## THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

One Night's Mystery. CHAPTER XI. - CONTINUED.

But he is not worse? The doctors don't say he is worse, do they?' 'By no means. He only fancies he is.

They, tell him to avoid excitement, to go on with the drops as before, to take gentle carringe exercise, light diet and wines, and he may linger ever so long. Now, have you finished, my dear,? because I want to show you the things.

Sydney had-finished, and putting her arm around mamma's walst familiarly, went with her up-stairs. The bridal apartments were first abown-sitting-room, bed-room, dressingroom, all in different colors, all of different degrees of sumptuousness. Pretty pictures, gilded books, stands of music, a new piano and work-table, knick knacks, pretty trifles, costing hundreds of dollars, and making an elegant whole. Everything was the best and rarest money could buy.

Sydney went into raptures-school-girl raptures; but her color came and went, for the first time. For the first time she was beginning to realize that she was really going to be married. The trousseau was displayed next. Dresses of silk, black, brown, blue, pink, white, all the colors that blende girls can wear; dresses of lace, black and white; dresses of materials thick and thin-all beautifully made and trimmed. Then heaps of linen, ruffled, laced, embroidered, marked with the letters 'S. V. O.' twisted in a monogram-Sydney Vaughan Owenson,

Gradually, as she examined and admired, silence fell upon her. She was beginning to feel overpowered; her life of the past and present seemed closing forever, and another of which she knew nothing about to begin.

A sensation, akin to dread of meeting Bertie Vanghan, was inexplicably stealing over her. She shook it off indignantly. What nonsense! Afraid to meet Bertie! Bertie with whom she had quarrelled and made up, whose ears she had boxed scores of times, whom she had laughed at and made fun of for his incipient young-manish airs years ago ---afraid of him ! It was all very fine, and must have cost oceans of money, still she was glad when the sight seeing was over and she could nestle up to her father's side and kiss him a little, silent, grateful kiss of thanks.

'Hew do you like it al', Mrs. Vaughan Owenson?' he asked, patting the cheek, from which the eager flush had faded.

'It is all lovely-lovely. Papa, how good yon are to Bertle and me!" "You are all I have to be good to, child," he answered, sadly. 'Let me make you happy-I ask no more. You think you will be happy with our boy, don't you, pettie?'

'I like Bertie very much, papa."

'In a sisterly way-eh, my dear? Well.

that is a very good way-much the better way, in a little girl of seventeen. This time next year he will be something more than a brother to you. He will be very good to you, that I know.'

'It is not in Bertie to be bad to any one, papa He always had a gentle heart.'

Yes, my dear, I think he had. There may be nobler qualities than gentleness and softness, but we don't make ourselves, and, as young fellows go Bertie is a harmless lad, a very harmless lad. Be a good wite, Sydney, and don't be too exacting-men are mortal, my dear-the best of 'em very mortal. Be happy yourself, and make your husband happy-it's all I ask on earth.'

'I'll try papa, Sydney sighs, in a weary way, leaning against his chair, 'but----' 'But I wish I need not be married at all.

I wish I might just live on as I used, with you and amma, and have Bertie for my brother. It is very tiresome and stupid being

married, whether one will or no, at seventeen.'

crags, and look sheer down two hundred feet into the soothing waters beneath, had ever been her dangerous delight. She walked along now, rather slowly and soberly at first, thinking in her childish way, how prosy and humdrum it was to be married in this manhundrum it was to be married in this man-ner, the very moment-one left school. All the married ladice she had ever known were staid and grave thouse-mothers, not a frisky matron among them all. Was she expected to be a golemn and steady-going house-mother too? It was a little tro had of papa Edo thought, with a reproachful sigh. If he had only let her have a good time first, for three years at least-twenty is old, but it is not too old, after all, to be married. She might have come out, had a winter in New Yors, another in Washington, a trip to Eu-

rope, and a couple of seasons at Saratoga and Newport. But of course poor sick papa must be obeyed; so with another heavy sigh the little bride-elect put aside her grievance, and wondered where Bertie might be at that particular moment, and whether he really would be at home to-night at all.

It was satisfactory-very satisfactory, Miss Owencon mused gravely, that he was so nice-looking, and was a 'clothes-wearing man,' and was fastidious, as mamma had said, about his nails and teeth and sleeve-buttons. Li mited as her knowledge of the nobler sex had been she had known gentlemen-Colonel Delamere and sundry officers of his staff notably among the number-who were not.

