

The *Morning Monitor*, remained capably erect. It fed and throve on its own dire poison.

Pauline soon found herself reading, with misty eyes and indignant heart-beats, a kind of baleful biography of herself, in which her career, from her rash early marriage until her recent entertainment of certain guests, was mercilessly parodied, ridiculed, vilified. These pages will not chronicle in any unsavoury details what she read. It was an article of luridly intemperate style, dissolute grammar and gaudy rhetoric. It bit as a brute bites and stung as a wasp stings, without other reason than that of low, dull spleen. It mentioned no other name save Kindelon's, but it shot from that one name a hundred petty shafts of malign inuendo.

"Oh, this is horrible!" at length moaned Pauline. She flung the paper away; the tears had begun to stream from her eyes. "What shall I do against so hideous an attack?"

Courtlandt was at her side in an instant. He caught her hand, and the heat of his own was like that of fever.

"Do but one thing!" he said, with a vehemence all the more startling because of his usual unvaried composure. "Break away from this folly once and forever! You know that I love you—that I have loved you for years! Don't tell me that you don't know it, for at the best you've only taught yourself to forget it! I've never said that I loved you before, but what of that? You have seen the truth a hundred times—in my sober way of showing it! I've never thought that you returned the feeling; I don't even fancy so now. But I'm so fond of you, Pauline, that I want you to be my wife, merely liking and respecting me. I hate to shame myself by even speaking of your money, but you can sign that all away to some hospital to-morrow, if you please—you can get it all together and throw it into the North River, as far as I am concerned! Send Kindelon adrift—jilt him! On my soul I beg this of you for your own future happiness more than anything else! I don't say it will be a square or right thing to do. But it will save you from the second horrible mistake of your life! You made one, that death saved you from. But this will be worse. It will last your life-time. Kindelon isn't of your *monde*, and never can be. There is so much in that. I am not speaking like a snob. But he has no more sense of the proprieties, the nice externals, the way of doing all those thousand trifling things, which, trifling as they are, make up three-quarters of actual existence, than if he were an Indian, a Bedouin or a gypsy! Before Heaven, Pauline, if I thought such a marriage could bring you happiness, I'd give you up without a murmur! I'm not fool enough to die, or pine, or even mope because of any woman on the globe not caring for me! But now, by giving me the right to guard you—by making me so grateful to you that only the rest of my life-time can fitly show my gratitude, you will escape calamity, distress, and years of remorse!"

It had hardly seemed to her, at first, as if Courtlandt were really speaking; this intensity was so entirely uncharacteristic of him; these rapid tones and spirited glances were so remote from his accustomed personality. Yet by degrees she recognized not alone the quality of the change, but its motive and source. She could not but feel tenderly toward him, then. She was a woman, and he had told her that he loved her; this bore its inevitable condoning results.

And yet her voice was almost stern as she now said to him, rising, and repelling the hand by which he still strove to clasp her own:

"I think that you admitted that if I broke my engagement with Ralph Kindelon it would not be—I use your own words, Court—the square or right thing to do. . . Well, I shall not do it! There, I hope you are satisfied."

He looked at her with a surpassing pain. His hands, while they hung at his sides, knotted themselves. "Oh, Pauline," he exclaimed, "I am not satisfied!"

She met his look steadily. The tears in her eyes had vanished, though those already shed glistened on her cheeks. "Very well. I am sorry. I love Ralph Kindelon. I mean to be his wife."

"You meant to be Varick's wife."

"It is horrible for you to bring that up!" she cried. "Here I commit no mistake. He is a man of men! He loves me, and I love him. Do you know anything against him—outside of the codes and creeds that would exclude him from one of Aunt Cynthia's dancing-classes?"

"I know this against him; he is not true. He is not to be trusted. He rings wrong. He is not a gentleman—in the sense quite outside of Aunt Cynthia's definition."

"It is false!" exclaimed Pauline, crimsoning. "Prove to me," she went on with fleet fire, "that he is not true—not to be trusted. I dare you to prove it."

He walked slowly toward the door. "It is an intuition," he said. "I can't prove it. I could as soon tell you who wrote that villainous thing in the newspaper, there."

Pauline gave a laugh of coldest contempt. "Oh," she cried, "in a moment more you will be saying that *he* wrote it!"

Courtlandt shook his head. The gesture conveyed, in some way, an excessive and signal sadness.

"In a moment more," he answered, "I shall be saying nothing to you. And I don't know that I shall ever willingly come into your presence again. Good-by."

