

"Yes, I saw him. He's a great, broad-shouldered fellow, with heaps of tawny hair like a lion, and blue eyes, and smokes huge pipes, and is all bows and affability, and don't understand English billiards, wanting to know why you all ze time furlooffen, as he calls going in off the red, and I dare say you'll think him nice, and he salls ze pleasure have ze dainer to visitron, that he may become ze simmer-soo-sour to-morrow, and I told him to call about this time, because then you will be home, and you can draw him out over a cup of tea, and see for yourself whether it will do for you to have him. I think he's a very jolly fellow myself, and will be immense fun at first. There, I've answered all your questions, so let me see if my tea's cool."

"Wait a minute, goosey, I haven't put any sugar in," says Constance, proceeding to administer sweets to the sweet.

George is just going to drink the nectar with the avidity of one who has ridden eight miles through the heat and dust, but explodes in his cup.

"Connie, what do you think he calls gloves? Hand-shoes."

"Well, that's only the German name, stupid—Hand-shuh."

"Is it? Well, I thought it wonderfully ingenious English, and I mean to adopt the term ever hereafter."

"Is he a gentleman, George, do you think I puts in mamma."

"So far as I can judge from two hours' broken German," replies George. "He's overpoweringly polite, overdoes the thing; but then we must make allowances for Continental education, you know. However, judge for yourself to-morrow. I must be off, now, the governor rows so if I'm not there at soup."

And he kisses Connie, who runs out after him with three lumps of sugar for Brown Bess, the mare.

IV.

Next day Max Lindenholtz made his appearance at Rose Cottage. The ladies were delighted with his courtesy, with his blue eyes, clear complexion and blonde hair, his child-like frankness and geniality. He was voted, *nem. con.*, an eligible inmate for the house, and was forthwith installed in the blue room and the gabled chamber, which were destined to form his special domain.

And forthwith began that dangerous conjugation of the verb "to love," which has sometimes ended in learning it too well. And if Max was by no means callous to the charms of his attractive pupil, at least he remembered the respect due to the daughter of the roof that sheltered him, for Max was nothing if not a man of honor. Yet his frank simplicity of manner soon won him, without, perhaps, either being aware of it, a greater intimacy with Constance than even George enjoyed; at least she felt less constrained in the presence of Max than that of her lover. Their chief time for study was the early morning hours, for Max was an inveterate early riser, and George believed himself entitled to monopolize her evenings.

It was the custom for Constance, as she returned from her daily round of visits, to call at the post office for letters, as Rose Cottage lay beyond the limits of the letter-carrier's beat.

One evening she brought home a foreign letter addressed to Max. When he had read it, he said:

"Mme. Vater vil pe very glat wenn I sall send him von young gentelmans that sall make his English correspondences in the meantime, until I sall return from mine tour of the Engleesh islands. He sall bei mine vater logiren, and mine people sall make him all ze comforts in zere powers. Perhaps your broders might atwas best derto leaben."

"Do you hear, Rad?" says Constance; "what do you say?"

"Yes, I hear," says Rad, with his mouth full and behind his paper; "but Rad sticks to the bank."

But it came into Constance Glyn's mind that night, as she sat taking her customary bask in the moonbeams, and thought over the events of the day, that 'it might be a fine thing for George. She knew very well that the style kept up at the Hall was far beyond his father's means, and that the boy was very shortly off for pocket-money. She was sure a little foreign polish would be extremely acceptable to her in the case of this robust English lad, and she thought it would not be very difficult to persuade him to accept the offer of a tour on which his expenses would be paid. His duties would not, of course, be onerous, and as an Englishman, and recommended by Max as his personal friend, he would be made much of and lionized. For herself, owing to the lively interest she was taking in her German lessons and her German master, she knew she would not be lonesome, nor have to exercise her tact to navigate between the Charybdis of George's jealousy, and the Scylla of wounding the German by neglect.

Next day she coaxed and wheedled George into her view of the matter. A fortnight afterwards he was duly despatched, after being hugged and wept over, on the first stage of his journey to Leipzig, with her picture and a lock of her hair in his breast pocket.

To judge from his letters which, frequent at first, became less regular as the months of his absence advanced, George was extremely happy at Leipzig. He was charmed by his reception at the house of the merchant, and full of eulogy of the kindness and comfort of the hospitality he enjoyed.

