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"NO INTENTIONS."

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BY FLORENCE MARRYAT.

Author of " Love's Conflict," " Veronique," etc

CHAPTER VI.

"What is the reason that that woman is per-mitted to behave towards us as she does?" Irene closes the dining-room with a loud slam as she speaks, and, as she turns to confront him again, Oliver Raiston sees that the pallor that overspread her features at the house-keeper's insulting speech has given way to a rosy flush of anger.

Reopers insuling speech has given way to a rosy flush of anger. "Indeed I cannot tell you, Mrs. Mordaunt: I have asked myself the same question for years past, but never been able to arrive at any satis-factory conclusion. But you are trembling: sit down-this scene as overcome you."



"Overcome me ! How could it do else but overcome me ? I have not been used to see ser-vants assume the place of mistresses; and I feel, since 1 have come to Fen Court, as though the world were turned upside down. Mr. Rai-

the world were turned upside down. Mr. Ral-ston, do you know that the woman occupies one of the best rooms in the house?" "I know it well ! I was sent back to school once, in the midst of my holidays, for having had the childish curiosity to walk round it." "That she lies in bed till noon," continues Iroone, "and has her breatfast carried up to

Irene, "and has her breakfast carried up to her; that she does nothing here to earn her living, but speaks of the house and servants as though they were her own property-"I can well believe it."

"And that she has actually refused to re-ceive any orders from me." "Not really !" exclaims Oliver Ralston, earnestly.

"Really and truly !"

"And what did my uncle say to it ?" "That I had better give my orders to the cook instead !"

There is silence between them for a few mi-nutes, till Irene goes on, passionately : "I could not bear it—I would not bear it—If

"I could not bear it.-- I would not bear it.-- it it were not for Philip. But he is the very best and kindest man in the world, and I am sure he would prevent it if he could. Sometimes, Mr. Raiston, I have even fancied that he is more afraid of Quekett than any of us." "It is most extraordinary," muses Oliver,

"It is most extraordinary," muses Oliver, "and unaccountable. That there is a mystery attached to it I have always believed, for the most quixotic devotion to a father's memory could hardly justify a man in putting up with insult from his inferiors. Wby, even as a chiid, I used to remark the difference in my uncle's behavior towards me when Quekett was away. His manner would become quite affectionate." "Doesn't she like you, then ?" "She hates me, I believe."

"But why ?" "I have not the least idea, unless it is that boys are not easily cowed into a deferential manner, and Mrs. Quekett always stood greatly on her dignity. Do you not see how frightened Aunt Isabella is of her. "Under I do L marield has only patterior.

Aut Isabella is of her. "Indeed I do. I waylaid her, only yesterday, going up to the old woman's room with the newspapers, that had but just arrived by the morning's post. I took them all back again. "Not to-day's, if you please, Isabella," I sald. "I should think yesterday's news was quite fresh enough for the servants' hall." "Oh ! but Mrs. Quekett has always been accustomed," she began--you know her funny way -but I had mine in the end. And Philip said I was right. He always does say so whenever I appeal to him. But why can't he get rid of her ?." "Why, indeed ! Perhaps there is some clause attached to the conditions on which he holds the property, of which we know nothing. I sup-pose it will all come to light some day. Discus-sion is futile."

sion is futile."

sion is futile." " I am not sure that it is right," replies Irene, blushing. " Perhaps I should not have spoken so freely as I have, but I was much annoyed. Whatever Colonel Mordaunt's reasons may be for keeping Mrs. Quekett, I am sure of one thing—that they are good and just, for he is of too upright and honorable a character to lend his hand to anything that is wrong." " My uncle is a happy man to have so staunch a defender in his absence," says Oliver, admir-ingly.

a detender in any series of the series of th think me ! Now, confess that you have had no

dinner." "Well, none that deserves that name, cer-"I thought so; but what can you expect, if

you go and stay at a wretched novel like the "Dog and Fox?" Let us see what the Court larder can produce," ringing the bell. "At all events, Mrs. Quekett shall not baulk us of our su oper.

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She orders the table to be spread, and in a very short time a substantial repast is placed before them, to which they sit down together, banishing the subject of Mrs. Quekett by mutual banishing the subject of Mrs. Quekett by mutual consent, until the Colonel shall return again, and chatting on such topics as are more consis-tent with their youth and relative positions. At eleven o'clock the carriage wheels are heard grating on the gravelled drive, and Irene starts to her feet joyfully. "Here he is," she cries. "Now we will have this matter set right for us." Oliver also rises but does not appear a conf

Oliver also rises, but does not appear so confi-dent: on the contrary, he remains in the back-gro ind until the first salutations between Mrs. Mordaunt and the returning party are over. Then his uncle catches sight of him.

Holloa ! who have we here ? Why. Oliver -with the slightest shade of annoyance passing over his face..." I had no idea you intended coming down so soon. Why didn't you say so in your letter ? When did you arrive ?" But his wife gives him no time to have his overlone answers over his face

in your letter 7 which the But his wife gives him no time to have his questions answered. "Now, are you not pleased ?" she exclaims. "Have I not done right? I met this gentle-tion the shrubbery. Philip, smoking-all by

man in the shrubbery, Philip, smoking—all by himself; and, when I found he was your nephew, and was actually staying at that dirty little "Dog and Fox"—fancy sleeping in that hole—I gave him an invitation to Fen Court on the spot und made himsen the spot. the spot, and made him come back with me Now, wasn't I right ?--say so !"---with her fac. in dangerous proximity to the Colonel'

"Of course you were right, my darling—you always are," he replies, kissing her; "and I am very glad to see Oliver here. Have you—have you seen old Quekett ?" he continues, in rather a dublous tone, turning to his nephew. But Irane agein interforme

a duolous tone, turning to his nephew. But Irene again interferes. "Seen her, Philip—I should think we had seen her, and heard her into the bargain. She has been so horribly rude to us." Colonel Mordaunt's face flushes. "Rude ! I hope not ! Perhaps you misinter-preted what she said, Irene. You are rather ant to take offace in their constru

apt to take offence in that quarter, you know young lady,"

"I could not possibly mistake her meaning; "I could not possibly mistake her meaning; she spoke too plainly for that. Besides, Mr. Ralston was with me, and heard what she said. She as good as told him he was not a gentle-man!"

Colonel Mordaunt grows scarlet.

"Oh! come! come! don't let us think of talk any more about an old woman's crotchetty

talk any more about all our would be a speeches." "But, Philip, we must talk, because the worst is to come. I told her to have the Green Room prepared for Mr. Ralston, and she flatly refused to do so without your orders." "Well, give her my orders, then !" "Indeed, I shall do no such thing !" with a slight pout. "If mine are not to be obeyed, you must deliver your nephew, and—our guest, remember !"

Weil, my darling, ring the bell, then, 8.00 tell them to get it ready," he answers, testily. The bell resounds through the house.

The bell resounds through the house. "Order Quekett"—Irene issues the com-mand with a sharpness very foreign to her— "to have the Green Room prepared at once for Mr. Ralston. Remember the Green Room !" As soon as the servant has disappeared, Co-lonel Mordaunt seems most anxious to drop the "What"

subject

subject. "Well, Oliver, and so you think of practising in the country, eh? That's not the road to fame, remember.'

