

BETWEEN THE DANCES.

"May difference of opinion never hinder matrimony!"—
New Saw.

HE.

Sweet Alice, let me sit by you.
And rest for half an hour;
I see there's just a place for two
Behind this passion-flower.
But why that pensive sigh, dear maid,—
That glance so cold and stately?
What rival fancy dares invade
The love we pledged so lately?
I see a cloud upon your brow,
You look at me with scornful;
Oh, say you're not repenting now
The promise made this morning!

SHE.

No, Frank; to you I'm constant yet.
My love, my heart's election!
No rival claim, no base regret,
Disturbs my firm affection.
Your income, too, is quite enough,
While mine for me suffices
(Just hand me, dear, that vanilla puff,
And one of yonder ices).
But, ah! ne'er yet love's blissful way
Ran smooth in human story:
You are a Liberal, they say;
And I was born a Tory.

HE.

Nay then, sweet queen, but yield assent
To just one small petition:
Call forth Love's model Parliament
Without an Opposition;
And there, to save us from a fix,
This sage amendment carry—
"That both shall keep their politics,
Although they dare to marry."
You, Curdie's Tory, staunch and true,
Shall change or vary never;
While I will be, in love for you,
A Liberal for ever.

A SCHOOL-GIRL FRIENDSHIP.

BY MRS. LEPROHON.

CHAPTER I.

The school bell had just summoned the pupils of Miss Judson's select and aristocratic female seminary, situated in one of Montreal's widest and shadiest streets, to their respective class rooms. Slowly and lingeringly—for the day was oppressively warm—they filed past into the large, bare-looking apartments, where so many weary hours of the long summer day were passed. Without unnecessary delay, for the Lady Principal of the establishment was a strict disciplinarian, they seated themselves at their desks, some with gay mischievous faces, others with weary, discontented looks; whilst the teachers, rigid and formal, sat upright at their different posts, showing but little indulgence to the indolent or ignorant.

When the afternoon hours, with their tiresome hum of study and repetition, were over, and the pupils had joyously closed their desks and left them, two girls still remained standing in an angle near a window, engaged in low, earnest converse. One was a tall bright blonde of eighteen, dressed with a careful elegance that had often drawn down on her cold reproach from Miss Judson, that lady regarding a marked love of dress as almost incompatible with love of study; her companion was a slight delicate girl, attired with great simplicity, and apparently two or three years younger, though in reality of the same age.

"How is it, Charlotte," enquired the latter, with a tired, discouraged look, "that though I studied this weary task," and she glanced towards a book she held in her hand, "for nearly an hour yesterday evening, how is it that you, who read a novel during that time, repeated the lesson so well to-day, and received praise, whilst I reaped only disgrace and rebuke? I cannot understand it at all."

"Oh, you darling simpleton, did you not see that I had placed loose leaves containing the task between my atlas and handkerchief, where I could fortify my memory with a peep when necessary; said leaves, to deepen the measure of my iniquity, as that odious Miss Judson would phrase it, being torn from my book for the special purpose?"

"Surely a dishonourable action," rejoined her companion, her pale cheek slightly flushing. "I wonder that some of the girls did not tell on you."

"Because, friend Gertrude, I took good care that the hateful things should not see me do it. As for you, I do not mind, knowing that your sense of honour, or what might be called your want of sense, will not allow you to expose your friend."

"Tis all very tiresome," sighed Gertrude, "and now, with a blinding headache, I must commence studying again."

"Go boldly to Miss Judson, saying that you are suffering, and she will let you off. You look wretchedly ill and pale to-day."

"I have not courage enough. She might tax me with pretence or indolence. Oh, how I wish the vacations were commencing this very day!"

"For the matter of that, so do I; but, in the meantime, I shall endeavour to make life endurable by all the means in my power, honourable or not; and if you were not a silly little puss you would do the same. But to turn to pleasanter subjects than our school worries, I want you to tell me when you are to see or be seen by this newly-arrived lord of the creation to whom you have been promised in marriage, without your tastes or wishes having been in any degree consulted?"

"My last home letter told me I might expect him and papa this very week, but I do hope

they will not come to-day. I feel neither well nor in spirits—"

"And consequently not in condition to make a proper impression on Mr. Arthur Rodney, the sultan to whom you find yourself promised and given. Frankly, in your place, I would never have tamely submitted to such a high-handed measure."

"There is nothing high-handed about it, Charlotte. My poor mother, with whom Mr. Rodney was a great favourite, being also a distant connection, thought she could best insure my happiness by betrothing me to him, under condition, however, that the step should be kept quiet, and that at the end of the first year that should elapse after my leaving school the engagement would be regarded as void if either party felt the slightest disinclination to fulfil it."

