, it is partly to bring out his daughter, who is only seventeen. I think you'll like her, for she is a good deal like her father in largeness of heart—and her mother, too; they're both bricks, and so is the girl."

Glascow was not best pleased to think of enforced attention to a school girl; but he swallowed that with the good news.

"I can't begin to thank you," he began, "especially this setting me right before the public. I never was in a police scrape before, and I do hate to be classed with Dick Gunn, and the rest of that dissipated set."

"Just you wait till to-morrow, and we'll set you alongside of Washington and Lincoln."

Glascow smiled, but almost immediately the sombre look came back to his eyes.

"I should so much like," he began, blushing among the bruises, "if you could find—Miss Welch, and keep her away from the police court. I don't want her there, and I'll pay the bond as soon as I can rake up the money."

"That's all right!" exclaimed Ballenger, heartily. "She won't be there."

"Are you sure?"

"Perfectly sure. I got a friend to go on her bond, and put up the money. That settles it."

"But have you seen her?"

"Uncle saw her, and she knows that she is to keep indoors. The cookin' school has busted, that is, her part of it has. She'll never go back there again."

"You are my true friend," exclaimed Glascow, offering his hand, which the other took awkwardly enough.

"You'll find I am," was the reply. "Now get yourself presentable. Uncle wants you, and so do your friends. Good-by."

True enough, the papers gave a very flattering account of Glascow's police trouble, leaving the blame where it rightly belonged. Lord Nanicio was furious, and published an account of Glascow's infatuation, giving the name and address of the school, also Miss Welch's name. The third morning another article appeared, which stated that the young lady in question was a member of a very high family, and that learning to cook had been a requirement of all ladies belonging to that family for ages, and the young lady in question was innocently following a time-honored custom. Then followed an account of Glascow's chivalrous devotion and protection.

"You will never be able to prop up those lies," said Glascow to his friend, one morning. "They'll stand alone. I'll tell you what, old boy, we've got you above Cleveland, and that's where you belong. You've behaved like a Milwaukee brick."

"Where is she?"

"Safe—we're a keepin' her—I mean," seeing an unpleasant gleam in Glascow's eyes, "I mean that uncle has put her for the present under my aunt's immediate control. They're keeping her dark until after the trial."

"Am I ever to see her?"

"You? Well, what do you suppose I am trotting here twice a day for, and watching that eye as if it were my own, and that nose as if it were my sweetheart? Just as soon as they're ready, I take you."

"Does she know?"

"Not a syllable; they don't want her influenced by any romantic nonsense. You see, having but one daughter, her folks are not anxious to get rid of her, and they don't care a rap who she marries so he's a tip-top good fellow. Wale's boys wouldn't have any chance at all, unless they had something beside their blood to show for it." And with this extravagantly democratic opinion, Ballenger took himself off.

After a protracted family discussion that was continued at intervals during the whole of Glascow's enforced retirement, the older members of the Herndon family came to the conclusion that Lillie should not make her *debut* yet awhile. That, however, was no excuse why Glascow should not be invited to dinner. He came upon the first invitation, chiefly actuated by a sense of duty. He was excessively grateful for all they had done for him as well as for another—especially for the other. His first acquaintance was so pleasant that he came again and again, and soon found himself upon a footing of intimacy.

One day Ballenger found him at the club, looking a little preoccupied.

"What is it?" asked Ballenger, standing squarely in front of Glascow and looking upon him with sympathetic gravity.

"When am I to see Miss Welch?" asked Glascow, trying to hide his impatience.

"Oh! in a few weeks now, I should say," replied Ballenger, lightly. "That is, I suppose so. There is some difficulty," he continued after a moment's hesitation. "They very much regret the entanglement, just at present. She is only seventeen—ought to be in school. Herndon is responsible for her, and he is a little offish about your—your becoming acquainted just yet."

"I hope he doesn't suppose I would wish to—to disturb her, or check her proper advancement in life."

"Well, you see, when you are introduced all that will pass out of our hands. They hold that a girl in love is not best equipped for studying."

"Will he send her to school?"