Miss Owenson, musing thus over the serious things of this very serious life, continued her way, as you have been told, at first slowly and soberly, but accelerating her pace gradually, and brightening up. It was so good to at home, to be free from school discipline; now and forever done with lessons and lectures. It was such an exhilarating night too. The stars sparkled brilliantly and numberless. There was no moon, but a steely radiance skimmered over everything. Down below the pretty baby waves lapped the rib-bed sand, and the great ocean melted blackly away into the sky. She paused, leaning over Witch Cliff, and gazing with fascinated eyes at that illimitable stretch of black water. She was still lingaring there, when there came to her voices and footsteps on the high road beyond. She glanced carelessly over her shoulder-carelessly at first; then she started swiftly upright, and looked at the two advancing, with keen, surprised interest. A man and a woman, both young, going toward the town, the woman an utter stranger, but the man-surely the man looked like Bertie Vaugban.

bhe caught her breath. Could it be Bertie. It was his height, his walk, his general air and look. His hat was pulled over his eyes, and in that light, and at that distance, she could not discern his face. His head was bent slightly forward, moodily as it seemed, and he traced figures in the dust with his cane as he walked. His companion, a small, stylish-looking young lady, with a ringing voice and laugh, was rallying him as she leaned upon his arm.

'That's all very fine,' Sydney heard ber say. • Very easy for you to tell me you only went to see a friend; but how am I to be sure it is true? I know you men-deceitful every one of you. How am I to tell you hadn't a flirtation on hand up there? Only, if you have---'

The man raised his head and saswered her, but in too subdued a tone for that answer to be audible. It was the refined, the educated tone of a gentleman, and markedly different from hers.

She laughed again at his reply, whatever it was, and began to sing, in a low, mellow voice:

"It is good to be merry and wise, It is good to be loyal and true, It is good to be off with the old have Before you are on with the new."

The last words were faint in the distance. The pair-lovers, it would seem-passed out of view And Sydney roused herself, her heart beat-

next time she comest. Now then, Heity, J. large, freamy, fight blue eyes, a faintly really, must not top another minute. I spronting mouth the start a barrow dispute-ought; to is on my way home new, but I draw! A Beauly land barrow with himself. liegered in my old fashion to look over the a Narolszus, helpless in love with himself. rocks-you remember?'

rocks-you remember ?' 'I remember, Miss Sydney it, was the ter-ror of my life that you would break your ror of my life that you would break your She sits down and obeys. She plays fairly neck over Witch Cliff. Ahl that path isn't well, and sings very nloely, in a sweet and as quiet now as it used to be; they've got to carefully-trained voice, and is duly praised, call it Love's Lane of late. All them factory and applauded. girls and their young men go a courting along that way Sunday nights, and the actors and actresses at other times. I suppose you know they started a theatre over in Wycliffe?

'No, I didn't know it. Have they?' 'Yes; and the best actress of them all

boards in Brown's, next cottage to this-Miss Dolly De Courcy she calls herself, a fine, fat, black-eyed, dressy young woman, with more young men running after her than you could shake a stick at.'

'Happy Miss De Courcy! Well, good-by Hetty. I'll run over to-morrow, or maybe next day. Dood-by, baby-div Aunt Syd one more tiss.

'How fond you are of bables! Ah! wait until you've got 'en of your own,' says Mrs. Simpson very prophetically, at which Sydney laughs and blushes, and runs out, and starts more briskly than she came on her homeward walk.

She encounters no one this time ; it is the oneliest walk conceivable, but she does not feel lonely. She sings as she goes; she is singing as she enters the gates of The Place, singing, as it chances, the refrain of the ballad she had overheard, half an hour before :

" It is good to be off, with the old love Before you are on with the new."

The belated moon has arisen as she emerges from the shadowy drive, upon the broad belt of sward that encircles the house. On the portico steps stands a tall, dark figure, smoking a cigar. Her heart gives a quick beat, but she sings gaily on.

With the last words she runs up the steps and stands beside him.

He has not offered to move-he stands coolly waiting for her to come to him. 'Bertiel' she exclaims, her frank glandess

at seeing him overcoming her new and disagreeable shyness, and she holds out both her hands.

He removes his cigar-holds it carefully between his finger and thumb, takes the two proffered hands in one of his. bends forward and kisses her.

"Ah! Syd. I thought it must be you. How cruel of you to run away when you knew I was coming as fast as steam would bear me. Stand off and let me look at you. By Jove! how you have grown and how pretty !'

He says it a tone of admiration, languid but real, and Sydney laughs, remembering it is the twontieth time within the last four hours she has been told the same. With that laugh every shade of embarrassment vanishes. After all it is only Bertie-the old Bertie-a trifle more manly looking, but as affected and nonsensical as ever.

· Certainly after all your efforts to improve me, could I do less? And you-I don't see much change or improvement in you, Bertie, except that I think you also have grown! Then she pauses and regards him doubtfully. When did you come?' she asks.

