

we almost despair of their ever regaining their perpendicular; others again are bending as far forward; some slap their thigh, and some dig their neighbors' ribs, whilst a few in the ecstasy of their enjoyment stamp one foot furiously into the soft ground. Here, too, is Councillor Smythe with a group of admiring ladies, to whom he takes a melancholy pleasure in explaining the machinery of an agricultural implement furnished by one of our foundries. With graceful waves of the hand he is making clear to them how it works, and convincing them of the vast amount of manual labor, as well as time, which is saved by this, comparatively speaking, small outlay of money. Having finished their inspection, he escorts them to the refreshment tent, where they partake of soda water. As the glasses are being handed round we see Councillor Smythe pointing to the froth on each with a pensive smile, and know, though we cannot hear, that he is saying "Such is life!" But both grounds and "Palace" are commencing to empty, and though loth to leave our window, we are forced to join the crowd which

is pouring through the gates into the road that leads to the town. In a few hours the scene of so much gaiety will be deserted. Load after load, packed as tightly as human ingenuity could contrive, pass us. Among the rest Irene, from whose pretty face every trace of disappointment has vanished. If the county has failed to recognize the merits of her butter, she has evidently found one man who knows how to appreciate it, and what more could any girl ask? With the whip in one hand and reins in the other, her cavalier jauntily guides his fast horses, casting a glance over his shoulder every few minutes to where the "Duke of Wellington" prances gaily behind. Once more we are enveloped in a cloud of dust. We see a hat waving in the air, and a familiar voice greets some one near us with an exultant "hooray!" As the dust subsides we recognize Mr. Patton, who has harnessed a couple of prize horses to his carriage, in order to make a triumphant entry into town. At our side Councillor Smythe murmurs: "Ah, yes—first prize—happiness—such is life!"

## A NEW LOVE A TRUE LOVE.

### CHAPTER IV.

The wedding tour was ended and the bride and bridegroom had returned home. An enthusiastic reception had been given them on their arrival. Mr. Thurston was popular, and his constituents and fellow-townsmen had arranged to celebrate his return as a married man by an address of welcome and a torchlight procession, accompanied by music. They met him at the station when the train stopped, and speedily disengaging the horses from his carriage, drew him themselves in triumph to his residence; Juliet sitting by his side all the while, and smiling and bowing graciously in the light of the torches, when her name was coupled with his in the long, deafening

cheer that rose from the crowd as they set out. It was over at last: the drive of two miles that seemed to her interminable, the music that made her head throb as if it must burst, the glare of the torches that blinded her aching eyes, the address that seemed as if it would never come to an end, and Mr. Thurston's reply from the balcony of his house, and then the final cheer and the dispersion of the crowd.

"I am afraid it has been rather fatiguing for you, my dear," Mr. Thurston said, kindly, when they had all gone away and left them alone.

Something in Juliet's look had warned Mrs. Amhurst that it would be wiser to decline at once the invitation which her new son-in-law had given to herself and her hus-