"I am afraid the road I am treading now, sir will not lead me there either. A town life is too expensive and too full of temptation for

such a weak fool as I am. I cannot resist it, therefore I must put it out of my way." "That is true strength," says Irene, with kindling eyes. She is standing now against her husband, and has drawn one of his arms round her waist. waiet

"But why seek work near Priestley -- the wors

"But why seek work near Friesticy --site work possible place you could come to ?" "Only because I heard of it here. A Dr. Ro-bertson, of Fenton, advertised for an assistant, and I thought it might be an opening. I saw

and I thought it might be an opening. I saw him this morning." "And have you decided anything?" "Certainly not. Robertson and I like the looks of each other, and I think we should pull together. But I should not dream of settling anything until I had consulted you." "Right! To-morrow I may be able to advise you: to-night I am too sleepy. Come, Irene, are you ready for bed ?"

you: to-night I am too sleepy. Come, Irene, are you ready for bed ?" "Quite ready;" and the party separates. On her way upstairs, Irene peeps into the Green Room, half expecting to find it dark and desert-ed. But no; candles are burning on the toilet-table, towels and soap and other necessaries are in their proper places, and a couple of roay housemaids are beating up the pillows and making the bed. All is right so far; and Irene enters her own room, almost ready to believe that Mrs. Quekett must have repented of her hasty behavior. hasty behavior.

Here she finds her husband waiting for he "Irene," he commences, gravely, "don't try and persuade young Raiston to remain here over to-night."

"Of course I will not, if it is against your wish. Philip. But I thought, in asking him, that I was only doing just what you would have done yourself."

"Oh, yes! it doesn't matter—I am glad nough to see the boy—only he might have med his visit more conveniently. We shall nough be full next week, you know. She does not know any such thing, nor does she heed it. Another mystery is troubling her

now "Philip ! why have you never told me about this

this nephew of yours ?" "I have told you, haven't I ? Don't you re-member my mentioning him one day at Wey. mouth ?'

"I do; but it was only en passant. Yet he tells me he is your ward." "Well, a kind of ward. I wish he were not"

ith a sigh.

"With a sigh. "Does he give you so much trouble ?" "A great deal, and has always done so. He leads much too fast a life, and his health has given way under it, and his morals. He drinks too much and smokes too much—he has even gambled. It is for this reason, chiefly, that I do not wish him to become intimate with you. I value my precious girl too much to expose her purity to contamination."

She slips her hand into his. "Too hard a word, Philip. How could Mr. Ralston's company injure me? He is not likely to infect me with the vices you mention. But, if you allenate him from all respectable society, what incoming will be a social socia what incentive will he ever have to relingu them? And he is an orphan, too! poor low!

low !"
"You like him, Irene ?"
"Yes; I like his face; it is open and candid.
I like his manner, too, which is so entirely free from self-conceit. I feel that I should like to be a friend to him. Why should I not try?"
"You shall try my doriling—of least when

"You shall try, my darling—at least, when Quekett is gone to town. But, to tell you the truth Irene, Oliver and she are sworn enemies, and there is no peace in the house whilst they are together."

are together." "Why do you allow it, Philip ?" says Irene, stoutly. "Why don't you tell that woman she must either respect your guests or go ?" "She doesn't look on Oliver as a guest," he replies, evasively. "She has known him from

aby

e has not known me from a baby," says "She has not known me from a baby," says his wife, bitterly; "and yet she speaks to me as no menial has ever presumed to speak be-fore. Oh, Philip ! if it were not for you, 1 couldn't stand it !" you, I

couldn't stand it !" "Hush ! hush! my darling, it shall not occur again, I promise you. I shall speak to Quekett, and tell her I will not have you annoyed in this manner. You saw that I upheld your authority this avenue."

this evening." "Yes, I did. Thank you for it, and I hope it will be a lesson to the old wretch, for I detest

"Strong words for a lady !" laughs Colonel Mordaunt, simply because he does not esho the

sentiment. He takes up his candlestick and m

He takes up his candlestick, and moves a little way towards the door. Then he returns suddenly, bends over his wife, and kisses her. "Thauk you," he says, softly, " for wishing to befriend poor Oliver, my dear!" At these words, what Mr. Raiston told her concerning his uncle's affection being more de-monstrative at one time than another, rushes into her mind. and she sava. abruply :

into her mind, and she says, abrupily : "Did you love his mother very much Philip?"

"His mother !" Colonel Mordaunt appears

uite upset by the remark. "Yes; your sister : you never had a brother, had you? "No! I never had a brother," he answers,

vaguely.

"Then Oliver is your sister's child, I suppose. Which sister? Was she older than Isa-bella?" 0088

"No ! she was two years younger." "No: sne was two years younger. Colone. Mordaunt has recovered himself by this time, and speaks quite calmly. "I had three sisters, Anne, Isabella, and Mary. Poor Mary made a Colone runaway match and her father never spoke to her afterwards."

" Well !!

"When she was dying she wrote to me (she and asked me to go and see her. Of course I went (she had been a widow for more than a wout (she had been a widow for more than a year then, and was living at Cannes), and stayed by her till the last. Then I returned home, and —and—brought Oliver with me." " Her only child, of course." " The only child—yes. Mr. and

"Her only child, of course." "The only child—yes. My father would have nothing to say to the boy; he was a little chap of about two years old at the time, and so I kept him. What else could I do ?" "And have brought him up and educated him, and everything since. Oh, Philip, how good of you—how very kind and good ! How I do love and admire you for it !" and she seizes her husband's head between her hands and gives it a good squeeze. On being released, Colonel Mordaunt appears very red and con-fused.

"Don't my darling, pray don't : I am worthy of your pure affection ; I wish I were have only done what commen justice deman

of me.

of me." "And you will let me help you to finish the task," says Irene. "I dare say all these things -the knowledge of his orphanhood and that his grandfather wouldn't acknowledge him-have weighed on his mind, poor boy, and driven him to the excesses of which you complain. Let us be his friends, Philip; good, firm, henest friends; ready to praise him when he is wrong -and you will see him a steady character yet. I am sure of it-there is something in the very expression of his face that tells me so."

Her husband catches her enthusiasm ; thanks for the interest she displays on beha nephew; and leaves her just in the moo to confront Mrs. Quekett and defeat her the bedroom door, where she had probably been airing her ear at the keyhole, he intercepts her

"Quekett!" he says, loftily, as she starts at is forthcoming, "I wish to say two words to his you in my dressing-room. Be so good as to follow me.