'Ten minutes ago,' responds Mr. Bertie Vaughan, and was crushed to the earth y the announcement that you hadn't waited Only one thing could have enabled me to bear up under the blow-a ciger. May I go ch with it? It's a capital cigar-cost tifty cents in New York, and you must own-you really must, sis, it would be a pity to throw it away.'

'A sad pity,' says Sydney gravely. 'Pray, don't do anything so madly extravagant, Mr Vaughan. You came ten minutes ago, did you? Hum-m! that's odd, too.'

'What's odd? My getting here ten minutes ago? Explain.' I fancied-I was sure, almost-that I met

'It was very like you,' pursues Sydney,

· Daugerous thing to swear rashly,' says Ber

tie, with that affected drawl that always exas

-bave heard of such things. May have been

'It wasn't I, Sydney. Your own common

sense might tell you a man can't be in two

'Let us go in,' Sydney says, abruptly.

She feels disappointed, she doesn't know

They go in. Captain Owenson's room is

brilliantly lit with clusters of wax lights.

Gas may illuminate the other rooms-old-

fashioned tapers shall light his. Mrs.

Owenson has exchanged the tatting for a novel, and sits near a table, reading. A small

Broadwood piano that, ten years ago, came

from Eugland, stands open in a corner. The

invalid is in his great chair, holding a paper,

after all. Did you come and go alone?'

All alone, papa. Who was it said : 'I am

never less alone than when alone? ... It was

surveilance during the past three years.

'You hear, Bertie?' says the squire;

strong-minded notions, eh? She lets you

Strong-minded notions, are very pretty

from pretty lips,' Mr. Vaughan answers, and

he gives Sydney the most thoroughly, admir-

ing glance he has given her yet. She looks brilliantly well. Her walk in

the frosty air has flushed her cheeks and

brightened her eyes. She stands upright and

slim, her scarlet cloak falling back, her yel-

low-brown curls falling loosely over it, the

coquettish hat, with its long plume setting off

the fair, starlike face beneath. The old

· She has improved in her dull Canadian

school-don't you think so; Bertie? And

shot up like a bean stalk, little witch P. Inc. i

Improved is hardly the word, answers

languidly, Mi. Vaughan. do I wouldn't mind

coing there myself, for a year or two, if they

would turn me out, 'beautiful forever like

He lays himself out upon the nearest sofa,

- 7 A 3.....

sailor's doting eyes linger on her.

see what's in store for you betimes.'

It wasn't you, Bertie?'

sure of it.

Freedom is sweet.

Syd.

for a little music. And sing us a song.'

(Ah! you should hear Cyrilla Hendrick. sing, Bertiel' she exclaimed, twirling round on her stool. "There's a volce and a player if you like! By-the-by, papa, you're to write to her Aunt Dormer, and ask leave for Cy to 

ther's knowing smile, and Bertie's glance, and blushes vividly. Bertie probably understood, and the bluch was contagious, for he too reddened through his thin, fair skin.

'And be brides-oh! yes, we know what a tender little squeeze, her adger totally gone, she's to be-eb, Bertie, my boy? What I you and the twain walk in delightful silence on blushing too ! Bless my soul, what a bashful for some yards. I suppose that grumpy old pair. Char, shove that writing case over uncle of yours wouldn't consent to your marthis way-I'll do it now. Comes of a very rying an actress, though ?' the girl asks again, good family, does your triend, Miss Hendrick, with an impatient sigh. on the distaff side. Her mother was third 'Well, ne, Dolly, I am afraid he wouldn't. My nucle is a man of tolerably strong prejudaughter of Sir Humphrey Vernon-ran away —distaherited—hum m: "The. Aunt, Miss dice, and tolerably strong selfishness. I hate Dormer, very wealthy old lady, engaged once selfish people!' says Mr. Bertle Vaughan, to nephew of the Earl of Dunraith-hum-m-m savagely. My dear Miss Dormer.'

The letter was speedily written, folded and sealed. More music tollowed, more talk. Mr pieces!' suggests Dolly. 'Precisely, cut me off without a shilling; Bertie Vaughan was rather silent through it all, rather tired-looking, rather bored, and it might be a triffe anxious. Certainly his face wore anything but the expression of a rapturgives me. ous lover. He lay on his sofa, pulled the cars of Mrs. Owenson's favorite pug, Rixie, and watched Sydney askance.

Early hours were kept at Owenson Place. Sydney, accustomed to going to bed at nine, and fatigued with herjourney, was struggling heroically with yawns before the clock struck ten. The striking of that hour was the sig-nal for prayers. The servants filed in, the squire in a sonorous bass voice led the exercises. Then good-nights were said, and lean ing on his wife's arm, Sydney going before, the master of the house started for his room.

