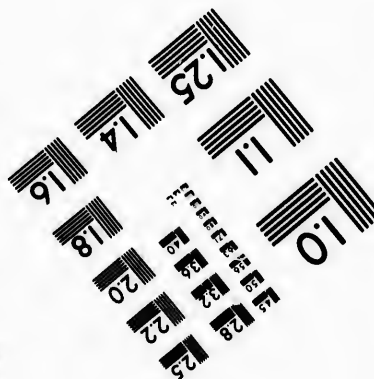
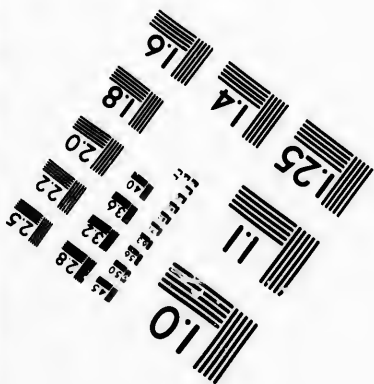
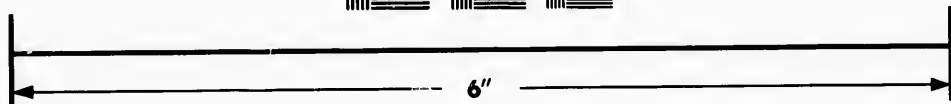
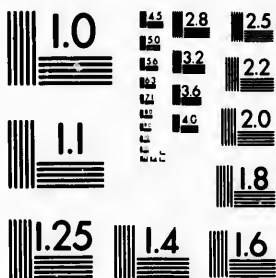


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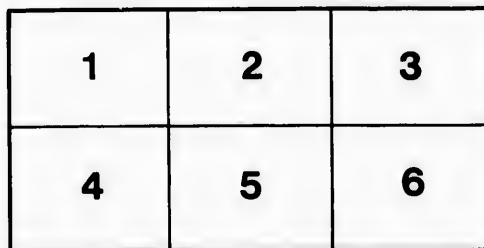
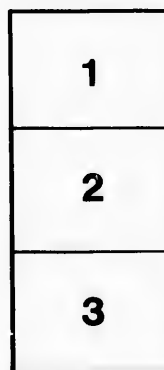
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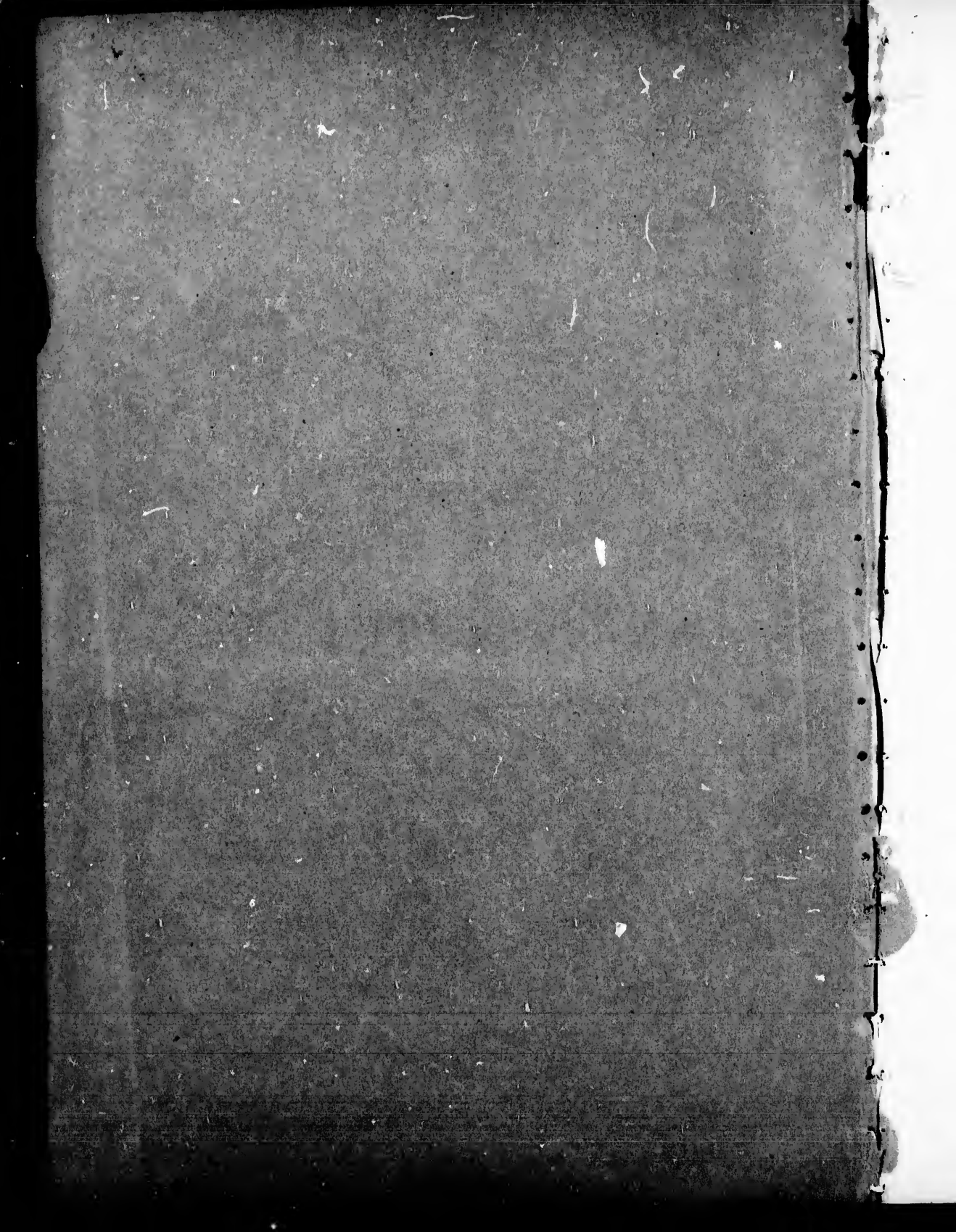
—A NOVEL—



TRICKERS' INHERITANCE;  
OR, WHICH SHALL WIN?

By MAY LEONARD.





# TRIXIE'S INHERITANCE;

OR:

## WHICH SHALL WIN?

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A NOVEL.

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BY MAY LEONARD.

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SAINT JOHN, N. B.:  
DAILY TELEGRAPH STEAM PRINT, CANTERBURY STREET,  
1886.

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# TRIXIE'S INHERITANCE; OR, WHICH SHALL WIN?

## CHAPTER I.

### IN INDIA.

"You are better now, papa, darling? ever so much better I can see, for your face is quite red and healthful looking, and you must try and rest now, while I see after Winnifred. I am sure I cannot think what the child will say to that dark, fierce-looking nurse I have engaged for her: but then, I suppose, as we are out here in the centre of India, we must accede to the country's laws, with even such a small trifle as hiring a nurse-woman the color of copper."

And so from one topic of interest to another, this girl cheerfully skipped—this child as she might be called—for what is a girl of eighteen, to battle with the world and its cold inhabitants?

Mr. Dup Rieo, after the death of his wife, which occurred shortly before our story opens, was obliged to leave his home and go to India to secure the legal papers from a lawyer there—the said papers being necessary to his securing an immense fortune which had been left him some years ago. Those documents could not be sent to their owner until he had come to India and personally signed for them. So it was that having no near relatives to leave them with, he took his children with him—Winnifred, the youngest, being four years old, and Pauline, his loving companion and comforter, being then scarcely eighteen.

Always being of a delicate, weak constitu-

tion the voyage, which had been both long and stormy, did not by any means improve the weak state of his health; and now, just one week after their arrival, a very sudden illness had seized him with seemingly greater force than ever, and the intense heat of the climate rendered him altogether utterly prostrate.

Yesterday the deeds had been signed and delivered to Mr. Dup Rieo, which rendered him worth thousands of dollars. And at his death it was to be divided equally between his two children—Winnifred Saxony Dup Rieo and Pauline Fairville Dup Rieo—on conditions that in case the youngest die before she attain the age of twenty-one, her share will revert to her sister, and at that sister's demise to the eldest daughter of a Colonel Sheldon, residing on the other side of the Atlantic.

Mr. Dup Rieo, feeling he could not long survive to look after the interests of his children, began to look about for a suitable guardian; and who was he to get? Here, in a strange land, far from his boyhood home—for he knew he must soon die and be buried far from the quiet resting places of his wife and friends.

The lawyer who transacted the business for him was a very old gentleman, and liable to die at any moment; and he could not be

supposed to undertake such a charge as that of caring for two friendless girls among strangers.

The physician who visited him was burdened already with a large family of his own, and had his own interests to study. As for the minister, he was a young man just newly ordained, and of course Mr. Dup Rico could not ask him to undertake the task.

But there was one other who came frequently to talk to Mr. Dup Rico, and this was a man named Horace Miserene. He was clever and smooth-tongued, and almost before Charles Dup Rico could realize the fact, Mr. Miserene was the possessor of this entire business, and, thinking him to be a firm friend, Charles Dup Rico left him sole guardian of his children, with full permission to act as he thought wise for their benefit.

And now, having found some one to care for his daughters, Charles Dup Rico feels that he can die peacefully.

"Do you care for that man, papa?" inquires Pauline, as she flits about the room, fixing the pillows under the invalid's head, putting down the blinds and neatly arranging the room, where her father and Mr. Miserene have been having their final agreement about the guardianship.

"Which man, my love? Oh, you mean Mr. Miserene. Now, Pauline, come sit beside me, for I have some things to say which I cannot put off any longer."

"Papa, you are no worse?" And the girl peers anxiously into her father's half averted face.

Without directly answering her question, Mr. Dup Rico continues: "My darling Pauline, you know the reason we came here, and now the business is settled to my satisfaction, I feel it my duty to tell you of what lies nearest my heart. You are aware, my child, of my feeble health and yesterday Doctor Glenmore told me I might die at any moment, and—do not cry, my dear one, it only dis-

resses me—you must be a brave little woman, for who is to care for little Winnifred but you when I am gone?"

The sick man paused, and his lips quivered as he laid his hand tenderly on the bowed head beside him, and for several moments nothing was heard save the gentle ticking of the silver clock, and the passionate weeping of the girl. Then a child's merry laughter broke the spell, and Pauline lifts her tear-stained face and tries to control the tears which will not be put back; but for that little sister's sake she strives bravely, and succeeds in regaining her composure.

"But, daddy, you feel better to-day? Oh, daddy, daddy, don't talk of dying, for I can't. I can't bear it, for who is here to love us when you are gone? Oh, my dear, dear daddy?"

"Pauline, listen my child. Mr. Miserene has kindly said he will be your protector, and I hope God will bless and show him his duty to be a wise, tender guardian, to my orphan children."

"Papa, I shall not allow that man to be my guardian, nor Winnifred's, for I am sure he is not good or true. Oh papa, papa, say it is not true—that Mr. Miserene is not to have any control over us—for Winnifred, child as she is, shrinks from him and appears to dislike his very looks. As for me, I hate him!"

"My dear, I have done it all for the best, as I know more about such things than you, and Mr. Miserene must fulfil his agreement. I hope, my daughter, you will be wise and try to repay, to the best of your ability, the many kind and friendly acts which he has bestowed upon us. And now dear, we have had enough sad talk. Go play me something—some of the hymns your mother played—and I will rest."

Rising from her seat, Pauline dries her eyes, and, after kissing her father, goes to the handsome organ and plays hymn after hymn,

singing in a low, sweet tone. Then the door is opened and a child, with big, dark blue eyes and golden hair, comes in, solemnly laying a tiny finger on her full red lips as she looks at the lounge inquiringly. Behind her is a tall, dark negro woman, with a bright scarlet turban on her head, and long shining gold beads around her neck and in her ears.

"Little Missey no go to sleep till she came to see her Pa," explains the nurse as Pauline ceases her playing, and smiles sadly at the baby figure.

"Me just kiss my pa once," lisped the little one, timidly.

"Well, be very quick, my darling, so as not to awaken papa," said Pauline, and going to the couch Winnifred lays her small hand on her father's cheek and kisses him softly.

"Poor papa is cold. Sister, put somesing over my pa to keep him warm," demanded the child, stamping her foot imperatively.

Pauline leaves her seat at the organ and goes to her father's side, and lays her hand on his face. Then the air is rent by one passionate agonizing scream, as Pauline flings herself at the side of the lounge, for the end has come sooner than even he himself had expected—Charles Dup Rieo was dead.

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## CHAPTER II.

### THE CONSPIRACY.

Weary, and sad and lonely were the days succeeding the funeral—sad, indeed, for the girl who now stood friendless.

Mrs. Colonel Sheldon, a wealthy lady, who had stopped with Pauline after her father's death, begged the desolate, grief-stricken girl, to go home with her to the elegant home, which would be glad to receive her; but Pauline kindly and firmly refused the colonel's invitation—thinking she should stop where her father had left them. And then it was that Mr. Miserene, in his blandest tones, proposed that both Pauline and Winnifred should take up their abode at his house, and there make their home.

"You know, my dear young lady," Mr. Miserene explains, "you will help to brighten up our lonely house, for there being only my wife and I, we often feel terribly in want of young society. Of course, there is my nephew, Shirley Hugh, but he is almost always away, and we do not see him very frequently; and then another thing," urges Mr. Miserene, "it is no way for you to be living without an elderly lady companion, and Mrs. Miserene

will answer the purpose admirably." And Mr. Miserene concluded his words with a knowing smile, which made Pauline think how much his small blue eyes resembled those of a cat just going to pounce upon some poor little unoffending mouse; for when he smiled Mr. Miserene closed up his eyes entirely as if that was the only way he could enjoy his joke thoroughly.

So with a deepened feeling of coming sorrow, Pauline wearily consents; and two weeks after her father's burial Miss Dup Rieo and her young sister were established inmates of Mr. Miserene's household.

Mrs. Miserene, a timid, gentle little woman, who seemed minutely expecting something terrible to happen to her, soon entwined herself about the affectionate heart of Pauline, who truly pitied the little woman, who appeared to stand in such awe of her husband. In fact, Pauline could not quite understand what ailed Mrs. Miserene, for her lord and master was apparently everything needful in an affectionate better-half. But then, there is such a thing as being too sweet to be true,

and probably such was the case with Mr. Miserene.

About a week after this Shirley Hugh came home, and if Pauline disliked the uncle she fairly loathed the nephew. Tall and handsome as any beautiful sculptured Greek god—with an over-bearing, surly disposition—Shirley Hugh could make himself ugly or pleasant, which ever suited his will.

He did really wish to be sociable to Pauline, and but for his over-confidence of himself, he might have in time succeeded. He was all pleasant smiles and graceful attentions—for villain, as Shirley Hugh afterwards proved himself to be, he could act the polite society gentleman to perfection.

Over and above all this Mr. Miserene smiled approval, for to get this wild scapegrace of a nephew to marry the rich heiress, was Horace Miserene's fondest ambition—which he did his prettiest to further.

One other knew of the net which was being spread beneath the feet of the unsuspecting girl, and this person, who determined to warn her at whatever hazard, of the danger awaiting her, was no other than the meek little wife of Horace Miserene.

One evening, when the small hours were creeping steadily onward, Horace Miserene and his nephew were seated at the table in the library, in deep conversation, and the look on neither face was good to behold.

"Well, you see you must propose to the girl, and then, if she consents to be your wife, the fortune can be settled on you, and all will go smooth; but if the child Winifred was out of the way, then your fortune would be complete." And Mr. Miserene looked keenly at Shirley Hugh, who sat with knitted brows drumming his cigar on the table.

"Yes, it would be better," muses the young man, thoughtfully.

"Well, I have a little plan in my head, Shirley, and it is this: I shall propose a trip

to the seaside for the child, to improve her health. She can go in charge of her nurse. Then a few drops out of a certain small bottle—the contents of which I shall not mention—together with a heavy bribe to the nurse, to say she just sickened and died, will accomplish our little scheme admirably. What do you say to it?"

"Uncle, you do beat the Dutch for framing ideas; but hark! what was that sound? Did you not hear something?" And going to the door, he unlocked it and peered out into the passage, but all was dark there and silent as the grave. Then re-entering, and having fastened the lock securely, Shirley Hugh again seated himself.

"A rat, most probably; this place is generally infested at this season of the year, and especially during the rainy weather," Mr. Miserene says, reassuringly.

"Yes, Uncle, but surely that was some one," and with abated breath they listened.

"You are fanciful to-night, Shirley; drank too much champagne for dinner. Nevertheless we will try on this plan; so good-night, and pleasant dreams."

As the two men passed through the hall and up stairs they were unconscious of the figure, who, after their footsteps had died away, immersed from behind a bronze statue in the dark hall and flitted away into space.

"My love," said Mr. Miserene, one morning at the breakfast table, "I think I shall send you all away to the seaside this week. It will do you all the world of good. So what do you say?"

"I do not see any necessity of leaving home just now, Horace; the weather is not at its warmest, and why hurry?" Mrs. Miserene inquires, as she helped Pauline to a second cup of coffee.

"Well, my dear, I have engaged the rooms for you, and of course you can do no better than follow my advice, and pack up your affairs and start immediately. How does the

idea seem to strike you, Miss Pauline?"

"It makes no difference whatever to me, sir," Pauline answered, quietly.

"Ah, there is nothing more delightful than being near the sea waves and our little one is looking rather peaked." And Mr. Miserene touched one of the long golden curls that strayed over little Winnifred's shoulder.

"Oh, Mr. Miserene, do you think she looks pale?" Pauline inquires hurriedly, as she looks at Winny with startled eagerness.

"Yes, Miss Pauline, I do most decidedly think that the change would benefit your sister. She can be sent with her nurse; and you, with Mrs. Miserene, can follow them after a few days."

Then the meek voice of Mrs. Miserene breaks in with the least tinge of firm decision marking its tone. "Horace, my dear, I absolutely refuse to either go myself, or allow

Pauline and Winnifred to leave this house!"