"Which will not be likely on your part, at least," and Miss Brookes smiled satirically. "Your suitor is rich, of good family, and possesses what must be a rare treasure, since people talk so much about it, a remarkably upright, honourable character. I only wish my future lay before me as clearly and pleasantly marked out as yours seems to be. But by the way, have you any idea what the man is like? How long is it since you last saw him?"

"Three years; about the time of poor mamma's death. He has been absent in Europe since then, and when he landed in Canada a short time since, papa wrote, telling me to soon expect them both."

"Pray let us hear what you thought of him when you did see him. I have always found you strangely reticent on this topic, considering the extent of our friendship. Do speak out frankly!"

"I saw him but very seldom, owing to the critical state of my poor mother's health at that time, which rendered me almost indifferent to everything else. I remember well though that he was handsome, clever,—indeed, much too good for an insignificant, plain girl like myself."

"Nonsense, Lady Gerty! You have youth, are of good family, and have had careful training. Then you have money, and though he has also a large share of the same useful commodity, your having it will not prove detrimental to your marital prospects. But what a bearish suitor he must be to not have written you a line immediately on his arrival. A Turk could not have acted worse."

A vivid blush suddenly dyed Gertrude's cheek, imparting a wonderful charm to her pale, girlish face, and she unclosed her lips as if about to speak, yet still hesitated.

"Ah! little traitress, you are concealing something from me, and have been doing so all the time! Be truthful, now, if you wish me to condone your deceitful past."

"I have but little to tell. When papa wrote last I also received a few lines from Mr. Rodney, accompanied by his likeness."

"And you have never shown me either. Is this what you call friendship and confidence? Quick, tell me all, show me all, or our Damon and Pythias friendship is for ever at an end."

Reluctantly Gertrude opened a morocco pocket-book and drew from it a letter and richly chased locket. This latter Miss Brookes, in her eager curiosity, almost snatched from the hands of her companion, and, after gazing long and earnestly on it, closed the costly case, and returned it with the simple exclamation: "Too handsome by half!"

"Well, as I have no beauty to pride myself on, it is fortunate he has enough for both," and Gertrude smiled faintly as she spoke.

"O my poor little friend, it does not matter much, for a man with a face like his will be always too much taken up with it to think of any one else's physiognomy. Now for the letter."

"MY DEAREST GERTRUDE,—Returned at length from my long wanderings, I hope to have the pleasure of soon seeing you and assuring myself that you are both well and happy. I send you my likeness, and will put in a claim in person for yours as speedily as possible. Till then, yours most devotedly,
A. R."

"What a priggish, stilted effusion!" commented Miss Brookes. "Just what I would have expected from the owner of such a face."

"It is neither one nor the other, Charlotte! Give it back to me, and let me tell you it was certainly that you would pass some unkind remark on it that prevented me showing it to you when I first received it. Do you suppose he should have written me a long diffuse love letter, knowing as he does that our epistles run a chance of being subjected first to Miss Judson's scrutiny?"

"Hoity toity, friend Gertrude, Mrs. Arthur Rodney that is to be, you are unusually warm. Already the foreshadowing of the dignity so soon to be yours has fallen upon you. But I shall endeavour to be more prudent in future, so mean while forgive—"

"Enough, enough, dear Charlotte! I am irritable to-day and my head is aching intolerably. Oh! I must ask leave to lie down!"

A sudden hush fell on the two girls for a tall stately figure, dressed in dark olive silk—the formidable Miss Judson herself—loomed up suddenly in the door way.

Miss Brookes and Miss Mildmay infringing the school rules which forbid pupils remaining after hours in the class rooms! Young ladies, I shall take note of this; in the meantime you are both wanted in the drawing-room."

Gertrude naturally timid and quite over-

powered by the magnificent stateliness of the speaker, ventured on no interrogation; but Charlotte, always undaunted, hoped in her

sweetest and most insinuating tone that Miss Judson would permit her to enquire if it were their late fellow pupil, Miss Lewson.

"Tis Mr. Mildmay and Mr. Rodney," was the cold, brief reply. "No unnecessary delay, young ladies! 'Tis ill breeding to keep visitors waiting," and the Lady Principal swept from the room.

"What shall I do? I cannot go down in this condition," helplessly exclaimed Gertrude, her soft gray eyes betraying more nervous anxiety than pleasure. "I must soothe my hair, put on another frill or ribbon."