And I will smoke a cigar for balf an hour, ontside,' said Mr. Vaughan, rising leisurely. Virtuous as I am, and always have been, the primitive hours of this establishment are a height I haven't attained. Good-night, governor ; good-night, Aunt Char ; good-night, Syd.'

Sydney must cure you of smoking cigars after ten o'clock,' the squire answered, goodhumoredly. 'Good-night to you, my lad.'

Good-night, Bertie,' said placid Aunt Char put on your ovorcoat, my dear boy, and the a scarf around your neck, or even your pocket handkerchief will do. Consider these fall nights are chilly, and you might catch a cold in your head.

'By-by, Bert!' laughed Sydney, flashing a mischievous glance over her shoulder. • For goodness sake don't forget to tie your handkerchlef round your neck lest you should catch that cold in your poor, dear head. Tell him to put on overshoes, mamma-the ground may be damp-and hadn't Perkins better hold an umbrella over him to keep off the

dew ?' She ran off, her mocking laugh coming back to him, and vanished into her own

She's very pretty-uncommonly pretty,

It is the morning after, half-past eight, and breakfast time. Out of doors, yellow, that clod-hopping mill-man, Ward, and the crisp, sparkling sunshine lies over land and sea; the orange and scarlet maples and hemlock glow and burn like jewels. A few gor-geous dablias yet lift their bold, bright heads, where all the summer flowers are dead and gone, and the scarlet clusters hang from the oughly shallow man can love, any one, he rowan-trees like bunches of vivid coral. In doors, the breakfast-table is spread, and silver tongued, plump, dashing dazzling, sprekling and china and crystal flash back the sunlight scress. She sang the most auducious songs, cheerily. A fire supps on the hearth, and | dance' the most and acious dances, played the makes doubly cozy the whole room. Around | French Soy and Mazeppa, and set all the men the table all are assembled-no tardiness at meal times will be tolerated in the household | audacious double entendres and the air of in-Squire Owenson rules. Bertie Vaughan looks nocence with which she said them. Three a trifle fagged and sleepy, and struggles man-fully not to gape in the face of the assembled company. Sydney, who has been up and doing since half-past six, sits down with eyes like stars and cheeks as rosy almost as the

"I have another engagement-that is all I-I might break it, of course,' says Mr. Vaughan, rather aghast.

\*Your consist! Here haver told me you had a cousin before, Bergin . 'Midn't I, Doll? [Bearing I, farget every thing and everybody in the world but you. I suppose, when I am withyou. 'That is all 'very fine,' maye. Mim. Dolly. 'That is all 'very fine,' maye. Mim. Dolly. 'Is she pretty, this cousin.' 'Still harping on myrefinghter!' laughs Bertie. 'Not shall, my dear. 'A skim-milk school-girl, palld, delicate; no more to you than a penny condie to the moon.' 'And then she's your cousin, besides years you wouldn't fall in love with your cousin even it she was ever so pretty. I've heard English people are like that.' 'Fall in love with my officini-bal, ha!' laughs Bertie again. 'That's a good joke. Oh, no, Doll; one young woman's enough to Oh-hl You might break it, of course • Oh-h! You might break it, of course! Then will you have the very great goodness. Mr. Albert Vanghan, bobreak it! When I propose a pleasure excumion in honor of my daughter's arrival, no one pleads a prior en-gagement in my house. At half-past nine, aharp, young man, the will be ready? An angry fluch from bill be ready? An angry fluch from bill be ready?

"And then also's your cousin, besides vary Miss Dolly in a musing tone, and I suppose you wouldn't fall in love with your cousin, even if she was ever so pretty. I've heard English people are like that? "But Sydney came built to the rescue, Bas was not a whit in the of the domineer-ing, tempesthour father, and naturally, had twice the pluck of Matter Bertie. "But pape, if Bertie really has an engage-ment, it isn't fair to make him break it. "When he made it, how was he to know you

would propose this? Let him keep his en. gagement whatever it is, and afterwards let him join us. 1 am sure that will do every bit as well.'

'Humph!' growled the squire, 'you are taking up the cudgels for him, are you? Well, lad, lot us hear what this wonderfully important engagement is all about, and if it really is worth, noticing, we will let you op duty. Come-speak up.'

But 'speak up' was the last thing Bertie could do on that subject. Good Heaven! he thought, his blood absolutely chilling, if this fiery old sailor really knew. A lie Mr. Vanghan would not have stuck at a second, but he was not quick-witted enough to invent a lie. So there was but one way to get out of the dilemma.

'It is an engagement of no importance,' he said hurriedly, that sensitive conscious color deepening again only a trifle. I'm Forry mencioned it at all."

'So am I,' said Captain Owenson, curtly and then profound and most uncomfortable silence tell.