But the subject on which he did not dilate, but which was really all this time uppermost in his thoughts, was that of Hermione Lindenholtz, Max's sister.

A large, blonde, rosy-lipped girl was she, who took merry pains to teach him German, and picked up English words from him, with twice the rapidity with which he imbibed her instruction. No one could have called her bold, yet she had a simple, amiable frankness of manner which broke at once through the barrier of his stupid English shyness and restraint, and endowed her society with a magnetism which even Connie had never exercised.

This delightful intimacy had lasted for several months, when news reached Elliott that Uncle Moneybags was dying, and that, if he wished to see him again alive, he must hurry back to England. Actuated by that keen sense of duty which the care of wealthy relatives is apt to engender, he made rapid preparations to hasten home, about the time that Max Lindenholtz was becoming aware that it was advisable for his peace of mind to absent himself, for a time at least, from the too attractive atmosphere of Rose Cottage. As he never disguised anything which concerned himself from his dearly loved sister, Hermione, it was the soul outpouring with which he covered quires of foreign post on this head that induced her to indite with some trepidation the following epistle to Constance Glyn:

Leipzig, the 28th of April, 187—

To the high, well-born Fraulein,
Miss Glyn,
Rose Cottage,
Ripplepool.

Since Mr. Elliott tells me that I the English already very well understand, I will in your mother tongue address you, which I should not dare to do but that I do seem to know you quite well from what Max writes to me over many sheets of paper, and what Mr. Elliott has told me about you, and that you must be very sweet and amiable. And now I shall tell you two secrets, which you must let me whisper into your ear in the very strictest confidence. My poor Max has fallen so deeply in love with you that he says that it will be like tearing his heart strings asunder to part with you, which I have told him he must do at once, in order that he may complete his travels in England before returning home to us. I beg, therefore, that you do make this parting easy for him by not being too kind. I do fear, knowing Max very well, that it may also kill him; for he has a very affectionate heart.

I do with much difficulty prevent my tears from spoiling my paper, partly when I think of poor Max, and also on my own account, since I, to-day, have parted with Mr. Elliott, whose uncle, he has received news, is dying. Mr. Elliott has become very much beloved by all of us, and has always been so kind to me that I do feel that a very dear brother has to-day gone from me. Surely to be so beautiful and so good as you are, highly respected Fraulein, is a very responsible endowment, since it does make you to be the arbitress of many fates.

Trusting that you will not be angry with the poor little German girl who has been so courageous as to address you, and will not betray her confidence in your very great goodness, I subscribe myself,

With great respect,
HERMIONE LINDENHOLTZ.

V.

Another June evening on the banks of the Ripple. The red flush of the sunset still makes the heavens glorious, and the edges of the fleecy clouds are resplendent with richest tints. The air is heavy with the aroma of the hayfields, and Nature is hushed in the stillness of approaching night. Sad at her parting with the man she loves, Constance Glyn, her eyes yet moist with tears, her half-dishevelled hair falling in rich masses on her shoulders, while stray curls, fanned by the soft breath of zephyrs, caress coquettishly her low white brow—wanders slowly on the brink of the quiet stream, her straw hat, carelessly pendent by its blue ribbons from her interlaced hands, her mind much perplexed at the thought of meeting again the man whom she does not love, but whom she is to marry. To marry and not to love. Would it not be better to follow the new love to his foreign home, to make his land her land, and his people her people, and partake of a dinner of herbs, that is, sourkraut and potato salad, with contentment, than to feast on the stalled ox with the strife of an uneasy conscience?

The sound of approaching footsteps checks her meditations, and she hears a well-known voice demand—

"Now that I meet thee
After long months,
How shall I greet thee?"

And the vision of an English house, and a carriage, and wealth, rises up before her; and the absent have always wing, so she gets up a little flutter of excitement, and murmurs:

"Oh George, is that you? Just as I was feeling so lonesome and thinking about you so. And how long your hair is, and what a moustache you've grown!"

"Why, Connie," says George, after he has kissed away a tear, "you've been crying, child."

"Didn't I tell you I was lonesome and thinking about you," said the little hypocrite, as if the tears were on his account.

And George, as she stands before him with the roses of her cheek heightened by the last

glow of the sunset, seeing how she has developed into a fuller, completer beauty during the twelve months of his absence, feels something of the old ardor stealing over him, and resolves, if she will have him when she knows all, if she will love him poor as she loved him when gilded with the prospective wealth that may never be his, that he will be true to her and marry her, and forget his far-off love across the seas.

