

THE BOSTON GIRL.

DAVID S. FORTER.

I told her of a maid whose mind
Was filled with tender thoughts and fancies,
A lovely being of the kind
They write about in old romances.
"Knowest thou," said I, "this maiden fair,
Whose beauty doth my thoughts beguile?"
She answered with a dreamy air—
"Well, I should smile!"

"Her cheeks possess the rose's hue,
No form is daintier or completer,
No hair so brown, no eyes so blue,
No mouth is tenderer or sweeter.
The favoured youth who gazes the hand
Of this fair girl will ne'er regret it."
With modest grace she added: "And
Don't you forget it."

"Oh thou dear mistress of my heart!
My angel! let me kneel before thee
And say how heavenly sweet thou art,
And how devoutly I adore thee."
She turned away her lovely head,
And with a languid look that fired
My soul, in murmured accents said:—
"You make me tired."

Scribner for June.

BERTHA.

I.

THE CONFLICT.

The wind sighed and moaned about Dunbar Abbey like some spirit wailing in its pain. Bertha thought as she listened to the sweeping branches of the tall trees dash against the windows of her room before which they stood. They seemed to call to the desolate heart of the girl to pause and listen to their voices.

Bertha arose and crossed to the window, drew aside the curtain and looked out. The night was becoming darker and wilder. With each hour that passed the moaning of the wind became fiercer and louder as it swept angrily through the drooping branches and dashed them against the windows.

"The night is as wild and sad as my own heart and thoughts."

The girl moaned as she turned away, and shivering, drew near to the fire that burned in the low open grate. It leaped up in a bright flame as though of welcome as she sank in a chair before its glowing warmth and gazed into its depths, striving to gather from its warmth and brightness, strength for the conflict through which in this hour she must pass.

A dark long bridge she must pass over, and on the other side lay two roads. One to the left, and the other to the right. One led to sunshine and happiness; the other to darkness and sorrow as black as this night. One she must choose ere this night had passed.

She turned to the brighter, and recoiled from the darkness. Seeking in her childish, loving heart for strength to leave the brighter behind and tread firmly through the darker, for duty called her from the sunshine. And away from the roses that bloomed by its side, leaving her not even the breath of their perfume to carry with her into the darkness to which her duty called her to pass. And the loving child recoiled from duty, yet dared not turn from its still small voice that called incessantly and would not be silenced.

The girl's heart was filled with a deep, wild longing to fling aside all duty and choose for herself, for Bertha loved. To-morrow she would be only eighteen. But one year ago the child heart had been awakened from its sleep and never could slumber or peace come to it again. She had learned her lesson of life.

The sad, sad lesson of loving, and there was little left of its joy but strife, for its memory must wither. Every leaf must fall from the flower though it had but bloomed; each blossom must drop, cut down in its full ripe beauty.

She tried to hold her fair, cherished flower to her heart for this one night, though she knew each leaf was dropping one by one, and sorrowed as she watched them fall.

To-morrow their memory must even have perished. With this wild night's storm and conflict they must pass away, as though they had never bloomed for her, or she had never held them beneath her soft touch.

As these thoughts came to her in the silence broken only by the sobbing of the wind that seemed to mourn with her, a heart-broken cry broke from her:

"Mother, mother you have asked me more than I can do. I may give you obedience, though it break my heart the doing it, but I cannot part from my thoughts, this is beyond my poor strength, I am so young and life seems so long, so hard to bear, bereft of Claude. Ah! my darling, my darling, must it be Claude, Claude?"

But no answer came on the silence; with one loud wail the wind seemed to have died away, and Claude in London working away on his painting of "Cupid and Psyche." Psyche stretches up her arms to the god of love who bends above her with outspread wings. Claude so silently working on hears only a whispering wind blow past and pauses not to hear its story.

The sweet smile of hope lights his blue eyes, and sends a bright flush to his pale cheek.

And he thinks of Bertha as he works, and on the happiness that must dawn for them when he succeeded, as he must. And this thought lent strength to his tired hand and energy to his hopeful heart.

"Twas for Bertha he worked, on her he thought, worked to gain a home, thought of the happiness that awaited him in that home, that he delighted to fancy himself amid when toil should have gained it for them.