'Bertie has no tact,' Sydney thought, a pro-voked feeling rising in her mind against her good-looking feeble finnce. 'If his engagement really was an engagement, why didn't he keep it through thick and thin-papa would have respected him for it, even if it dil cross his will. If it was only a triffe, as he says, why did he mention it at all? Now he has spoiled everything beforehand."

The meal ended with a sonorous grace, said with lowering brow and suppressed, angry in. tonation by the master of the house. he arose and glared defiance across at Bertie.

"Be off to your rooms every soul of you!" he ordered, in what Sydney called his 'quarter. deck voice,' and woe betide that one who is two minutes later than balf-past nine "

All dispersed-Sydney with fun 'n her even linger-d long enough to give her irate tather's grizzled mustache an audacious little tweak; Bartie looking pale and uneasy; Mrs. Owenson, slow, sedate, and serene under her fiery lord's wrath, as under all sublunary things. 'What shall I do?' Bertie thought, biting

sovereign sex. 'Dolly will raise the devil Yes, by Jove she will, and Ben Ward-hang him-will cut in and have everything his own atternoon, as she will be sure to do, with the confounded contrariness of her kind-by Jove, what an infernal muddle! Ten to one: Dolly sees me there, with all those girls, she will make a scene on the spot.

But I won't go to Star Island-no, by George! wild horses won't drag me to that beastly little twopenny-ha'-penny island!' But what could be do ?. At half-past twelve precisely Dolly would be awaiting him, and to wait for any human being sat as illy upon the imperious little actress as though she had been Grand Duchess of Gerolstein in her own right. He had kept her waiting last night, and with this added she would never forgive him-never. She would go off in dire wrath, and breathing vengeanc

room. And Mr. Vaughen did put on his overcoat, and button it up carefully to the throat, before going out for that last smoke. It might be fun to Syd, but Aunt Char was right-he would take the proper precautions against a cold in the bead.

He lit up, and walked and smoked, a reflective frown on his face, and saw the light vanish from the upper windows. Mr. Vaughan was doing what he was constitutionally unfitted for and unused to-thinking.

some fellows might think '--- a pause and a

puff-iand to to think of her secing me to-

'Beally, Dolly, much as I would like to, I'm afraid 'What! You won't come?' · I'm atraid-'You must stay home and make love to the boarding-school cousin. Oh, I see it all! cries Miss Dolly, in bitterness of spirit. 'Nonsense, Dolly! Make love-nothing of

arm.

the sort; only my uncle----' 'Oh! your uncle, of course,' cried Dolly again, with ever increasing bitterness. 'Very his lip and getting himself hurriedly into all well, Mr. Vaughan! do as you please. I the purple and fine linen the law allows his wouldn't think of coaxing you for the world. Only I can tell Ben Ward I take back my refusal and will go with him. I hope you'll have a good time with your uncle and way. The mill-owning cad wants to marre cousin! The sneering scorn with which the ber, and will if only to spite me. And if Syd have a good time with your uncle and actress brings out these two family titles is ney insists on going over to Star Island in the

'And that's me,' says Dolly giving his arm

'He would cut you off with a shilling, I

suppose as the heavy fathers do in the

and, by Jupiter, Doll, I haven't a penny, no

not a halfpenny, but what the old duffer

Well, you could go on the stage,' says Dolly, reassuringly. With your face and

your figure, and your aristocratic air, and

your education, and everything, you'd make a

tip top walking gent.' 'Don't say 'tip-top.' Dolly, and don't say

gent,' corrects Mr. Vaughan. 'Yes there's

something in that. I could go on the stage,

and I always liked the life. Well, if the

worst comes to the worst, who knows?-I may don the sock or buckskin. Meantime,

And oh ! by-the-by, Bertie, I nearly for-

We're to have a sailing party over

got!' cries Dolly, heeping fast hold of his

to Star Island to-morrow afternoon, after 1e-

hearsal, a clam chowder, a dance, and a good

time generally. I've retused everybody, be-

cause I wanted to go with you. You'll come?

here we are at your lodgings.'

-half-past one sharp.'

not to be described. 'A real good time. Good night Mr. Vaughan.' Ben Ward is the richest and best-looking oung mill-owner in Wyckcliffe, and Miss Dolly De Courcy's most obedient humble servant. As she says good-night she turns to go, leaving him standing irresolute at the gate. She is half way to the door, when he lifts his head and calls :

'I say! Look here, Dolly. Don't ask Ward, confound him. It'll be all right. I'll be there.'

## CHAPTER XIII.

ALLAN-A-DALE 18 NO BARON OR LORD.

That is what she would have liked to say but an instinctive conviction that it would displease her father held her silent. But what, little one?' heasks.

'Nothing, papa.'