And so they walk back to the cottage, arm-in-arm, as they used to walk in the old days, but one, at least, knows that his semblance of affection is but a hollow mockery of the old love.

"And have you never forgotten your little Connie all this time? Are you quite sure no golden-haired Fraulein has stolen your heart away?" inquires Constance, next day, which is Sunday, as they wander again by the river-side during the afternoon.

"Am I not here? Haven't you got me back, and doesn't your head rest on my heart, and can't you feel it beat as it used to beat twelve months ago? Isn't that proof enough? I have never asked you if you had ceased to think of me, for I have trusted you too well to allow myself to doubt. Yet I have thought sometimes you might have written me more."

"Didn't I answer every one of yours? Did I upbraid you though they grew less frequent and more cold? No, if I had loved you less I might have lost heart, but I have trusted you through all." And as she spoke the words, Hermione's letter tickled her throat under the white frill, and she blushed with a sense of her falsehood.

And blushing thus she looked so charming that he stooped and kissed her, saying:

"My darling, may I prove worthy of your truth?"

"Of course you are worthy, since now that you are rich, you have not forgotten the poor governess."

"But suppose I were not rich at all, and have only my own industry to look forward to through life?"

Connie half loosened her hand from his arm, and stopped and looked up at him, growing pale in spite of herself.

"Of course," said she, "you are only joking."

"My dear," said he, "it is no joke, but a stern reality. Uncle Moneybags, despite his promise, left everything to charity. You see I was not at his death-bed, and, out of sight, out of mind, I suppose."

Then Constance Glyn withdraws her hand, indeed, and turned from red to pale and pale to red, and trembled from head to foot in her rage.

"So, sir," she cried, "you have deceived me. You come to me in the guise of a rich man and you are a beggar. And since you have dared to deceive me in this, so you are false in all else. Read this, sir, and deny it if you dare!" And she flashed Hermione's letter in his face.

"Constance," he said, when he had perused it, "if I have come back to you poor it is not my fault; that I have met with a sweet, noble-minded girl, for whom I have a sincere friendship, and for whom I have permitted myself as yet no warmer feeling, may prove my good fortune. You shall indeed be the arbitress of our fates. In your hands I leave the decision."

"Go, sir!" she said, "go back to your Fraulein Hermione, and I wish her joy of you! And rejoice that I am too proud to seek the redress the law might give me!"

"You are talking nonsense," he said. "I do not seek my freedom. I have no intention whatever of breaking any promise you will allow me to fulfil. If I do not marry you, it can only be because you do not wish it."

Connie paused a moment, pouting. Then she turned suddenly with a glimmer of tears in her eyes.

"George," she said, "you are a good fellow! and deserve to be happier than I should ever make you, and to be loved as I have never loved you. Only we had been engaged so long, and I was so used to looking forward to the good time we should have with your uncle's money. Leave me, forget me, despise me, as I deserve."

"Connie," said George, putting his two hands on her shoulders and looking in her face, "you love another."

She gave him no answer, unless her rising color was one. George so interpreted it.

"Well," he said, "I will leave you, but I cannot forget you, and I will never despise you. And so, despite her ambition, Constance Glyn made a love match after all."

SPOOPENDYKE STOPS SMOKING.

"My dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, rampling his hair around over his head and gazing at himself in the glass; "My dear, do you know I think I smoke too much! It doesn't agree with me at all."

"Just what I have always thought!" chimed Mrs. Spoopendyke, "and besides it makes the room smell so. You know this room—"

"I'm not talking about the room," retorted Mr. Spoopendyke, with a snort. "I'm not aware that it affects the health of the room; I'm talking about my health this trip, and I think I'll break off short. You don't catch me smoking any more," and Mr. Spoopendyke yawned and stretched himself, and plumped down in his easy chair and glared out of the window at the rain.

"How are you going to break off?" inquired Mrs. Spoopendyke, drawing up her sewing chair and gazing up into her husband's face admiringly. "I suppose the best way is not to think of it at all."

"The best way is for you to sit there and cackle about it!" growled Mr. Spoopendyke. "If anything will distract my attention from it that will. Can't ye think of something else to talk about? Don't ye know of some subjects that don't smell like a tobacco plantation?"

