

When the young pair had with much delight, like two children over a doll's house, furnished their nest, their life became the daily amusement of the parents, to whom they were nothing more than a pair of children still. And a very pretty sight it was. Sometimes the spectacle of Jeanie's entire absorption in her husband, and indifference to her parents, gave these kind people a stab, and brought tears to their eyes. But after that they would laugh—how could they help it!—to watch the pair of turtle doves; and it may be imagined how this sweet yet sometimes painful amusement increased when little Jeanie—the little creature whom they taught to walk and to talk so short a time before—became in her turn a mother and produced a baby, which turned her little head with pride and happiness, and must it be confessed? her mother's head, too, who felt as if the little warm, soft bud of humanity was doubly her own, and could not contain herself for joy and importance and pride. When she carried it, all wrapped in pretty flannels worked by her own hands, to meet her husband on his return from his business, her countenance was lighted up as with some inward light.

"What, Margaret! you silly woman, at your time of life. You look as if ye had found a hidden treasure," said her husband, himself fain to conceal the quiver of his middle aged face as he bent over the small bundle.

"I'm just a silly woman," said his wife, "that's true. A woman's never so old but her heart warms to a baby in her arms. And my Jeanie's bairn!"

"Jeanie's bairn! She's but a bairn herself," the new grandfather said.

But this was the very thing that made it so pretty to see them. When Jeanie, throne in invalid state, with a cap tied over her curls, and a loose blue gown tied with pretty ribbons, was first revealed to the family with her baby, fancy what a sight it was! There were none of the relations—the Scotch cousins who came trooping in—who did not laugh till they cried at the wonderful spectacle. It is pretty to see a little girl with her doll, but how much more pretty to see the matronly dignity upon this little smooth brow, the air of experience and importance diffused over the small rose face—the inborn conviction in Jeanie's mind that of all the matrons about not one knew how to manage that lusty morsel of humanity but herself. "Give him to me," she said, with an ineffable, impatient superiority, when the creature cried; and it did cry by times, as it did everything else, with a vigor and cordiality which showed how soon it is possible to develop a human will and temper in the most infinitesimal compass. It cried and it laughed, and it sucked its independent thumbs, and kicked out its pink feet before other babies had begun to do more than snuffle; or so at least both Jeanie and Mrs. Pillans thought. The latter had always been of opinion that Jeanie herself had been the most forward child ever seen; but she was shaken in her faith by the sight of this wonderful thing, miracle of miracles, which was Jeanie's baby. And if you had ventured to speak of that bundle of flannel as "it," before either of these ladies, short would have been your shrift. It! That is an indignity which few young mothers can tolerate. This was HE, in capitals, a Son, with two most male and manful names—Patrick Edward. No nonsense about these, no softening vowels at the ends—Patrick Edward Sinclair; you might have written General or Admiral before them without any incongruity; and yet all these strong syllables belonged to this pink flannel! This was one of the whimsical circumstances about the creature which made Mr. Pillans open his mouth in a big roar, a roar which somehow got weak at the end and made his eye shine. There had not been such a delightful joke at Brunsfield since it began to be a house at all.

The baby was about three months old when Mr. Pillans, one evening taking a stroll up and down the little avenue which led to the house, met his son-in-law returning from duty. It was one of those lovely, lingering nights about midsummer, which are so beautiful in Scotland. Never was a moment in which there was less foreboding of evil. The trees waved their soft branches overhead with a gentle rustle; the roses were sweet upon the wall; and heavenly thoughts were in the good man's heart.

"He makes me down to lie,
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by."

he was saying to himself; for the Psalms were more familiar to him, as to most Scotchmen, in old Rouse's metrical version than in any other; and he had turned toward the gate for the last time before going in, when he met Sinclair, returning from the castle, where he had been on some late business connected with the regiment. He was adjutant, and he had various things, beyond his ordinary duty as an officer, to do.

"Is that you, Edward?" Mr. Pillans said. Then he received a most painful and unexpected shock.

Edward turned and looked at him with bewildered eyes. There was a moment's silence, then he said, slowly, "We have got our marching orders; we have got the route, as the men say—"

Was it the night that came on suddenly at a bound, or was it the sudden darkness in its master's heart which overshadowed the house in a moment—took the light out of the skies and the colour out of the flowers? He did not say a word, but loosened his hold on Edward's arm

threw him from him with a gesture of repulsion, as if he would throw him out of existence—out of the very world.