"He will if you will release him from the promise to be introduced. That was premature, Mrs. Herndon was not consulted, and she doesn't consent."

"But some time—"

"It will be all right in a few years," interrupted Ballenger. "I'll guarantee that you shall be introduced first—that is, if you wish to make that condition."

"I am hardly in a position to make conditions," replied Glascow, proudly.

"There is no pretence or—or subterfuge about the Herndons," replied Ballenger. "They gave you evidence that they like you, and it is genuine. When the time comes, nothing could suit them better than to allow you an opportunity to win Miss Welch, but until that time comes—well, you understand!"

"I quite appreciate their delicacy," heartily replied Glascow," and I am sincerely gratified that the young lady in question has such kind, noble friends. May I ask a question without impertinence?"

"Certainly."

"It refers to money," he began, blushing like a girl. "Is she at a first class school? Has she money enough?"

"She has nothing in her own right. Herndon is paying her bills—he considers it his duty, I believe. And just remember that cash will not be spared. He's got more than he can ever use, and he likes to spend it where it is appreciated."

Some months later, Glascow opened his heart to Mrs. Herndon and quite won that motherly woman by the delicately fervent way he spoke of his passion.

"Aren't you going to let me see her during vacation?" he asked with a wistful, pleading look that no woman could resist.

"That would not be in accordance with what I think best for her," replied Mrs. Herndon, gently.

"I don't ask to be introduced, or that she will see me—I only wish to look upon her face from a distance—as close as may be, however."

"I shouldn't like to have her recognize you," replied Mrs. Herndon, remembering how accurately her daughter had described Glascow when she saw him in the fight.

"You can gratify me," he pleaded "Let me go with you when you visit her. You would probably be allowed to take her out riding, and I could see you from the sidewalk. I suppose you think me very foolish," he went on in reply to her laugh, "but perhaps if you thought of nothing night or day except one person, you might be as extravagant as I. Everything is becoming shadowy, yet as importunate as ever."

"I'll see," was the quiet reply, and the subject was dropped.

One drizzly, dreary evening in April, Glascow was going to the city. He had been on a visit to his home, where for some months he had been accustomed to receive the warmest welcomes and the most indulgent consideration from every member of the family. Even the eldest son had lately come to regard Herb as quite an honor to the family. These good feelings were all strictly confined to the present, each and every Glascow holding himself in readiness to "disapprove" if anything worthy of that disagreeable adjective should occur.

Herbert knew what these soft warnings meant, and was disposed to bask in the sunshine as long as it remained, not having much faith in its steadfastness. His "little infatuation" was pretty well understood, and while they were all ready for prompt rebellion, they accepted the long quiet for what it was actually worth, and hoped it presaged nothing bad for the future.

With all these thoughts crowding upon him, he entered a railway carriage and was astonished to hear a sweet voice exclaim,—

"Oh, sir, won't you please tell him to let me alone?"

At the same time a coarse natured youth, with the usual flaming necktie and the wide plaid suit, hurriedly left the car.

"How do you do, Mr. Glascow? Cappie, it is Mr. Glascow, and so we needn't be frightened any longer."

Glascow stared in blank astonishment, but recovered himself in time to raise his hat and return the greeting in a tolerably intelligent manner.

"Please sit there," was the imperious command. "I shall feel safer if you are near. Somebody might be under these seats. Hadn't you better look, Chappie?"

"There is not the least danger," replied Glascow, reassuringly.

He had adopted the idea of pretending to know his veiled interlocutor, at least, until such pretence was no longer available. He supposed she was some one among "his dear five hundred."

"I think that boy must have been a little crazy," she presently said. "He tried to sell me cheap novelties, and peanuts, and candy, and he said that Chappie called him in. Are you certain that you did not?"

"No, miss, I never so much as sot eyes on him afore," replied the demure individual addressed as Chappie.

"This veil is too much!" was the next exclamation, in a childish, petulant tone. "Don't you think I might take it off until I get close to town? Madam couldn't have known how excessively horrible it would be for so many hours!"

As much as Glascow wished the veil removed, he did not feel warranted in asking it, or even in advising it ever so lightly. However, his advice didn't seem necessary, for a very pretty pair of gloved hands were already busy with the fastenings, and the veil came off.