"Certainly," cooed Mrs. Spoopendyke, rather nonplussed. "We might talk about the rain. I suppose this is really the equinox. How long will it last, dear?"

"Gast the equinox!" sputtered Mr. Spoopendyke. "Don't you know that when a man quits smoking it depresses him? What d'ye want to talk about depressing things for? Now's the time to make me cheerful. If ye don't know any cheerful things, keep quiet."

"Of course," assented Mrs. Spoopendyke, "You want subjects that will draw your mind away from the habit of smoking like you used to. Won't it be nice when the long winter evenings come, and the fire is lighted and you have your slippers and paper—"

"That's just the time I want a cigar!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke, bounding around in his chair and scowling at his wife. "Ain't ye got sense enough to shingle your tongue for a minute? The way you're keeping it up you'll drive me back to my habit in less'n an hour," he continued solemnly, "and then my blood will be on your head."

"Oh, dear," sighed Mrs. Spoopendyke, "I don't mean to. Did you notice about the comet? They say it is going to drop into the sun and burn up—"

"There ye go again!" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke. "You can't open your mouth without suggesting something that breaks me down! What d'ye want to talk about fire for? Who wants fire when he's stopped smoking? Two minutes more and I'll have a pipe in my mouth!" and Mr. Spoopendyke groaned dismally in contemplation of the prospect.

"I'm glad you're going to stay at home to-day," continued Mrs. Spoopendyke, soothingly. "You'd be sure to catch cold if you went out; and by-and-by we'll have a piping hot dinner—"

"That's it!" squealed Mr. Spoopendyke, bounding out of his chair and plunging around the room. "You've got to say something about a pipe! I knew how it would be! You want me to die! You want me to smoke myself into an early grave! You'll fetch it! Don't give yourself any uneasiness! You're on the track!" and Mr. Spoopendyke buried his face in his hands and shook convulsively.

"I mean it for the best, my dear, murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I thought I was drawing—"

"That's it!" ripped Mr. Spoopendyke. "Drawing! You've driven me to it instead of keeping me from it. You know how it's done! All you need now is a lightning rod and a dish of milk toast to be an inebriate's home! Where's that cigar I left here on the mantel? Gimme my death warrant! Show me my imported room! Drag forth my miniature coffin!" and Mr. Spoopendyke swept the contents of the shelf upon the floor and howled dismally.

"Isn't that it?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, pointing to a small pile of snuff on the chair in which Mr. Spoopendyke had been sitting. "That looks like it."

"Wah!" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke, grasping his hat and making for the door. "Another time I swear off you go to the country, you hear!" and Mr. Spoopendyke dashed out of the house and steered for the nearest tobacco shop.

"I don't care," muttered Mrs. Spoopendyke; "when he swears off again I'm willing to leave, and in the meantime I suppose he'll be healthier without his pipe, so I'll hang it upon the wall where he'll never think of looking for it," and having consigned his tobacco to the flames, Mrs. Spoopendyke gathered her sewing materials around her and double-clenched an old resolution never to lose her temper, no matter what happened.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MISS CELIA LOGAN gave her lecture on "Actresses" in Brooklyn on Sunday week.

ANNIE PIXLEY is drawing crowded houses and exciting favorable comment in New England.

DR. DAMROSCH intends using the "low pitch" during the concerts of the Oratorio Society and in his provincial tour.

MR. RAFAEL JOSEFFY plays at Theodore Thomas' orchestra concerts, in Philadelphia, this week.

MR. THEODORE HAMILTON, the popular actor, has returned to this country after being absent in Australia for five years.

THE New York Oratorio Society will, on their opening concert, recite Berlioz' Grand Requiem. The tenor solo part will be sung by Signor Ravelli.

MME. CHRISTINE NILSSON lost, by the fire at the Park Theatre, her operatic costumes and a considerable amount of jewelry.

MR. BRONSON HOWARD will leave for England next week, and will personally superintend the London production of "Young Mrs. Winthrop."

MR. C. R. THORNE, SR., who is seventy-two years of age, and who has been an actor for half a century, will be the recipient of a complimentary benefit in December.

ADELINA PATTI arrived in New York on Tuesday. She will appear in "Dinorah," "Romeo and Juliet," "Huguenots," "Star of the North," and "Semiramide," roles she has never sung in America.

THERE are persons who do not know how to waste their time alone, and hence become the scourge of busy people.