"To please His Serene Mightiness, Mr. Arthur Rodney, I suppose?" questioned Miss Brookes. "Why Gertrude, you sly little creature, I had no idea that the conquest of this priggish lover of yours was an aim so near your heart. There, there, you look well enough, indeed too good for him. If we delay another moment that old martinet, Miss Judson, will be down on us again!"

Playfully seizing her companion's hand she drew her away with her. Poor little Gertrude! how suffocatingly her heart beat, her courage sinking lower and lower till it reached its last ebb. Often had she pictured the coming interview to herself, looked forward to, longed for it; and now that the moment had arrived, she was conscious of no feeling save dismay. Very dear to her heart was Arthur Rodney and in her innocent girlish dreams he seemed a being so far above her that she scarcely dared hope, notwithstanding their betrothal, he would ever seek to win her love. Often as she had thought of him, frequently as she had pressed her lips to his likeness, she had carefully concealed within her own breast the affection with which he had inspired her, and contrary to the wont of most young ladies, rarely entertained her "bosom friend" with the subject.

Still holding Gertrude's hand Miss Brookes playfully drew her on, and arriving at the drawing-room door, threw it open. Gertrude was at once enfolded in her father's arms where she seemed to gain some degree of courage and self-possession. Then after that warm embrace, her hand was kindly grasped by a dark, stately-looking man whose keen dark eyes gazed with intense though respectful interest into hers, even while his lips uttered some simple words of friendly courtesy. The shy embarrassed girl returned but cold response, and after a time, Mr. Rodney's gaze wandered to Miss Brookes on whom it rested with admiring surprise.

What a contrast the two girls presented! On the one hand Charlotte with her graceful ease of manner and patrician bearing, regular features and bright complexion, her attractions still further enhanced by a toilet which if too elaborately elegant for a school girl, imparted nevertheless, to its fair wearer, a remarkable prestige; on the other, Gertrude timid and shrinking in appearance, pale from emotion and recent illness, dressed with a simplicity too stiff and rigid to prove becoming; a foil in all things to her brilliant friend. Chancing to look up and see in a mirror opposite a full reflection of herself and her companion, she then and there broke down completely. Vainly Mr. Rodney addressed her kindly remark or conventional question, he obtained no reply beyond a low monosyllable, till wearied or discouraged, he turned to her friend.

Mr. Mildmay though a well-meaning, kind-hearted man, was not very penetrating in character, so he scarcely noticed his daughter's embarrassment; her whispered intimation that she was suffering from headache satisfactorily accounted for the absence of certain demonstrations of tenderness which she usually showered upon him, but of which she proved unusually chary on the present occasion. After a protracted stay the guests rose to go, promising to return early on the day appointed for the breaking up of the school whence they would all proceed together to Mildmay Lodge, Mr. Mildmay's abode, one of the handsome residences gracing the picturesque town of—, Canada East. Both girls were unusually reticent on the subject of the visit, almost tacitly avoiding it, but that evening, Charlotte whilst bending apparently over her books was weaving a rose-colored dream of which she was the heroine, her friend's affianced lover the hero: Gertrude, on her side, cried herself to sleep.

(To be continued.)

THE GLEANER.

SOME men are repenting their sins, and more the new melons.

M. THIERS will solicit re-election in Paris, and has declined several other invitations.

THE 14th of October is now the day fixed upon by common report for the French elections.

IN consequence of the recent theft of antique gems from the British Museum a system of precaution against anything of the kind in future is under the consideration of the Trustees.

NEWS from Austria represents a state of great activity at Frohsdorf, the residence of the Count de Chambord. A number of political personages of eminence are assembled at the old castle, and many couriers arrive from Paris daily.

IT seems that the South of India is again threatened with a dreadful famine. Some writers have asserted that the evil could be remedied by irrigation, and that though the sum would be large to do the work, it would repay England in the long run.

A NEWSPAPER for the blind is to be brought out at Geneva in January. The publisher is also the inventor of an ingenious writing machine enabling the blind to form characters perfectly legible to ordinary persons, but raised so as to be deciphered by blind people.

THE fabulous unicorn, like the sea serpent, seems likely to prove to be a reality. A wonderful discovery has been made near Hurdwar, in North-West India, where a party of European sportsmen met with an animal exactly resembling the one-horned companion of the British lion. Unfortunately the creature escaped.

THE Comte and Comtesse de Paris have resolved to live in a more princely style than is their wont. Heretofore, they have shut themselves up in a narrow Royalist clique. To begin with, they are to have several series of visitors with them in August and September at the Chateau d'Eau, to which the pick of the Duc d'Annamale's stud has been sent.