"You dare to speak so to me?" cried the infuriated man, as he fairly glared at his hitherto timid wife.

"Yes, I dare and do; for remember, Horace Miserene, 'rats' have ears." And as he passed out the door the words "spy" and "eavesdropper" were spoken between his clenched teeth.

"Fooled again, and by her," he gasped, flinging the door behind him.

Pauline, as she sat and listened to this first outbreak of passion between Mr. Miserene and his wife, wondered at the ghastly pallor which overspread the face of Shirley Hugh, as he knitted his brows together and bent his head lower over the paper he was reading. In after days Pauline had reason to remember all those signals of the storm which helped to wreck her young life.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE ESCAPE.

"And so, my fine lady, you both refuse to become my wife, and insult me to my face in the bargain. Well, perhaps you will be sorry, for I can, and will, make you humble your haughty spirit to me--and the time is not far distant either."

The handsome dining room was flooded with the dying rays of the crimson setting sun, and the bright beams lit up the table, prepared for tea, with its snowy cloth, silver, and glistening glassware, dainty china, fruit, flowers, and delicate dishes. And here Shirley Hugh, coming in from driving, had found Pauline curled up in the wide cushioned window seat, and had asked her to become his wife. Contrary to all expectations she had kindly, but firmly, refused him. Shirley Hugh was so angry he could with difficulty control himself.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Hugh, but I could

not think of undertaking such a solemn step as that of matrimony with one I could never love, and," the sweet voice continued, "another thing, I could not marry now, until Winny grows some years older, for who has the child to look to but me? Were I to leave her I should always regret it." And Pauline's tone was decided.

"Yes, my lady, and if I tell you a heavy cloud of trouble is now hanging over this cherished sister, and I the only one who could save her, what would all your high-flown notions amount to?" Shirley asks, sneeringly.

"Danger in store for Winnifred! Please explain yourself, sir. What do you mean? She is in charge of a faithful nurse, and what there is to fear for her is quite beyond my knowledge?"

"We will see later; only remember!" and

with a face like some demented creature, Shirley Hugh left the room.

Covering her face with her hands Pauline leaned her head against the cool window pane, and sobbed. "Oh, Father of the orphans, help and teach me what to do, for I am weak and helpless. I pray Thee to give me strength over my enemies, and power, and keep in safety my dear sister." Then hastily leaving her seat, Pauline ran up stairs to the nursery to see and say good-night to Baby Winnifred. Passing up stairs the house seemed strangely still and solemn, and wondering why the servants had neglected to light the gas in the halls, Pauline hurriedly threw open the nursery door. All was quiet. Turning on the gas, which was burning but dimly, she found the room in perfect order; but the large Saratoga trunks, which contained the wardrobe of Winnifred, were absent; the tiny crib was untenanted, and Baby Winnifred was gone!

Turning quickly around, Pauline stood face to face with Shirley Hugh, and to do him justice, he felt a slight remorse at his conscience when he beheld the white, agonized face of the girl before him. Then, like a wild animal at bay, she confronted him:

"Shirley Hugh, I command you to tell me where you have taken my sister? Coward! that you should take and so revenge yourself on a helpless girl. Not one half hour ago since you swore you loved me above everything else, and even then, when your fair, false words were ringing in my ears, you knew perfectly well that my sister—the only person I love on earth—was being taken from me! Oh, Winnifred! my darling—my darling—where have they taken you?"

"Oh, what a perfect tragedy queen! You would star in any first-class company, to whom you might apply and favor with your acting. I am glad to see you have some feeling. I am really quite astonished at myself for not having found it out before this. But

never can I give you back your sister after the way you have treated me. I do not know that I should give you any information as to her whereabouts if I could. I would have you know that every dog has his day, and I am having mine," and whistling a gay opera air he turned on his heel and left her.

Scarcely had his footsteps died away when a hand was laid gently on the bowed head of Pauline, and looking up, Mrs. Miserene's face, full of pity, was bending over the weeping girl.

"Hush! do not cry any more," she said, hurriedly; "dry your eyes and come with me." Silently, almost like a shadow, Mrs. Miserene glided to the elegant suit of apartments which she occupied. After shutting, and securely locking the door, she bid Pauline calm herself, as there was no time to lose in useless weeping. Then speedily pouring out a glass of rich sherry, she made Pauline drink it. Seating herself she began: "Last night, I heard the whole plan, which my wily husband and nephew have been arranging, and they have bribed Winnifred's nurse, so you, my dear, was never expected to see your sister again alive and well, for they had it all made up how she should be killed by slow poison. But I have taken this case in time at all events; and Mrs. Miserene smiled knowingly, and paused to regain her breath.

"Oh! Mrs. Miserene! Then you know where Winny is, and will let me go to her," Pauline cries, kneeling by Mrs. Miserene's side and clasping her hands.

"Now, my dear, will you please to be quiet and listen to reason for once, if I show you what I have here?" Mrs. Miserene goes to her private dressing-room and opens the door. The next instant Winnifred is clasped in her sister's arms, and Pauline is covering her face with tears and kisses.

"If you do not behave yourself, Pauline, I shall have to put the child in there again and send you from the room." And Mrs. Miser-

ene looked stern enough to put this threat into execution.

Pauline regains her self-possession while Winnifred's arms tighten about her sister's neck, and understands she is not to speak.

"Well, you see Nina got the child all ready and left her in the nursery, while she went down to tell the man about the trunks. She had not lit the gas for fear some one would pass and see the preparations which were going on for their departure; no one knew of their going but I; so while she was gone down stairs Mrs. Clinde, the new laundress, came to the door and left her little boy in the hall. So I called Tim and told him to bring Mrs. Clinde's boy up, that I wanted to see him. When Tim brought him I gave the child a cake and some candy, put Winny's coat and hat on him, and left him sitting on the nursery floor contentedly eating his goodies. Hearing Nina coming up stairs, I picked Winny up and brought our little girl here—where she is safe for the present. But my dear, if you value your sister's life, you must leave this house to-night. My husband is perfectly wild and furious at your refusing Shirley. Nothing would be too bad for him to do, and all because of that wretched money which you possess."

"But the child they took, Mrs. Miserene, what will they do about that? They will soon find out their mistake and come and take Winny from me." And Pauline looked helplessly at Mrs. Miserene.

"Well, of course, Nina will bring the child home, and when they return you and Winnifred must be gone. I have it all 'cut and dried' as it were. This evening you must immediately put a few things together in a valise, and at twelve o'clock you must come to this room. Tim will accompany you on your journey to carry Winnifred. He is a faithful servant, and one to be trusted; so if you can be ready in time all will be well yet. I have given all necessary instructions to

Tim where to take you, and he understands perfectly, so you need have no fear. A boat will be waiting at the river, opposite the lower gates of the lawn, you will get into it and Tim will row you across and take you to a white cottage facing the river. Remain there until you hear from me. Now go and make yourself ready."

Then Pauline goes away to her room while Mrs. Miserene rings the bell, and tells the servant that, as she is suffering with a headache, she will require nothing but a cup of tea to be brought to her."

All was perfect stillness in the house. At twelve o'clock of the same evening Pauline, wrapped in a grey ulster, and carrying a small hand satchel, steps quickly into Mrs. Miserene's room.

"Oh! Mrs. Miserene! they have found out their mistake and that Winnifred is in the house, and they are even now coming up stairs to this very room," Pauline gasps, as she catches up Winnifred in her arms, coaxing her to be quiet, for the child is frightened and begins to cry:

"Never mind, they cannot get the door open—not until I choose to open it—and you see I am prepared for any emergency, for I thought, as you could not go out by the door you could easily escape from this window." And going to the window, Mrs. Miserene looks out and calls softly:

"Tim, Tim, are you there?" And faintly the reply comes back—

"All right, marm."

Then there is a loud knocking at the chamber door, and Mr. Miserene's tones are raised in loud commands as he impatiently demands admittance.

With the greatest coolness, born of desperation, Mrs. Miserene hands Winnifred out of the window to Tim; assists Pauline to descend safely, and, with an encouraging word in her ear, bids her keep up her courage.

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more emphatic, Mrs. Miserene closes the window, and quietly and swiftly unlocks the door, and when the master of the house again renews his vigorous attacks at the door it readily yields to his efforts. He enters the apartment, followed by Shirley Hugh, and finds his wife reclining quietly on the lounge, apparently enjoying a very refreshing slumber.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE ENCOUNTER.

"Cora! Cora! get up this minute and tell me where that child is, for you know very well," Mr. Miserene calls sharply. Mr. Miserene feels rather small, as he had fondly imagined his wife would be engaged in hiding the two girls, instead of which there she was quietly reposing.

Mrs. Miserene looks up with only half-opened eyes and regards her husband with well-feigned astonishment.

"Why, what in the world is the matter, Horace? This is a strange time of night to be arousing the household," exclaimed Mrs. Miserene.

"I know I heard voices in here just now, and I believe you have the brat hid away here somewhere. I should think you would be the first to further my nephew's interests. But no. It is just the way with women—more bother than they are worth half of them. Can't tell whether they are living or dead. Come now"—Mr. Miserene goes on imperatively—"let us know what you did with the young one?"

"Horace!" Mrs. Miserene says, "how strangely you are talking; what child do you refer to? To hear you now one would think I was in the habit of smuggling children away in the house." And Mrs. Miserene goes into the next room and returns with two glasses of sherry wine, which is very strong. She persuades her husband and nephew to drink, as they seem very much exhausted, and as both men drain the glasses Mrs. Miserene prays in her own mind that the few grains of a strong sleeping powder

will take effect quickly, and so give the fugitives time to make good their escape. Her silent request is granted, for after vainly attempting to explain their loss, both Shirley Hugh and his unprincipled uncle are feeling the effect of the strong drug, and, after a few desperate struggles to regain their failing senses, Shirley helps his uncle to his room. Soon after Mrs. Miserene, pausing outside of their respective sleeping apartments, breathes more freely as she hears them both sleeping soundly.

"And now I must go down to the river and see if the boat has gone off safely, for as soon as Horace awakes he will have every foot of ground for miles around searched thoroughly, for I expect their rage will be boundless when they find Pauline has fled too. Poor children, I hope they are safe; and one thing is certain, they can never come back here again. If force will accomplish any object, she will be induced to marry Shirley Hugh; and if such should happen to be the case, Heaven help her."

With these thoughts flashing swiftly through her mind, Mrs. Miserene hurriedly flings a shawl over her head and shoulders and wends her way down the lonely path leading to the river. She soon reaches the thick shrubbery that alone divides the garden from the broad, white, sandy beach.

"Yes, a boat has been pushed off, for I can plainly see the mark on the sands. But hark! was that an oar dipping the water?" Pausing to listen, Mrs. Miserene draws her shawl more closely about her and shrinks



back among the trees. For although she showed such kindness toward the helpless girls, still the very grounds seemed full of strange figures, and a leaf blown off a tree by the breeze, caused the timid woman to start nervously.

"I guess they are safe now, and I must get back to the house." Thus thinking she runs hastily back, through the handsome grounds, lit now by Luna's brightest sheen, and entering a side door she fastens the lock after her. On turning round she stands face to face with—Shirley Hugh.

"Ha! your little secret is not wholly your own, madam. Although Uncle Horace never suspected your drugging his wine, I did, and acted accordingly. If you would take the trouble to look out of your window you will see where your humble servant threw his wine while your back was turned. And now, Aunt, tell me where Pauline has gone, for I know she has left this house, and you can, and *must*, tell me where;" and Shirley drew himself into a commanding attitude.

"I never will tell you or any one else where they have gone; so you need not try to frighten me," Mrs. Miserene answers quietly.

"By heaven, you shall, or this will end all further attempts to frustrate my plans!" and drawing a pistol from his pocket he flourishes it in her face. "Tell me or I will fire," he demands.

"Not even your cowardly threats will force me to reveal their present abode," she answers with firm courage.

"For the last time—Will you, or will you not?"

"No! not if I die! Help! Murder! Help!" As he is about to fire a well directed blow forces the pistol out of his hand, and falling on the floor goes off, the ball just grazing the wall and passed out of the open window, when a tall military man springs in at the open door, and demands fiercely:

"What do you mean, young man, by using firearms so recklessly? It is not possible you were attempting to take this lady's life?"

"Oh, Colonel Sheldon," Mrs. Miserene gasps, "indeed he was, and but for your timely aid I should have, without doubt, met my death from the hand of this vile man."

As his aunt was speaking Shirley Hugh, who was only waiting his chance, turning, leaped from the window and disappeared.

Then up the path came another figure, and Tim came in.

"It is all right, mum; all is safe for the present, mum."

Colonel Sheldon explained to Mrs. Miserene that riding home rather late from the village, he had heard her cries, and came to the rescue just in time.

"Such men would be more at home in the States' Prison than allowed to roam at large. If you should ever want a friend, write to me, and I should be more than happy to assist you; and now good night."

Soon Mrs. Miserene hears the colonel's horse's hoofs as he gallops on down the avenue. Then turning to the ever faithful Tim, she says:

"Ah Tim, my heart is almost broken. The very worst has come at last. Shirley Hugh has threatened to kill me, and you know what he says he will do."

"Yes mum, very true; but so long as I have two strong arms, and a mind of my own, they shall not touch one hair of your head—for I know a thing or two, and time will tell."

Tim proceeds to lock the door and Mrs. Miserene goes to her room—not to rest, but to pace the floor until the gray dawn creeps in at the window. Then she throw herself on the lounge and fell into a dull, dreamless sleep.

And Shirley Hugh, wandering about the house, soothes himself with the thought that his aunt will not dare to reveal what has

taken place. But as to what this Colonel Sheldon would think about his actions caused him to fairly dance with passion. With clenched hands and set teeth he vows that revenge himself he will on this man, who, by his interference, has caused so much trouble.

Revenge will be his one aim for the future.

Colonel Sheldon never knew until after years what sorrow resulted from his rescue of a helpless woman, from a wicked, black-hearted, designing villain.

## CHAPTER V.

### DEPARTURE FOR AMERICA.

"An' sure an' it's meself as often wonders how such wicked people be allowed to live on this blessed earth. An' it's slow but sure. I have come to believe what Father Timothy says: how money es the root of all evil. Then again, as my old man often says, a body has a hard enough time to live without ready cash." Mrs. Evans thus ponders as she folds up Winnifred's clothes and lays them neatly in the sweet clover-scented drawers of the high wooden closet; meanwhile casting furtive glances at Pauline, who is seated on the floor by the open window, drinking in the beauty of the fresh morning air—for a good night's rest has refreshed her, and she feels strong enough to battle with the whole world, so she tells herself.

"And you think we will be perfectly safe here, Mrs. Evans?" Pauline inquires, looking up as the old woman ceases speaking.

"We never have no folks come here, save the man every morning for the milk, and once in a year's run my sister comes to visit me from further up the country. There be no fear of their coming here after ye; so don't trouble your pretty head, for both yer-self and the little lady will be protected from the bad creatures who be a seeking you."

And with a final pull of Winnifred's small stocking Mrs. Evans departs to look to the porridge, which she declares to be burning, and to put into the oven the small cakes she had been busy preparing for little Winnifred's breakfast. As she is about to call her

guests to breakfast, a boy puts his head in at the door and, thrusting a letter into Mrs. Evans' hands, bids her give it to the young lady stopping there. Mrs. Evans carries the missive up to Pauline, and that young lady tears off the envelope and reads:—

"*Dear Pauline*:—Keep up your courage, for although I have had a sorry time of it, yet there is help at hand. Stay where you are until you hear from me again. Love to Winny.

Yours truly,  
CORA MISERENE."

Then tearing the note up, Pauline takes Winnifred and goes down to the dainty, tempting breakfast, spread under Mrs. Evans' careful directions. They had been most kindly received by Mrs. Evans, who had a nice room prepared, and her heart had been touched with pity for the lonely girls, and she, in her motherly way, had done all she could to make everything bright; and Tim promised to come over if anything unusual occurred.

"Pauline, when are we going home, tell me," Winnifred asks as she sups her milk, and looks with big inquiring eyes at her sister.

"My darling, we have no home now." And Pauline's voice trembles as she utters the words.

"But Winny wants her dear Papa, oh take Winny to Papa, sister Pauline." And the child's lips quiver and her blue eyes fill with tears.

"Now, now, none of this," Mrs. Evans puts in. "Who is going to feed my chickens

this morning and help me churn the week's butter? And Mrs. Evans' grand-daughter, a rosy girl of fourteen or fifteen takes Winnifred away to get the food for the fowls, and the child's sorrow is soon forgotten. But not so Pauline, she ponders and thinks of all the past, and the dark future; for she knows quite well that as the guardian of herself and sister, the law would allow Mr. Miserene to compel them to return to his house, and Pauline, as she thinks of all that has transpired, feels she would rather die first than go where she has been so ill-treated. Whilst she is thinking voices are heard below and glancing from the window she utters a half-suppressed cry, for coming up the wide gravelled walk, was a tall, fine-looking gentleman, with Miss Winnifred perched upon his shoulder.

Pauline determines, in her own mind, if any one can help her this man can, so she hurriedly runs down and soon her two hands are clasped in those of the stranger.

"Ah my love, I am more than pleased to see you, I had a note just a short time since, from Mrs. Miserene, and she asked me to come here and you would tell me what the trouble was."

"Ah, Colonel Sheldon, they were sending Winnifred away, and you know I could never live without her, so Mrs. Miserene sent us here as a place of security until she can tell us where to go. For as far as I am concerned both Mr. Miserene and his vile nephew, may have every cent of the money, as long as Winnifred and I are together; for I am young and strong and can, and am willing to work for both of us. If you could get us away

from this wretched country, I should bless you for ever."

"Well, we will see. My wife wants to see you, and quite likely she can hit on some plan; but now I must be off though you will soon see me again." And Colonel Sheldon rode away, pitying in his heart the girl whose life should be so bright and joyous, yet that one unfortunate act of her dead father, had been the means of placing her in such misery.