He stalks to the hall of judgment majestically with his candlestok in his hand, and she fol-lows in his train, but she will not stoop so low as to close the dressing-room door upon their entrance; and so the Colonel has to return and do it himself, which rather detracts from his assumption of dignity. "Well, sir !" she commences from the chair

"Well, sir !" she commences from the chair in which she has, as usual, ensconced herself; "and what may your two words be? I have rather more than two to say to you myself;

"and what may your two works by a line of a start rather more than two to say to you myself; and as it's usual for ladies to come first, perhaps I'd better be the one to begin." "You can do as you like," replies Colonel Moriaunt, whose courage is all cosing out of his fingers' ends at being shut up alone with the old

"My words won't take long to say, though "My words won't take long to say, though "My words won't take long to say, should they may be more than yours. It just comes to this, Colonel : you promised me Oliver shouldn't stay in this house agaim, and you've broke your promise, that's all." "I promised you that his staying here should never inconvenience you, and you have got to

"I promised you that his staying here should never inconvenience you, and you have got to prove that it will do so. Besides, it is almost entirely your own fault that it has occurred. If you had restrained your feelings a little this evening, as any prudent person would have done, you had restrained your feelings a little this evening, as any prudent person would have done, you would not have excited Mrs. Mordaunt to try her influence against yours. You are carrying the game too far, Quekett. You have spoken rudely to my wife, and that is a thing that I cannot countenance in you or any one." "Oh, yes; of course, my wife. Everything's my wife now: and let bygones be bygones, and all the past forgotien."

all the past forgotten." "I think bygones should be bygones, Que-kett, when we can do no good by raking them up again."

up again." " Not for our own ill-convenience, Colonel "Not for our own ill-convenience, Colonel, eertainly. But to such as me, who have held by one family for a space of thirty years, and suf-fored with it as the Lord alone knows how, to see a place turned topsy-turvy and the servants all helter-skelter to please the freaks of a young girl, no one can say but it's trying. Why there's not a chair or a table in that drawing-room that stands in the same place as it used to do; and as for the dinners, since she's been at what you call the head of your establishment, there's not been a dinner placed upon the table that I'd ask a workhouse pauper to sit down and eat with me !" with me !

"Well, well, says Colonel Mordaunt," impa-tiently, "these are my grievances surely and "Weil, weil, says Colonel Mordaunt," impa-tiently, "these are my grievances surely, and not yours. If you have no worse complaint to bring against Mrs. Mordaunt than this, I am satisfied. But what has it to do with your re-fusing to take her orders ?" "Her orders, indeed !" says the housekeeper, with a suff

with a sniff.

"To follow the wishes, then, if you like the term better, with respect to so simple a thing as having one room or another prepared for her gues "

"The Green Room for Oliver," she inter-rupts, sarcastically; "I never heard of such a thing !

"You at all events," he answers, sternly, should be the last to raise an objection to it." "But I do raise it, Colonel, and I shall. I say " should it's absurd to treat that lad as though he was 

Oliver Fiddlesticks !"

Raiston — — " " Oliver Fiddlesticks !" " Whatever the rest of the family may do; and you who talk so much of clinging to us and being faithful to our interests, should uphold, instead a fighting against me in this matter. I confess that I cannot understand it. You loved his mother, or I conclude you did — " " Loved his mother !" echoes the woman, shrilly, as she rises from her chair; "it is be-cause I loved his mother, Colonel, that I hate the sight of him ; it is because I remember her innocent girlhood, and her blighted woman-hood, and her broken-hearted death, that to hear him speak and see him smille, in his bold way, makes me wish she had died before she had left behind her such a mockery of herself. I can't think what she was after not to do it, for she hadn't much to live for at the last, as you know well." "Poor Mary !" sights the Colonel. "Ah ! poor Mary; that's the way the world always speaks of the lucky creatures that have escaped from it. I don't call her poor Mary, and turn up the whites of my eyes after your fashion; but I can't live in the same house with her son, and so I've told you before. Either Oliver goes, or I go. You can take your choice." "But you are talking at random, Quekett.

means to catch that !" "In the carriage," repeats Irene; "Philip, did you ever hear of such impertinence?" "Well, never mind, my darling; never mind it now," he replies, soothingly. "You see she always has been used to have the carriage to drive to the station in, on these occasions: it is not as though she were an ordinary servant, but it won't occur again—or, at all events, for some time," he adds, as a proviso to himself. "Did Quekett mention how long she is likely to it is not as though ?"

choice." "But you are talking at random, Quekett. You have got a crotchet in your head about Oliver, just as you have a crotchet in your head about receiving Mrs. Mordaunt's orders, and one is as abaurd as the other. Just try to look at these things in a reasonable light, and all would go smoothly." But Mrs. Quekett is not to be smoothed dow

"You can do as you please, Colonel, but my words stand. You have chosen to keep Master Oliver here."

MAY 2, 1874.

Oliver here." "I could not have done otherwise without exciting suspicion; would you have me blab the story to all the world?" he says, angrily. "Oh! if you go on in this way, Colonel, I shall blab it myself, and save you the trouble. As if it wasn't enough to have the Court pulled to pieces before my eyes, and to be spoken to as if I was the sou n of the earth, without being crossed in this fashion. You told me just now, Colonel. not to make you too angru-don't you 

"I shall let him remain as long as it seems proper to myself," replies her master, whose temper is now fairly roused.

The housekeeper can hardly believe her ears. "You-will-let-him-remain!" she gasps.

"You-will-let-him -remain !" she gaps. "And why don't you add, 'according to Mrs. Mordaunt's wishes ? '" "I do add it, Quekett- 'according to Mrs. Mordaunt's wishes.' Mrs. Mordaunt is mistress here, and the length of her guests' visits will be determined by her desire. And whilet she is determined by her desire. And whilst st mistress here, remember that I will have her treated by you as a mistress, and not as an equal.'

Quekett stares at him for a moment in silent rise; and then the angry blood pumps up her face, filling her triple chins until they into look like the wattles of an infuriated turkey, and making her voice shake with the excite-ment that ensues.

"Very well, Colonel. I understand you. You have said quite enough," she replies, quiverwell, Colonel. I understand you. You

nave said quite enough," she replies, quiver-ingly. "It is as well you should understand me, Quekett, and I ought to have said all this long before. You are angry now, but when you have had time to think over it, you will see that I am right." "Very well, Colonel-that is quite sufficient am right." "Very well, Colonel—that is quite sufficient —you will have no more trouble on my accounty. I can assure you; " and with that Mrs. Quekett sweeps out of the dressing-room. Colonel Mordaunt doesn't feel quite comfort-able after her denarture : it has been too abrupt

able after her departure; it has been too abrupt to leave a comfortable impression behind it; but he consoles himself with the reflection that

but he consoles himself with the reflection that he has done what is right (not always a reflec-tion to bring happiness with it, by the way, and often accompanied by much the same cold comfort presented by gruel, or any other nasti-ness that we swallow in order to do us good); and seeking Irene's presence again, sleeps the sleep of the just, trusting to the morning's light to dispel much of his forebolding. The morning's light dispels it after this wise. Between six and same Irone to more head by

The morning's light dispels it after this wise-Between six and seven Irene is wakened by a strange sound at her bedside, something between the moaning of the wind and a cat's mew; and jumps up to find her sister-in-law standing there, looking as melancholy as a mute at a funeral, and sniffing into a pocket-bandkerblef

"Good gracious, Isabella ! what is the matte

Is Philip— But no; Philip is occupying his own place of honor, and has not yet opened his eyes upon this wicked world. "What is the matter? Are you ill?"