Bertha was the only child of the late Sir Everard Dunbarton, and the hope and staff of her widowed invalid mother. One month before our story opens Sir Everard had died, leaving his widow and only child according to their position but scantily provided for. He had been an idle, extravagant, yet loving husband and father, and the estates that were entailed passed on to his young cousin.

Sir Earlscount was now owner of the Abbey and had become a suitor for the hand of his fair cousin Bertha. It was the wish of the late Sir Everard that his daughter should accept the offer of his successor, as he felt she was so illy provided for, and the happiness of her invalid mother seemed to depend on Bertha's acceding to her wishes. Only by this marriage could the mother continue to enjoy the luxuries to which she had been accustomed, and which were so necessary to her in her invalid state. Many were the prayers and pleadings to which Bertha so calmly listened, though they were turning her heart to stone.

Her duty to her mother was ever before her, and to the oft expressed wishes of her dead father whom she had loved with a deep love, for to her he had ever been kindness and indulgence. She owed a duty to his wishes, and a greater to her mother whose happiness depended on the marriage of her daughter with her cousin, Sir Earlscount.

There would then be no removal from the old home, and all would be as it had been, even all care would have vanished, for Bertha would be so handsomely provided for and settled before she would be left alone.

In the home of her fathers she must remain, and Sir Earlscount could give it back to her.

While Claude Melnott was but a painter, and years might roll away before fame came to him, if it ever came.

The night wore on and still the golden-haired child wrestled with her sorrow and her fate, and struggled with her duty.

Be true to all she could not; being true to the mother meant the breaking of two lives, and untruth, perhaps, even in the time to come, the breaking of the third.

"Sir Earlscount is far too noble," she moaned, "to deceive. If I even might tell him all, and throw myself on his generosity, it would be better for us all in the end; but to go to his arms with a dead heart, and be to him a living lie. Mother, mother it is all harder than I can bear. Of all the sorrows this daily burden will be the hardest, heaviest, that I drag about with me; making me hate myself for what I am; making me feel that I am vile than the vile. I, who was once so true, to become a mere lie to a man whom I injure every hour I breathe, at whose board I sit, from whose cup I drink. He gives me all; his riches, his heart and its love and faith, and in return I give him a heart that is far, far worse than empty for it is filled with a secret that daily, hourly, I must seek to guide from him. The secret of my love for another, and daily I will look in his true face and know how he loves and trusts me, and feel myself unworthy to stand in his presence. Oh! if I might tell him all; he is noble, good. If I did he would not take me, he would rather die. If I could go away and work—work for us both, mother. It would be heaven compared to that life of luxury and deceit; at least I would be true of heart, and my joy would be the knowing that 'were no guilt, no sin, to cherish the memory of my past—which memory would be to me all truth, while now 'tis all sin, all agony. Ah! to be free to hold the right to be just and true. Has truth left me forever, will justice die; or in the lease to come will I suffer or my sin? Mother, it is beyond my strength; anything, any sacrifice, but becoming a lie, and the years are so long through which I must bear and suffer."

"That flame of love leaps up in my heart and try as I will it will not be smothered down. God have mercy on me in the days to come."

The wind moaned now in heavy wailing, and the girl drifted back to the love of the past. The fair boyish face of Claude rose before her, pleading to her to be true. He seemed to whisper, be true to your own heart and trust, and hope in me for the future.

Brighter days are dawning for us, with your love to urge me on success is sure; only give me time. He had said on that night that seemed so far away now, when they had parted, "Only be true and firm my darling, and joy will come to us. Let not the mercenary hand of your mother strike it down. Listen not to her, trust to your own heart's guidance. In this you do not owe her obedience, for there are other hearts to break, other lives to suffer. This sacrifice to a false duty you must not make. Only be firm for my sake, be firm, be strong. For your sake I ask it; for amid all the glories that surrounded you as Sir Earlscount's wife your heart would know no rest, no peace, for its love is mine and you will never trample out its fire beneath any sense of duty."