That same afternoon Mrs. Sheldon drove over to Mrs. Evans' cottage with her close carriage and carried Pauline and Winnifred home with her. This arrangement was very satisfactory to Pauline, who looked upon Mrs. Sheldon as a true friend, and confided all the trouble to her which had taken place.

"I think, my child, you had better return to your native home, it will be best for both yourself and sister," said Colonel Sheldon after over an hour's discussion over the subject. And, as the idea of returning home was very pleasant to Pauline, he at once sat down and wrote to engage passages for Pauline and Winnifred, on the first return steamer.

So it came about that a few mornings after Pauline's flight from Mr. Miserene's house, she took an affectionate leave of Mrs. Miserene, who had come to say good-bye, and also to the kind Colonel and his wife.

Then Miss Dup Rieu stepped on board the majestic "Argila," accompanied by her sister, and with a heart of very mingled feelings, sailed away with many hearty wishes for their safe and pleasant passage.

## CHAPTER VI.

### LOSS OF THE STEAMER "ARGILA."

"Well, Shirley, you have put your foot pretty deep in the mire this time I must say," said Mr. Miserene, as he sat by the table in his library, and glanced with a sneer-

ing smile at Shirley Hugh, who lounged on the sofa with a cigar between his lips. "Here, I have received a warrant for your arrest on the charge of attempted murder!"

"What!" he exclaimed, springing up and tossing his cigar in the grate. "You don't mean it!" And Shirley's face was white with suppressed passion.

"Yes, my dear nephew; our neighbor, Colonel Sheldon, has had it issued and your only way is to fly the country, and I will proceed with the search for those tiresome girls. So you had better make use of your freedom and go as soon as you like."

Shirley paced the floor for some moments. "Colonel Sheldon, hey. I might have suspected as much," he muttered.

"Shirley," Mr. Miserene says, suddenly, "here is a check for five thousand dollars. Surely it will take you to a place of safety; and when that is gone you will have to earn more. I have done as much for you as I can, and I think you must know that I have."

So Mr. Miserene passed the check across the table, and Shirley coolly took it up and then transferred it to his pocket-book.

"Thanks old man, you are a brick and I shall leave to-night by the 6.30 train. Then fare-thee-well India, and hail to a bonny time in New York, where I shall figure as Lieutenant Hugh, from India, quite "away up" you know. Ta, ta, Uncle, take care of aunt and yourself and never fear but what your practical nephew will succeed finely in his assumed role." And with a forced laugh, he left his uncle gazing moodily before him.

"I do wonder what I had best do," Mr. Miserene muses, "Cora seems as if she does not know anything about it; but what reason she had for being out the time of night when Shirley met her is quite beyond me; and yet I always had the impression that witch of a Pauline was a cute one, and she played her cards well that time anyhow."

His thoughts were interrupted by a rap on the door, and the servant handed him a note. This Mr. Miserene opened and read:—

"UNCLE:—A girl, accompanied by a child, answering the description of our lost birds, took passage

by the fast sailing steamer "Argila," which left here three days ago. What shall you do now?  
Yours truly,

SHIRLEY HUGH."

"Gone!" he exclaimed; and Mr. Miserene threw the note from him and sprang to his feet.

"And these Sheldons are at the bottom of it all, I really believe. Had I only known in time, all this unnecessary trouble could have been averted; but now, unless something unforeseen happens, our nice little game will be cleverly knocked in the head."

And hastily gathering up his papers, he thrust them into a drawer, and going out in the hall, took his hat from the rack, opened the massive front door and was soon walking quickly down the shady side of the road.

One week from that day a heavy storm visited that part of the coast; and the next budget of news and despatches from America contained the news of the wreck of the fine steamship "Argila" and the fate of all her passengers and crew, who met with a watery grave.

Colonel Sheldon and his wife lamented deeply the untimely end of their two young friends; and not a few tears fell from Mrs. Sheldon's motherly eyes as she thought of her own two children across the ocean.

But when Horace Miserene read the news his joy was complete. He at once divided the fortune of the young girls; deducting several thousands, which he settled on Shirley Hugh, who had left for New York. Then he communicated with Mr. Dup Riego's lawyers, informing them of the death of his charges; and deftly explaining that out in India, Miss Dup Riego, before her death, had run through with a large portion of her fortune, which had reduced it to just half of its former amount.

The lawyers, supposing all to be fair and upright, proceeded to inform Miss Sheldon, who resided some distance from the City of New York, of the legacy left her.

When Shirley Hugh arrived in New York, he had a letter from his uncle, telling him there was no occasion for him to earn his own bread, for fortune had indeed favored them, as both Pauline and Winnifred had perished on the ill-fated "Argila," he had made more than enough to keep him during his life time.

Shirley Hugh's joy was unbounded for he well knew that when Horace Miserene died he would bequeath everything to his favorite nephew. Now there was no need for him

daily dreading to spend what money he had.

Yes, now his means were unlimited and the best society received him in their homes, and Lieutenant Shirley Hugh, just late from India, was one of the bright shining stars and the lion of New York society.

Many designing mammas looked upon him with marked favor, and for that matter the fair daughters were not slow in making the most of the attentions paid them by this latest attraction.

## CHAPTER VII.

### BOBBY AT HOME.

"Bobby! Bobby! Bobby! Oh sure an' where in the world, an' in the name of patience has the child gone. Well, well, an' its meself as never see such a lad, in all the days I've been on this blessed earth, as ye be. Ye be after being the very worst. Ye do beat all, so ye do; an' its meself as would just be after giving ye the thrashing ye well deserve."

And nurse Norah wiped the perspiration off her broad Irish face, as she toiled up a steep hill, over-looking the river, and eyed with well-merited anger the young gentleman who looked at her so complacently from behind the drooping branches of a hedge of blackberry bushes.

"My glory, how did you get up the big hill, Norah? Come have some berries, they are most splendid. And master Bobby crammed his rosy mouth full of the luscious fruit.

"Bless the child," said Norah, her fat, good-natured countenance relaxing into a broad smile. "But he be the affectionate darlin'."

Then bethinking herself of the time of day, and the condition of her charge's pinafore, (which by the way, looked more like an article in which a blackberry pudding had been steamed, than a nice white pinafore for a little boy to be arrayed in, and made for him

to be sweet and pretty and fit to be kissed,) she walked over to Master Bobby and taking him by the shoulder she gave the youngster a vigorous shake accompanied by a sound box on the ear, at which master Bobby laughed heartily, and deftly twisting himself free of her grasp, he ran down the bank, stumbled over a stone, and rolling over and over fell with a sounding splash into the river below.

Nurse Norah came down the steep hill as swiftly as her portly person would allow and reaching the foot stood with uplifted hands, gazing speechless into the water at Bobby crying and splashing about like a young flounder.

Then he was caught suddenly by a big wave and was being carried swiftly to sea by the out-going tide.

At length nurse Norah, having in some degree recovered her breath, began to shout lustily for aid.

And presently a neat little row boat made its appearance from around a curve in the rocks. The tiny craft was painted a bright green and on one side in big white letters the name, "The Flying Beauty." Seated in this pretty little nut-shell was a girl of eighteen or nineteen or thereabouts dressed in a blue sailor suit braided in white, while a white

straw sailor hat, with blue streamers sat jauntily on her head.

She had been rowing along quite leisurely, but being attracted by nurse Norah's cries, she picked up both oars, and rowed inland with all speed. Then suddenly she saw the little boy struggling in the water.

"Bobby, darling, try to keep your head above water; sister Trixie is coming as soon as she can," shouted the girl, as she bent every nerve to reach the drowning child.

"I tant hold on much longer, sister Trixie," came in faint gasps across the water, and reached Trixie's ears.

But after a few powerful strokes she was alongside of Bobby, and soon he was pulled into the "Flying Beauty" and carefully rowed ashore.

Nurse Norah, who had been up to the house and told them all that "dear master Bobby was dead sure," was waiting to receive them.

"Oh ye wicked boy, its dead ye might have been and its very thankful I am that ye be alive again, ye dreadful boy," cried Norah between smiles and tears, as she hugged Bobby tenderly, and carried him home howling at the top of his voice.

"He is not very much hurt, for no dying child could sepeam in that manner," said Miss Trixie, as she stepped lightly from the boat and gave the oars to the old boatmen who stood ready to pull the boat up.

"Moses be sure and shake the cushions well and hang them up to dry, for master Bobby brought quite a deluge of salt water with him and they are perfectly soaked."

"Such a dreadful child as he is."

"Now let me see, this is three distinct times he has fallen into the river this summer, is it not?"

Moses puts his head on one side, and gazed reflectively on the sands for several seconds, "Miss Trixie, he be one too many for me, I never can keep me eye on the child, and he

be for ever slipin' away from me; but then Miss what be he but a baby after all?"

And Moses began getting the boat hauled in, muttering to himself that "old heads could not be put on young shoulders." While Miss Trixie ran up to the house to find out the extent of master Bobby's injuries.

Eighteen, or I might say twenty years before my story opens, Ada St. Clair had married Mr. Sheldon, who was afterwards made a Lieutenant and sent to India where his regiment was stationed, his wife accompanying him.

Nurse Norah had, when quite a little girl, been taken by Mrs. St. Clair, and trained in her service; so when Mrs. Sheldon went to India, Norah, then over thirty years old went too, and had been her faithful friend and servant.

Friend I say, because Norah was one of those true hearted Irish girls whom one can thoroughly rely upon, for their honesty and thoughtfulness. No woman under the sun had a kinder, truer heart than nurse Norah; and Mrs. Sheldon had found her to be made of the true metal.

When Trixie, Mrs. Sheldon's eldest daughter was twelve years of age, she was seized by a fever which was raging through the colonies. For a time her life was despaired of and Mrs. Sheldon was fairly frantic, but finally she grew better, and when she had somewhat recovered Mrs. Sheldon made up her mind that hard as it would be to part with them, still for the children's sake she determined to send them to her parents in America.

So Trixie and baby Bobby, who was just four months old, were sent to grandmama St. Clair under the trustworthy care of nurse Norah, who parted from her mistress 'mid many tears and would not be comforted until Mrs. Sheldon promised that if it were possible, she would come over to America herself in a few years and visit them all.

With that scanty grain of consolation nurse

Norah took her two charges and with them came to Vermont, and there they had been for five years and better when my story opens.

Willow Grove Cottage, the residence of Squire St. Clair, was a dear old house perfectly surrounded by willow trees, from which it took its name.

A smooth green lawn in front, kept in irreproachable order by Jerry, the gardener, was the prettiest of all the lawns for many miles around. The flower gardens were something truly elegant.

Roses of every sort, kind, or color, with numberless different named exotics, flourished in the most luxuriant manner.

The house itself was white, with many dormer and bay windows, filled with beautiful house plants; balconies ran around the

building, and trailing vines (the pride of old Jerry's heart) covered the casements of windows and doors.

The rooms were all large and airy, and furnished in a comfortable, handsome and wealthy style. The paintings on the walls were masterworks of many famous artists. Knick-knacks of rare and foreign workmanship were scattered profusely around and in every apartment, on mantles, tables, stands and brackets, were huge bowls of costly China filled with flowers. In fact, there were flowers everywhere. But the sweetest flower of all was Miss Trixie, the cherished and half-spoiled daughter of Mrs. Sheldon, and the pride and delight of her grand parents, 'Squire and Mrs. St. Clair.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### MISS CONNY AND SISTER JERUSHA.

I shall now return to the morning on which Master Bobby got his very unexpected bath in the river.

Trixie ran up the steps, and after passing through the long, old-fashioned hall, opened the door of a pretty sitting room, in which was seated an elderly lady with snow-white hair, adorned by a tiny white lace cap of priceless lace, while a dress of black silk fell about her in graceful folds—this lady is Grandmama St. Clair.

"Is Bobby very much the worse for his bath, Grandmama," said Trixie, as she threw her hat on the lounge, and pulling a hassock from under the table, seated herself beside her grandmother.

"Poor Bobby, he got quite a fright, and I hope it will be a lesson to him to keep away from the water. The child keeps me in continual terror for fear he will kill himself or somebody else. Of all my family of children, and I have had ten, not one has caused me

the trouble and anxiety which Bobby has," says Grandmama, resuming her knitting and shaking her head with mild displeasure.

"Oh well, I suppose all boys are a trouble, more or less, and dear Bobby is certainly no exception from the rule."

"I do wonder why Shrieve has not been over here lately? I expect he has gone off on that old fishing expedition he was telling me of. I guess I shall run over and see Miss Conny; probably if Shrieve is away I shall find out from her where he is," and Trixie jumped up and began putting her hat on.

"Now Trixie, see here, only this very morning your grandpapa was remarking how very tall you were and soon you would be a woman. Now, what do you suppose your mother and father would say to see you racing wild with Shrieve Cortland. (I shall be devoutly thankful when that boy goes back to college.) Your parents, I dare say, expect to find you a quiet, sensible girl, instead

of a perfect hoyden ; but it is all our fault in allowing you to have your own way so much."

And grandmama looked at the bright laughing face over her spectacles, with a sad reproachful glance in her kind old eyes.

"Now, surely you do not mind my going over to inquire after Miss Conny's health, do you my darling? And some day in the far dim future, I shall most certainly settle down and be as meek as a mouse and not look at a boy sideways for fear he might look at me. And you know, dear grandmama, there is any amount of time for me to be a woman and wear dresses with trains to them, which would render it an utter impossibility for me to either climb a tree or jump a fence." And Trixie gave a skip across the room as if to be quite sure she was not already troubled by any such incumbrance.

"Yes Trixie, but you will be eighteen next month, and positively child, you must in future act with more propriety," said grandmama with strong emphasis on the last word.

"I promise solemnly to walk every step of the way to Shrieve's and back if it will please you, you old darling." And Trixie vanished out the door and proceeded down the avenue, if not on a run, it must be called a pretty brisk trot.

She was such a gay, lively girl that if she was not continually on the move she was not satisfied. Grandpapa had always, since she came from India, called her his "gay little butterfly."

True to her promise Trixie walked soberly along the green lane, where the sunlight was dancing in merry circles among the branches of the tall trees which meet overhead in a perfect arch, all nature's own training.

At length she opened the gate of a pretty garden, and seeing a lady of middle age standing with a basket on her arm, cutting flowers which she was busily engaged in arranging into a huge bouquet.

"Good morning, Miss Conny, how pretty

your flowers are looking; such pansies as those are not to be equalled anywhere. Oh! what beauties," and Trixie bent over a high mound and gathered several of the best and largest of the deep purple and gold flowers.

"Yes, dear, my plants are indeed beautiful," answered the elder lady, well pleased at the praise of her out-door pets.

"But Trixie, my love, you quite startled me, coming in so quietly—well, as quiet as grandma herself."

"Yes, Miss Conny, Grandma thinks I should be more dignified in the future than I have been in the past. Oh, well, I suppose I have been rather rebellious sometimes. But then one cannot be grave and quiet all the time," replied Trixie, throwing herself into a garden chair, and placing her hat on the grass at her feet.

"Why my love you seem rather of a serious turn of mind, this morning. Has grandmother's neuralgia been more bothersome than usual lately? Or what new atrocity has master Bobby been guilty of committing?"

"No thanks, grandma has been stronger this season than she has been for some time. As for Bobby he very nearly got finished to-day."

"Finished, my child how you talk; but then Bobby dies and comes to life again so often that I should not feel alarmed; but what happened now?" And Miss Conny paused in her work of cutting the dead branches of a rose tree to fasten an obstinate button of her garden glove, and listen to Trixie's reply.

"He fell in the river and if I had not fortunately been out boating he would certainly have been drowned, for no one was near but Norah and she could render no assistance whatever."

"Dear me," Miss Conny says with uplifted hands, looking quite shocked at this last, but by no means new freak of master Bobby's.



"Small boys are such a source of trouble. Now when Shrieve was small he was a perfect cherub, we never had any trouble with Shrieve, the dear boy."

Miss Conny breathed a contented sigh as if perfectly satisfied as to the way she had trained up the little nephew, who had been sent, when only a few months old, fatherless and motherless to the two maiden aunts, Miss Cornelia and Miss Jerusha Cortland to be cared for.

"Shrieve is a perfect jewel; but where is he this morning?"

"Oh yes, my child, you have not yet heard the news. Shrieve is to start for college next Monday, to remain two years. Then he is to enter the navy, and whatever we shall do without his cheerful presence around the house, I cannot think."

Miss Conny actually sniffed and shook her head, and wiped her nose in the most desponding manner possible.

"Why, what short notice he has had. I understood his vacation lasted until next month."

"No, my dear, he goes Monday; but come in and see sister Jerusha; she is quite over-set, as it were, to think of Shrieve's going."

Trixie picked up her hat and the flowers, which she had dropped in amazement at the news, and accompanied Miss Conny up the wide gravelled path, and entered the front door of Honeysuckle Villa.

Seated in the morning room, with a cushion at her back, one at her feet, and a cushion at each side of her, was Miss Jerusha. This lady was always delicate, though not afflicted with any particular malady, for, to tell the truth, Miss Jerusha was "spleeny." She considered herself a martyr to suffering, and every week she was supposed to be seized by some new complaint.

This week her spine was injured in some mysterious manner, and she was obliged to sit in one particular arm chair in that one

particular room, and considered it her particular duty to scold everyone in the house, for the very reason that she had nothing particular the matter with her.

Some people said that Miss Jerusha had been crossed in love; in fact, she had been all ready to be married some years ago to a young gentleman of whom she was exceedingly fond. But fortunately for himself, and also for Miss Jerusha, he found out before it was too late that she did not exactly suit his fancy. So this seemingly ungrateful young man married another lady, and spoke in loud terms of her superiority and worth, much to Miss Jerusha's disgust, who declared all mankind to be fickle-minded and not to be trusted.

In fact, after this disappointment, Miss Jerusha grew morbid and stern; for when a young and very affectionate youth sought, in great humility, the honor of Miss Cortland's hand and heart, she heard him say what he had to, and then coldly advised him "to go from home to some place for awhile and learn a little sense, for she had no patience with such foolishness."