"What is the matter? Are you ill?" "Oh, no, my dear Mrs. Mordaunt; but Mrs. Quekett-I shouldn't have ventured in here, you may be quite sure—' and here Isabella" virgin eyes are modestly veiled---- except that Mrs. Quekett is--oh! what will Philip say? "Is she dead?" demands Irene, with a lively interest not quite in accordance with the

interest not quite ... solemn inquiry. "Dead! My dear Mrs. Mordaunt, no!" "What is the row?" says her brother, now

"Ob, Fhilip, Mrs. Quekett is gone. "Gone! where to?" "I don't know; but I think to London-to Lady Baldwin's-I tried to stop her, but I couldn't; she would go." "Jubliate!" cries Irene, clapping her hands. "I am so glad. Is she really gone? It's too good to be true."

"Oh! but, my dear Mrs. Mordaunt, she was

so angry, and so unkind, she wouldn't even kiss me," says Isabella, relapsing into a fresh series of snifts.

"Faugh !" replies Irene, "What a misfortune ! But, Philip, had you any idea of this ?" "None !"

"Is it because of what occurred last night?"

"Is it because of what occurred last ing" "I am afraid so." "Why afraid ? We shall do much better without her. How did she go, Isabella ?" "In the carridge. I knew nothing about it till heard the carridge drive up to the door. There is a nine o'clock train to London—I suppose she means to catch that!" ""In the carriage " suppose I trane; "Philip,

"No! she told me nothing-she would hardly speak to me-she was very, very crotchetty,

replies his sister. "How I hope she may stay away for ever!" says Irene. "Come, Isabella, you must let me get up. It will be quite a new sensation to go down to breakfast and feel there is no chance of meeting that bird of evil omen on the stairs."

Oh, Philip, Mrs. Quekett is gone.'

handkerchief.

Is Philip

to be true

eplies his sister. "How T

So Miss Mordaunt leaves her brother and Sisto. sister-in-law to their respective tollets, and retires, quite overcome by Irene's boldness, and almost shaken in her faith respecting the power held by Mrs. Quekett over the inhabitants of Fen Court Fen Court

As, some minutes after, the Colonel is quietly As, some minutes after, the Colonel is quietly enjoying his matitutinal bath, he is almost startled out of his seven senses by a violent rapping against the partition which divides his dressing-room from his wife's bedroom. "My dear girl, what is the matter?" he exclaims, as he feels his inability to rush to the fescue.

"Philip! Philip!" with a dozen more raps to

"Philip! Philip!" with a dozen more raps from the back of her hair-brush. "Look here, Philip--may Oliver stay with us now?" "Yes! yes!" he shouts, in answer, "as long sever you like! Thank heaven, it's nothing Worse," as he sinks back into his bath. "I really thought the old witch had repented of her purpose, and was down on us again!" As a whole, the village of Priestley is not leturesque in appearance, but it has wonder

cturesque in appearance, but it has acturesque in appearance, out it has wonder-fully romantic-looking bits scattered about it here and there, as what country village has not f here and there, as what country village has not r Tumbledown coltages, belonging to land-lords more "near" than thrifty, or rented by ienants whose weekly wages go to twell the income of the "Dog and Fox;" with unitdy Sardens attached to them, where the narrow paths have been almost washed away by the spring showers, until they form mere gutters for the summer rain, into which the heavy blossoms of the neglected rose-trees lie, sodden and polluted from the touch of earth. Or oldand polluted from the touch of earth. Or old-fashioned cottages, built half a century before, when bricks and mortar were not so scarce as now, and held together in a firmer union, and roofs were thatched instead of slated. Cottages with darker rooms, perhaps, than the more modern one possess, because the case unents are latticed with small diamond-shaped panes, of which the glass is green and dingy, but which an boast of wide fire-places and a chimney-Corner (that inestimale comfort to the aged poor, who feel the winter's draughts as keenly as their richer brethren, and have been know to suffer from rheumatics), and cupboards to stow suffer from rheumatics), and may been know to away provisions in, such as are never thought necessary to build in newer tenements. Such obtages as these have usually a garden as old-fashioned as themselves, surrounded by a low stone wall—not a stiff, straight wall, but a deli-clously-irregular erection, with a large block left every here and there, to serve as a step-ping-stone for such as prefer that mode of ingress io passing through the wicket, and of which fact stone-crop and creeping-jenny have seized base advantage, and taking root, increased in such profusion that it would be useless now to give them notice of eviction. Over the wall a regiment of various tinted hollyhocks rear their variety heads, interspersed here and there with from rheumatics), and cupboards to stow y heads, interspersed here and there with bright sunflower; whilst at their feet we find clove-pinks ond thyme and southernwood Camomile flowers, and all the old-world darlings Which look so sweet, and, in many cases, smell to nasty, but without which an old-world garden Would not be complete

All this is very nice, but it is not so wild and All this is very nice, but it is not so wild and romantic as the other; indeed, as a rule, we may generally conclude that the most pictu-reque places to look at are the least comfort-ble to live in. Perhaps the cottage of all others in Priestley that an artist would select as a subject for his pencil would be that of Mrs. Oray, the laundress, and it is certainly as uncomfortable a home as the village possesses. It is not situated in the principal thoroughfare -the "street," as Priestly proudley calls it, on account, perhaps, of its owning the celebrated Dog and Fox "-but at the extremity of a long lane which divides the little settlement into a Dog and Fox ", but at the extremity of a long the which divides the little settlement into a ross. It is, indeed, the very last house before by pass into the open country, and chosen, oubless, for its contiguity to the green fields which form the washerwoman's drying-grounds. It is a long, low, shambling building, more like barn than a cottage, with windows irregularly laced, some in the thatched roof and others on level with one's these. It has a wide space to Alaced, some in the thatched roof and otners on a level with one's knees. It has a wide space in front, which once was garden, but is now only a tract of beaten-down earth, like a children's playground, as indeed it is. In the centre stands an old-fashioned well, large and deep, encircled by a high brink of stone-work, over which ivy grows with such luxuriance, that it endeavors y a high brink of stone-work, over which ivy frows with such luxuriance, that it endeavors to elimb, and would climb and suffocate, the very windlass, were Mrs. Cray's boys and girls out constantly employed in tearing it ruthlessly away. At the side of the well is the pig-sty, but the pigs share the playground with the children, but away amongst the ivy. snuff about the You away amongst the ivy, sould about the open door, try to drink out of Mrs. Cray's Washing-tubs, and make themselves generally to the gate above the heads of this strange company flutter a variety of white and coloured at mental like the floar on a holder derived Company flutter a variety of white and coloured tarments, like the flags on a holiday-dressed rigate; whilst the projecting wooden porch—a vary bower of greenery—contains several evi-dences of the trade which is being driven vithin.

The old home ! How little she has thought of it of late! Yet she can see it in her mind's with of late! Yet she can see it in her mind's eye, as she stands pondering his words. It was home a particularly happy home to her—the hunger and thirst and cold, and, occasionally, the sound of harsh words within its limits, yet a memory of the dull life she led there seems tary peaceful now, compared to the excited and Aunger and thirst and the sound of harsh words within its in-the memory of the dull life she led there seems very peaceful now, compared to the excited and stormy scenes through which she has passed ince leaving it."