It was only by the strongest self control that Glascow refrained from uttering an exclamation. It was Susie Welch. He turned his face away and thought rapidly. Quick as lightning he made up his mind to let everything go as it would, and not commit himself to any particular line. She evidently knew all about him, and he would not admit but that he was as well informed as herself.

Turning his face toward her again, he noted with delight that her beauty had greatly increased. She attempted to speak to him, but the noise of the train prevented his hearing. After a moment of hesitancy, he approached and deferentially asked if he might sit by her. She smilingly assented, and cleared away her belongings to make room.

"I hope you understand that I know you well," she remarked very near his ear. "The servants have been writing to Chappie about your visiting our house. Otherwise I couldn't talk to you on a railroad train, for madam was quite explicit in her orders, and she wouldn't have let me come only I finally just said I *would!*"

"I'm glad you did!" replied Glascow, in an ecstacy of delight.

"It is just perfectly horrid being shut up with the same people from month to month. But would you mind my thanking you for something that happened quite a little while back?"

"I shouldn't mind anything just now—not even a wheel broken or a bridge down, provided the train stopped in time."

"I think adventures are nice, when no one gets hurt—but I've often thought of how kind you've been, and should like to have written my thanks, only I didn't know but it would be nicer to keep them till I saw you."

"Much nicer," he murmured.

"You think so? I'm glad I did, then."

Glascow smiled into two beautiful eyes, and contented himself with seeing his own image mirrowed there.

The conversation was pretty much in the same strain during the whole journey. At the depot, Glascow put them into a carriage, feed the driver heavily, and followed in a cab. He saw them arrive at their destination, and then drove to his own apartments.

He was engaged to dine at Herndon's that evening. Mrs. Herndon gave him her hand, and made some pleasant remark, which, however pleasant, was not what he wished to hear. Before he could say a word others claimed her attention, and he went into dinner with his curiosity unsatisfied. Later he managed to whisper,—

"Where is she?"

"Up stairs in the nursery, where she belongs," was the reply.

"Mrs. Herndon, I protest," he began, suddenly becoming grave. "Do you think it is quite fair to rule so arbitrarily? Miss Welch is not best pleased with her school, and she is quite right in becoming rebellious."

"I did not know it was so bad as that," replied Mrs. Herndon, not very well pleased.

"She is as innocent as a child," replied Glascow, quickly. "I only inferred incipient rebellion because she said she just *would* come. I thought it charming, but then I think everything she says is charming."

Mrs. Herndon looked down without replying.

"You think me troublesome and importunate! Perhaps I am, but I have the face of an angel for an excuse."

"I will see you to-morrow," said Mrs. Herndon, moving away.

Just at that time Glascow felt himself to be not very good company for a gay dinner party, and turned to make his escape unobserved. He passed through the conservatory, and was just about to open a side door when some one arose almost at his elbow.

"Good evening, Mr. Glascow!"

"Good evening, Miss Welch. I was just seeking an exit, and I suppose I must hurry on. Since you are not of the party, I am supposed not to know you."

"I wonder who supposes that!" she exclaimed, opening the conservatory door and leading the way among the plants and hanging vines. "Come on; I am going to show you a new rose, just imported."

He hastened after her, but she almost ran until she reached an urn, richly flooded with moonlight from the east, but completely sheltered from the house by a clump of lilacs in full bloom.

"Isn't the night pretty after such a hideous day?" she asked as she turned to face him.

"I must bid you good night at once," he said gravely.

"Not until you have seen my roses," she replied, "and then I am going to give you a bouquet, the only one that has been gathered."

She leisurely looked over the bush and selected the prettiest flowers, but some of them were stubborn, and refused to be broken. Meanwhile the conversation did not lag.

"Why are you in such a hurry to go?" she asked.

"Because I ought to go."

"Don't you get tired of 'ought?' I do, and I never hear anything else. I ought to go back to madam's to-morrow. I oughtn't to talk so much. I ought to be more womanly. You see, what makes all the difference in the world, I don't believe any of these oughts."