By all accounts the young man took the advice to heart, and went.

"Dear Miss Jerusha, how are you this morning?" asked Trixie, as she kissed Miss Cortland affectionately, and drew a chair near the invalid.

"Ah, my child, I am exceedingly ill. No one knows the torture I endure. I hope you will never be afflicted in the same way I am. Dear me," and Miss Jerusha attempted to sit up, which attempt ended in a resigned shriek and a pathetic "Dear me."

"No, Miss Jerusha, I hope I never shall be; but where is Shrieve? I am impatient to see him," Trixie says, looking inquiringly around the pretty old-fashioned room.

"There he is in the summer house!"

"Shrieve! Shrieve! Come here, I want you," screamed Miss Conny at the top of her voice from the open window.

"Yes, Aunt—coming," comes the reply in cheerful tones.

"Oh, never mind calling him in—I'll go out," quickly responds Trixie as she flies past Miss Conny out to the summer house, where Shrieve is busily engaged in packing up his fishing accoutrements with the help of Nat, the gardener's small boy.

"Shrieve, how exceedingly mean of you not to let me know of your leaving so soon," grumbled Trixie, as she sat down on a bench and gazed with rueful eyes at the preparations going on.

"Well, Trix, it is not my fault, for how was I to know what the powers would decree? and there is no reason why you should look so grim at a fellow," said Shrieve.

"There, Nat, that will do nicely, thank you," he said turning to the boy; and Nat, grinning, touched his hat and vanished.

"Shall we go down to our favorite nook and have a chat?" asked Shrieve, as he tucked Trixie's hand under his arm.

"Yes, if you wish; why do people choose the navy as a profession, Shrieve?"

"Do—why they wish to be able to render their country some service—why?"

"Why, Miss Conny told me she understood you were going when you left College," Trixie replies.

"It is my highest ambition. My father was an admiral, and I hope I may be worthy of him, and be as brave and noble," explains Shrieve.

"You could not be any braver than you are, Shrieve, were you to live to be a hun-

dred," Trixie says; for numerous incidents came to her memory of the boy's generous nature. For instance, one day a lad much older than Shrieve, met a poor old man on the road, and took his money from him which his daughter in the city had sent to get her father some little luxuries he could not otherwise have obtained. Shrieve went and gave the old man his own quarter's pocket money, and promised at christmas time to give him half of the money which had been planned out for some of his own pleasure and amusement, but which he gave to this poor man without the slightest bit of hesitation. And many other things of a similar nature.

"Yes, Trixie, I thank you very much for your kind thoughts of me; may you always think as well of me in the future as you do now."

The words were spoken in jest, but Trixie had cause in after years to think of those words with bitter regret. Now she only laughed and said he would always be the same to her.

"And Shrieve you will write often to me?"

"Every day," Shrieve answers emphatically.

"Now you dreadful boy; if you write once a month I expect you will think it quite an act of heroism."

But Shrieve gives the hand resting on his arm a loving squeeze and declares he will "try once a week anyway."

"Yes sir, that is more to the point," laughs Trixie as she thinks how the days will drag with Shrieve away.

## CHAPTER IX.

### A VISIT TO NEW YORK.

Two years have rolled past, and only this morning Trixie has been overjoyed at the news of Shrieve's anticipated return home. She has ran down to see Miss Jerusha, and

that afflicted lady seems almost well. She has actually been up stairs three times during the morning to see if her pet nephew's room is all it should be.

Miss Conny—her face rounder and rosier than ever—is flying from attic to cellar, and from garden to stable, to the evident consternation of black Sally, who confides to Nat with a broad grin, which shows her white teeth to perfection, that “Missis seems like de man she war readin’ ’bout in de good book, who was possessed wid a debil, and war racin’ and tearin’ about fit to kill hisself.”

Everything about the house wore a festive appearance; for oh, how terribly they had missed Shrieve. The house without him was a perfect blank.

During those dark months of his absence, Miss Jerusha violently declared sho could live no longer without seeing her dear boy, for she had dreamt he was ill and dying, and no one would let her know.

Even Miss Conny’s cheerful face would lose its accustomed smile and grow a shade paler as Miss Jerusha went on with her hysterical fits, and then Trixie’s bright looks and words of comfort would soothe Miss Jerusha and bring back the smile to Miss Conny’s kind face.

Now the letter had come saying he was to come home. But oft times when the cup of happiness is almost to our lips, and we are about to drink, one single stroke of fate can, in a moment, dash our hopes to the ground.

On the very day of his expected arrival Shrieve was obliged to cancel his visit home, for a time at least—an offer being made for him to enter the navy immediately.

The offer was too tempting to resist, and Shrieve accepted, at the cost of not seeing home and friends for another year at the shortest.

He wrote a most kind and loving letter to Miss Conny, telling “of his progress at College—of his eager longing to see them all at home; then of the offer to take the place vacated by a young fellow, who took ill and was sent home. How, he thought, if the present opportunity was not embraced he

might not have one so good for some time to come. But in a year he hoped to see them all again; to remember him kindly to the friends at Willow Grove Cottage; and above all, to feel no anxiety about him, for, being in excellent health and spirits, he would enjoy his new duties with unbounded pleasure.”

On the arrival of the letter Nat was dispatched over to Willow Grove Cottage for Trixie, and Grandma St. Clair said something serious must ail Miss Jerusha; so putting on her bonnet she accompanied Trixie.

“Has Mr. Cortland come homo Nat?” inquires Mrs. St. Clair as they proceed down the garden. And Nat, who is in the act of turning a series of somersaults over the fence, stops to reply with a grin.

“No missis I reckon he ain’t.” And then with a war-whoop which would have done credit to any wild Indian, Nat disappears.

They find Miss Jerusha bathed in tears and Miss Conny explains the trouble.

Soon Miss Jerusha’s violent sobbing ceases, and Miss Conny wipes her eyes and blows her nose with a determined air; no one can remain long in depressed spirits where grandma St. Clair is. For between she and Trixie they cheered up the two ladies to such a degree that before they left the entire party were laughing heartily at the latest escapade of Master Bobby.

For in these days Bobby seems to have fallen off in grace. Nothing seemed too bad for the child to do, and poor grandma was in constant terror as to what depth his next exploit would lead him.

And of all the poor creatures in the world to be pitied, that person was nurse Norah. Her best lace cap was bound to be worn by Bobby when the spirit inclined his lordship to turn somersaults or other mad antics on the nursery floor, or out on the stairs and in the halls.

One evening nurse Norah had been to town and purchased for herself a long wished

for and much desired dress of the true sham-rock color. It was bought and sent home, and, as nurse Norah was absent down stairs, the servant laid the parcel on the table in the nursery to await the return of the owner.

Master Bobby being in the room alone and seeing the parcel, curiosity prevailed and he tore off the paper wrapping. Soon the bright hue charmed his eye and putting the skirt around him and the jacket over his head, the door was opened and Bobby passed out into the hall intent on a promenade.

Hearing some one coming upstairs he got out of the window on to the woodshed, and there capered about in wild glee. Suddenly, his long garment being rather inconvenient, he fell over the side into a huge hogshead of water beneath.

Then nurse Norah was summoned amid loud shrieks to bind up a broken arm, head, or leg, and Bobby looked for a week after as if he had been a sad victim to toothache or mumps. While nurse Norah hourly laments the untimely fate of her brand new dress, which, as may be imagined, presented a sorry appearance after its bath in the hogshead of rainwater.

One morning in the latter part of January Trixie received a letter that seemed to convert her up to perfect bliss.

"Oh grandma, what do you think?" she exclaimed, bursting into the dining room where grandma was giving the new girl a "dressing down," as Trixie called Mrs. St. Clair's mild rebukes to the servants.

"Well my love, what is it?" remarks the old lady as she gives Patty a parting injunction with regard to the manner she is to perform her menial duties, and her required obedience to Molly, who cooks fit for a king. My, you should just taste Molly's pies and cakes, then you could appreciate her cooking capacity.

"Why I have just had a long letter from Madge Vanderleon and she has again asked

me to come pay her a visit. Now grandma dear, can't I go just for—well—say three weeks?" Trixie suggests persuasively.

"Well child ask grandpa, and if he consents I have no objections."

"You old darling, of course grandpa will say 'yes.' And Madge wants me to go next Tuesday. So by the time I get my 'traps packed,' as nurse Norah says, it will be Tuesday." And Trixie embraced grandma enthusiastically and rushed upstairs. However, her haste was doomed to be of short duration.

In the upper hall, just opposite the nursery door stood a large rocking-horse belonging to Bobby. The proud owner was seated thereon, seemingly enjoying himself immensely. In passing, Trixie's dress caught in one of the reins, and the consequence was Master Bobby, horse and all were, without ceremony, precipitated on the floor.

Bobby, of course, screamed at the top of his voice. He was not much hurt, but in bad humor, because Norah refused to allow him to dig out the red coals of the nursery stove with a treasured pair of knitting pegs belonging to Norah's grandmother. So he screamed and screamed until grandma said in her most severe manner, that she would certainly put the rocking-horse away to give to some good little boy who never cried with temper.

This threat had the desired effect, and Bobby was soon after busily engaged in catching two poor half-frozen flies and putting them in a bottle, "for," to express his own words, "to keep for next summer."

"Madge Vanderleon lived quite a distance from Willow Grove cottage—in New York city.

Trixie and she had been school-friends, and after leaving they had kept up the correspondence. Trixie had often been invited to visit Madge, but owing to different causes, she had never gone, but now grandpa's consent was

gained, and on Tuesday Miss Trixie started on her visit in charge of a trustworthy manservant.

Madge was wild with delight to see her friend again, and as they sat and chatted beside the cosey fire in Madge's own special sanctum, on the evening of Trixie's arrival at the handsome stone mansion, no one could begin to relate the thousand and one subjects which were discussed.

"Oh Trixie, mother is to give a large party one week from next Thursday and I am so pleased you are here, you dear; I can scarcely realize the good news yet," Madge says, clapping her hands enthusiastically and rocking back and forth in her wicker chair opposite Trixie, who thinks, as she looks at her friend, how handsome she has grown—for the pale-blue silk evening dress, trimmed with white silver spangled Spanish lace, just suits Madge's delicate style of beauty, and altogether, she looks very sweet and lovable; for the matter of that Madge always looks pretty, and Trixie tells her so. But Miss Vanderleon pouts, smiles, and declares she has been to four evening parties, three dinner parties, three kettle-drums and a sociable, with operas thrown in, during the last week, and says she feels "worn out."

"So your friend Mr. Cortland has entered upon his navy duties; how you must miss him," remarks Madge, as she pokes the coals in the bright grate.

"Yes, poor old Shrieve, he disappointed us all most woefully by not coming home before joining his ship," Trixie replies, gazing thoughtfully in the large gold-framed mirror, over the mantle, at the reflection therein of the dainty apartment and its two occupants.

"I think he must have been your 'best boy;' was he not, Trixie?" Madge inquires teasingly.

"Shrieve and I were always the very best friends; he always seemed like my brother, and he gave me this gold locket just previous

to his leaving home;" and Trixie unfastened the black velvet band from her throat, and passed it to Madge.

"How pretty; why there are your initials in seed pearls," Madge cries, as she holds the massive gold ornament nearer the fire-light. "But pearls are rather an unlucky set of stones—they mean tears," Madge says as she hands it back.

"Oh, I am not in the least superstitious, so it does not signify," says Trixie, as she clasps the jewel about her neck. She never dreamed that Madge's words would recur to her, and with them vivid and startling memories of the never returning past.

"Yes, but now about this party of mine; are you not perfectly delighted to think you are here?" asks Madge.

"Why certainly, but I never was to a large party in my life; and another thing, I have no dress nice enough," objects Trixie, with a very regretful sigh.

"Now, my dear little friend, that is just what I was going to ask you about. It is to be a *bal masque*, you understand, and I want you to be 'Juliet.' A friend of mine asked me what character I intended to assume, and I said 'Juliet.' He immediately said he would adopt that of 'Romeo.' So you see, Trixie, he will think it is I. So be sure and answer all his questions just as if you had always known him. The suit is all complete and will fit you exactly."

"Yes, but would it be fair to deceive the gentleman," asks Trixie, bewildered yet pleased at the novel pleasure in store for her.

"It would not be a bit of harm, and oh, Trixie, the fun there will be," answered Madge, laughing gaily at the prospect.

"Yes, but he might find out, and then I should feel pretty cheap."

"He will not be a bit the wiser, and I shall be 'Winter,' as white becomes my complexion," Madge says smiling.

"But tell me who this young man is, to

whom I am to be 'Juliet'; is he an admirer of yours?" inquires Trixie.

"An admirer of mine? listen to the child. Why no, but he is real nice, and his name is Lieutenant Shirley Hugh. Frightfully rich, good looking—distinguished himself in the late wars as many times as he has fingers and toes, and is all that any girl's heart could possibly desire."

"Very well, Madge, my angel, I shall try my prettiest to bring this most bewitching gent to my humble feet. I shall do all I can, and if I fail it will be no fault of mine. And that reminds me I must away, or I shall lose my 'beauty sleep,' as grandpa says, and I

cannot afford to lose one atom with such a prize in view," replies Trixie.

"I never considered how tired you would be," Madge exclaims, ruefully, as she hastily rises to ring the bell for Fanny, her own maid, to show Miss Sheldon her rooms, and to perform any duties for her which she might wish to have done. The suit of apartments allotted Trixie adjoined those of Madge, and were furnished with taste and elegance.

After dismissing Fanny, Trixie draws a huge easy chair up to the fire, and placing her feet on the bright fender, slowly falls into a reverie, and lives over again the past events of the week.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE PRIZE IS WON.

"Miss Vanderleon is ready and waiting, Miss, and asks will you soon be down?" Trixie was fastening a rose of vivid crimson in the bodice of her dark green riding habit, and wondering secretly, if the effect would prove satisfactory, when the maid appeared with the message from her mistress.

"Yes, I am coming now. Oh, there, is not that too provoking?" for a more energetic pull than was intended, had brought off two buttons from the long buckskin gloves Trixie was drawing on.

"Now I shall have to wait and have them sewed on. But here, never mind, hand me that broad silver bracelet, it will just cover the space beautifully." And clasping the massive ornament, as she went, Trixie hastened down stairs to the open door, where Madge, already in the saddle, was impatiently awaiting her appearance.

Mr. Vanderleon assisted Trixie to mount, then threw himself into his saddle and they were off."

"Now, my love, which way are we to go?" inquired the millionaire of his daughter, as

they trotted the horses down the avenue.

"Oh, papa, we must show Trixie everything and everybody. First we will show her our celebrated falls, then, papa darling, the Row, where everyone is seen and to be seen."

"Such glorious mornings we have for outdoor exercise, at my home, Mr. Vanderleon, you should come down to Willow Grove Cottage, and help grandpapa shoot grouse. He has the surest aim of anyone in the country," Miss Trixie concludes with enthusiasm.

Mr. Vanderleon was quite tall, and not particularly "thin." Some people considered him rather stout; his own daughter used the word "massive" when describing her father. Then Mr. Vanderleon was a perfect gentleman, respected by the leading men of the city, not only on account of his wealth but for his sterling qualities. Then too, if you were a business man, and he was unknown to you, it would be a loss not to be acquainted with one of the most influential men of the city. But above and aside of all this Dudley

Vanderleon was a model, loving, attentive, husband, and an affectionate, fond father. Altogether a pleasant genial man. And at this moment as he smiles at his young companion, very few would refuse to acknowledge him handsome.

"Is that a fact? Well, I should enjoy the shooting very much, providing 'grandpa' should send me a kind little note of invitation, for sometimes those gentlemen who are such good aim generally never can find too much game for themselves."

"Ah, Mr. Vanderleon, such is I assure you, not the case with grandpa, and you would be truly welcome." And the girl nods in an assuring way.

"Now papa and Trixie, stop talking about shooting and give your attention to the persons and things about you.

"See," goes on Madge excitedly, "there is Captain Fulton, sitting in that pretty Victoria with his sister, do you think him nice looking Trixie?"

"Very distinguished, yes; is he a friend of yours?" inquires Trixie.

"Yes, he often comes to spend the evening and go to the theatre, opera or concert with us. Ah, he is looking this way now." And as Madge speaks the blonde gentleman with the bonny blue eyes, lifts his hat and smiles pleasantly to Miss Vanderleon, who bows and acknowledges the recognition with heightened color, and Captain Fulton wonders in his lazy way if any one set their horse to better advantage.

Mr. Vanderleon, with his two companions, had reined up their horses to listen to a new popular waltz the band was playing. Suddenly the spirited chestnut mare which Trixie rode reared, and giving the reins a quick jerk, the silver bracelet which she wore unclasped and fell from her arm.

A dark gentleman with flashing black eyes and magnificent black beard, stepped forward from the railing near which he had been

standing, and picking up the ornament, presented it with a profound bow to the owner.

And Madge with a pleased cry exclaimed: "Oh, you have returned from your trip, welcome back." And stooping from her horse she shook hands with this gallant gentleman, and turning to Trixie said, "Allow me to present to you my dear friend who is visiting me Miss Sheldon, Lieutenant Shirley Hugh."

Ah, Trixie, my dear, did not kind angel whisper to you at that moment that it would have been better had you never crossed the path of this dark, handsome stranger, Lieutenant Shirley Hugh? Be that as it may, Miss Sheldon smiled, and Lieutenant Hugh raised his hat, shook hands and expressed his pleasure at meeting a friend of Miss Vanderleon's; and then the horses became restless and Mr. Vanderleon proposed a start. So amid parting smiles off they go, and Lieutenant Hugh, giving one glance at the slight figure of his new acquaintance in the saddle, smiled to himself, and then turned and joined those who, like himself, were promenading.

"Sheldon! where have I heard that name? Good Heavens! can it be possible? If so, it is just the luckiest card that ever fell in your hands. Shirley, my boy, you are to be congratulated," he chuckles to himself, and his face assumed a smile of fiendish delight.