Yes! it was of this old home that Myra had had been thinking three years ago, when Joel Cray stood beside her in the fields of Fretterley, and urged her to return with him. It was to urged her to return with him. It was to old home she flew for refuge from the bitter knowledge of her lover's want of love for her and it is in this old home that we now mee with her again. It is at the close of a long, hot September day

With her again. It is at the close of a long, hot September day, and she is sitting by the open window—not attred as we saw her last, in a robe of costly material, with her hair dressed in the prevail-ing fashion, and gold ornaments gleaming in her ears on her breast. Myra is arrayed in cotton now: the shawl, which is still pinned about her shoulders, is of black merino, and the hat, which she has just cast upon the table, is of black straw, and almost without trimming. Yet there is a greater change in the woman than could be produced by any quality of dress —a change so vivid and startling, to such as have not seen her during this interval of three years, as to draw off the consideration from everything except herself. Her face has fallen away to half its forme. size, so that the most prominent features in it are her check-bones, above which her large dark

size, so that the most prominent features in it are her check-bones, above which her largedark eyes gleam feverishly and hollow. Her hair, which used to be so luxuriant, now poor and thin, is pushed plainly away behind her ears; whils her lips are coloriess, and the bloodless appearance of her complexion is only relieved by two patches of crimson beneath her eyes, which make her loox as though she had been rouged. Her shape, too, once so round and buxom, has lost all its comeliness: her print gown hangs in folds about her walst and heap buxom, has lost all its comeliness: her print gown hangs in folds about her walst and bosom, and she has acquired a stoop which she never had before. Eight-and-twenty--only eight-and-twenty on her birth-day passed, and brought to this! But, as she gazes vacantly at the patch of ground in front of her aunt's cottage, she is not thinking of her health-people who are danger-ously ill seldom do: yet her thoughts are bitter. The children are playing there-five children between the ages of eight and fourteen, belong-ing to Mrs. Cray, and a little nurse-child of which she has the charge. The latter--an infant who has not long learned to walk alone-escapes from his guardian, who is the youngest of the from his guardian, who is the youngest of the Crays, and attempts to climb the ivy-covered brink of the well: more, he manages to holat his sturdy limbs up to the top, and to crawy towards the uneversed pit His guardian his sturdy limbs up to the top, and to crawl towards the uncovered pit. His guardian attempts to gain hold of one of his mottled legs; he kicks resistance; she screams, and the scream arouses Myra from her dream. She has just been thinking how little life is worth to any one: she sees life in danger of being lost, and files to preserve it. As she reaches the well, and seizes hold of the rebellious infant, her face is crimson with excitement. "Tommy would do it!" explains Jenny, beginning to whimper with the fright. The infant doesn't whimper, but still kicks vigorously against the sides of his preserver; Myra throws down the wooden lid, which ought at all times to keep the well covered;

ought at all times to keep the well covered presses Tommy passionately against her breast; then putting him down, with a good cuff on the side of his head, to teach him better for the future, walks back into the cottage, panting. "Why did I do it?" she thinks, as she leans

"Why did 1 do it 7" she tuinks, as she leans her exhausted frame upon the table. "What's the good of life to him, or me, or any one? We had much better be all dead together !" "Hollo, Myra!" exclaims the voice of her cousin Joel, "what, you're back again, are you? Well! I'm right glad to see you, lass, though I can't say as you look any the better for your going." going." He has come in from his daily labour, through

the back kitchen, and how stands before her, with his rough, kind hands placed upon her shoulders

"Let me look in your face, my dear, and read what it says! No news. I thought as much. Didn't I tell you so before ever you went?" "And if an angel had told me so," she says, passionately, "do you think I should have listened to what he said? What's health, or wealth, or peace, or anything to me, compared to the chance of finding him again, and seeing myself righted? And yet you blame me because I can't make up my mind to part with it...the ...the only thing the world has left me." "I blame you, my dear? God forbid ! Only you can't expect me to see you wasting all your life running after a shadder, without warning you of the consequences. You'll wear yourself out, Myra." "There's a deal left to wear out," she answers.

There's a deal left to wear out." she ans "Well, you're not so strong as you ought to be, and you knows it; all the more reason you should hearken to what your friends tell you. This makes the sixth time you've been on the tramp after that 'Amilton."

"Don't speak his name!" she says, quickly; "I can't bear it." "Why don't you forget it, then?" he answers, almost savagely, as he deposits his tools in a corner of the room. "Oh, Joe!!" she walls, rocking herself back-wards such formatic, "K such formers it back-

"Oh, Joel!" she walls, rocking herself back-wards and forwards, "I can't forget it—I wish I could. It seems written in letters of fire wherever I turn. There have I be.n toiling away for the last three months (I took the accounts at a 'arge West-end shop this time), and walking myself off my legs between whiles, and yet I can't hear anything. I believe I've been to the house of every Hamilton in London, but it only ended in disappointment, i've spent all my money, and had to sell my clothes off my back to get home again into the bargain— and here I am, just as I went!" And Myra throws her head down on her outstretched arms, and falls to sobbing. arms, and falls to sobbing

The sobs melt Joel's honest heart. "My poor lamb!" he says, tenderly, "you'd better give it up once and for all—it bean't of no manner of use. And suppose you found him, now !--just suppose, is he the man to right you?" vou?' "Oh! I don't know---I don't know," she says,

"Yes, you do know; only you haven't the courage to speak out. He was sick of you three years ago; he told you as much; is he likely to be sweet on you now?"

But to this question there comes no answer

her sobs. I was sweet on you long before that, Myra, continues her cousin, presently, in a low voice ; "but I ain't changed towards you. Why won" you let me mend this business. There ain't much difference between one man and another, but there's a deal to a woman in an honest name; and that's what I'll give you to-morrow, my dear, if you'll only make up your mind to it

"Don't. Joel ! pray don't !"

"Don't, Joel! pray don't!" "Are you never going to have another answer for me save that? One would think I wanted to do you a harm by marrying you. 'fain't every one as would do it, Myra; but I knows all, and yet I says again, I'll make an honest woman of you to-morrow, if you choose to be my wife."

"I can't—indeed I can't!" "That ain't true ! You could do it well enough if you chose," replies Joel, moving a little away m her

or, Myra ! are you back again ? "interrupts the coarse voice of Mrs. Cray, as she appears at the kitchen door, with her sleeves tucked up to the attent utor, which her steeves tucked up to her steaming arms and hands upon her canvas apron; "when did you reach?"
"About an hour ago," says the girl, wearily.
"And no wiser than you went, I reckon?"
"No wiser than I went!"

"In course not: you're a fool for going. Trapesing about the country in that fashion wild-goose chase, when you ought to oft. goose chase, when you ought to stop at and look after the children !" wild-goose chas

wild-goose chase, when you ought to stop at home and look after the children !" "I shall stop, now." "I'm glad to hear it, I'm sure. I've been worked to death, between the brats and the linen, since you went. And there's been fine changes up at the Court, too. The Colone.'s brought home his lady ! and a nice-looking creetur she is, so I hear (Joel's seen her—he can tell you); and old Mother Quekett's gone off in a huff. So much the better; I don't wish her good luck, for one; and if I see a chance of getting back the Court washing. why. I shall do getting back the Court washing, why, I shalldo it, particular if the Colonel's lady is what Joel seems to think her. Why, Joel, lad, what's up with you?--you look as is you'd had a crack on the head."

