

stroke would have if correctly given. Kate Barton, the little golden-haired fairy, as she was called generally, is chatting merrily with the Honourable Eustace Carlton, a noble, aristocratic looking youth, with chestnut curls and the bright, flashing eyes of the Earl, his father, declaring with great animation that their side must win, while Maud Ashburnham, the physician's dark-haired daughter, a sparkling brunette, full of life and vivacity, announces to her partner, Alfred Arthur Denham, that her next stroke shall carry her through the last hoop, this will make her a rover, and she will then come to his assistance; and thus the game progressed, first in favor of one side and then the other, till at length a splendid stroke from the youthful Lady Eglington's mallet, put her own and her partner's ball through the last wire arch, placing them in a triumphant position, amidst shouts of applause from their own side.

The game was now nearly over, for the bright orb of day had already sank behind the distant hills, and the silvery crescent of the summer's young moon had risen above the tops of the tall chestnuts and was shooting forth her rays of soft, pale light, rendering all objects shadowy and indistinct, while the gently deepening purple shades of eve, and the gray mists of twilight were fast closing in and around the happy group, hiding from further view, as it were, with a veil of soft, fleecy clouds, the family and fortunes of Arthur, Earl of Castlemere, and his beautiful Countess, Edith, the Lady of Vellenaux.

THE END.

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