Turning on his heel our hero proceeded up the road to C—— street, where was located the most popular and fashionable club in the city, and where all the first-class men of the day read the news, talked scandal and politics, discussed their neighbor's business, and all other interesting particulars and topics.

But as often as the thoughts of Shirley Hugh were left to themselves, the name of Sheldon would recur through his mind like an electric flash, and ever and anon the cunning smile played about the corners of his handsome shapely mouth, and the expression, "By Jove, if it is only true," would escape from his lips in an almost audible whisper.

The same night Trixie had a letter from a prominent lawyer, and the next day the world was made aware that Miss Trixie Sheldon had fallen heiress to a large fortune from friends in foreign lands, and no one was more sought after and flattered than Trixie.

Admirers flocked around her, and proposals for her hand were the order of the day; and no one rejoiced so much in her friend's happiness as Madge Vanderleon.

In the midst of all the excitement came the fancy dress ball. The evening arrived, bringing coaches and carriages packed with visitors, and soon the brilliantly lighted rooms were thronged with a dazzling assemblage.

Trixie had given up the plan of masking in Madge's costume, and chose instead a simple suit, called the "Morning Fairy," and very sweet and pretty she looked.

She was quickly spied out by Lieutenant Hugh, and after they had finished their waltz they repaired to the conservatory. Trixie took off her mask, and, standing by a stone fountain, dipped her fingers idly in the clear water, and then they talked of distant friends. Trixie happened to mention Shrieve's name casually through the conversation.

"Do you know Mr. Shrieve Cortland?" inquires the lieutenant in surprize.

"Do I know him?" said Trixie, and her laugh rang out sweet and clear as a bell. "Well, I should think so; he is one of my dearest friends."

"Then, I suppose, you are aware of his good fortune?" Shirley Hugh inquires.

"No; what do you mean?" And Trixie looks up in her companion's face, and wonders what makes his eyes rove about so restlessly, and afraid to meet hers.

"Nothing. But being a friend, I should imagine you would be aware of his engagement to a handsome, talented actress."

Lieutenant Hugh spoke the words slowly and watched their effect.

"You must certainly be mistaken; for if

such is the case he would have told me. Pray what authority have you for thinking so?" And the girl drew her head up haughtily and cried in her heart: "Can it be true? Can it be true?"

Lieutenant Hugh, bending his handsome head, replied softly: "The authority on which my information is founded was the gentleman's own words to me."

"His own words! Shrieve going to marry an actress!" And with a fainting sensation at her heart, Trixie grasped the arm of a chair, and sinking into it covered her face with her hands. For Shrieve had been so much to her; and then to turn about and treat her like this was perfectly heartless.

Then the soft tones of Lieutenant Hugh whispering with great tenderness: "My darling, forget this man who has treated you so meanly, and even now may be laughing in his sleeve at his cleverness in deceiving you. Forget him and give yourself to me, who loves you devotedly. Miss Sheldon, Trixie, answer me, and say you will be my cherished wife."

And Trixie, in all the fierce despair of those first angry moments, thinks this would show Shrieve Cortland and the whole world how much she cared for him, and in the excitement and on the impulse of the moment, turns, and putting her hands into those of Shirley Hugh, says in a low, sweet voice—strange the voice seems to sound in her own ears—"Yes, Lieutenant Hugh, I will be your wife."

And Shirley Hugh, bending to bestow the first kiss upon the brow of his future wife, can scarcely control his exultation; for the game he has set himself to play has been won easier than he could ever have hoped.

Ah, me! in the long years to come, when sorrow and grief are shadowing their heavy wings above her head, perhaps Trixie Sheldon will reproach herself bitterly for her wilful spirit, and cry aloud for help and no



aid will come. But, as is best for us, we know nothing of what there is in store. And well it is; for had this girl known what

the years held for her, she would have prayed heaven to let her die now, before the evil overtook her.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE AUNT'S PLEA FOR SHRIEVE.

There was the most intense excitement and astonishment in society circles, for the engagement of Lieutenant Hugh with the richest heiress of the season and on this side the continent, had been publicly announced, and scheming mama's had bemoaned their very decided defeat in failing to get their daughters off so quickly as this "country chit," as they described Miss Sheldon.

She had gone off in her first society season, and the defeated mama's declared it was all owing to Mrs. Vanderleon who, though seemingly so guiltless, was a most designing match-maker.

Trixie has finished her visit to town, and soon the gay society circles will know her no more, for grandma has written to say they cannot get on any longer without the "Light of the house." Bidding good-bye to all the giddy whirl of pleasure and excitement, she leaves it all and returns to the peaceful, quiet homestead, to be petted and welcomed amid smiles and tears by the joyful inhabitants of Willow Grove Cottage, and all the neighbors and friends, for miles around, who came to congratulate her on the large fortune and approaching marriage.

Lieutenant Hugh was impatient for a hasty wedding, and would brook no delay. And often during the time which intervened before his nuptials, Shirley Hugh, ran down to spend a couple of days with his lady-love, and be most cordially received by Squire St. Clair and his wife.

"Well, well; you are going to leave us, my dear," Miss Jerusha, says as Trixie—who has run over to see the sisters—seats herself in a

low American rocking-chair, opposite Miss Jerusha, and tells the sisters of her late visit.

"Now," continues Miss Jerusha, fretfully, "I always had a strong notion that you and Shrieve were very much attached to each other."

"Indeed Miss Jerusha, Shrieve, I am afraid, has forgotten me long ago, for he is now paying his addresses to a very popular Actress, whom, report says, he will shortly marry," and Trixie's red lips curl scornfully, as she waits with beating heart to hear Miss Jerusha's reply.

"Shrieve Cortland marry an actress?" Both Miss Conny and her sister ejaculated, raising their hands in horrified surprise.

"Yes, so he informed a friend of mine who happened to get acquainted with him when Mr. Cortland's ship was somewhere on the coast of India."

"I don't believe one single word of it; some one has made the story up, for Shrieve thought there was no girl like you in the world, and you know what I say is the truth." And Miss Conny rocked herself back and forth with a vicious swing in her dainty willow chair, while Miss Jerusha carefully turned the heel of a sock she was knitting for Shrieve and murmured "dear me, dear me."

Then in order to change the subject, Trixie told of the numerous delightful pleasures she had enjoyed.

Miss Conny forgot for the time her just indignation and said, while a pleasant smile lit up her round rosy face, "I never can see any good in these late parties and such affairs, keeping people up out of their beds when they

should be asleep. I fancy there is nothing like the old time style, when you asked a few of your friends into tea, where strawberries and cream, sponge cakes and cream biscuits, currants and preserves, were the fashion. For if anyone does enjoy preserves and hot short cake for tea—at six o'clock in the afternoon remember—it is me."

Then Black Sally, the best cook in the country to make pies and cakes, comes in with a glass dish of pears and a silver basket filled with rich, dainty citron cake, of which Miss Conny presses Trixie to partake.

"I never had the courage yet to refuse any of Sally's cake," Trixie says as she helps herself, and smiles at the dark vision, in a huge white apron and cap who laughs heartily and declares "dat is de truth missey, no one can make better, if I does say so myself." Then after administering a sharp rebuke to the large white and gray cat who has followed her in, Sally goes to the kitchen to superintend the preparations for dinner, for no one is more particular about her dessert than Miss Jerusha; and often poor Sally's prettiest efforts fail to please the eccentric appetite of the invalid, who often says she "just believes Sally knew she would not care for so and so to-day." And those words caused Sally the most bitter and offended feelings, when "missis turned up her nose at victuals fit for a king."

Then Sally would vent the phials of her wrath on every person and thing in the house, until her feelings getting the better of her, she, for days afterwards, would be kindness itself flavored by the most unwearied patience, for "poor Miss Jerusha was sick and poorly, and never knowed what she was half de time talkin' bout."

"And now I must go," Trixie exclaims rising, after she has done full justice to the cake and fruit, "for I have promised to help Bobby fly his kite, and if I do not keep my word he will be pouring down blessings on my devoted head."

"Do you think he has improved any in his behaviour since you left home?" inquires Miss Conny who likes master Bobby very much, when she can stuff him with cake and other eatables, but when that part of the programme is over and he goes poking his inquisitive little nose into all the thousand and one knick-knacks which make up her parlours, Miss Conny trembles lest he either break her valuable ornaments or kill himself.

For one day he had come over to pay her a visit, and missing him for a while Miss Conny hurried to find her visitor perched on the mantle, among pounds worth of costly gimcrack, admiring himself in the wide, old fashioned mirror, and since that day nothing would induce her to have Bobby to see her without nurse Norah was sent to see he did no mischief.

"I do not think, as long as there are so many to allow him his own way, he will make much of a good boy; I have sad hopes for him myself, and the last time Shirley came down he brought him a bicycle. How we laughed; but grandpa has ordered Norah to lock it up until Bobby can get his legs to grow a sufficient length to reach the wheels."

"Your future husband is seemingly very generous," Miss Jerusha says, with a slight coldness in her tone.

"Very. Grandpapa says he will destroy Bobby by giving him so many handsome presents and money," says Trixie, smiling at the expression of disgust on Miss Jerusha's face.

"He should keep his money—some day he may have need of it all," Miss Jerusha replies severely.

Trixie laughs lightly, bids the two sisters a gay good-morning and departs.

Once outside of the gate the happy look leaves her face, and, wending her way homeward, a rush of old memories flash over her mind.

"Oh, my heart! my heart will surely

break," murmurs the girl. "Every step of the road, and every object around, reminds me of you, my love, my love; oh, my dear lost friend." And sinking on the mossy bank Trixie sobs out the pent up feelings of her heart, with only the calm blue heavens to gaze upon her.

A hasty step is heard approaching, and as Trixie lifts her head, and dashes the tears from her eyes, she beholds Shirley Hugh standing beside her.

"Why, what is the matter now?" inquires the lieutenant. "This is a pretty way to welcome a fellow, I must confess; are you not glad to see me?"

"Of course; I am glad you have come. I was having a quiet thinking spell all to myself," Trixie says, as a wintry smile still plays on her trembling lips.

As they walk along Shirley Hugh wonders if she has begun to regret her choice, and has any foolish thoughts concerning that fellow in the navy. So he determines in his mind that the sooner they are married the better, and that evening decides that matter, for the wedding is fixed for the seventh of April—just three weeks to come.

Trixie feels as if the last drop has filled her cup, for she has questioned her own heart in solemn quietude, and found that it does not belong to the gallant lieutenant, but that all her affections are lavished on Shrieve Cortland, who has thrown her over; but if she died in the action, the girl vows, she will keep her word and marry this man, whom she is beginning to hate the very sight of, and loathe, with all the deep feelings of a wild, passionate nature.

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## CHAPTER XII.

### FOR BETTER—FOR WORSE.

The seventh of April dawned dark and gloomy. The rain-clouds blew across the heavens like huge black mountains, and the wind moaned fitfully like some creature in pain.

All is confusion at Willow Grove Cottage, for the house is packed with visitors. Madge has come down to act as one of the eight bridesmaids; and also her very ardent admirer, Captain Fulton, who is to assist Lieutenant Shirley Hugh. At twelve the bridal party swept into the church, and very pretty the bride looked in her white, frosted-silk dress. As Trixie walked slowly up the long aisle, leaning on 'Squire St. Clair's arm, she felt as if she would cry aloud in her anguish of mind. At the altar Shirley Hugh waited to receive his bride, with a white, nervous look on his usually calm, placid brow. The solemn service begins, and Trixie's lips trem-

ble so violently she can scarcely repeat the responses.

"Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." The solemn words are uttered. And putting his wife's arm in his, Shirley Hugh walks with a quick step to the vestry, where Trixie signs her maiden name for the last time; then they pass down the church, and the smile on the groom's face is not of happiness, but deep triumph, as he assists his wife into the carriage, steps in after her and shuts the door.

"Thank heaven! we are out of that crowd," are the first words uttered by the supposed happy bridegroom as he sinks back in the coach and closes his eyes.

"Why do you not say something, Trixie? It makes me nervous to see you, who are always so merry, sitting up there like a marble statue," Lieutenant Hugh says impatiently

as he looks at his wife, who sits pale and silent opposite him.

"I thought you were tired and would rather not talk," she replies gently, for, although there is not a particle of affection in her heart for this man whom she has sworn before God's altar to honor and obey, still she is going to try and be a good wife to him, and prays she may be enabled to fulfil her promise.

They do not speak again until the house is reached, then Lieutenant Hugh whispers in his bride's ear as he lifts her from the carriage, "For heaven's sake, Trixie, brace up and don't look so deuced sentimental; one would imagine to look at your face that I was some terrible giant of whom you stood in hourly dread."

But not a word passed from the white lips of Trixie Hugh, as she silently passed upstairs to change her dress for the pretty brown satin and plush travelling-suit.

Then the elegant, costly collation was served. But the bride might have been stone for all the warmth or cheerfulness there was about her; and no one present, to hear the bright, witty replies of the groom, could suspect all the gaiety he assumed was forced.

Soon the last toast has been offered and responded to, and grandmamma had shed a numerous quantity of tears, and grandpapa's voice had trembled when giving his farewell blessing.

The only one entirely unaffected by the parting was Master Robby, and he was in such a perfect frenzy of delight at everything going on, that all Nurse Norah's energies were called forth to keep him in order. And then the bride and groom drove off to the train, amid showers of rice and slippers; the bells rang, and the people turned out to see the departure of their favorite, "Miss Trixie."

After the departure of the happy couple, the guests remained at Willow Grove Cottage to examine the large number of wedding

gifts, which had been sent from far and near by loving friends. Colonel Sheldon and his wife had sent to their daughter from their far Indian home a box fitted up most magnificently with priceless jewels and costly Indian laces and silks. After the presents were duly viewed and commented upon, there was a carpet dance for the young people, and card and other more sober games for their elders.

Not until the large number had gone to their homes, and the house was once more quiet, then Mrs. St. Clair began to relize the utter loneliness of the place without the bright, gay presence of her grandchild, but having a stout heart, she bore up bravely against her feelings of depression, and bestowed all her love and attention on her unruly grandson, master Bobby, who required, as nurse Norah expressed it, "more than a regiment to kape their eye on him."

Miss Conny had declined the invitation to the marriage, saying as excuse, that "sister Jerusha's health required her presence at home."

This was another trial for Trixie who deeply resented Miss Conny's refusal. But for some reason or another that lady had her own ideas about being present at the marriage, and not even grandmama, St. Clair, dare question Miss Cortland when she said "No" to a thing in a certain decided manner. And as if to verify her sister's statement, Miss Jerusha was attacked about this time with an unusually bad spell of head-ache, the kind of which "no other mortal suffered with but herself," she was fond of saying, and it seemed to cast a gloom of depression over the house, this time more than ever before.

It was not until Lieutenant Hugh and his wife had finished their four month's trip, and had settled down in their new home in the city, that Miss Conny gathered the fortitude to tell grandmama about Shrieve's promotion, and to ask if master Bobby might be forbid-

den to chase the hens in the garden where they had rooted up the flowers she had planted.

"Grandmama, St. Clair, expressed her joy at Shrieve's good fortune, and also promised that a severe and hasty punishment should be inflicted upon master Bobby, or the "terror of the neighborhood," as he was styled, for he was the centre of all the mischief that happened, and probably it was some time after this, before he chased hens in Miss Cortland's or any other person's garden; for grandpapa

was told of the offence, and he used the old maxim of "not sparing the rod to spoil the child."

For days after Bobby wore a most solemn look, and behaved really angelic, all of which nurse Norah attributed to the "dreadful chastisement, sure, that the poor youngster of a darlint had given him, the-dear."

Probably this was the conclusion the neighbors came to, for there was peace for the time being at least.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### NOT ALL SUNSHINE.

"So you are pleased with the arrangements, Trixie?" Lieutenant Hugh asks, as he returns to the drawing-room, after showing his wife over the handsome and elegantly furnished home which he has had prepared for their occupation.

"Yes, indeed, Shirley; no one could be otherwise than satisfied," Mrs. Hugh returns, as she goes over to the long lace draped window and pushing aside the heavy drapery gazes upon the busy throng outside."

"Fine view from those windows," the master of the house goes on with a contented glance around.

"Yes, magnificent," his wife answered, without removing her eyes from the street below.

"Well, why in the name of all the saints do you not sit down, and not stand there, as if I was a stick or a stone, to whom it was not worth your while replying to or taking any notice of?" Lieutenant Hugh says, his tone showing signs of rising anger.

"Excuse me, Shirley, shall I play you something?" replies Trixie, as she moves past him and goes to the elegant Chickering piano, and sitting down, runs her fingers lightly over the smooth ivory keys.

Throwing himself impatiently into a lounging chair the lieutenant says, sharply:

"Sing something; I never yet saw the sense in people donging on a piano without letting the people know what you are driving at."

So dashing into a brilliant little waltz song Trixie does her best, and sings with a seeming light, gay heart. At the conclusion Shirley Hugh, rising from his seat, says more graciously:

"Now that is something like. You have a first-class voice, Trixie, and if you practice up, I shall not be afraid to have you sing before any one," saying which he threw his arm about his wife's waist and kisses her lightly on the cheek.

"Now, I must be off to meet a friend of mine at the club, and if you wish to do so you may order the horses and go for a drive."

"But, Shirley," she replies, as she shrinks away from his caressing arm, "I would rather you would come with me. It would look strange for me to go out alone, right after our coming home," and the girl toys with the beautiful diamond rings on her fingers, and tries not to notice the dark frown on her husband's face.

"Why not call around for your bosom friend, Miss Vanderleon; she is not such a 'terror' as your husband is," he replies, mockingly.

"But just for the sake of what people will say, do come; won't you, Shirley, please?" Trixie imploringly asks her husband.

"Bother take what people will say. I told you before I have an engagement which I can't break," Shirley answers.