"You'd better ask Myra," replies Joel, sul-

"You'd better ask Myra," replies Joel, sul-lenly. "Why, you're never at logger-heads again, and she not home au hour! Here, Polly, lass, bring Tommy over to me, and go and see about setting out tea in the back kitchen. The kettle ain't filled yet. And you sit quiet there," she continues, to the unfortunate Tommy, as she bumme him handwarely down on the time form bumps him handsomely down on the stone floo bumps him handsomely down on the stone floor to enforce her command, and leaves him there whimpering. At the sound of the child's voice, Myra raises her eyes quickly, and glances at him, then turns away, with a heavy sigh, and resumes her former position.

resumes her former position. "What's up between you?" demands Mrs. Cray of her niece, when she has time to revert to the subject in hand. "I suppose Joel don't like your ways of going on, and so you're huffed at it." "It isn't that," replied Myra. "Joel wants ne to do what's impossible, and he's angry be-cause I tell him so."

"I wants her to be my wife, mother—that's the long and short of it. I want her to give up running back'ards and forrards after a will-o'-the-wisp (for if she found that fine gentleman as her mind is bent upon to-morrer, he'd no as her mind is bent upon to-morrer, he'd no more marry her than he would you), and bide here at Priestley, and bring up an honest man's children. She knows as I've hankered after her for years, and that I'd make her a good husband, and never throw nothing of what's gone in her teeth. But she puts me off with saying it's im-possible. What do you think of that ?"

"I think she must be out of her mind not to jump at it. Why, here comes as good a fellow as ever worked for his bread, and offers to beas ever worked for his bread, and offers to be-mean himself by looking over all your tricks and making an honest woman of you, and you won't have him. You must be mad !" "Perhaps I am, aunt; but I can't help it."

"Don't talk such rubbish-(sit down when I tell you, will yer?--or I'll give yer something to remember me by !)" This par parenthèse to the little scapegoat Tommy, who has dared to rise. Mrs. Cray d Mrs. Cray does not only promise—she perfor and the child does not whimper this time -she performs: roars.

Toars. Myra springs up hastly and snatches him from her aunt's hands. "How can you be so cruel? You treat him like a dog!" "Well, he ain't of much more value, nor half

so much use. He cumbers up the place terrible, and is a deal of trouble with his violent ways. I've said more than once lately that he's more bother than he's worth." "Any ways, you're paid for him," retorts the

"Do you think I'd keep him without?"

"Well, you might give a little feeling for the money, then. You'll split the child's head open some days."

"And a good job, too, if I did. He ain't likely to be missed,"

The younger woman's breast heaves, but she does not answer. Joel tries to make peace between them.

"Come! don't you think no more about it, Myra. His 'ed aln't split this time, and mother says more than she means." "I don't know that, Joel," says Mrs. Cray.

"If she scorns you, nothing can't be too hard for her.'

"Nothing has ever been too hard for me afresh. But her weakness is soon interrupted by her aunt's hurried remonstrance.

"Come, now! shake yourself up girl! There's quality coming up the path. Here, Joel! who can it be ? '

"Blest if it ain't the Colonel's lady !"

can it be?" "Blest if it an't the Colonel's lady !" And before they have time to do more than realise the fact, Irene's tap has sounded on the half-opened door, and her volce is asking for admission. Joel, very red in the face, stands bolt upright against the chimney-place. Myra hastily passes her hand across her eyes, and turns her head another way; whilst Mrs. Cray advances to receive the visitor with her for-given nurse-c:illd hiding his head in her skirts. "Are you Mrs. Cray?" demands Irene. "Yes, mum." Mrs. Cray, remembering her last interview with Mrs. Quekett, and ignorant as to what dealings the Court people may how wish to have with her, is rather stiff and re-served at first, and stands upon her dignity. "I have come to ask if you can do me a fa-vor, Mrs. Cray. I have some friends staying with me who want some muslin dresses got up in a hurry for a flower-s tow at Fenton, and the Court laundress cannot undertake to let us have them by Wednesday. Could you?" "Well, that depends a deal upon what they are like, mum," replies Mrs. Cray; whereupon

"Well, that depends a deal upon what they are like, mum," replies Mrs, Cray; whereupon follows a vivid description of puffs and flounces and laces, quite unnecessary to the well-doing of mystory. "I don't see why I shouldn't give you satis-faction, mum," is the laundress's concluding sentence; "for it won't be the first time as I've worked for the Court gentle-folk by a many." "Indeed! I never heard your name till this

"" Indeed! I never heard your name till this afternoon, when my maid mentioned it to me." "That's likely enough, mum. I don't sup-pose you would go to hear it mentioned; but I worked for the Court for four years all the same. And it was a hard day for me, with all my poor children (six of them, if there's ones), when I got turned away for asking my due." "Who turned you away, Mrs. Cray?" use so of the Court then—who else should have done it?—and only because I wanted my three weeks' money, as I believe was ining her own pockets all the time. It's been a heavy loss to me, mum. But where's the use of talk-ing, when a woman like that, as no one in the village has a good word for, is queen, and ing, when a woman like that, as no one in the village has a good word for, is queen, and nothing lass? You'll hardly believe it, mum, but she ordered me straight out of the house then and there, and forbid even the servants to send me their bits of things—and that was a couple or more pounds a quarter out of my pocket, let alone the other."

Irene grows rather red during this harangue, and stands with her eyes on the floor, trying to break the tip of her parasol by digging it into a dusty crevice between the flags. She does not relish hearing this common woman speak the truth, and as soon as there is a break in the conversation she resents it.

conversation she resents it. "Well, Quekett is not mistress of the Court now, Mrs. Cray, as I suppose I need not tell you; and her likes and dislikes are nothing what-ever to me. We shall often have friends stay-ing with us, and the washing is likely to be more than our landress can do. At all events. I can promise you shall have back the servants' linen; and, if I am satisfied with the way in which you got up the dresses I expedention linen; and, if I am satisfied with the way in which you get up the dresses I speak of, you shall have some of mine also," "Oh! thank you, mum, kindly. I saw you was a real lady the minute I set eyes on you: and as for my son there, who's seen you a many

was a real lady the minute i set eyes on you: and as for my son there, who's seen you a many times, "Mother," he says to me——" "Yes, yes!" interrupts Irene, anxious to cut short so embarrassing an eulogium; "and I shall be sure to have the dresses by Wednesday, shall be sure I not ?

"We can let the lady have them by Wednesday, can't we, Myra?" says Mrs. Cray, appeal-ing to her nleec. "This is Monday, and you feels well enough to help, don't you?" "Yes, I'll help," is the listless answer. "Is that your daughter? Is she ill?" demands

Irene. "She's my niece, mum, and but a poor cree-

"Sne's my niece, muin, and but a poor cree-tur just now-there's no denying of it." "Indeed she does look very ill," said Irene, sympathizingly, as she approaches Myra's side, and gazes with sad interest at the girl's hollow cheeks and staring eyes in which the traces of tears are still visible. "Do you suffer eave nois 2." any pain?"

