

A CIVIL WAR.

With Four Illustrations by Brigden.

"MAJOR MACKENZIE, will you take down Miss Broadhurst?"

The Major bowed, and Miss Broadhurst inclined her head with the prettiest smile in the world.

"I wondered," said she, "if I was to be inflicted upon you, or upon that strange-looking gentleman with the glasses."

"It's no infliction, I'm sure. I was just hoping that——"

"Now don't perjure yourself, Major Mackenzie," said the girl.

They were standing at the bay window of a sitting-room in the "Dorset," a little private hotel, where at present Mr. Graham (of James Graham & Bennet, importers, of the city) was entertaining a small house-party in the hot August days. It overlooks one of those quiet little bays, with St. George's Channel on the horizon; and Major Mackenzie always declared that he liked the "Dorset" the best of any place on earth. It is a question if he would have said so, had Ethel Broadhurst not been there; but the Major was a backward wooer and, so far, Ethel knew nothing of the ocean of affection that the Major held shut up in his turbulent heart.

"Who is that lady who has just come in? Do you know her?"

The Major looked to the door, and groaned inwardly.

"Yes, I know her. It's Mrs. Holler—and that's Mr. Holler coming in now," said he.

"She looks as if she might be clever, doesn't she?"

"Yes, she might be!" said the Major, dejectedly. "I don't know her as well as my friend Brock does. She used to patronize him, and Brock had to put up with it, for Holler's firm (he's a lawyer) had a good deal to do with Brock, and he wanted to stand in well. But one day she asked Billy to take Mrs. Tabley for a drive (Mrs. Tabley takes fits, or something like that), and Billy said he wasn't going to be footman to an epileptic infirmary; and then there was a battle. To tell the truth, Mrs. Holler thinks I am her legitimate prey, because I am chummy with Brock."

"That's rather hard on you, isn't it?"

"Yes. But you'll meet her to-night, and it's very wrong of me to prejudice you against her. Perhaps you and she will turn out the best of friends."

"Perhaps," said Miss Broadhurst, doubtfully.



"The Major looked to the door, and groaned inwardly."