"Come, now, give me my roses; if you do not, I shall miss something that I would not for all the world."

"Perhaps you don't care for my roses?" she asked.

"Yes, I do; only give them to me. I can't go without them."

"But I don't understand your hurry."

"Suppose you were a good friend of mine, which I hope you are, and should know that by standing here between two fires I should run a great risk of losing my happiness; would you wish me to stay?"

"No," she replied, with a silvery laugh. "If your happiness is at stake, go by all means; but I can't see how you could engage to dine upon such an important evening. I think when my happiness is at stake, I shall camp on the spot, as Cousin Joe says."

"Now give me the roses. Good night!"

"Good night, Mr. Glascow."

"By gemini! but you'd catch it if the old lady should find this out!" said Ballenger, following Glascow from behind the lilacs.

"I couldn't help it," replied Glascow, linking his arm into that of his companion. "What can a beast of a man say to an innocent child like that?"

"Nothing. I quite understand your case, but I doubt if the old lady would."

They walked on in silence until they came to a gate.

"They are pushing this too far," said Ballenger. "I think I see a scheme to help you."

Several weeks after the Herndon dinner party, Herbert Glascow, who had not since been invited to the Herndon residence, received an invitation to a grand ball to be given in honor of the only daughter, who then would make her first appearance in society. Glascow was not particularly interested in the daughter of the Herndons, but he intended to look in some time during the evening, principally to keep up a friendly intercourse.

It was late when he entered. He took a seat in a recess, and watched listlessly the dancers as they whirled past.

"You've come at last!" exclaimed Ballenger, who seemed to be looking for him.

"I don't care for this kind of thing much," Glascow replied listlessly.

Just then a vision of tulle passed near, but Glascow was looking at the toe of his boot. Ballenger screwed up his face into a comical grimace, and said,—

"You'd best not to be too indifferent. We have some very handsome girls here—one, especially, and I've asked her to reserve two of the best dances for you. There she comes again. She's already passed you twice."

Ballenger watched his expression as he lazily turned his head in the direction indicated. He started to his feet with a quick, girlish blush, then, leaning toward to his companion, whispered,—

"Come! I'm ready for a dozen dances."

"Stay here," replied Ballenger. "We'll happen to pass—good place for a *tete-a-tete*. One more dance before yours comes."

He took her card, after they had exchanged a few half-articulate, happy words, and wrote his name for the two dances reserved for him, with a whispered "Thank you very much." He asked her to be seated until their time came round; "which it will before you are rested, I fear," he said, taking her fan and getting his fingers very much mixed up with hers.

"Where have you been since I last saw you?" he asked.

"Here. Where have you been?"

"I've been here several times, but everyone was engaged. I've not been invited since."

"And when you were invited you pondered whether you should come or not?"

"But I had no idea you would be here."

"But you see *I* am the very one that is here."

"You are all the one I see."

The music struck up, and soon they were whirling among the dancers. When it was over he gave her the same seat, and went in search of a glass of water.

"Have you seen my daughter yet?" asked Mrs. Herndon, stopping him on the way.

"No—I arrived late—will return as soon as I can." And with this abrupt answer he passed on.

"Have you seen mamma yet?" he was asked as he presented the goblet.

"No—I have not had that pleasure. I prefer remaining here, but politeness requires that I pay my respects to the lady of the house and her daughter. I believe she was dancing when I came in."

They stopped in front of Mrs. Herndon, who, with an indulgent smile, said,—

"Ah!"

"I thought you had not seen—"

"Come on to the supper table, while there isn't such a jam!" called Ballenger over his shoulder.

"Yes, go on!" replied Mrs. Herndon, waving them away.

Immediately after supper two partners claimed Miss Welch, one after another, the third and last dance belonging to Glascow.

As he whirled her along his heart swelled with happiness, and he made a resolve to settle his doubts to-morrow.

He sought Mr. Herndon in his office, and asked his permission to address Miss Welch.

"What is your income, young man?" he asked.

Glascow stated his allowance from his father, which he considered precarious, and then produced his books to show how much he averaged in his profession.