At first Myra is disposed to answer rudely or At first Myra is disposed to answer rudely, or not at all. The is sensitively alive to the fact of her altered appearance, and always ready to take umbrage at any allusion maile to it; but she looks up into the sweet, kind face that is bent over hers, and feels forced to be courteous even against her own will. not at all.

"None now-sometimes I do!" "Where is it? You do not mind my asking, do you? Perhaps I might send you something that goold do you cool!"

"Here !" replied Myra, pressing her hand just "Here !" replied Myra, pressing her hand just below her collar-bones, "at night, when the cough's bad, and I can't sleep for it. I some-

times feel as though I should go mad with the pain here. And what kind of a pain is it?"

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"And what kind of a pain is it?" "It's just a gnawing—nothing more; and I'm a little sore sometimes." "And she can't eat nothing, poor dcar," in-terposes Mrs. Cray. "She turns against meat and pudding as though they was poison; but she drinks water by the gallon. I'm sure the buckets of water as the girl have drunk—" "And does not washing make you worse?" aga'n inquires Irene. "Sometimes; but I don't stand at it long—I can't."

can't.

And how do you employ your time, then, Myra 2 "I'm just home from a job in London, ma'am.

what I've been brought up to; but it fried rather this hot weather, and I'm glad to be I'm

back in Priestley again." "She ain't fit for nothing of that sort now," "I dare say not. She must take care of her

interpolates Mrs Cray. "I dare say not. She must take care of her-selt till she gets stronger," says Irene, cheer-fully. "I will send you some soup from the Court, Myra—perhaps that will tempt you to eat. And are you fond of reading? Would you like to have some books?"

Oh, she's a fine scholar, mum," again "On, she's a me schonar, mum, again puts in Mrs. Cray. "Many and many's the time I've thought we'dgiven her too much larning; but her poor uncle that's dead and gone used to say \_\_\_\_\_" Here she interrupts herself to give her varmint! What do you mean by hanging on to me after that fashion ?" — which adjuration is succeeded by the appearance of Tommy's curly head and dirty face in the full light of

day. "Whose child is that?" cries Irene suddenly. The question is so unexpected, that no seems inclined to answer it. Joel changes awkwardly upon the hearth, which he has n

awkwardly upon the hearth, which he has never quitted, and Myra turns round in her chair and looks full into Irene's face, whose eyes are rivet-ed upon the child, still elinging for protection to the skirts of his nurse. "What ! this boy, mum, as is hanging on my gownd in this ill-convenient fashion? --- but lor ! children will be children," she continues, as she puts her hand on Tommy's head and pushes bim forward for Irene's better inspection. "Well, he's not mine, though I look on him most as my own. To tell truth, he's a nuss-child."

A nurse-child! You are paid for keeping

"A nurse-child: You are paid for keeping him; but who, then, are his parents?" "They're very respectable people mum---quite gentlefolks, as you may say. I think his pa's in the grocery line; but I couldu't speak for certain. My money is paid regular, and that's all I have to look after." "Oh, of course-of course. And-what is his

name? "He's called Tommy, mum. Go and speak to

"He's called Tommy, mum. Go and speak to the lady, Tommy." "But his surname?" "Well, we haven't much call here to use his other name, mum; and I'm sure it's almost slipped my memory. What's the name as the gentleman writes as owns of Tommy, Joel?" she continues, appealing, in rather a conscious manner, to her son. "I don't know. You'd better ask Myra," he roulies, gruffly.

"I don't know. You'd better ask Myra," he replies, gruffiy. "Brown," says Myra, quickly; "the child's name is Brown. You might go to remember as much as that, aunt." "Oh, it doesn't signify." interrupts Irene, who

"On, it doesn't signify," interrupts Irene, who perceives she has stumbled on an unwelcome subject, "it is of no consequence;" and then, in her fresh summer dress, she kneels down on the uncovered stone floor, that has been tram-pled by dusty feet all day long. "Come here, Tommy. Won't you come and speak to me?"

Tommy. Won't you come and speak to me? Look at the pretty things I have here; " and she dangles her watch-chain, with its bunch of glit-tering charms, before his eyes. Tommy cannot resist the bait; curiesity casts out fear; and in another moment his deep blue eyes are bent greedly upon the flashing baubles, whilst his dirty little fingers are leaving their dull impress upon pencil-case and locket and seal. seal Ob, dear! mum, he ain't fit as you should

touch him; and his feet are trampling the edge of your gound. Here, Jenny, make haste and put Tommy under the pump till the lady looks at him.

st bim." "No, no ! pray don't; he is doing no harm." So the dirty little brat is left in peace, whilst the lady takes stock of his eyes and mouth and hair. Once, in his costasy at finding a gold fish amongst her treasures, he raises his eyes sud-denly to bers, and she darts forward as sudden-ly and kisses him. Then, becoming aware that she has done something rather out of the com-mon, and that Mrs. Cray and Joel and Myra are looking at her with surprise, Irene rises to her feet, dragging the bunch of charms far out of the disappointed Tommy's reach, and, with a heightened color, stammers something very like an apology.

an apology. "I like little children," she says, hurriedly;

"I like little children," she says, hurriedly; "and—and—he has very blue eyes. Are yeu fond of lollipops, Tommy?" "I want the fiss," says Tommy, from behind Mr. Cray's gown again. "Oh fiel then you can't have it. Now he'ave yourself, or I'll give you a good hiding," is the gentle rejoinder. Irene teels very much inclined to give him the "fi s," but has sufficient sense to know it would be a very foolish thing to do; so she takes a shilling out\_of her purse instead.

"See, Tommy ! a beautiful bright new shil-ling ! Won't you go and buy some lollipops with it ? Tommy advances his hand far enough to grab

"Say 'thankye' to the lady," suggests Mrs. Cray. But Tommy is dumb.

"Say 'thankye' at once; d'ye hear ?" and a good shake is followed by an equally good cuff on the small delinquent's head. "Oh ! don't strike him," cries Irene, earnest-ly\_" pray don't strike him; he is but a baby. Poor little Tommy ! I am sure he will say thank you, when he knows me better"

thank you, when he knows me better." "You're too good to him, mum; you can't do nothing with children without hitting 'em now and then : which you will find when you have a young family of your own." "I must go now. My friends are waiting for me," says Irene, whose color has risen at the first at the last allusion "Good exprise Mrs."

me," says Irene, whose color has risen at the nrst at the last allusion. "Good evening, Mrs. Cray ! Send up for the dresses to-night; and the cook shall give you some soup at the same time, for

your niece." But she has not long stepped over the thres-hold, before Myra is after her; and they meet by the ivy-covered well. "You'll—you'll—be coming this way again, won't you?" says the girl, panting even with

says the girl, panting e that slight effort

"If you wish it, certainly. Would you like me to come and see you, Myra?" "Very much ! There are few faces here look

at me as yours does.' "My poor girl! then I will come, with the greatest pleasure."

" Soon ? "

"Soon?" "Very soon." And so they part: and Irene joins Mary Cavendish and Oliver Raiston, who have been walking up and down the green lane outside the cottage, waiting for her. "What a time you've been?"