GARIBALDI has written a letter, in which he says that until the Turks have crossed the Bosphorus the Eastern Question will be no nearer settlement than at present. He suggests the following solution:—"The Turks at Bagdad; the Russians at Scutari, on the Bosphorus; a confederation of all the peoples of European Turkey, with Constantinople for the capital; the Bosphorus and Dardanelles free to all."

MEHEMET-ALI, successor to Abdul-Kerim, the Turkish Trochu, is the son of a French music-master, who emigrated to Germany, and there became naturalized; the boy was a trouble to the house, and the usual remedy was applied to him—sent to sea. He deserted his ship at Constantinople, and in wandering about the city encountered old Ali-Pasha, who gave him a few crumbs, and finally, the run of the kitchen. The boy's intelligence and tact did the rest.

ARTISTIC.

THOMAS NAST is being treated for rheumatism.

MILE. SARAH BERNHARDT is engaged upon a statue in marble of Medea, the character in which she will shortly appear at the Théâtre-Français. The statue will, in all probability, be exhibited in the Salon next year.

GEORGE H. BOUGHTON is engaged on a historical picture, illustrating the "smoking episode" of New York's Dutch Governor, William the Testy. The irate official is rushing from the open door at a crowd of grave men seated round his doorsteps and smoking in defiance of his prohibition, while the women and children stand about, quietly enjoying the rising volume of unlawful tobacco smoke.

THE Committee for the Exhibition of 1878 have ordered four groups in marble, of colossal proportions, to be placed at the corners of the Cascade of the Trocadéro. "Europe" will be executed by M. Cain; "Africa," by M. Fremir; "Asia," by M. Jacquemart; and "America," by M. Rouillard. The names of the artists give a little scope for a playful remark as to their affinity to the character of the quarter of the world which each artist has to illustrate.

THE Duke of Brunswick's mausoleum at Geneva, to be erected in the Jardin des Alpes at a cost of 1,400,000fr., is to include six white marble statues of his ancestors, beginning with Henry the Lion, and ending with his father, who fell at Quatre Bras. There are also to be representations of incidents in the history of the House of Brunswick, and a recumbent effigy of the duke himself, under a canopy supported by six marble columns, the whole surmounted by an equestrian statue.

LATELY one of the finest examples of the British School of Historical Painting was hung in the National Gallery, Sir David Wilkie's "Interview between Napoleon and Pius VII." This superb picture was first exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1836, along with five others by the same artist, and was bought by Mr. John Marshall for £500. It was late in the possession of Mr. Albert Grant, and, through the exertions of Mr. Henry Doyle, was procured for our National Gallery a few weeks ago, at a cost of £2,000.

AT his country house on the Hudson, William Allan Butler has a very charming conceit in the way of a window, framed so as to impress whoever looks at it with the belief that it is a picture. There is a beautiful view of the water from this window, and, framed as the casement is in gilt, and furnished with a shadow-board, one is deceived for a moment into the idea that it is the work of art and not of nature's self. This idea is not original, as there is a similarly illusive window in a house of some historic note in Calais, but the effect is no less striking.

LITERARY.

THE Marquis de Lorne is preparing another poem for the press.

HERR AUERBACH has just completed a lengthy novel, the aim of which is to describe the socialistic tendencies of the age. Before appearing in book form, it is to be published in the columns of a newspaper.

ON account of the increased damage to valuable books in the library of the British Museum the regulation as to the introduction of new readers by a substantial householder will in future be rigidly enforced.

M. JULES VERNE is publishing a fresh eccentric story, "Hector Servadac," an account of adventures in the solar world. The island on which his hero lives is affected by a volcanic shock, and becomes a meteoric stone.

MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN have written to the Temps, of Paris, a letter in which they authorize any or all French papers to publish their novel of "Gaspard Fix, the History of a False Conservative," without remunerating the authors.

PROF. LOWELL, during his stay in London, breakfasted with Lord Houghton, dined with Mr. Tom Hughes, and in the evening visited the Cosmopolitan Club, where many of his English admirers paid him their respects. His reception was in every way complimentary.

FRENCH editors seem to be more sensitive than English. The other day Mr. Swinburne wrote a letter in the Athenaeum against Emile Zola's novel, "L'Assommoir," and censuring the République des Lettres for publishing it. Several copies of the République des Lettres used to be sent complimentary to this country to various literary men and artists who were supposed to represent here somewhat the same opinions as the clique in Paris, but after the appearance of Mr. Swinburne's letter this courtesy has been discontinued.