"My wants are very simple, sir," he said, "and I suppose Miss Welch's must be the same; at any rate, I should not attempt to deceive her."

"You think you can't count upon your allowance from home?"

"I am pretty sure of that."

"What will be your first move after marriage?"

"I had thought of going to housekeeping in some cheap suburban cottage. I don't see that I can do anything else."

"You have my consent, sir," said Herndon, curtly, and turned away to his writing-table, thus signifying his wish that the interview should end.

Glascow called the next morning and asked to see Miss Welch. Miss Chapman took his card. Very soon a pair of light feet were heard coming down the stairs, and immediately after a vision of loveliness appeared before him. He advanced to meet her and took both her hands.

"I have come to talk serious business with you," he said, interrupting some of her pleasant chatter. "Did you know I loved you and wanted to win you for my wife?"

"Well, no, I didn't," she replied, with very wide open eyes.

"I have already gained Mr. Herndon's permission.

"I don't see how you ever did it."

"I think he is a little imprudent myself, but I do love you so much that I find I am selfish enough to take advantage of his rashness. Would you mind very much living in a small house and having but one servant?"

"That would be jolly! I think I should like that. You see if one's house were little, it wouldn't hold so many fools."

"That is an unanswerable argument in its favor."

"And the one servant—that is still better. I'd like Chappie."

"Do you consent?"

"That means you. I don't know about that. You see I've often thought of the little house and Chappie, but I've never thought of you going along, and then I don't know what she will say. You see if I should displease her she wouldn't go."

"Could you tell me whether you could love me?"

"I don't know—you must give me time. I suppose I must ask mamma something about it."

"Don't; learn this sweet lesson of me. You like to have me near you sometimes. Do you not?"

"I rather believe I do."

He took her hand and pressed it to his lips.

"If you knew how well I loved you, you would forgive my impatience."

"I shan't find any trouble about forgiving," she replied with the self-possession of a child; "it is rather pleasant than otherwise, but I couldn't make up my mind to-day."

He stood quietly for a moment, looking with rather sad eyes upon her. She looked slyly up, then with a rose leaf blush, she said,—

"I suppose you always win—you must."

"Why must?"

"Perhaps, after all, I had better not tell. Madam would be sure to say it was unlady-like, and mamma, but I would never tell her. You are expected to dinner this evening."

He arrived half an hour before the dinner hour. Mrs. Herndon was in the room.

"I wished particularly to see you," she said, meeting him with a friendly smile. "It seems we have all made a slight mistake—nothing very grave," she added, noting his look of alarm. "But first, I must rectify an error. I hate mysteries. The child whom you know as Susie Welch is our daughter, Lillie Herndon. she took the other name in the cooking school for reasons. You made the mistake, and the others—my husband and Jerome—let it run on. However, that makes no difference. What I wished to say is that we believe we must discourage Lillie's being wooed too pertinaciously by one exclusively. We think it better that she should see a little more of the world. At the same time, if we were free to choose, you would be our choice, and we most heartily bid you God-speed."

"That is fair, and I thank you," Glascow replied, with a countenance not all expressing thanks.

People came in, and there was no more time for confidential discussions.

Lillie was sent out to dinner with a callow youth, whose daring boyish nonsense kept her dimples in perpetual play. Glascow caught her eye twice, but he could not claim the smile that hovered about her lips, since it played there perpetually.

"Hush now," she whispered to her cavalier. "Some of my mentors are getting ready to frown."

"Have you more than one?" he asked, with a comical grimace of commiseration.

"Four at the table," she replied.

"Your mamma and papa," he enumerated, looking about him, "and possibly your cousin; but where's the fourth? Some of these glittering dames with a mouthful of pearls made to order at a seventy-five dollars a set?"

This was not a very respectful question, seeing that the boy's mother was possessed of the said pearls.

Lillie blushed and felt uncomfortable.

"I've said something—I see I have. I hav'nt the least idea what it is, but forgive me anyway," the boy whispered.

