

WHEN LOVE WAS YOUNG.

It was in the sixties that Molly Richmond came to town to spend her New Year's Day in state. In New York the first of January was then the high festival of the year. On Christmas Day, indeed, good churchmen went to service, and plum puddings were duly partaken of; but the Christmas tree was still looked upon as a foreign growth, few places of business were closed, and merry-making was indulged in only by individual preference. It was for New Year's Day that all the grand preparations were made, when no shop could be found open after the unusual display of holiday week, when costly presents were given, and ladies sat in gorgeous attire in parlors behind closed blinds, receiving relays of gentlemen in full evening dress, from twelve noon until the dance with which the festivities generally culminated.

When Molly rustled down stairs on this particular New Year's Day, she could hardly credit her good fortune in being there, her coming to town had been fraught with such difficulties. The afternoon before, when she should have been starting, one of her younger sisters was threatened with croup, and Molly's mother had feared that she could not be spared. As Molly sat in her window and watched the train, her train, spending away through the snow-covered valley, the rebellious tears rose and something in her throat choked her. Never, never—or so at least it seemed to her injured spirit—did she plan to go anywhere but that there was always a question as to whether she could be spared. And she worked so faithfully at home and asked for so little. Had her mother ever been young herself? It is impossible to describe with what vindictive feelings Molly bandaged the cold slab of salt pork—then the rural remedy for croup—around Eliza's neck, and put together the materials for the succulent onion syrup which was to complete the cure.

maroon plush furniture, a pier glass with a white marble base, and a large mirror over the marble mantel on which stood a French gilt clock under a glass shade, flanked by yellow marble candleabra. In the centre of the long, narrow room stood a marble-topped centre-table, which held a card basket made of Bristol board and neatly painted in moss roses, and some handsomely bound books symmetrically arranged. Above the table was another basket of pearl beads, suspended from the chandelier. The high, narrow windows at the end of the parlor were draped with lace curtains and huge, box-like lambrequins of maroon cloth, from which depended a fringe of large and bony tassels. In one of these windows was a smaller marble-topped table with 'Roger's group' upon it. There was no evidence of any kind of occupation in this festively marbled apartment, but there was a large rosewood piano at one end and five family portraits hung on the walls. The only floral decoration consisted of a wax rosebud placed deceptively in a wine glass on the end of the mantelpiece.

Two girls were sitting over the black ironwork of the register, warming their slippers. The hostess herself was in the back parlor superintending the table, which every family set on this day, with refreshments which might reach from the genteel elegance of plum cake, macarons and sherry through the varying grades of sandwiches, oysters, chocolate russe, ices, and punch until it culminated in the proportions of an aldermanic banquet. It was etiquette for a gentleman to eat or drink a little at each course, a heroic effort of gallantry, to which some, alas! succumbed before the day was over.

in wishing every one a vociferous happy New Year. The girls snook their company attitudes, and finally flocked into the back room, as Uncle John had expressed himself ready to begin his journey with a reinforcement of pickled oysters and hot coffee.

'I told your aunt I'd get a bite here, he said; 'there was nothing ready at home when I left. I wish we had as good coffee at our house as you make, Martha. I'll send Mary over to find out how you do it. I brought Charley with me because I knew he'd swell your list of callers, if he is only twelve. A boy's never too young to learn to be polite, I say. Don't eat so much cake, you rascal!'

But the bell had rung again, necessitating a frantic rush back into company positions, leaving only Mrs. Whiting for Uncle John's support, for it was one of the unwritten codes that a lady should always be in an attitude of elegant leisure to receive callers on New Year's Day. Molly looked up eagerly to scan the visitors, but the one she sought was not among them. Hardly had the greetings been exchanged when more callers arrived, and more, and soon the room was full. There were hearty old gentlemen, family friends with portly figures and a large spread of watch chain, who laughed with loud ha ha, and joked with the young ladies; sallow youths on their initial round of pleasure, who got tangled up with their canes, and had great difficulty in gathering courage to leave; nervous young men, who tried to be easy; bold young men, who were too easy; and the indisputably nice fellows whom each girl wished might fall to her share. And through all the coming and going, Adelaide, who sat in a corner by the lace curtains, had a little coterie around her, no matter who else was provided for.