"Very well; if a stranger has more claim on your attention than your wife, you had better go," she replies, and gathering up her sweeping train of white mull Mrs. Hugh leaves the room and proceeds to her own apartments with a swelling heart, full of contempt for the mean-spirited man whom she is bound to love and honor and obey.

Seating herself near the open window, she gazes with clasped hands into the deep blue sky.

"Oh, merciful heaven! help me to endure with patience the path I have marked out for myself. It is, I know, a just punishment for going wilfully against the dictates of my heart. Oh, Shrieve, Shrieve, why do I, the wife of another, still keep on loving you the way I do? Oh, my darling, can I ever get your image erased from my memory—can I ever forget you?"

And there all alone the girl sobbed out her grief and love. But for all her misery the world was none the more changed—for the sun shone just as brightly, and the song-birds in their cages gave vent to their sweet, happy songs; and the world moved on as serenely as if hearts were not breaking, and sorrow and misery were unknown.

In the midst of her tears the maid comes to say, "Miss Vanderleon is waiting to see Mrs. Hugh." Trixie bathes her swollen eyes and goes down to find Madge, arrayed in a charming French costume, pacing the drawing-room impatiently.

"Oh, Trixie, my darling, how glad I am to

see you once more; but what is wrong—are you ill?" And drawing her friend down on the lounge by her side, Madge scans the white, sorrowful face with the dark lines under her eyes, which not even the ready smiles of welcome can quite dispel.

"No, dear; only I am so dragged out travelling from place to place. We have been very gay, and, as you know, I am not used to very much dissipation, but with a few days rest I shall be all right again."

"And Lieutenant Hugh, where is he?" Madge asks, somewhat sharply, for Trixie's face is not that of a happy bride, and Madge determines to sift matters thoroughly.

"Oh, I did not feel well enough to go out, and he went alone," Trixie replies, vainly trying to cover her husband's neglect as best she can.

"Well, you are to get your bonnet on and come for a drive with your own little Madge; the Victoria is at the door, and I suppose Larry will give me a long lecture for keeping him waiting. Yes, Larry drove me over, and said he would be pleased to drive us both out."

"Ah, Madge, and so you are engaged to Captain Fulton. I wish you every happiness, dear," and Mrs. Hugh bestowed a trembling kiss on her visitor's lips.

"Yes," Madge says with a bright blush, "Larry says we are just suited for each other, but hurry now and we will go."

So Trixie goes upstairs with a lighter heart, presently she comes down, and soon they are bowling over the smooth street. Gradually the expression of sorrow leaves Trixie's face, and she is replying gaily to Captain Fulton's funny remarks.

But Madge notices, with a bitter pain at her heart, the absence of Trixie's old, merry, light-hearted, careless laugh, and Miss Vanderleon wonders if Trixie's marriage has been a mistake, and if she would have had that wistful look about her eyes if, instead of Shirley Hugh, she had wed Shrieve Cortland, her sailor lover.

Many admiring eyes followed the dainty Victoria and Captain Fulton's handsome bay horses. Shirley Hugh, crossing the street with his graceful, swinging gait, paused to look at the carriage which contained his wife, his brow darkens and he mutters as he proceeds onwards :

"Her own carriage and horses are not enough, but she must go and be dependent on strangers. Ah, my fair lady, you are soon beginning to go your own sweet way. However, I will talk to you about it at dinner time."

Then he went into the club and played billiards until six o'clock, his hour of dinner, after which he started for home in no very amiable frame of mind, having lost heavily at the gaming table.

Such was the man who had been the choice of the pure-hearted village maiden—Trixie Sheldon.

A wise man once said, "Marriages are but lotteries: some draw prizes and oftener blanks."

Verily such seems to be the case.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE RECOGNITION.

"Buena, where is your mistress?" Shirley Hugh asks of the pretty maid who is going up to Mrs. Hugh's room on an errand.

"She has just returned from driving a few moments ago and is dressing for dinner, sir," answers the maid, respectfully.

"Well, say I am in a hurry and wish to see her as soon as she can come."

"Very well, sir," and having received her orders she goes on upstairs.

Humming a tune of the latest opera, Shirley Hugh strides into the music-room to await the appearance of his wife. He was not long alone, for soon a rustling was heard through the hall and Trixie entered looking very bright and pretty in her dress of grey and cardinal satin and garnet jewelry.

"Were you in a hurry for dinner, Shirley?" she inquires.

"Yes," her husband answers, as he turns from the window, and coolly surveys the pretty figure before him.

"How well you look to-night. Apparently your drive improved you. How was it you did not order your own carriage?" inquires Shirley Hugh.

"Well, you see, Madge drove around and

called on me; and Captain Fulton, she and I have had such a delightful drive. I was quite sorry when we had to come in," answered Trixie, as she looks smilingly, unabashed at the dark, stern face of her husband.

"Well, for the future, you take my advice and go out in your own carriage, and be independent of any and every one. If you had no horses in the stables there would, no doubt, be a big time," Shirley says in a stern tone of voice.

"I think I have the liberty of going to drive with any of my friends I chose to," Trixie replies, haughtily.

"Well, I say you shall not!" thundered the lieutenant. And Trixie, finding him getting into such a towering passion, says :

"Very well, shall we have dinner?"

"Yes, and we are invited out to-night—are we not?" Shirley Hugh asks in a more amiable tone, as he takes his seat at the dinner table.

"Yes, I believe we are; do you feel equal to the exertion of going?" Trixie asks, sarcastically.

"Oh certainly, my love; I am charmed to take my beautiful-tempered wife around

among my friends." And Lieutenant Hugh spoke the truth, for he was in reality very proud of his wife and her charming manner. For he loved her as much as his selfish disposition would permit of his caring for any one.

At nine o'clock that evening Shirley Hugh might well be pleased with his choice, for as he entered the brilliant, over-crowded reception rooms at Lady F——'s, with his wife on his arm, Trixie was certainly the fairest woman in the large assembly.

A trained dress of a creamy pink tint, festooned with rich lace and roses, with diamonds and rubies set in dead gold, in her ears, on her throat and arms—Mrs. Hugh was indeed a fair vision to gaze upon; and no person was better aware of the fact than the man at her side, who to judge from outward appearances, was one of the most loving and devoted of husbands.

Madge Vanderleon and her mother were also present, and, as a matter of course, Captain Fulton was there to dance attendance upon his lady love.

Madge was looking perfectly angelic in her pale blue silk, tulle and lace, with flowers and strings of delicate pearls, wound about her white throat and round, plump arms. Poor Larry was awfully smitten and generally broken up.

During the evening Mrs. Hugh was requested to sing, and, without waiting to be coaxed (as now seems fashionable), Trixie consented, her husband stood beside the piano to turn the music. The piece she had chosen was one she had sang in the old days long before when gay New York, Shirley Hugh or any of the lively throng around had been things undreamed of. Times unnumbered she had played and sung it while Shrieve, "fired away," as he used to say, on the violin; and every word as she sang brought back vividly those happy, careless days at Willow Grove Cottage, with her boy-lover at her side—

"Thy voice is near me in my dreams,  
In accents sweet and low,  
Telling of happiness and love  
In days long, long ago.  
Word after word I think I hear,  
Yet strange it seems to me,  
That tho' I listen to thy voice,  
Thy face I never see.

Thy face I never see, thy face I never see,  
And tho' I listen to thy voice, thy face I never see.

"From night to night my weary heart  
Lives on the treasured past,  
And every day, I fondly say,  
'He'll come to me at last.'  
But still I weep, I watch and pray,  
As time moves slowly on;  
And yet I have no hope but Thee—  
The first, the dearest one;

The first the dearest one; the first the dearest one,  
And yet I have no hope but thee—the first, the dearest one."

A slight tremor was noticed in the fair singer's voice as she sang the concluding bars. But they did not know the tempest which raged in the heart of the woman, or that the heart beneath the rich satin dress was nigh to breaking.

Having finished her song Trixie rose, and as she swept from the piano, amid loud murmurs of applause, her eyes became riveted upon the door leading to the conservatory—the next instant the gentleman who had been standing there left his post of observation, and, crossing the drawing-room, was soon clasping the hand of Mrs. Hugh in both his own.

"Trixie, my darling! is it indeed you?" he whispered.

Trixie, for the instant, forgot everything and answered:

"Oh, Shrieve! it is not true what they told me, and you have come back to me."

As Shrieve does not answer she follows his gaze, and meets the stern, angry look of Shirley Hugh fixed upon her.

Going to his side Trixie looks up in her husband's face, and says, "Shirley, here is your friend, Mr. Cortland; why do you not come and speak to him?"

But without taking any further notice of



his wife's words he turned abruptly on his heel and left the room.

"Is that your husband, Trixie; why did you not introduce me?" Shrieve asked, choking down the agony he was afraid his voice would betray.

"Introduce you?" Trixie says, in surprise. "Surely you and my husband are very well acquainted; you know you informed him of that very interesting event you were contemplating. By the way, where is the lady?" and Mrs. Hugh laughs lightly as she strives to maintain her composure.

"As true as heaven is my witness I have never laid eyes on the man before to-night; and what you mean by 'the interesting event' and 'the lady' I cannot comprehend. There is but one 'lady' for me in all the world—but she forgot me, and, perhaps, I was not worthy of her," Shrieve answered bitterly.

They had sauntered into a dainty little ante-room, and as Mr. Cortland ceases speaking Trixie sinks into a chair and presses her hand suddenly to her side.

"Are you ill! what will I get for you?" Shrieve demands, as he looks with alarm into the white fixed face of his companion.

"A slight pain—that is all; you might get

me a glass of water, please," and Shrieve hurriedly disappears.

He has scarcely gone when Shirley Hugh enters, and Trixie knows, by the expression of his face—half guilt, half defiance—that he is aware she has been told of the deception he has practiced upon her; and she can with difficulty bring herself to look at him in a friendly light.

"Come! it is time we were going. You have been loitering around with that fellow quite long enough. You never can find anything to talk to me about, but can jumble off any amount of trash in other people's ears," Shirley Hugh exclaims, looking scornfully at the pretty flushed face of his wife.

"There is no hurry to leave, is there?" Trixie speaks the words quietly, but her feelings are very much ruffled.

"I say you are to go home with me now! and you shall—do you understand?" The words were spoken so loudly that Trixie, fearing some one would hear the displeased tones, arose, and stepping past him, said:

"Very well—I am ready."

A few moments later, when Shrieve returned with the glass of water, he finds Mrs. Hugh gone.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE GOVERNESS.

"And you can give me no references whatever? Well, I never engaged any one without them before; but you seem to suit so well, and I am in such sore need of a governess just now that—well, I think I will try you."

"Oh, madam, I can never thank you enough, and I will try my best to please, and do my duty faithfully."

Mrs. Astor looked compassionately down upon the girl beside her, and wondered if the three unruly little ones would learn to con-

duct themselves properly under the training of this girl, who, in her black dress of mourning, looks little more than a child herself.

"You are in mourning for some friend who has lately passed to rest?" the lady inquires gently.

"My dear father, madam," the girl replies, with a sob she cannot keep back.

"Poor child, poor lamb, left to the cruel world's care when so young; and your name is Pauline Fairville, I think you said?"

"Yes, Pauline Fairville—my father is

dead, and my sister and I are alone in the world."

"Oh, you have a sister then; how old is she?"

"She is almost five years old, madam," the girl replies.

"And the child must, of course, come with you. Well, you may both come to-morrow, for I like your face, and feel sure I can trust my children to your care." And pressing her hand warmly Mrs. Astor bids her visitor good-bye."

"I do not think I shall repent taking her, poor girl. If any of my children were left to themselves, as those two young creatures are, I should wish people to be kind to them," says this generous-hearted woman, going up stairs to dress for dinner, feeling she had made lighter the path of a fellow creature.

The following day the new governess arrived, accompanied by a modest trunk, and a small tot of a girl, with golden curls and eyes of heaven's own blue.

Mrs. Astor greeted Miss Fairville warmly, and bestowed a motherly kiss upon the child—Winnie; and the little one, encouraged by the sweet, winning smile, on the lady's face, threw her small arms around Mrs. Astor's neck and kissed her. This won the first victory for Miss Winnifred.

The three pupils were next introduced, and Pauline, as she kissed each girl tenderly, won their hearts by her gentle manner—Laura, Mellow and Georgie declaring their new teacher to be a perfect love; and as for Winny, every one in the Astor household were her willing slaves.

"A very pretty governess you have for the children, Gertie. How long has she been here? Not long, I wager, for the actions of your three treasures never allowed any one to stay longer than a couple of months—but this one looks as if she had pluck enough even for them."

The brother and sister are seated in the

parlor, from which place can be heard the piano in the music room, where Miss Fairville is busy teaching Georgie Astor her lessons. And the even manner the "scales" were performed showed that the young pupil of ten years had been drilled by a skilful instructor.

"She is very handsome, poor little thing; an orphan, with no friends. She has been here almost two years now, but your being absent from home so much made you ignorant of the treasure we have found."

"By Jove! what a voice, hark!" and Ross Fulton lifts his finger and assumes a listening attitude. Probably the practising lesson was finished and the teacher had, at the request of Georgie, sang this dear old time-worn Spanish ballad, "Juniata." It must have been a favorite with both teacher and pupil, for no less than three distinct times was it sang.

"Are you smitten by a voice, Ross?" his sister inquires gaily.

"It would be strange indeed if our poor little governess would accomplish the feat of arousing the affections of a young gentleman whom all the young belles have tried in vain to please."

"Well, I cannot help it Gertie, I never heard a voice like it. She could compete without a blush with Patti or Neilson."

"Pretty hard hit," Mrs. Astor says with a grim smile. "But how is Larry's foot progressing—has the swelling gone down any?"

"No, the doctor says it is worse than he at first expected, and it may be weeks before he can walk on it, and Madge is almost beside herself with anxiety. I think she is as fond of the boy as he is of her." And Ross settles himself again comfortably in his chair.

"Yes, Madge is a sweet girl, and if Larry and she marry I am sure they will be happy."

"I see Cortland's vessel has returned and he is looking finely; I bet he will mark out a great life for himself, following the footsteps of his father who was something pretty high in the navy."

"Yes, and I heard something about an attachment between Lieutenant Hugh's wife and this Mr. Cortland; did you hear of it?"

"Deuced pretty woman that wife of Hugh's, too good for the fellow it is my belief. They say he treats her badly, but then a person should not take in all they hear now-a-days. Some people are always trying to bake their cake in other and everybody's oven." And Ross curls his lip and looks sarcastic.

"Mrs. Hugh is a great friend of Madge's, I know she thinks everything of her."

"Ah Winny, my darling. What is the matter love?"

"Ross Fulton turns his eyes toward the door and beholds a child, who is certainly not one of his nieces, with her mouth puckered up ready to cry, with a small grey kitten clasped tightly in her arms.

"Miss Fairville's sister," Mrs. Astor explains.

"Who has been abusing you dear?" she asks, as the child comes in and lays her tear-stained face, and the cat, on Mrs. Astor's lap.

"My poor pussy"—sobs the baby voice—"hurt her paw," and Mrs. Astor sees the cat's leg is cut.

Ross comes to the rescue, and in less time than it takes to tell, Winnifred's tears are dried, and she is smiling graciously upon Ross as he deftly binds up the feline's injured limb.

After this painful operation is completed she willingly agreed to sit upon Mr. Fulton's knee, and edified him with an account of her playmates, her doll, toys, and in fact, did her utmost to amuse him until a tall, handsome girl, with flashing dark eyes and jet black hair, with a dress of plain black fitting to perfection her exquisite figure, calls gently from the door:

"Come, Winny. I am afraid she has been bothering you, Mrs. Astor?"

With a glad cry the child gets down and puts up her rosy lips for the gentleman to kiss; then she ran to her sister.

Ross gazed with deep admiration after the tall figure, as she left the room, with a graceful bend of her stately head, with the child by the hand.

"Why did you not introduce me?" Ross demands, impetuously.

"Why, my brother, I never knew but what you had met Miss Fairville before. If I had but thought. But wait; I will call her back."

But there was no need to take this trouble, for Pauline had forgotten the roll of music she laid on the table when she came for her sister, and at this moment she came back for it.

"Pauline, my love;" for it had come to this that Mrs. Astor was fairly charmed with this girl and treated her as one of her own.

"Let me make you acquainted with my brother—Mr. Ross Fulton, Miss Fairville."

As Ross clasped the hand of his sister's governess in his, he knew that his fate was sealed. As for Pauline, she very quietly acknowledged the introduction, and, taking the music from the table, left the room.

"Is she not sweet?" Mrs. Astor asks with enthusiasm, "and the children progress so finely under her tuition. I cannot think what would become of them, were she ever obliged to leave us."

Ross Fulton thinks ten times more of his little sister Gertie Astor than ever, for her brave defence and kindness to the strange girl.

"It is not every one would take a stranger and make of her, but it is just like Gertie—one of the best natured souls in the world." Thus pondering, Ross takes his hat from the rack in the hall and departs homeward.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE STORM.

"And all the dear ones at home, Trixie, how are they?" Shrieve Cortland is leaning his arm on the mantle in Mrs. Hugh's drawing room, and as he speaks his eyes rest upon the pale, fair face of his child-love, who looks more like marble in her dress of black satin and Spanish lace. "I intended to run down and see them," he continued. "But I cannot bring myself to go now, after what has happened." Shrieve sighs, but there is no trace of reproach in his tone.

"I had a long letter from Grandmama yesterday. She said they were all well, and hoped you would come home as soon as the vessel arrived," Trixie replies, as she leans her head wearily against the back of the green plush chair.

It had been two years since Mrs. Hugh had met Shrieve Cortland, on the memorable night of the ball, when Trixie had learned through what deception Lieutenant Shirley Hugh had married his wife. Yes, two years in finding out the state of a mistaken fancy.

Now Mr. Cortland has again returned; learned the address of Lieutenant Shirley Hugh, and has called upon his friend and playmate, to find her cold and formal in her manner toward him—for she has vowed before God to honor and obey Shirley Hugh; and if her heart breaks, she will keep that vow faithfully.