There is a silence for awhile. The gray, cold evening is falling over wood and ocean ; a star o: two glitters in the sky. Both sit and look at the tremulous beauty of these frosty stars. Suddenly Sydney springs to her feet.

·Papa, I would like to go and see Hetty. May J,?' Hetty was once Sydney's nurse, very much

tyrannized over, and very dearly loved Hetty was married now and living in the suburbs of the town.

Papa glances at the clock. It is close npon seven, drawing near the time when Mas-ter Bertle may be looked for, and it will do him no harm to find Miss Owenson has not thought it worth her while to wait for him. So he vives a cheerful and immediate assent,

'Certainly, my dear. Hetty is a good creature, a very good creature, and strongly attached to us all. Take Ellen or Katy, or drive over if you like, or Perkins, the coachman, will attend you, or-

'Oh, dear, no, papa!' laughs Sydney. 'I don't want any of them. As if one needed an escort running over to the town | Besides, I've been watched and looked after so long that a scamper for once on my own account will be delightful. May I?'

'It will be dark in ten minutes, Syd.'

'I will be at Hetty's in ten minutes, and she will come back with me if I want her P-please, papa, may I?

Why do you say 'may I,' you witch ? You know you can do as you like with me. Run away. Wrap up, the evenings are chilly and don't stay more than an hour.

Not a second. Good by, papa; au revoir. Bhe ran up to her room, tied her dainty travelling hat over her sunny curls, threw a new and brilliant scarlet mantle over her aboulders. and in the steel-white, steel-cold set of for her walk.

OHAPTEB XII. 1. 1 4 4

ABLAN-DALE TO HIS WOOING HAS COME,

HETTE, otherwise Mrs. Simpson, lived, as has been sain, on the outskitts of the straggling town of Wyckliffe, about three-quarters of a mile from the gates of Owenson Place, supposing you took, the high road. Suppos-Ing you took instead the short cut, skirting the ses side, you shortened the distance by half. Both were perfectly familiar to Miss Owenson, both perfectly safe, and without deliberating about it, she at once struck into the "short-cut,' running along the high rocky ledge skirting the ses.

It was a rough, rock-bound coast, the steen rocks beetling up in some places almost perpendicularly, from fifty to two hundred feet. The steep sides were overgrown with stunted spruce reedy grasses, and wild, flame-colored blossoms waved in the salt wind. A wild belt of yellow sand was left bare at low tide; at high tide the big booming waves washed the cliffs for yards up. In wild weather the thunder of these huge. Atlantic billows could -besheard like dull cannonading to the farsthemiend of the town of It was a lonesome .path, but one that always had a faccination

ou half an hour ago with a young lady on was so like Bertie. Could it be?----Then your arm.' Shu looks keenly at him as she speaks.

she broke off. What a ridiculous idea! Bertie was doubtless on his way from New is a fortunate thing, perhaps, for Mr. Bertie York, and she was idly loitering here after Vaughan that the newly-risen moon does not shine on the spot where he stands. He has promising papa not to stay a moment longer than she could help. She hurried on, and in five minutes was in Mrs. Simpson's cottage, the blondest of blonde comprexions, and it reddens like a girl's as he stoops to knock the ash, with care off his cherished and exand in Mrs. Simpson's arms. 'Bless the baby !' her nurse cried, a buxom pensive cigar.

woman of forty, with the pleasantest of faces; slowly; 'the hat, the height, the walk, the how she is grown! As tall as her mamma, grav overcoat-I could have sworn it was and as pretty as a picture! you, Bert.'

A shower of kisses wound up the sentence. When did you come home?' Mrs. Simpson asked, placing a chair for her young

ady, and removing her hat. perated Sydney; 'must have been my wraith 'About two hours ago, and have run over to see you the first thing. No, thank you my double, and I may be going to die. Hetty, I won't take my things off. I promised papa not to stay but a minute.'

Which he's been that worriting about your coming, Miss Sydney, that I thought he places at once; but then, common sense, I would have gone after you himself, sick as he am told, is not one of the sciences taught at a is. And now your home audgoing to be maryoung ladies' boarding school.' ried to Master Bertie right away. Oh! my dear, darling Miss Sydney. I hope it may be for the best. how, or in what. It begins to dawn upon her

The pleasant face clouded a little as she dimly that Bertie is shallow and affected, said it, the pleasant eyes looked with wistful weak and unstable. The idea has long been affection into her pursling's face. taking shape in her mind; as she looks at him to night, languid and nonchalant, she is

'Certainly it will be for the best, Hetty, Sydney responded, brightly, and yet with a certain reserve in her tone that told Mrs. Simpson the matter was not to be discussed ; and you shall have a brand-new brown silk -you always sighed for a yellow-brown silk, I remember-to dance at my wedding. How is the baby, and how is Mr. Simpson, and how are you getting on ?'