"I know, I know," cried young Sinclair, almost weeping, "you cannot say anything to me that I have not said to myself. Your home so happy and all that is in it; and you so good, like a father to me, though I defied you; and I'm bringing misery to you and desolation, and taking away your dearest. But how could I help it! Say what you please to me, sir, say what you please! I will bear it; you can think of me as nothing but an enemy now."

Still Mr. Pillans did not say a word. He resumed his walk toward the gate, stumbling, scarcely seeing where he went, while the young man followed him wistfully, talking, explaining, deprecating. "I never thought what it would be to you till now. I have been hanging about, not daring to come in. Oh, sir! try and not curse me; you know now you can trust me with her—you know I adore my Jeanie. We will write every mail; we will never, never forget all you have done for us."

Mr. Pillans turned round again and clutched him by the arm—"Done for you! Do you know, man, you're speaking of my daughter—my child! What would I not do for her! More, a thousand times, than I'd do for myself. And here are you, a bit of a lad, with your adoring. Adore her! What are you going to do for her? Trail her along at the tail of the regiment in poverty, on the sea, in barracks, following a soldier! Her! that has been happy and covered from every wind that blew—that has never known a trouble in all her life, except what you've brought—that has had her mother and me between her and all harm!"

Poor young Sinclair was entirely overcome by the father's passion—"What would you have me to do?" he said.

Mr. Pillans took him by the arm again and hurried him away behind the house to a little corner in the garden, where there were some seats under the trees. "My lad," he said, almost crushing the young fellow's arm with his heavy hand,—"she's yours for life and death, and her bonnie babe. But would it not be a grand thing to leave her here safe and sound, to know she was out of all the hardships you'll have to face, and the dangers you'll have to run; to feel, whatever happened to you, your Jeanie was well cared for, and guarded and petted by them she belongs to—"

"She belongs to me, sir," the young man said.

"Ay, ay," said Mr. Pillans with anxious acquiescence. "That's true. She belongs to you—nobody will gainsay that. She's your bonny wife, and there's few like her; but Edward, my man, think a little!—not eighteen yet. You will mind she was three months short of seventeen when you ran away with her and married her, without ever asking my leave. Not eighteen! How is she fit to face your life! Would you like to see her among those garrison ladies, all dirt and finery! or fighting with your small pay to make it do! or eating a dreary morsel by herself, and pinching herself in that, when you're at your mess! Her to do all that, and not eighteen; and spending lonely days, or, maybe, falling into ill hands that would teach her bad lessons, and her so young! Nor you could not be always at your wife's side—you would have to leave her to go upon expeditions, maybe fighting, when you had ten chances to one never to come back again, and her left alone. Edward, your a kind lad, you have a heart in your bosom. You're very, very fond of our Jeanie—"

The two men were as near weeping as ever two women were. As for the poor young soldier he was half hysterical, with all this cruel heaping up before him of miseries unforeseen. He, too, was very young, very fond, penetrated by sympathy and compunction. Sobs came from him against his will, and large drops of moisture had gathered beneath Mr. Pillans' heavy eyebrows. There was no woman present to be frightened by these signs of emotion.

"What are you wanting me to do?" at last poor Sinclair said.

Mr. Pillans was an advocate with a good reputation, but he had never pleaded before the courts as he pleaded that day. The conversation was prolonged until the night fell, and it was in darkness that they crept into the house where Mr. Pillans had sent the gardener with a message to say that Captain Sinclair and himself had gone to take a walk, and were not to be waited for for supper. This had been received with great dissatisfaction by Jeanie, but milder remark by her mother, who smoothed down the young wife's displeasure by a "Hoots!" the man's daft about that son-in-law of his. You see a man likes a fine lad to talk to, just as a woman she's fond of her Jeanie. Mrs. Pillans said, with her soft maternal smile. Jeanie was glad and proud that her father should like her Edward (though how could anyone help that!) "But you can tell my father he's not to come in and kiss HIM to-night. He does not deserve it, taking Edward away." Jeanie said, pointing, as she permitted herself to be put to bed, with her mother in attendance; for though she was as well and strong as any little wife need to be, it was sweet to keep up those little invalid ways which made Jeanie herself once more her mother's baby. "She says you're not to kiss HIM to-night, to punish you for taking Edward away," Mrs. Pillans said, smiling, when she met the two gentlemen in the parlour; "but, Lord bless you, Patrick," she added, "there's something wrong, my man." They had intended to keep it, even from her, but