'I think she's hateful,' said Emma, with tears in her eyes. 'Mr. Roper is my friend; he came to see me. Why must she take possession of him?'

'It's a way she has,' said Julia lazily. 'She fits her eyelids and looks. Why don't you try it, Emma? I can't; it isn't my style. If I ever in love, though, I shall use Adelaide as a sort of test of my lover's fidelity, and if he goes to her when she narrows her eyes, I'll have none of him! Do you see?'

Molly laughed with the rest, although the laughter had suddenly a jarring sound; she was wondering if her friend would also go over to Adelaide's side when he came.

'Happy New Year,' said a voice beside her—not the voice she was longing to hear. Ah, well, she could still have the happy anticipation and the shy dream of him.

After two o'clock there was a lull for a little while, and the ladies escaped in separate groups to take a surreptitious dinner below stairs in a basement room where the marble motif of the parlor was further worked out in the pattern of the oil-cloth on the floor. You were never supposed to dine on New Year's Day, but at your roast turkey with one foot—figuratively speaking—on the basement stairs, ready to rush upward to your attitude of elegant leisure at the first hint of bell ringing. Molly took a turn with the rest, but made but poor work of her turkey. Perhaps she had been obliged to hospitably nibble too many macarons in those incessant trips to the back parlor with polite young gentlemen—or perhaps she was listening too intently for that bell.

'I wish you a happy New Year,' and he had come and gone come and gone. Oh, those happy, lost three months! What would she not give for one of them to live over again? And the dreadful days in the new year to come, how could she ever get through them? She did not know what she was saying, what she was doing, for he had come and gone.

'Oh, how I wish I could play on the piano,' said Julia.

'My dear,' said her mother reprovingly. 'Well, I hope no one will come in for a few minutes; I want a rest. Emma, do put down that book. Let's consult the Fortune Leaves for a change.'

'I know everything in them by heart,' said Emma.

'Adelaide and Molly must come then. It's New Year's Day, so the fortune will surely be a magic one. Come, Adelaide.'

'I don't want to,' said Adelaide with a smile, as she rose slowly.

'Oh, but you must!' Julia flourished what appeared to be a long and green card-board leaf; underneath it were similar-shaped leaves of thin writing-paper, on which verses were delicately written.

'I'll choose my number first. Oh, dear, it's the one I always get! Vacant heart, and mind and eye. Easy live and quiet die. I think it's mean. Now, Molly, whisper your number to me there.'

'Thy fate to-day shall be thy fate always,' read Molly. Oh, yes, that was true enough. Julia gave her a side glance and held Molly's hand close in hers.

'I'm sure that's beautifully oracular. Now, Adelaide. Why, you have chosen the same number as Molly; have you the same fate?'

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'Is there any necessity of your having quite so many young idiots hanging around here, Mabel?' asked the father in the properly deferential tone of a modern papa.

General Sir Henry Lyneoch Gardiner, K.C.B., Groom-in-Waiting to the Queen, who died last week at his residence, Thatched House Lodge, Richmond Park, was the son of the late General Sir Robert Gardiner, G.C.B., K.C.H. He was born in 1820 and at the age of seventeen entered the army. When a lieutenant he served at Prescott during the Canadian rebellion.

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SOCIETY MEETINGS.

- Young Men's Societies. C. M. B. A. of Quebec. GRAND COUNCIL OF QUEBEC. Catholic Benevolent Legion. Shamrock Council, No. 320, C.B.L. Catholic Order of Foresters. St. Lawrence Court, 263, C.O.F. St. Patrick's Court, No. 95, C.O.F. Total Abstinence Societies. ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY. St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society.

The parlor which Molly entered represented to her mind the height of elegance. It was adorned with a Brussels carpet whereon aimless whorls of crimson wound around large white and gray lilies;

YOU NEED Hood's Sarsaparilla if your blood is impure, your appetite gone, your health impaired. Nothing builds up health like HOOD'S.

He had come—and gone! Oh, poor Molly! Her sky, the clear beautiful New Year sky, had turned as black as midnight; he had come—and gone! 'I wish you a happy New Year'—she was saying it mechanically to other comers;

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