"You should not disappoint your aunts, they who are fretting at your tardiness every hour that passes," Trixie says after a pause.

"Yes, there are a great many things I should do that I don't, and I suppose that is one of them." And Shrieve's eyes wander to the opposite wall and rest on the life size portrait of Trixie, which Lieutenant Hugh ordered to be painted during their visit to Italy, and

he notices with a start the changed look of the pale, set face before him and the rosy cheeked, bright-eyed girl in the picture.

And the girl as she sits there, seemingly so cold and indifferent, is almost breaking her heart as she thinks of what might have been and what is. But we all make such mistakes now and then."

"I suppose you have heard our new star?" Trixie asks, as she strives feverishly to keep the conversation from referring to personal topics.

"No, I have been so busy lately, I have been nowhere but several receptions I have been almost dragged to."

"We intend going to-night, if you would care to see her, we have a seat in our box."

"Thanks," Shrieve says; for although he cares little to see this famous actress, still he will be near Mrs. Hugh, and to be in her company is sufficient bliss.

Then Madge Vanderleon is announced and Shrieve after a few moments bids the ladies good afternoon.

"What a splendid fellow your friend is, Trixie dear," Madge says warmly.

"Yes, he is liked by most everyone, I think. But how is it Madge you are here to-day?"

"Oh, Larry's foot is much better, and so I only stopped a little while, and then ran around to see you; and Larry has amused me so very much. His brother Ross has fallen dead in love with the governess of his sister's children. Larry says she is awfully nice looking. An orphan with no friends—her little sister is with her, a 'golden haired angel,' Ross says; and altogether poor Ross is very much 'broken up.' Madge laughs lightly, for she is very happy herself and wishes every one else to be so too."

"Poor thing," Trixie says pityingly, "it is

sad to be friendless, it is worse I think than actual poverty where a family is all one happy circle. See how happy they can be in each other's love and sympathy, even though they may not be able to tell where their next meal is to come from. But you will remain and go with us to the opera?" And Madge smilingly consents.

Dinner is kept waiting until seven—one hour past the usual time—for the master of the house. And at seven when he does not come Trixie and her visitor take their's alone.

"Lunching with some of his friends, I expect," Trixie says by way of explanation for her husband's absence.

Madge sighs and wonders if this occurs every day, and Miss Vanderleon forms wishes for the absent Lieutenant that are certainly not blessings.

Then at eight when Shrieve Cortland appears in irreproachable evening dress, he finds Mrs. Hugh and Madge playing duets in the drawing room.

"Practising," Trixie explains, "for a sociable they are to play at."

So, as Shirley Hugh has not yet come home, Trixie orders the carriage and the three attend a new opera which is being well received nightly by crowded houses.

After this evening it gradually came to be a common occurrence for Mr. Cortland to accompany Mrs. Hugh—when her husband was not at hand—to concerts, operas, theatres, bazaars and sociables; then affairs suddenly came to a climax.

One afternoon there had been a large number of callers at Trixie's home—as it was her reception afternoon. The rooms were almost empty when Shrieve Cortland strolled in, so Trixie bid her last guest good-bye and was turning to make some trivial remark to her late caller, Shrieve, when the curtain drapery was suddenly pushed back from the folding doors, and Shirley Hugh strode in.

"Ah, you are here again, young man;

things have come to a pretty pass, when it is the common report in everyone's mouth, that my wife is neglected by me and that she depends upon Mr. Cortland for her escort in public. But it will be so no longer. No, by heaven! I shan't allow it." And Shirley Hugh brings his hand down heavily on the back of the chair against which he is leaning.

"There is no need for you to speak in that manner, Lieutenant Hugh," Shrieve says calmly; "I merely accompany Mrs. Hugh for old friendship's sake, and I see no reason why you should object."

"Well, I say—and what I say I mean—that my wife shall not be danced attendance upon by you, or any other fellow. You had better get a wife of your own, if you are so fond of toting around after the women," laughs Shirley Hugh, scornfully, as he looks exultingly at Shrieve, who despite his efforts to maintain his composure, has turned a shade pale, his lips tighten, and the easy smile has given place to a look of determination.

"If you were any one else but who you are, Lieutenant Hugh, I should not allow these words of yours to be passed over; and I do not think any gentleman would speak as you have in the presence of a lady, let alone his wife."

"You good-for-nothing young prig—you dare to tell me to my face that I am 'no gentleman,' and 'my words not to be passed over.' Do you think or mean to challenge me to a duel?" and Shirley Hugh trembled so with passion that he could with difficulty speak distinctly.

Shrieve Cortland's voice was very calm as slowly and distinctly he replies without a tremor:

"Yes, Lieutenant Hugh, you understand me correctly."

"Oh! Shirley! pray do not talk so recklessly; do you not know either one or the other, must lose his life," cries Trixie, laying

her hand pleadingly on her husband's arm, but he shakes her off, replying fiercely :

"Hold your tongue ! What do you know about my business?" Then turning to Shrieve he says, with an oath :

"Leave my house, and never darken the door again so long as you live; and a day or so will decide how long that will be !"

As Shrieve goes from the room he sees Trixie throw herself on a couch with a sharp cry, and Shirley Hugh standing by the table in the centre of the room, his arm uplifted, as he waves Shrieve Cortland from the room—and Shrieve remembers the black look of anger on the lieutenant's face ; for that was the last time Mr. Cortland ever spoke to or saw Shirley Hugh alive.

But scarcely an hour had passed after this scene when the household were thrown into a violent confusion. Shirley Hugh, who had been seemingly so well and strong but a few hours before, was suddenly seized with paralysis, and for several hours his life was despaired of. He had been looking out of the window at the crowds passing on the street, when suddenly he threw up his arms and fell to the floor. His wife hastened to his side, but he could not speak to her. He was immediately taken to bed and physicians sent for.

This would be the result of a "sudden fright and intense excitement," the doctor told Mrs. Hugh.

Days and weeks passed and there was no change visible.

Shrieve Cortland's ship had again been ordered abroad, and he had gone without seeing Trixie again ; and she often thought, during the tedious weeks and months of her husband's illness, that it was the hand of a merciful Providence who had thus prevented the intended duel from being fought.

During his sickness Shirley Hugh had become very humble and gentle. He appeared

very much more affectionate to his wife, and kinder to those around him

Trixie, who during the first part of his illness, was nearly distracted with his irritating demands, wondered at the change, and did all in her power to be all an affectionate fond wife should be.

Ross Fulton had painted Pauline and Winnifred's picture, and it excited much admiration from his friends.

When Shirley Hugh was a little better, Ross went to see him one day, and by way of amusement showed him the pictured faces of Pauline and Winnifred.

"Who is it? Who is it?" he cried excitedly, raising himself up, and clutching Ross by the arm.

"Why, Shirley, old man, what ails you?" But ere he could reply Shirley Hugh had fainted, and for eight weeks afterwards he was speechless.

"Queer," Ross thought, "that he should be so affected over a picture, though it is such an uncommonly fine one. I believe Shirley Hugh has some mystery connected with his past life ; perhaps the faces recalled some past memory." Ross little knew how near the truth he was.

After eight weeks Shirley's speech came back ; then he had a talk with the doctor.

"And I can never get better?" Lieutenant Hugh says, as he lies bolstered up in bed, looking like the shadow of the strong man of a year ago.

"No, sir," the physician answers, gently. "I can give you no hope—can do nothing for you more than what I have. But if you keep quiet, and do not bother your brain over anything, it is impossible to state how long you may be among us."

The words, though spoken with an air of cheerfulness, did not blind his patient as to the true state of affairs ; and after he left Shirley Hugh sent for his wife to come to him.

"Are you better, Shirley?" Trixie's voice is low and gentle as she stands beside the bed and gazes on the frail, colorless face of the man whose days are almost numbered.

"Yes, little wife, as well as I shall ever be in this life; as for the life to come, I leave that to some one higher."

Trixie feels startled, for up to now the lieutenant had stoutly maintained that he would do "this," "that" and "the other," when he "got around again." Now he speaks so calmly of the fast approaching end that for a moment a mist seemed to prevent her seeing the objects around her.

"Trixie," Shirley Hugh's voice trembles, and he looks entreatingly into his wife's face, "could you forgive some one who had done you a great harm—yes, a very deep wrong—if that person were dying and your words of forgiveness would quiet his last moments on earth, would you utter those words. Would you?"

"Heaven forbid I should refuse to do so," Trixie murmurs very solemnly.

"Ah little wife, God grant the other whom I wronged may be as merciful in her forgiveness. The sick man paused for a moment, then went on.

When I was in India my uncle was appointed guardian over two orphan girls, who were left friendless in a strange country. They were very wealthy, those girls, and to get the eldest to marry his scapegrace nephew was the sole desire of my uncle's heart; and to accomplish this end he left no means untried. The nephew proposed and was sternly refused by the girl, who pleaded the youth of her sister as a reason of her rejection, that she could not marry until her sister was some years older. This so enraged the nephew that he at once took steps to remove the little one from her sister's care. He arranged plans which would have been successful had not his aunt interfered. She sent the girls away by night in charge of a faithful servant. The

same night the nephew met the aunt returning from the shore, where she had gone to see if the girls had got off safely; he demanded that she should tell him where they were gone. She refused; he drew his pistol and was about to fire when a hand dashed the weapon aside, and it went off without doing harm. Then in the darkness the nephew escaped, but the next day a warrant was issued for his arrest on the charge of attempted murder. The uncle gave him enough money to leave the country, and he escaped to New York. He had been there only a short time when intelligence was received of the loss of the "Argila," the steamer that the orphan girls were in. The uncle took so much out of the fortune belonging to his charges and sent the lawyers just half of the immense wealth he had been making use of. The nephew was thus made rich for life, for his uncle had seen that he was to be well provided for. But now he must have revenge on the man who had been the witness of the attempted murder of his aunt; and in New York he met, wooed, and married that man's daughter, and then led her a most miserable life, of which he is ashamed now. Then one day this nephew was looking from the window in his home and saw passing on the street below the two he thought buried forever in the deep sea—the two orphans he had wronged. He was seized by a sudden illness, and when able to have visitors to see him, a friend showed him the pictured faces of the same two. Then I lied to you about Shrieve Cortland; I had never seen him, but in order to win you myself, I insinuated his intended marriage with another.

"Oh! Trixie, my dear, can you forgive me for all the misery you have suffered? Will Pauline Trap Rieo forgive me for all the misery I made her suffer? Is there, do you think, any pardon for me in Heaven or on earth?"

Shirley Hugh is very excited, and though

the snowy coverlid, so spotless, is no whiter than the face of Mrs. Hugh, still she exerts herself to control her feelings for not during his illness has her husband talked so much, and she is afraid now of the consequence of his agitation.

"You should pray to be forgiven, Shirley, and try to undo the wrongs you have done. As for myself, I forgive you all, and pray Heaven may do the same."

Trixie is really shocked. She knew her husband to be of a wild, unruined temper, and of cruel nature, and that he had deceived her from the first,—but a defrauder, a would-be murderer, and a scoundrel! Heaven! what had she ever done to merit such punishment?"

"And so Mrs. Astor's governess is the proper heiress of all the wealth I am enjoying while she is slaving out her life for her daily bread?" Trixie asks faintly.

"Yes, her father willed the property to you on his daughter's death; but as you and Heaven are my witness, I never knew them to be alive. I understood they perished on the ill-fated steamer "Argila." But hasten and send for Pauline Dup Rieo; I must ask her forgiveness before I die!"

Trixie sent not only for Miss Pauline Fairville Dup Rieo, but for the clergyman also—for it was plain to all that Lieutenant Hugh could not last out the night.

At eight in the evening the large, handsome chamber, where the sick lieutenant lies breathing his last moments is silent, save for the quiet ticking of the marble clock, and the heavy breathing of the dying man. Mrs. Hugh knelt by the bedside holding one thin, frail hand in hers. The doctors stood at the foot of the bed watching anxiously, while Pauline Dup Rieo stands straight, cold and silent, looking with undisguised loathing on the face of the man pleading so earnestly for one last word of forgiveness from her lips.

"Miss Fairville, you will surely not refuse

to say the word to quiet him?" one of the doctors says, imploringly, as he looks with pity and admiration into the face of the girl, standing calm and haughty, looking so much like an avenging angel.

"Forgive!" The dying man opens his eyes and looks beseechingly up in her face, "You talk of forgiveness, when you have done so much wrong to me and mine!" she returns, fiercely.

"If you do not forgive, your heavenly father will not forgive you your sins," the clergyman says quietly. He has often, during his ministry, attended the death-bed of the dying, but as he looks from the face of the man, lying so white and ghastly, and then at the girl standing near, he prays he may never be called upon to witness such another scene.

"Pauline, forgive! I cannot die until you do!" And Shirley Hugh, with a supreme effort, lifts himself up and looks at those around him. Then he says, quickly:

"Trixie—sing! sing!"

And soon the clear voice of his wife is raised in a softly musical strain:—

When the dark waves round us roll,  
And we look in vain for aid,  
Speak, Lord, to the trembling soul—  
"It is I; be not afraid.

When we feel the end is near,  
Passing into death's dark shade,  
May the voice be strong and clear,  
"It is I; be not afraid.

When in sickness lying,  
Dark with fear of dying,  
Blessed Jesus, hear us,  
Let thy help be near us.

When life, slowly waning,  
Shows but Heaven remaining,  
Blessed Jesus, hear us,  
Light of all, be near us.

The invalid's face assumes a calmer expression, as the soothing words fall on his ear, and when Trixie had finished Pauline steps quickly to the bedside and laying her hand on the head of Shirley Hugh, says gently:



"Yes, Shirley Hugh—I forgive you for Jesus' sake," said Pauline, as she lowered her head reverently and knelt with the others.

With the words "Thank God!" and an upward look and smile into his wife's face, Shirley Hugh passed without a struggle to his long rest.

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CHAPTER XVII.

FRIENDS FROM INDIA.

"What shall I say to him, Pauline; poor fellow, he seems to be in a terrible plight?"

"Say I have a severe headache, and when I am better I will see him."

Pauline Fairville Dup Rieo has resigned her situation as governess to the Astor family, much to their grief and disappointment, more especially to Ross Fulton; for of course it would never do to allow the heiress, Miss Dup Rieo, to work among the ordinary teachers of the day.

Trixie has resigned every right and title to the inheritance she has been enjoying in blissful ignorance of usurping the place of another. And now Pauline and Winnifred are Mrs. Hugh's guests until the summer, when Mrs. Shirley Hugh will return to Willow Grove Cottage, to reside with her grandparents, 'Squire and Mrs. St. Clair, who yearn, with a terrible longing, for the return of their pet and darling.

Lieutenant Hugh's funeral had been conducted with all the pomp and splendor due to a distinguished gentleman. After one is dead, no matter how great their sins may have been, those sins are calmly looked upon as virtues.

Trixie had received the sympathy of all her acquaintances and friends, and Society mourned over the necessary absence of one of their bright stars on account of her husband's death. And she has invited Miss Dup Rieo and her sister to make their home with her until July, when she leaves New York and returns to the quiet home life at Willow Grove Cottage.

At the present moment Mrs. Hugh is seated at the small gipsy table near the fire, answering the little note Ross Fulton has this morning sent to ask for a private interview with Pauline. That young lady is just now reclining gracefully on a couch, her head tied up in a white silk handkerchief plentifully sprinkled with cologne, suffering all the agonies of a sick headache. So she had given Mrs. Hugh free permission to answer her letter.

"Oh Trixie, tell him anything," she says trying to speak unconcernedly but failing most miserably; for Pauline is not insensible of the deep regard Ross Fulton cherishes for her, and she can safely say—and satisfy her mind—that it certainly is not her fortune he is desirous of obtaining, but the affection of his sister's friendless governess, who by some strange turn of Mother Fortune's wheel, has now been suddenly placed in the lap of luxury and the highest social esteem. For when Mrs. Hugh "took any one up," as the saying goes, every one was anxious to pay his or her share of homage to the fortunate being.

"I think you had better write it yourself, dear," Trixie says as she rises from her rocking chair to stir the fire, into a brighter blaze, and just then the door is burst impetuously open and Winny runs in.

Her appearance puts further thoughts of writing to Ross Fulton or any one else, out of the question, for she is the pet of the household; everyone in it bows with smiling good will to the slightest command of the little golden-haired lady, who rules supreme

over the hearts of all from far and near, from nursery to the kitchen. Closing the door gently behind her, she looks from her sister to Mrs. Hugh, who stands by the white marble fireplace in her trailing dress of black crape.

"Come to me darling," Trixie says as the child still stands clasping the knob of the door.

"I got some one here," the little one says slowly, "some peoples who loves us all," she cries delightedly. Then the door is pushed open, and a lady and gentleman enter. Pauline springs from her sofa, exclaiming joyfully, "Mrs. Sheldon," and Trixie, with a smothered cry of "mamma," "papa," is clasped in the arms of the tall military gentleman.

"Yes, it is indeed papa, and we are returning for good from India and on our way to the dear old home," Mrs. Sheldon says in a subdued tone of thankfulness. For the years have been very long, and oftentimes a desire to once more behold the dear, familiar faces at home, would almost tempt her to fly back to them; but now the period of exile is ended and there will be no more parting. Mrs. Sheldon turns to Pauline and lays her hand tenderly upon the orphan's head.

"Ah, my dear, now you must tell us how you are here safe and well to welcome us back. How many, many times I have wept when I realized the sad death of you and dear little Winnifred. Tell us, my child, by what intervention of Providence you came to be saved on your fatal voyage, which proved destructive to so many of your fellow passengers."

"Mamma, Pauline was quite ill before you came. What a capital cure you and papa have proved if you have been the means of scaring her headache away." And Trixie laughs the old ringing laugh as she looks with love and gladness at the beloved faces of her parents which she has not seen since she was a little child.

But Pauline declares gayly she feels quite well, and willingly begins her interesting narrative.

