

LILIAN, THE ADDRESS.

They leave the room together. In the hall the house-keeper, coming forward, says, respectfully:

"Shall I take Miss Chesney to her room, my lady?"

"No, my lady," says Lady Chetwood, graciously; "it will give me pleasure to take her there myself."

By which speech all the servants are at once made aware that Miss Chesney is already in high favor with "my lady," who never, except on very rare occasions, takes the trouble to see personally after her visitors' comfort.

When Lilian has been ten minutes in her room Mrs. Tipping arrives, and is shown upstairs, where she finds her small mistress evidently in the last stages of despondency. These ten lonely minutes have been fatal to her new-born hopes, and have reduced her once more to the melancholy frame of mind in which she left her home in the morning. All this the faithful Tipping sees at a glance, and instantly comes to cheer her.

Silently and with careful fingers she first removes her hat, then her jacket, then she induces her to stand up, and taking off her dress, throws round her a white wrapper taken from a trunk, and prepares to brush the silky yellow hair that for eighteen years has been her own to dress and tend and admire.

"Eh, Miss Lilian, child, but it's a lovely place!" she says presently, this speech being intended as part of the cheering process.

"It seems a fine place," says "the child," indifferently.

"Fine it is indeed, grander even than the Park, I'm thinking."

"Grander than the Park?" says Miss Chesney, rousing to unexpected fervor.

"How can you say that? Have you grown fickle, nurse? There is no place to be compared to the Park, not one in all the world. You can think as you please, of course—with respectful scorn—but it is not grander than the Park."

"I meant larger, my lady," soothingly.

"It is not larger."

"But, darling, how can you say so when you haven't been round it?"

"How can you say so when you haven't been round it?"

This is a poser. Nurse meditates a minute, and then says:

"Thomas—that's the groom that drove me—says it is."

"Thomas!" with a look that, had the wretched Thomas been on the spot, would infallibly have reduced him to ashes; "and what does Thomas know about it. It's not larger."

Silence.

"Indeed, my bairn, I think you might well be happy here," says nurse, tenderly returning to the charge.

"I don't want you to think about me at all," says Miss Chesney, in trembling tones. "You agreed with Aunt Piusella that I ought to leave my dear, dear home, and I shall never forgive you for it. I am not happy here. I shall never be happy here. I shall do nothing for the Park, and when I am dead you will perhaps be satisfied."

"Miss Lilian!"

"You shan't brush my hair any more," says Miss Lilian, dexterously evading the descent of the brush. "I can do it for myself very well. You are a traitor."

"I am sorry, Miss Chesney, if I have displeased you," says nurse, with much dignity tempered with distress: only when deeply grieved and offended does she give her mistress her full title.

"How dare you call me Miss Chesney?" cries the young lady, springing to her feet. "It is very unkind of you, and just now, too, when I am all alone in a strange house. Oh, nurse!" throwing her arms round the neck of that devoted and long suffering woman, and forgetting of her resentment, which indeed was born only of her regret, if I am so unhappy, and lonely, and sorry! What shall I do?"

"How can I tell you, my lamb?" carressing with infinite affection the golden head that lies upon her bosom. "All that I say only vexes you."

"No, it doesn't: I am wicked when I make you think that. After all"—raising her face—"I am not quite forsaken; I have you still, and you will never leave me."

"Not unless I die, my dear," says nurse, earnestly. "And, Miss Lilian, how can you look at her ladyship without knowing her to be a real friend? And Mr. Chetwood, too, and perhaps Sir Guy will be as nice, when you see him."

"Perhaps he won't," ruefully.

"That nonsense, my dear. Let us look at the bright side of things always. And by and by Master Tuffy will come here on a visit, and then it will be like old times. Come, now, be reasonable child of my heart," says nurse, "and tell me, won't you look forward to having Master Tuffy here?"

"I wish he was here now," says Lilian, visibly brightening. "Yes; perhaps they will ask him. But, nurse, do you remember when last I saw Tuffy was at—"

Here she shows such unmistakable symptoms of relapsing into the tearful mood again, that nurse sees the necessity of changing the subject.

"Come, my bairn, let me dress you for dinner," she says, briskly, and presently, after a little more coaxing she succeeds so well that she sends her little mistress down to the drawing room, looking her loveliest and her best.

CHAPTER V.

Next morning, having enjoyed the long and dreamless sleep that belongs to the heart-whole, Lilian runs down to the breakfast room, with the warm sweet

flush of health and youth upon her cheeks. Finding Lady Chetwood and Cyril already before her, she summons all her grace to aid and tries to look ashamed of herself.

"Am I late?" she asks, going up to Lady Chetwood and giving her a little caress as a good-morning. Her very touch is so gentle and childish and loving that it sinks straight into the deepest recesses of one's heart.

"No. Don't be alarmed. I have only just come down myself. You will soon find us out to be some of the laziest people alive."