Mrs. Simpson's face grew absolutely radiant. The baby was well-bless him! Miss but listening for his daughter's footstep in-stead of reading. As she enters, Bertie be-Sydney must see him at once; and Simpson was well, thank you, and that busy, and makhind her, his whole face lights. 'Well, puss,' he says, 'you are back safely ing that money, all thanks to the start her papa had given him, and she was the happlest and thankfulest woman in America, with not a want in the world.

'Only the gold-brown silk,' laughed Sydney; 'that's a chronic want, isn't it? Lev me see the baby, and then I must be off.' my case to-night. I have had a surfeit of

Mrs. Simpson left the room, returning ina moment with a six months' old ball of fat, rosy and sleepy, in her arms, trying to rub. two blinking blue eyes with two absurd little fists.

"Ohl the darling!' cries Miss Owenson, jumping up and snatching at it as a matter of course. (Oh, o love! Oh, oo 'ittle pet-sy-wetsy!' Here a shower of kisses. (Oh, oo little beauty | Hetty, he's splendid ! What is it's name?"

Which we've took the liberty of naming: him after your par, Miss Sydney,' responded the blissful mother; "his name's Regineid Algernon Owenson Simpson, at at its christening your par presented him with a silver mug-a; real silver mug-and your mar with a lovely coral and silver b-lis. Sydney had a true girl's maternal in-

stincts, strong, though dormant. Baby was smothered with kisses, which naturally taking baby's breath away, Reginald Algernon Owenson Simpson opened his cherubic mouth, and set up a howl that made his mother spring to the rescue.

" Poor 'ittle pets, did 1 scare it then ?' cooed long and slender, and very handsome, in a Der. To lean over, the steep top of Witch Sydney, pecking daintily at one little paw; his, effeminate way. He has hair in hue. Oh, yes, a young lady. In point of fact the highest point of all these high Aunty Syd shall fetch it something pitty and silkiness like the pale tassels of the corn, my my consin shows from school.

1 12

night. By George! He looked up again-Sydney's light winked - T

and went out. 'Yes,' Bertie mused, 'She.s pretty, and she's doosed good style, and she's an heiress, and a very joily girl so far as 1 can see, but still-

He seemed unable to get any farther. He looked uneasily up at the house once more. All was dark and quiet. He pulled out his watch and looked at that. It was twenty minutes past ten. The moon was shining brilliantly now, silvering woods, and fields, and house. His eyes went slowly over the silver-lit prospect.

'It's all hers, every inch of it, and mine the day I marry her. It's a confounded muddle, lock at how you will. Sometimes I wishyes, by George, I wish I had never seen-

Once more he abruptry broke off. This time he flung away his smoked out Havana and started rapidly for the gates. They were bolted' and a huge English mastiff stood on guard, a very unnecessary precaution in that peaceful place, but of a piece with the squire's general fussiness.

'Here, Trumps-quiet, old boy,' he said, and Trumps'hoarse howl rumbled away into silence. He slid the bolts, opened the gate. closed it, and struck at ence into the rocky path by which Sydney had come and gone four hours before. He met no one until he left it and took the first street leading to the town. Here all was quiet too, the stores closed, a few bar-rooms alone sending their fatal light abroad. He drew near a large building, at whose entrance lamps burned, and from which strains of music came Turning an angle of this building, he came upon a young girl standing alone, her shawl wrapped about her, her back against a dead

wall-evidently waiting 'Am I late, Dolly?' demanded Mr. Vaughan, in a breathless tone. 'Awfully sorry, upon my honor, but I couldn't help it. I couldn't, upon my word."

He drew her hand, under his arm and led her off, bending down affectionately to catch a glimpse of her face. A piquant face, lit with bright restless eyes, and plump as an apple. There wes rouge on hor cheeks and lips, and powder, thick everywhere rouge was not, but the face he looked at was pretty in spite of that, with a certain chic and dash. , Are you angry, Dolly? Hupon my soul,

Tim sorry, but I couldn't help it. 1: By Jove, Dolly, incouldn't. an international state 'Angry? Oh, dear, nol'answered Miss Dolly, with a flash of her dark eyes-I not I, Mr. Vaughan!' 'Only when a young gentleman tells a young lady hell meet her a quarter of ten, and doesn't come till a quarter past eleven, it's time for that young lady to find another escort home. It isn't pleasant waiting three-quarters of an hour out in the cold, and I won't try it on again I can tell you hat.lister solve and in president de auto-a Come now, Dolly, you don't mean to quarthat !!

