

Hindoostan. Horace Barton, Aunt Cotterel and the Rev. Charles Denham were discussing some knotty point concerning high and low church, etc., while some political question was evidently exciting the minds of the worthy old Stockbroker, Dr. Ashburnham, and Tom Barton. The good natured Draycott was exhausting his powers of pleasing by relating to Mrs. Ashburnham, her sister Emily and pretty Cousin Kate, the last *on dit* going the rounds of the fashionable circles at the metropolis.

Light-hearted, happy children gambled on the broad marble steps, or seated on soft cushions at their parents' feet, listened to the sparkling wit, rapartee and agreeable rattle that broke forth among the gay loungers on the terrace. Occasionally the eyes of the whole party would rest with admiration and pride on the scene enacting before them, and well they might, for on the smooth, soft, velvet-like sward of the croquet lawn, eight youthful figures, the eldest scarcely sixteen, were engaged in that most exhilarating, delightful and exciting of all out door amusements, the game of croquet.

The Lady Eglantine Carlton, eldest daughter of the Countess of Castlemere, a tall, graceful girl, inheriting all her mother's soft beauty of form and features, stood with her small, exquisitely-shaped foot resting on a bright, blue ball, evidently listening to some suggestion of her partner, Clarence Ashburnham, preparatory to giving the final stroke that would croquet her adversary's ball to a considerable distance. Not far off stood, in an easy position, the Earl's handsome son and heir, Lord Adolphus Carlton, mallet in hand, explaining to pretty Alice Denham, the rector's daughter, what effect on the game his sister's