that was a vain attempt; and it is impossible to describe the state of mind into which the revelation threw her. It was like a thunderbolt in the midst of all their quiet happiness. But though Mrs. Pillans was struck to the heart she shook her head at her husband's plan. When they were alone, she even went so far as to remonstrate with him. "It will never answer, Patrick," she said, shaking her head.

"Why will it not answer! There will be a struggle. But she will never know till he is gone, and she will have to give in."

Mrs. Pillans shook her head more and more. "Do you think I would have given in if they had tried to part me from you?"

How they all kept the secret from Jeanie no one of the conspirators afterward could tell. But by superhuman efforts they did so. They took her across the Firth for change of air, and there she was out of the way of all gossips who might have betrayed to her what was concealed so carefully by all around her, and newspapers, in those days were unfrequent, and Jeanie was too young to care for reading of this kind, so that everything went on smoothly until the day of the departure. Edward had to go to Leith in the evening, making some excuse of business, in preparation, as he said, for certain changes next day. And Jeanie quite unsuspecting, made no special inquiries, but chatted about his return on Saturday with all the ease imaginable. She held up HIM to be kissed as the poor young soldier went away; then giving the baby to her mother, went out to the door to see Edward get into the postchaise; for, in those days, that was the only convenient mode of travelling. It was late in the afternoon almost evening, but still full daylight, and poor Edward had hard ado to take his last look of her with the composure necessary to keep up the deception. She told him his hands were cold as he held hers at the window of the chaise. "And you have not a bit of colour in your cheeks—are you sure you are quite well, Edward?" she said with sudden alarm.

Poor fellow, he was ghastly—he could not make any reply; and but for Mr. Pillans' artifice, who startled the horse and made an imperative sign to the driver to go on, there is no telling what disclosures might have followed. They were all in a state of speechless agitation, except Jeanie, who knew nothing. On ordinary occasions, when Edward went away, mother, father and brother took pains to be with her, to "divert her"—to keep her from thinking. But to-night somehow there seemed more need of this than usual, they both abandoned her, Mrs. Pillans to snuff herself up in her room, whence she announced that she had a headache through the keyhole—a thing that in all Jeanie's experience, had never happened before.

"May I not come in, mother?" "No, my darling; go and get a turn on the sand before dark. That will do you more good. Go with your father and Willie."

Jeanie turned away from the door, bewildered. And when she went to look for her father he was gone. There was nobody but Willie to accompany her to the walk. She came in sooner than she had intended, and heard the nurse, who had been her own nurse, crooning to the baby, walking about with him till he should go to sleep. The woman sung and talked in a breath:

Baloo, my lamb, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep;
Baloo, my boy, thy mother's joy,
Thy father wrought me great annoy;
Baloo, my lamb—

(To be continued.)

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THERE is really, after all, some fear that Mr. Gladstone's visit to Heligoland is with the view to making it a present to Germany.

It has been suggested that a part of Hyde Park should be placed at the disposal of bicycle riders for their exercise. They would certainly contribute something also to the general amusement of the public.

A CURIOUS notion has been floated, namely, a cemetery for animals. The idea, conceived in the sanitary interests of the community, will, no doubt, develop its sentiment, and show us startling proofs of true affection between man and beast when we wander between rows of grand marble-sculptured records.

A LONDON morning paper recently contained a characteristic misprint in an advertisement of the great International Temperance Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall. Amongst the exhibits were "strange drinks from foreign countries." The morning paper, by a mishap of the printer, made it "strong drinks from foreign countries."

IN this season of autumn manœuvres, it is not amiss to recall the plan of Colonel Hug, father of the poet, for sending secret despatches at the siege of Thionville. He secured a one-eyed man; had a glass fitted into the vacant socket, the despatch being safely rolled up within in onion peel paper—no tears will ever roll from that eye, and no enemy would ever think of looking through that window of the soul.