She thought on it all until her head became dazed beneath her varied thoughts. She wondered when he looked upward and found his star had vanished would the life die out of his heart beneath its setting, would his darkness crush him; or would he arise and resume his labours when she for whom he struggled had died to him? She cried aloud in her anguish what was duty, what was right. And beneath

her great love and the bitter conflict her child heart broke. She must sacrifice him and lay waste their lives for her mother's sake.

True to both mother and lover she could not be. So Claude must suffer for the duty of the child's life, even when this sacrifice was to the mother. And in being true to the mother she put from her own life all truth, and from this hour must be only a living lie to the world, to her own heart, and to the man whom she would call husband. The man that gave her all, while she could not even give him truth.

She feared the hour that would come if Sir Earlscount ever found out her secret, for she saw to the end. He would never forgive her the wrong she had done him, and desolation for them both would follow, for her heart told her she could never learn to love the man she would call lord and master. He was noble, good, yet the girl did not deceive herself. She could never cast out one love and take in its place another.

Still she struggled, swaying like a broken reed tossed hither and thither by the mighty conflict in her heart. And the night wore on. The fire had burned itself out, and now lay only a heap of ashes, and the wind had ceased its sighing.

A soft white hand fell on her bowed head, and a low voice said,

"Your answer Bertha."

And beneath that touch and voice all strength to resist fell from her, and she drifted to her fate.

"For your sake mother, it is yes."

And the darkness settled down. The storm was over, and she was alone in her despair. The roses had fallen from her grasp and lay crushed and broken, and even the leaves must not be treasured now.

The long night was passing that swept from her the past and childhood, and she prayed amid its silence that it too would bury with its darkness the secret of her love; that not one breath of all its perfume might arise on the air of the life to which she was passing.

This was the last night of her childhood, the last of her freedom. It was sweet to her to feel that for this one night she could hold to her heart their past. When she came into the dawn of another day, another fear for to-morrow—she would be eighteen, and with this birthday would dawn her new, joyless life. A few hours yet remained that left her still free to gather to her heart the stray leaves from that past, to gaze on the star that was setting. It was quickly fading from her sky. Yet for an hour she held it still. It was fast dying, leaving her alone in the darkness. Yet for this one night she was free, alone with her dying past. It had not yet become a sin to think of it. She lived once again through its joys. Striving to forget that the sorrow stood not afar off, and each hour as it passed ushered it in amid the new day, and the new fear, and the new life. Yet the darkness of the night still enshrouded her.

(To be continued.)

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S will will be sworn under £60,000.

A TESTIMONIAL is about to be presented to Major Walter Wingfield, the inventor of the game of lawn tennis.

LORD ROWTON is overwhelmed with business, and has been unable as yet to commence even an inspection of the mass of papers which comprise the literary remains of Lord Beaconsfield.

THE other day there was in the Row a horse with spectacles on. Such a sight was unusual. If the horse could have an eye-glass fixed in one eye, he would have looked fast, if he was not so.

It is said that a number of Scotchmen of University education resident in London purpose meeting in the end of the present month with a view of starting a movement for the foundation of Chairs of Lowland Scottish.

THE Hughenden Estate, to which young Coningsby Disraeli has succeeded, is not a large property. It comprises about 1,300 acres, and realizes about £2,000 a year.

MRS. SARAH BERNHARDT will arrive in London in a few days. During her stay in the States she performed 152 times, and has earned since her departure from France the enormous sum of thirty-six thousand pounds sterling. After performing in London in June and July she proposes to make a starring tour through the other capitals of Europe.

Two of the pictures at Burlington House this year have been exhibited by royal command. The Queen has the right to insist upon anything she pleases being displayed in the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy. So far that right has been exercised in favour of the work emanating from royal studios. Millais's portrait of Lord Beaconsfield and Mrs. Butler's painting of Roke's Drift have both been sent to the Academy by royal command.

HER MAJESTY has communicated through Lord Rowton her desire to undertake the charge of Master Coningsby Disraeli's education. She will defray his expenses at Eton, and send him to whatever university his father may desire him to enter. It is also stated that the Queen intends to confer a peerage upon him, in order that the title of Beaconsfield may remain upon the roll of English barons, and that the peerage may be transmitted to posterity. Prince Leopold, the youngest son of Her Majesty, is said to have contracted a warm friendship for this fortunate youth.