She did her best to return to the same light mood, but it was of no use, and she began to wish for the dinner to end. It did so at last. In the drawing room Lillie found herself alongside the boy's mother, who proceeded to ask questions. Lillie answered them, but began to find this worse than the dinner, when the men came in from the dining-room. Glascow looked toward her for a moment, and then seated himself beside a lady who had long been upon intimate terms with his cousin, Mary Stanly, and who, notwithstanding the disadvantage of having a husband addicted to foreign travel, was still welcome among the first circles. This was no doubt to be attributed to her beauty, her wit, her graceful, pleasing manners and kind heart.

"Just look at Gwen Ridgeway!" whispered the old lady to Lillie. "For the last ten years I have noticed that all the handsome young fellows turn to her. With the exception of my boy Godfrey, there is not a good looking man in the room except young Glascow, and you see where he is."

"I think cousin Jerome is handsome," returned Lillie.

"Yes—but not so handsome as Mr. Glascow."

At this moment Mrs. Herndon sent Jerome to conduct Lillie to the piano, and the conversation was broken off.

After the guests were gone, Lillie sat looking into the fire with a dissatisfied expression about her mouth.

"I cannot imagine why all that length of table should be spread to hire such a mob to come here and bore us! Our own family, with Mr. Glascow and that pretty woman, would have been nice. But no, at the dinner I had to talk to that boy—it was well enough until he had said all he knew—and after dinner I must be quizzed by his mother, and told to my very face that my cousin was not handsome!"

"Not so very bad as that Lillie," said Mrs. Herndon; "at the worst only by inference."

"I don't want anybody to infer such things right here amongst us," was the half angry reply, "and I don't want you to invite that old lady and her boy Godfrey any more. What are dinner parties for unless for enjoyment?"

"It is not all enjoyment Preshie," said her papa; "we should observe and learn the world. I thought we had a pleasant company to-day."

"You might, but I didn't."

The others laughed at Lillie's unusual show of temper, which, however, was of short duration, and she kissed them all "good-night" and ran up to her room.

"He never came near me once!" she exclaimed, surveying herself in the long mirror. And I don't know whether he is angry, or whether it was because they all crowded round me so."

A genuine dislike of society is seldom entertained by a pretty girl—very seldom by a homely one—and the millionaire's daughter was by no means an exception to the general rule. Her success was enough to flatter a wiser person than herself, but since she was always successful, even as a baby, it could not be said that this new adulation had affected her much.

There was a sobering element mingled with all this excessive attention. It is true, Herbert Glascow was present at nearly every ball where she was to be seen; yet he no longer seemed to care either to dance with her or to be with her. He never whispered compliments, like some of them, and he never rushed to secure a particular dance, as so many did—indeed too many. That was the reason she would dance night after night, and not with him. In the midst of all these dissatisfying events, Glascow was conscientiously trying to obey Mrs. Herndon in every particular in regard to "pertinacious wooing" except in one way, and that he exercised half unconsciously. He was not sure of the language of his eyes, and it was these soft messengers that kept an innocent heart in a flutter, and redeemed many a ball from being voted a failure.

One morning Ballenger entered the club-room briskly, and looked eagerly about him.

"Let her go!" said Middlebury, winking at his companion, Lord Nanicio.

"Let her go!" said Ballenger, not very well pleased with either Middlebury's remark or his companion.

"I only supposed you were carrying too much steam. I only suggested a safety measure," returned Middlebury.

Ballenger turned away and went over to the opposite side of the room and sat down near a table. Sensible as he was, he could not avoid being pricked by these little exhibitions of prejedice against the bustling ways of the working American. He had come to the club to see Glascow, and wishing to see him at once, he unconsciously transmitted his wishes to his nerves, and they proceeded to give the particulars in pantomime to the world. He did not doubt but that his mission would succeed quite as well had his step and manner been more deliberate, and then he would have escaped the sarcasm of two men, who, he felt, were not worthy of notice.

During these not over pleasant meditations, Glascow came in, and seeing Ballenger, he leisurely walked over to him.

"Sit down," said Ballenger, shortly. "I want to ask you a question."

Glascow took a chair and proceeded to light a cigar.

"Have you changed your notion?"

"About Miss Herndon! No indeed."

"What has come over you, then?"

"Simply obeying or