"After we left India the voyage for several days was very pleasant, and although we knew no one on board, save the captain, who was like a father to me in his kind attentions, Winny and I enjoyed the sea and all the strange novelty of things around us. After six days of beautiful weather, a severe gale of wind and rain set in which caused a great flutter, for every one at once became ill. During the night of the 8th our vessel collided with another iron steamer, and instantly afterward the fearful words of 'we are sinking' rapidly passed from mouth to mouth. The captain came to me and said he would do all he could to save our lives, and if he failed, God would protect us if such was His will. Ah me, when I think of that night and the terrible howling of the sea and wind, the screams and cries of the women and children, the oaths and prayers of the men, and our ship going rapidly from us. It all is as fresh in my memory as if it happened yesterday. The boats were got out, and the captain stood ready to assist us in. Four or five men made a rush to get in first, but the captain pushed them back, saying in a clear, steady voice, 'I said the women and children first; then, cowards, it will be your turn.' But as he spoke one pulled a knife from his pocket and thrust it into the captain's breast, inflicting a dangerous wound; they then jumped into the boat and pushed off. The other boats were quickly launched and filled, but the sea must have swallowed them up, for we never saw them again. The last boat contained the captain, first mate, two ladies, Winny, three sailors and myself. We were nearly lost several times, for the sea was furious; but after several hours of wretched suspense we were fortunately picked up by a passing brigantine and treated with every kindness. My dear friend, the captain, got cold in the wound.

he had received and died before we reached New York, and we witnessed with deep sorrow his body consigned to the deep. When we reached New York I found a comfortable lodging and at once began to look about for employment, for in looking over some old papers of my landlady, I read the account of the loss of the "Argila" and all on board. Something warned me if I let Mr. Miserene know of my existence he would insist upon my returning to him, for the law would be on his side as my legal guardian. I would rather have drowned than ever return to the man whom, from the first moment I looked upon his face, I hated.

"Oh dear, Mrs. Sheldon, believe me, I have often wished for your kind, motherly sympathy, and the colonel's stirring encouragement and advice.

"Then Winny took ill, and for some days the doctor shook his head very gravely, and as I bent over the sick bed of my darling sister, I cried to God in my anguish why had He not let us die together on the fatal ship, and not let me be left utterly alone. But He in his gracious mercy restored her to me, and with much care she soon grew better and regained her old brightness. I saw by the paper Mrs. Astor's advertisement, and she—I think God must have put it into her heart to treat us kindly—took my sister into her home and heart, and her goodness I never can appreciate too highly. By her and her entire family I was treated as one of their own. Then Ross Fulton, Mrs. Astor's brother, asked me to be his wife, and I refused—not because I did not return his affection, and was unaware of the nobility of his character, but I thought perhaps some day I could tell him I was not always the poor governess I then was; and, thank Heaven, that day has come. When I was summoned to the side of Shirley Hugh's dying bed, I found it almost beyond my strength to for-

give him, but I did; for although he wronged me, still, afterward he righted the wrong. Then I made Trixie's acquaintance, and I felt the keenest pain when I found, by the existence of myself, she was deprived of all her wealth. She brought Winny and I to her home, and has been—oh, so good to us—more like a sister, in fact, than anything else."

"Poor dear," Mrs. Sheldon says, "you have suffered much; but I hope your path in the future will be more smooth and pleasant."

"Amen!" said the Colonel, heartily. "You have acted bravely through all."

"And Mr. Miserene, where is he?" Pauline inquires.

"Oh! my dear; poor soul, he fell from a high landing and after much suffering he died. His poor little wife will be lonely; but it is to be hoped her life will be more peaceful. During his life, he let no one around him rest with his wild ideas and fancies."

"Poor Mrs. Miserene," Pauline says, softly, "I can never forget her."

Just then the servant came to tell Miss Dup Rieo a gentleman was waiting her presence, and on going to the reception-room, Pauline finds Ross Fulton, looking very anxious and expectant.

"I could not wait for you to write and so called for your answer from your own lips," Mr. Fulton says, anxiously.

Pauline, with a frank smile, lays her hand in Ross Fulton's, and replies: "You have waited very patiently. I love you, and will be your wife."

Ross Fulton, as he folds her in his arms, says earnestly: "Heaven grant no cloud will ever rise to dim our happy future, for I will do all in my power to make you happy, my darling, and make you forget the past years of sorrow."

The day for the marriage was not fixed. But Ross pleaded for a double wedding, for Madge Vanderleon and Larry were to be

united on the second of June ; so Pauline consented, and as there is little time to spare affairs have to become considerably rushed.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### DEPARTURE FROM NEW YORK.

Mrs. Sheldon and the Colonel had been coaxed to remain until Trixie should be ready to accompany them to Willow Grove cottage ; but they were too anxious to see Master Bobby and all the dear home friends. But on the first of June, the day before the great event, they came back to be present at the ceremony ; for Colonel Sheldon was to give Pauline away, while Mr. Vanderleon officiated in the same capacity to his daughter. It was all a very grand and costly affair, this double wedding of two of the fairest and wealthiest ladies of the season.

And so they were married—as millions have been before and will be again—amidst flashing of jewels, the odour of rare plants, the smiles of friends, and the usual amount of criticism ; but the words of all were alike, both brides were charming and the grooms looked proud and happy. After they had gone the invited guests were having a dance at Mr. Vanderleon's mansion.

Trixie smiled and then sighed, as she sat before her parlour fire, for she had driven direct from the church to her own home, she had no heart for the gay doings, but the brides had desired her not to fail being a witness to their happiness. So she, with her mother and father attended the ceremony. And now as she sits there with Winnifred on her knee, she thinks sadly of her own wedding day, and prays with a sob that those girls' lives may be far different from her own. She is left in charge of Winny during her sister's absence. Mrs. Sheldon has gone to rest before tea, and the Colonel is occupied with the *Times* in the library. Presently Colonel

Sheldon enters with the paper still in his hand.

"I see Shrieve Cortland, your old playmate at home, has been doing great things lately. I have not the slightest doubt that young man will be famous one of these days—they talk of promoting him again. It is truly wonderful how some young men make their way in the world ; better than men used to in my days. And her father as he puts on his glasses again and seats himself under the gaslight, does not see the look of suffering that passes over his daughter's face.

She rises and tells him "as Winny has gone to sleep she will carry her upstairs." And, on reaching the nursery she dismisses the nurse, and says she will stay with the child until she is soundly asleep. So the nurse goes away muttering that "misses looks more like a ghost than ever, only what ailed her was a mystery."

It was strange that the name of Shrieve Cortland could send a thrill through her whole being ; could she never forget ? Would the remembrance of his every word and gesture never fade from her memory ?

"Many such a battle is fought every day in thousands of hearts, even amongst those around us ; but the world never knows—such feelings cannot be sympathized with in the common place every day life. They must be fought and conquered alone with the help of a watchful Father, who is the only one to soothe with a blessed peace. And to this Helper Trixie went and poured out all her feelings at His feet.

There was a grand chance of bargains for

those wishing to furnish their houses, for all of Mrs. Lieutenant Hugh's elegant and costly furniture was to be sold at auction.

Colonel and Mrs. Sheldon, with Mrs. Shirley Hugh and Winny Dup Rieo, leave the city the second week of July for Willow Grove Cottage.

Pauline Fulton has not yet returned, nor will she for some time. As Larry's foot has begun to trouble him again, and as Madge feels very anxious concerning her husband, Pauline and Ross have decided to remain with them until he recovers somewhat, and then travel homeward by easy stages, which will necessitate considerable time to accomplish.

So Trixie has taken Winny with her to remain until her sister's return, and the child is unboundedly happy and content. She is spoiled by everyone, and is always monopolized by Master Bobby, who looks upon Miss Winnifred as his especial property—and she is always willing to be guided by his superior wisdom; and to have a willing victim to "boss" is Master Bobby's highest ambition. And so the time flies by.

One evening Trixie sat out on the pleasant flower-decked verandah, half thinking, and paying only half attention to the novel lying on her lap.

"Mrs. Hugh, will you please step up stairs; Miss Winnifred is very sick and your mother is very anxious?"

"Trixie starts, as the voice of Winnifred's nurse recalls her to the present, throws down her book and runs quickly to the nursery, where Winny lies in her bed with flushed cheeks and wide, sleepless eyes, with nurse Norah and Mrs. Sheldon leaning over her, with deep alarm written on their faces. Grandmama St. Clair is giving instructions in low, hurried tones, as she moves quickly about the room, her placid face looking very grave.

This was the beginning of Winny's illness.

The child tossed about all night in high fever. The doctor said her constitution was far from strong; that she had not fully recovered from her previous attack, and nothing could be done but to give her tonics to keep her strength up, and that was all. The restlessness gave place to a languid listlessness more alarming than ever. She cared for nothing but to lie down.

Trixie dispatched for Pauline to come immediately. But when Mrs. Ross Fulton arrived her coming failed to produce the effect they hoped for. The child clasped her thin little arms around Pauline's neck, and kissed her—then she seemed to forget to feel any surprise at her return.

Pauline was nearly frantic. "Do you not want to go back to the pretty, lively city, and our pretty new home, my darling?" she would ask.

"Winny wants to stop with Bobby till the gentle angels comes to take me to my dear papa," the child would reply, and for hours she would sit and look at the sky, as if she expected to see something strange appear.

"Sure an' now what mischief have ye been getting into, ye wicked rogue"—nurse Norah has hunted the house high and low for her two charges; and now she has gone through the gardens, calling as she goes along. The search would have been fruitless, had not nurse Norah's quick ear heard some one sobbing in the most heart-broken manner, in fact, it would "most melt the heart of a stone, sure an' it would." And this woeful sound led her to the spot where Master Bobby lay flat on the grass, crying "fit to break his poor little heart."

Winny sits beside him, despair depicted on her countenance, her big blue eyes looking too sad and serious for the wee baby face.

"Don't you cry any more, dear Bobby, but it's the truth," she is saying as nurse Norah appears, and Master Bobby's cries become louder than before.

"Come now, tell nurse Norah what all this racket is about," she says, as she sits down beside the children and proceeds to gather them both into her capacious apron.

Winnie says she is going to die, and leave me, and go up with the bright angels, and she wants me to be a good boy so I can go too, an' I want to go now, and she says I can't for ever so many years yet." And Master Bobby broke down completely.

"Norah's darlin' must not be afther talkin' that way, ye know, she will soon be well, an' live to see poor old nurse Norah buried yet."

But Winnifred looks so much like a being from another world as she sat there in her white dress and yellow hair, that nurse Norah got quickly up from her seat, and sternly ordered them both to get home.

At this moment Ross Fulton and grandpa St. Clair passed by on their way home from shooting, and with a gay laugh Ross lifts Winnie ("his baby," as he calls her,) in his arms and prepares to carry her home, while Master Bobby hovers near, determined he would keep his eye on his pet and favorite, for fear she would really prefer the angels to him and go off suddenly some day when he was not looking.

The next day was warm, still not too warm, and Trixie had proposed taking tea on the lawn instead of indoors. Colonel Sheldon has carried Winnie out and the child is singing dreamily to herself.

Black Sally has come over with a message

from Miss Conny to ask them over to tea at the cottage, as it is so pleasant and Miss Jerusha was wanting some lively company "An' what ails de baby?" Black Sally always called Winnie "de baby." The child sat in a large wicker chair, with crimson plush pillows at her back, and as Mrs. Sheldon glanced toward her, she thought it only the vivid hue of the cushions that made the child look so ghastly, but Sally knew that something was wrong.

"Oh Sally, Sally, look up there," the baby voice cried. And Sally looked where the small finger pointed to the sky but declared, "de lamb mus' be dreamin', fur she seed nuffin."

"Oh Pauline! Trixie! See, see the brig! beautiful angel coming for Winnie. Oh, all of you kiss me quick! Oh Bobby, Bobby, be good and come to me in heaven!" And with her arms lifted toward the sky, Winnifred Saxony Dup Rieo fell back in Ross Fulton's arms a corpse. And it seemed by those who witnessed her happy death that the sky suddenly became a bright fiery crimson and then faded slowly into a calm, peaceful blue.

The little form was laid away a few days after and Ross Fulton took his wife away to foreign lands, to see if change of scene would make her forget this second blow.

Madge and Larry lived their careless, gay life in bustling city style, while those at Willow Grove cottage lived in quiet, peace and contentment.

## CHAPTER XIX.

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

Four years have passed since they laid little Winnie in her pleasant shady resting place, where Mrs. Hugh is now placing fresh roses and pansies on the little white marble cross that bears the name of Winnifred Saxony Dup Rieo. Twice every week during

the season of blooming flowers, Trixie performs this labor of love, always accompanied by Master Bobby, in whom there is a most remarkable change for the better. He is gradually forsaking his mischievous habits and becoming a really good boy. It is the

one fear of Nurse Norah that he is getting too good to live long. But some of Master Bobby's outbreaks—when he does break out—show he is not yet altogether perfect.

"Now, Bobby, dear, we must return, for tea will be waiting, and those plants are arranged as nicely as hands can do them," Trixie says, picking up her garden basket and taking the boy's hand affectionately in hers, as they pause for a last glance at their labor.

"Hello! what fellow is this coming up this way?" Master Bobby says.

"Oh, Trixie, I forgot to tell Nat about the rabbits, and as he is just over there in the field, I'll run over to him," saying which Bobby sprang over the fence and leaves his sister—face to face with Shrieve Cortland.

"Ah, Trixie!" he says, in the old, oft-used style she remembers so well—"I went up to the house right after my arrival, to give the dear old aunts time to recover from the rather sudden appearance of their ever-cherished boy. Mrs. Sheldon told me you were here. So I came to meet you."

As Trixie gave Shrieve her hand she could not help the glad feeling of thankfulness which she experienced at again beholding his face. They walk home to Willow Grove Cottage. Tea is waiting, as Trixie had predicted, and Molly is lamenting the unnecessary delay of the consummation of her hot cakes and biscuits.

Shrieve stops to see if Molly's cooking has improved any since he left, and seems so satisfied with the result that Molly's face is perfectly radiant as she whisks Patty, her submissive maid, aside and says "to get along, she'll wait on de supper table herself."

When the meal is finished they all go out on the pleasant verandah, and Grandmama St. Clair sits in her rocking chair and knits the moments pleasantly away in a pair of socks for Master Bobby to incase his pedal extremities, the length of which are ever increasing. Mrs. Sheldon says she will go over

to the villa and see Miss Jerusha, and congratulate the sisters on their nephew's safe return home. While Grandpapa St. Clair and the Colonel chat about the war in the North-west, and the probable fate of "our boys" and the half-breeds.

So Shrieve and Trixie are left to amuse each other, and the evening closes upon two very happy people, for Shrieve had asked Trixie Hugh again to share her lot with him, and Mrs. Hugh had replied quietly, as she watched the fair moon mount the heavens:

"I was very jealous once, dear Shrieve, and if I had only waited patiently to find out the truth, all those years of misery would have been avoided. But it was my punishment for being so headstrong.

"Yes, that man—" Shrieve begins, but Trixie places her hand over his mouth, and said:

"Let the dead rest, he suffered more in one way than either of us."

So along in the month of October, one bright sunny afternoon, in the quiet, little moss-grown church, Trixie Hugh and Shrieve Cortland were made man and wife, by the old gray haired minister who had christened Trixie's mother nearly fifty years before.

There was no wedding, only the friends of the family. The bride looked charming in a suit of gold-hued brown silk, with bonnet and gloves to match. In the evening a family party was held at the handsome residence lately purchased by Shrieve Cortland. There were grandmama and Squire St. Clair, as brisk as any of the young folks; the Colonel and Mama Sheldon, happy in their daughter's choice; Miss Conny, whose face is as round and rosy as ever; Miss Jerusha, who has been wheeled in her invalid chair, and seems to have forgotten her woes for the present; Larry Fulton and Madge, whose time is entirely engrossed between her husband and the little lad whose bonny blue eyes and golden curls proclaims him Madge's darling son and

heir; Pauline and Ross Fulton and the little two-year's old tot, standing by Pauline's side, is the cherished idol of her mother's heart. All the love she had bestowed on Winnifred was now lavished on the little one, whom heaven has blessed her with.

And there in the window, watching with delight the scene around her, is a gentle, lovable looking little woman, which my reader will recognize with pleasure as Mrs. Miserene, whom Mrs. Ross Fulton brought home with her, during the visit she paid with her husband to her father's grave in India, about three year's since; and she is to remain with Pauline "always," as Pauline has taught her little daughter Saxony to say when dear Mrs. Miserene said anything about leaving them.

And so we draw the curtain on those, who like all of us, have had their joys and sorrows. And we wish Shrieve Cortland and Trixie his wife, many, many years of unalloyed happiness in their newly begun life.

And as Ross Fulton leans over his wife's chair and whispers for her to look at Cortland's radiant face, and Trixie's expression of content; Pauline looks up in her husband's face with a smile, as she replies, "heaven grant they may be as truly happy as we dear Ross."

Master Bobby as he sits out doors on the fence that runs around the side of the house, and swings his legs idly back and forth to the motion of his mouth, which useful member of the human frame, is quickly demolishing a huge wing of turkey, expresses the wish that "it would be too awfully jolly for anything, if it could be arranged that a wedding could take place every day," and shakes his head knowingly at Black Sallie, as she bustles back and forth, her white cap and apron floating not unlike triumphant banners; for, be it known, all the glistening jellies, the foaming creams, light feathery cakes and pies, came from beneath Sallie's skilful fingers and long practised eye.

Thus happily ended "Trixie's Inheritance," for, as she tells Pauline, "had Captain Cortland been as poor as a church mouse, instead of the wealthy land-owner he was, she would have felt richer than any money could ever make her, in possessing the unfaltering love of one of the noblest and most generous hearted men—for love had won where riches failed."

And Pauline, as she clasps her little daughter, Saxony, in her arms, laughs long and merrily, for she knows that Trixie Cortland's words are true.