SWEEPSTAKES are common enough in the London Clubs in connection with the race for the Derby, these amounting to a couple of hundred pounds each, with guinea subscriptions. In India, however, the great Umballa Derby Sweep reaches the high figure of £8,000. It is subscribed to from far and near. One year it was won by a milliner living in Calcutta. Last year a clerk in a commercial house at Simla drew the favourite, but sold his chance for £1,500 to Lord William Beresford, who made a handsome profit out of his purchase.

THE father of the House of Commons recently celebrated his seventy-eighth birthday. Mr. Christopher Rice Mansel Talbot, M.P., and Lord-Lieutenant of Glamorganshire, who was born on May 10th, 1803, has represented Glamorganshire in the House of Commons since 1830, having thus had a seat in Parliament for upwards of half a century, and is the only member of that body who voted at the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832. A peerage was offered to him in 1869, but he declined the honour.

THERE is a really good story told of a worthy private recently who was placed on sentry duty near Portsmouth. Prince Leiningen, when he leaves the Royal yacht, is accustomed to be rowed up to his house in his cutter. The sentry was an Irishman. "Who goes there?" he said, as the Prince's boat went up. "Prince Leiningen," was the reply. "Who?" said the sentry. "Prince Leiningen," repeated his Serene Highness. "Stop this moment, sirra, or I'll put a ball into you unless you give me the countersign," shouted the sentry, and the Prince had to land and do the best he could. The man was had up the next day before the colonel of his regiment. "Why did you stop the Prince last night?" he inquired. "I didn't stop any prince, your honour," said the warrior. "A fellow came by in a boat and said he was Pierce Lannigan, and sure I know all the Lannigans, for one of them was once representative of my county, so I wasn't going to be took in by him. I'd have shot him like a dog." The colonel complimented the man, offered him stripes, but he refused them, saying that he had had plenty of stripes in his time, and would rather not have promotion, as he was sure he would go wrong if he was placed in any position of responsibility.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

VERDI is engaged on a new opera entitled "Iago."

NICHOLAS RUBINSTEIN lately died, somewhat suddenly, in Paris.

MESSRS. Stephens and Solomon's new comic opera in three acts, entitled "Claude Duval," will not, the *Era* anticipates, be produced till next September.

M. GOUNOD's new opera, "Le Tribut de Zamora" was produced on the 1st ult. at the Academie Nationale de Musique, and but coldly received.

Miss Genevieve Ward has recently won her case against the proprietor of Wallack's theatre, concerning her exclusive right to perform "Forget Me Not," the final appeal having been decided in her favour.

SCIENTIFIC.

To bring zinc to a high polish for engraved signs use fine pumice-stone and a little oil first, and finish with fine tripoli.

A correspondent writes that tar is instantaneously removed from hand and fingers by rubbing with the outside of fresh orange or lemon peel, and wiping dry immediately after. It is astonishing what a small piece will clean. The volatile oils in the skins dissolve the tar, and so it can be wiped off.

HERB DUNER, at Lund, has discovered that a small star in the constellation Auriga is subject to a variability of light. It will be called S. Aurige R. Aurige having been discovered to be variable by Argelander in 1862.

L'Electricite says that the Telephone Company in Belgium have inaugurated a very ingenious and at the same time practical system. Subscribers can, by leaving word the previous evening, be awakened at any hour in the morning by means of a powerful alarm.

The WACKER HOUSE, Toronto.

This popular new hotel is provided with all modern improvements; has 125 bedrooms, commodious parlours, public and private dining-rooms, sample rooms, and passenger elevator.

The dining-rooms will comfortably seat 200 guests, and the bill of fare is acknowledged to be unexcelled, being furnished with all the delicacies of the season.

The location is convenient to the principal railway stations, steamboat wharves, leading wholesale houses and Parliament Buildings. This hotel commands a fine view of Toronto Bay and Lake Ontario, rendering it a pleasant resort for tourists and travellers at all seasons.

Terms for board \$2.00 per day. Special arrangements made with families and parties remaining one week or more.