WE understand that before the Queen's departure from the Isle of Wight the Home Secre-

tary received an anonymous communication informing him of an intention to wreck the royal train on the journey to Scotland. The most extensive and elaborate precautions were, consequently, taken by the various railway companies, every junction being placed in charge of an inspector, and a strict watch being kept along the whole distance to be travelled.

SIR ANDREW LUSH, M.P., seems to have had no heart for punishing the man who recently knocked off one of the "doll's heads" from the Temple Bar Memorial. There never was a more unanimous feeling of disapproval shown towards any London street innovation in the form of fine arts; the statue of George III. at the end of the Haymarket used, it is true, to meet with a considerable amount of irreverent treatment for a time, as it also did not meet with the approval of the public critics, who would cover up his Majesty's head.

THE first use to which Mr. O'Donovan, the Central Asian correspondent of the *Daily News*, is about to put his regained liberty is to return to London. Here he is still a comparative stranger. It is his own wish, for the proprietors of the *Daily News* have not been able to communicate with their correspondent since he fell into the hands of the Turcomans now many months ago. Newspaper men will be curious to hear from Mr. O'Donovan, how he managed not only to write, but to transmit his correspondence to Teteran, under the very exceptional difficulties he had to encounter. The whole thing has been a *tour de force* of which not only the *Daily News*, but newspaper men generally, may fairly be proud.

THE first step towards a great railway improvement has been introduced at Berlin. What are called "International Sleeping Cars" enable a somnolent passenger to settle down to sleep in Paris, and to wake up to dine or breakfast in Rome or Petersburg. That, however, is but a development of the through carriage system, and all railway companies will facilitate what sends passengers over their line. But in Berlin the sleeping car people have gone a step further, and they have introduced with the American cars the American luggage system. You book your luggage, say, at Vienna or Berlin, are given a ticket, and get into the train. On arriving at Berlin you hand the ticket to an agent or guard of the company, and then quietly go home. When you get home in all probability your luggage has arrived before you. Germany seems the only country in Europe which has determined to introduce sensible facilities into railway travelling. At one of the hotels at Cologne you can buy your ticket at the bureau, and pay for it in your bill; the boot-controllers your luggage, and when you get into the railway carriage hands you your ticket.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE Comte de Paris is preparing a new volume of his history of the *Guerre Civile en Amérique*, devoted to the operations in Virginia.

AMONGST other French innovations introduced into Rome is a matrimonial agency which has opened its doors in one of the best streets, the centre of foreign visitors and home residents of the higher classes.

CALINO at the Exhibition of Electricity. "Will you give me the telephone of the Opera?" he asked. "Here it is, sir." Calino took the acoustic apparatus and continued the conversation with his friends. "But you are not listening, sir. Put the telephone to your ear." "Oh, I don't care about the music; I am waiting for the ballet."

THIS brilliant linguistic success was lately achieved by a waiter in a foreign hotel where they spoke English—but not much of it apparently. A visitor, who had asked for some strawberries had to wait a long time while the reply was in process of composition, and when at length it came the strawberries did not appear. This was the English-speaking waiter's effort:—"You will have to beg my pardon, sare; the strawberry is not well to-day."

THE street musicians of Paris, so we have been told, have a better check on the person who takes up the collection than is furnished by way-slips and bell-punches. The cobbler goes round with a plate in one hand and five live flies in the other; when his accounts are audited, he has to let the flies escape one by one in the presence of his associates. We must confess that we have never seen this performance ourselves, but are assured that such is the "check" imposed upon the moneytaker.

An English contractor lately stated that some frontage ground in the city of London had been sold at the rate of a million sterling the acre. Some ground has just been sold for the erection of the new Post Office at 3,378*l.* the square metre—the highest price which has as yet been paid for ground in Paris. The land which has just reached this enormous price is at the corner of the Rue d'Argout, formerly the Rue des Vieux Augustins, part of the back slums of Paris. M. André purchased some years past a large tract of land in the Avenue de la Grande Armée at one franc per metre; it is now saleable at 200*l.* the metre.