Pauline gave no answer, sinking back into her seat as he disappeared. Her eye lighted upon the fallen newspaper while she did so. Its half-crumpled folds made her forget that her cousin was departing. She suddenly sprang up again, and caught the sheet from the floor. A fire was blazing near by. She hurried toward the grate, intending to destroy the printed abomination.

But pausing half-way, she once more burst into tears. A recollection

cut her to the heart of how futile would be any attempt, now, to destroy the atrocious wrong itself. That must live and work its unmerited ill.

"And to this dark ending," she thought, with untold dejection, "has come my perfectly honest ambition—my fair, and proper, and wholesome plan!" And then, abruptly, her tearful eyes began to sparkle, while a bright, mirthless smile touched her lips.

"But I can at last have my retort," she decided. "He will help me—stand by me, in this miserable emergency. I will send for him—yes, I will send for Ralph at once! He will do just as I dictate, and I know what I shall dictate! Miss Cragge wrote that base screed, and Miss Cragge shall suffer accordingly!"

(To be continued.)

BOOK NOTICES.

AIRS FROM ARCADY AND ELSEWHERE. By H. C. Bunner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs.

An unpretending little volume, full of graceful writing, with a dash of Bohemianism which adds to its charm. Mr. Bunner has earned a distinct reputation as a writer of *vers de société*, and is a regular contributor to the magazines. Indeed, many of the poems in the work under notice are old acquaintances which have previously appeared in the monthlies, but are none the less welcome for that.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. Edited by Austin Dobson. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This *bijou* volume is one of the Parchment Series, and both in the manner of treatment by Mr. Dobson in his notes, and the beautiful letter-press and binding, would have rejoiced the heart of "Poor Poll." The editor has based this edition upon the text of that of 1773, the last which appeared during Goldsmith's lifetime, and both preface and notes are indicative of the strong sympathy there is between him and the author. The famous tale is commented upon with a loving familiarity and in charming periods that elucidate and embellish it to a considerable degree. Mr. Dobson is to be complimented upon the manner he has acquitted himself of his task.

INDIAN IDYLLS. By Edwin Arnold, C.S.I. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is another volume of polished verse, by the author of "The Light of Asia," and though perhaps not possessed of quite so much merit as the last named charming book, is full of interest and good literary work. The idylls consist of eight poems selected and translated from the Sanscrit epic "Mahābhārata." The morality preached in that great Indian poem is little inferior in its order to that of the highest Christianity. Mr. Arnold says "the stories, history, songs, religion, art, learning, philosophy, morality—the very phrases—of the Indian epic are intimately interwoven with Hindu life and history. They have constituted the library, the newspaper, and the Bible—generation after generation—for all the succeeding and countless millions of Indian people."

STORIES BY AMERICAN AUTHORS. VOLS. I. AND II. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs.

These little volumes are the first of a series which it is intended to publish in handy form, so that they may be carried in the pocket and read at leisure. They are tastefully got up, and each book contains a number of short stories by well-known authors, which have already appeared in the magazines. Certainly the idea seems a good one. Vol. I. contains: "Who Was She?" by Bayard Taylor; "The Documents in the Case," by Brandon Matthews and H. C. Bunner; "One of the Thirty Pieces," by William Henry Bishop; "Balacchi Brothers," by Rebecca Harding Davis; "An Operation in Money," by Albert Webster. Vol. II. contains: "The Transferred Ghost," by Frank R. Stockton; "A Martyr to Science," by Mary Putnam Jacobi, M. D.; "Mr. Knollys," by the author of "Guern-dale"; "The Mount of Sorrow," by Harriet Prescott Spofford; "Sister Sylvia," by Mary Agnes Tinckero.

THE CONQUEST OF ENGLAND. By John Richard Green, M.A., LL.D. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Had the deceased historian been gifted with prophecy, he could not have more tersely and truly gauged the post mortem verdict of the literary world. Indeed, and in truth, Mr. Green "died learning"—laid down his pen whilst adding to a store of knowledge already large and varied. One glance at the portrait which forms a frontispiece to the volume noticed is sufficient to reveal the exquisite intelligence and sensitiveness of his nature, and the refined, eager features seem to index the polished literary qualities which his writings show him to have been so richly endowed with. The loss of such a man in the prime of his life and powers was an irreparable literary calamity. As Mrs. Green pathetically shows in the preface, "The Conquest of England" was written with the very shadow of death overhanging. That, however, did not dishearten the heroic worker, who, with his noble purpose of writing the historic development of the English race only half finished, took the warnings of disease rather as an incentive to more vigorous work. The scope of this volume is well-known. It first enlarges the ground covered by his previous histories—the time of the Danish Conquest—then treats of the final success of those piratical invaders, leading up to the exciting story of the Norman Conquest. The author's