rel with me, do you? I couldn't stand that. I told you I positively couldn't get away, and I couldn't. There was?—a momentary hesitation-i.a visitor at the house and lihad to stay and do the civil. And f tay and do the civil.bas for a short the being of A syoung blady, Bertie ?... asked . Dolly, quickly, with a sudden, swift, jealous change

a a general per digetti a chi na cac

bair. of the goddess Hygea. And we used to think her delicate! Upon my word, a Canadian boarding-school, long lassons, and short com-mons must be capital things for health. Bertie, my lad, what's the matter with you this morning? . Didn't your last cigar sit well last night, or had you the nightmare? You look

rather white about the gills ? 'Delicacy is my normal state,' Mr. Vaughan answers, languidly. 'Aunt Char, I'll trouble you for another steak and a second help to those very excellent fried potatoes. I am but a fragile blossom at best, that any rude wind may nip at the bud. never tasted better in my life.

He meets Sydney's langhing eyes with pensive gravity, and the squire booms out a great laugh in high good humoria with its

'I'll tell you what it is, my fragile blossom, he says, twe will try if change of air won't do you good. Bydney, I've a treat in store for you) . One bour after breakfast let all he ready in the in very best rigging-the carriage will: beat the door and we will go and make -a days of vit at the Sunderlands. We'll see if we can't blow the wilted roses back into the lily-like cheeks of our fair, fragile Mr. Waughan (VAA) CHARTER 'Oh, how nice of, you, papa!' cries out Sydney, in her school-girl way; 'how glad I shall be to see Mamie and Susie Sunderland again ,And we can have a row in the after-,noon across the bay to Star Island ..... You are the very best and kindest papa that ever fathers. , Hey, Bertie, what do, you, say? Confound the last ! he looks as ginmias, if, he had heard his death sentence. , Say don't you want to go ?!... The flush in Squire Owenson's Hon-like eye might have: intimidated, a tolarahly, strong man. A strong man mentally, morally, or physically-Bertle Vaughan was not. In His tone was deprecating and subdued to a degree

when he spoke. june illy 11 . cont dait all . Beally, sir, nothing, would give me, more pleasure, but ---- amilin ali sei anganon (nara Lout Perela - protes lede aport intender set 445

odds were he would lose her iorever. To lose Dolly De Courcy was to Mr. Vaughan's mind, this morning, about the bitterest earthly loss that could befall him. As far as a thoroughly weak, thoroughly selfish, thorloved this black-eyed, loud-voiced, sharpin the house crowing and clapping over most weeks ago he had lost his head-on the first night indeed on which he had seen her at the little Wyckliffe theatre, in the dashing role of Jack Sheppard. For the matter of that a dozen other young men had lost their heads clusters of rowan berries in her lovely leose on the same auspicious occasion, but among them all the blue-eyed, fair-haired, aristo-Look at that child !' says the squire, his cratic-looking, young English gentleman whole face aglow with the love and delight proved the conquering hero. Pretty, plamp he cannot hide ; ishe might sit for a portrait | Dolly had, a romantic, if rather fickle fance, and he captivated it. Any one exactly like him, with his slow trainante voice, his soft, languid laugh, his gentle, obsequious man-ner, the provincial actress had never met before, and all the rich young mill-men had been nowhere in the race. They might eneer at ' Miss Vaughan's ' pretty white hands, curl ing Hyperion locks, soft little moustache like the callow down upon goslings back, his lav-ender and lemon kids, his scented and embroidered handkerchiefs. Miss De Courcy liked all these elegant and patrician things, because she wasn't use to them. He was a gentlymen pure and simple, born and bred A second cup of coffee, Aunt Char, if you | and that is whatthey were not; plebeian, unplease. Really Katy is a cordon bleu; I | educated, and ignorant to the core herself, Dolly had an intense admiration of these things in him. In point of fact, Bertie Vaughan was a 'thing of beauty and a joy forever' in, her eyes, and she would rather have married him, to use her own forcible, if not too delicate expression, 'without a shirt to his back,' than Ben. Ward or Sam Hacker, or any other mill-millionaire of them all 'hung with diamonds.' She took his bouquets, and his costlier presents, and smiled upon bim; and loved him; and was pessionately jealons of every lock; or smile given to the humblest; and inomeliest of her: sisterhood. This Bertie knew of How, then, would it be when the found him breaking his promise. staying isway from ther pic-nic to attend apother, and play chevalier servante to his cousin lidua ho seens in fa. () There; will be the very dickens to pay. groaned poor Bertie, sand sooner or later the whole thing will blow up and reach the governor's ears, and then-A cold thrill ran through him, he could not pursue the horrible subject. . . . fast

. Ill write her a note and send it with Murphy, he thought, after a moment's profound cogitation. I It's the best I can do-the only thing I can do ... Confound the governor! It's the first time since I have known him such a frisky idea as this over came into his, head, and to think of his pitching upon this day of all days! Hang it all P.

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