"I am glad of it; I like lazy people," says Lilian; "all the rest seems to turn their lives into one great worry."

"Will you not give me a good-morning kiss, Chesney?" says Cyril, who is standing behind her.

"Good-morning," putting her hand into his.

"But that is not the way you gave it to me last time," is an aggrieved tone.

"No? Oh, yes—she comprehends, but you should remember how much more deserving your mother is."

"With sorrow I acknowledge the truth of your remark," says Cyril, as he hands her her tea.

"Cyril is our naughty boy," Lady Chetwood says; "we all spend our lives making allowances for Cyril. You must not mind what he says. I hope you slept well, Lilian; there is nothing doing so much good as a sound sleep, and you looked quite pale with fatigue last night. You see—sailing—how well I know your name. It is very familiar to me, having been your dear mother's."

"It seems strangely familiar to me also, though I never knew your mother," says Cyril. "I don't believe I shall ever be able to call you Miss Chesney. Would it make you very angry if I called you Lilian?"

"Indeed, no; I shall be very much obliged to you; I should hardly know myself if the more formal title. You shall call me Lilian, and I shall call you Cyril—if you don't mind."

"If you will be sure to say 'Lilian' to me, having been your dear mother's," says Lady Chetwood, with a view to giving her guest pleasure.

"Oh! will he really?" says Lilian, in a quick tone, suggestive of dismay.

"I am sure of it," says Cyril's mother, fondly: "he never breaks his word."

"Of course not," thinks Lilian to herself. "Fancy a paragon going wrong? How I hate a man who never breaks his word! Why, the Males and Persians would be weak-minded compared with him."

"I suppose not," she says aloud, rather vaguely.

"You seem to appreciate the idea of your guardian's return," says Cyril, with a slight smile, having read half her thoughts correctly. "Does the mere word frighten you? I should like to know your real opinion of what a guardian ought to be."

"How can I have an opinion on the subject, when I have never seen one?"

"Yet a moment ago I saw by your face you were picturing one to yourself."

"If so, it could scarcely be Sir Guy—as he is not old."

"Not very. He has still a few hairs and a few teeth remaining. But won't you then answer my question? What is your ideal guardian like?"

"If you press it I shall tell you, but you must not betray me to Sir Guy," says Lilian, turning to include Lady Chetwood in her caution. "My ideal is always a lean old gentleman of about sixty, with a stoop, and any amount of determination. He has a hooked nose on which gold-rimmed spectacles eternally settle, eyes that look one through and through a mouth full of trite phrases, unpleasant maxims, and false teeth; and a decided tendency towards the suppression of all youthful follies."

"Gay will be an agreeable surprise. I had no idea you could be so severe."

"Nor am I. You must not think me so," says Lilian, blushing warmly and looking rather sorry for having spoken, but you know you insisted on an answer. Perhaps I should not have spoken so freely, but that I knew my real guardian is not at all like my ideal."

"How do you know? Perhaps he is too toothless, old, and unpleasant. He is a great deal older than I am."

"He can't be a great deal older."

"Why?"

"Because"—with a shy glance at the gentle face behind the urn—"Lady Chetwood looks so young."

She blushes again as she says this, and regards her mistress with an air of such thorough good faith as wins that lady's liking on the spot.

"You are right," says Cyril, laughing, "she is young. She is never to grow old, because her 'boys' as she calls us, object to old women. You may have heard of 'perennial spring'; well, that is another name for my mother. But you must not tell her so, because she is horribly conceited, and would lead us an awful life, if we didn't keep her down."

"Cyril, my dear," says Lady Chetwood laughing; "which is about the heaviest reproach she ever delivers."

All this time, her breakfast being finished, Lilian has been carefully and industriously breaking up all the bread left upon her plate, until now quite a small pyramid stands in the centre of it.

Cyril, having secretly crumbled some of his, now, stooping forward, places it upon the top of her hillock.

"I haven't the faintest idea what you intend doing with it," he says, "but as I am convinced you have some grand project in view, I feel a mean desire to be associated with it in some way by having a finger in the pie. Is it for a pie? I am dying of vulgar curiosity."

To be continued.

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8:10 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction connecting there with train for Bangor and points West, and for St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Hamilton and Woodstock.

10:50 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, connect there with train for Bangor and points West, and for St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Hamilton and Woodstock.

2:30 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points East.

—ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON—

10:20 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction and St. John.

2:40 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, Bangor and points West, and from St. Stephen, Hamilton and Woodstock.

5:50 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Hamilton, Woodstock, Bangor, and points East.

7:30 P. M.—Express from St. John.

—LEAVE GIBSON—

6:50 A. M.—For Woodstock and points North.

—ARRIVE AT GIBSON—

4:20 P. M.—From Woodstock and points North.

H. D. McLEOD, General Manager, Supt. Southern Division, General Manager, General Pass and Ticket Agent.

St. John, N. B., Oct. 12th, 1885.

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