"Have 1? There's a poor young woman there in a consumption, or something of the sort, who interested me. And such a dear little child : a nurse-child of Mrs. Cray's. I stayed to talk to them." nurse

"How long is it since you have developed a love for children, Irene?" says Mary Cavendish laughing. "I did not think they were at all in your line."

your line." "I never disliked them; and this baby has such beautiful earnest eyes." "It is remarkable what lovely eyes some of the children of the poor have. I remember, when I was in Berwick \_\_\_\_\_."

"Let us get over the stile here; it leads to the Court by a much shorter way," exclaims Irene, interrupting her cousin in the rudest man-ner in the world. But so is Miss Cavendish al-ways interrupted if she ventures to make the ways interrupted if she ventures to make the slightest reference to her visit of the summer. She has been dying, heaps of times, to relate all the glories of that period to Irene, but she has never been able to advance farther than the fact that they took place. The mere name of Berwick is sufficient to send Mrs. Mordaunt out of the room or—as in the present instance—over the stile.

Irene cannot get the remembrance Irene cannot get the remembrance of poor Myra's hollow features and attenuated figure out of her head. It forms the staple subject of her conversation at the dinner-table, and she talks of it all the evening, while her guests are ramb-ling about the gardens and shrubbery; and she is sitting on a bench with her husband in the dusk, and firting with him in her little outer of poor dusk, and flirting with him in her little quiet

way. "It is very sad," says Colonel Mordaunt for about the fiftieth time, "and I'm very glad that you should have fallen in with her, my dear. It is in such cases that the rich can do so much to help the poor. Sickness is bad enough deal. It is in additionant the right can us so much to help the poor. Sickness is bad enough to bear when we are surrounded by every luxu-ry; it must be twice as hard when one is de-prived of the necessaries of life." And he con-tinues to puff solemnly into the evening air, while his arm tightens round the waist of his wife. "Yes," says Irene, leaning up against him, "and you should see how thin and pale she is, Philip. Her bones look as though they were coming through her skin. And she has no ap-petite, her aunt says. I have ordered cook to send her down some soup and jelly." "Quite right. I am afraid you would find several more in the same condition if you were to look for them. Country poor are too proud to

to look for them. Country poor are too proud to

"I will make a point of looking. But I never "I will make a point of looking. And her saw any one so terribly thin before. And her eyes are hollow, poor thing!" "You seem to have taken a great fancy to this girl, Irene."

this girl, Irene." """ She has awakened a great interest in me, "She has awakened a great interest in me, though I cannot tell why. She seems more than ill—she looks unhappy." "And have you told Colonel Mordaunt about the child you took such a fancy to ?" laughs Mary Cavendish, who is loltering near enough to hear the last words. "It's a new thing for Irene to be running after bables—isn't it, Colonel Mor-daunt ?" daunt i

Irene flushes; it is not so dark but he can see he change, and a new tenderness creeps over him

him. "What baby, darling ?" he says, as he presses her closer to him. Irene is vexed at the turn in the conversation; she is not a bit sentimen-tal, and she cannot affect to be so."

"It was not a baby," she replies, almost curt-ly: "it was a big child of two or three years old."

"And you took a fancy to it-why?"

Colonel Mordaunt's "why" has a totally dif-ferent bearing to the "why" that falls upon

Irene's ears. She grows scarlet, and almost away from hi

"Why !-why-! For no particular reason-only-because-I don't care for children in ge-neral, I know-but-but-"" Whilst she is stammering out a reasonable an-

whilet she is stammering out a reasonable an-swer, her husband supplies it. "But you thought," he whispers close into her ear, "that some day you might possess such a child of your own, Irene!" "I-LI thought—Good heavens, no! I never thought anything of the kind," she exclaims aloud; and then, out of sheer nervousness, she learers. The learers on Colored Mar

laughs. The laughs grates on Colonel Mor-daunt's ear; he draws himself away, not of

daunt's ear; he draws himself away, not of-fended, but hurt. "If such a prospect holds no charms for you, Irene, you might keep the unpleasant truth to yourself. It is not necessary to laugh at me." "Laugh !--did I laugh ?" she replies, still tit-tering. "I'm sure 1 didn't know it. I don't think I quite know what I did do." And with this, the incomprehensible creature falls to cry-ing, not heavily, but in a smart little shower of tears that savor strongly of the hysterical. Co-lonel Mordaunt does not know what to make of it; he has been little used to women, and this one seems to him, at times, a mystery; but he It; ne has been fittle used to women, and this one seems to him, at times, a mystery; but he adopts the safe course: he throws his arms about her neck and begs her not to think any more about it. And, apparently, Irene adopts his advice, for she dries her eyes, and flits away from his side, and the next minute he hears her light lawap hypothese out through the herber here

light laugh ringing out through the shrubbery at some jest of Oliver Ralston's. They are a very happy party at Fen Court now; even Isabella Mordaunt seems to have crept out of her shell, and to dare to enjoy hercrept out of her shell, and to dare to enjoy her-self after a demurely quiet fashion; and as for Colonel Mordaunt, he has been a different man since rid of the presence of the awful Mrs. Que-kett. Not that he was quite himself for some days after the housekeeper's summary depart-ure. A gloomy dread seemed hanging over him at that time, for which Irene was unable to ac-count. But at the end of a fortnight, Mrs. Que-kett's temper having evanorated with chapment count. But at the end of a fortnight, Mrs. Que-kett's temper having evaporated with change of air, she thought fit to send her master a letter, written as though nothing unpleasant had hap-pened between them, which intimated her whereabouts, and wound up with her compli-ments to his "good lady." Colonel Mordaunt's mind was instantly re-lieved: and the next took back a length.

lieved; and the next post took back a lengthy epistle in reply. Irene saw neither of these let-ters, nor wished to do so; but she could not help observing how much more at ease her husband appeared to be after receiving and despatching them.

And with the fears of Mrs. Quekett's ever-lasting displeasure lifted off his mind, Colonel Mordaunt became pleasanter and more lively than she had seen him since their marriage. He petted Irene all day long, chaffed Isabella, and appeared thoroughly to enjoy the companion-ship of Oliver, as though, in the affection of these three, he had all he desired in this life to make him happy. His wife had begun to wish that it could go on thus for ever. and that they had no friends And with the fears of Mrs. Quekett's ever.

coming to break in upon their domestic felici-ty. But the guests have arrived, and the unruffled intercourse is continued, and Irene being carried quietly along the stream of life as though she had left all its storms behind her, and there were no black clouds gathering in the

Colonel Mordaunt is of an exceedingly benev-Colonel Mordaunt is of an exceedingly benev-olent nature; he takes great interest in the poor of the parish, and never neglects an op-portunity of sympathising with or relieving them; but after a while he does grow very sick of the name of Myra Cray. It appears as though his wife were always harping on it; every topic, from whatever point started, veers round, in some mysterious manner, to the sick grif at the laundress's cottage; and whenever he misses Irene, he is sure to hear that she has "just run down" to the end of the village with a book, or a pudding. At last he grows fidgely on the subject.

on the subject. "You are, surely, never going out in this broiling sun !" he exclaims, one hot morning in October, as he meets his wife arrayed for walking, a basket of fruit on one arm, and a bothe of wine under the other. "I cannot allow

bottle of wine under the other. "I cannot allow it, Irene. You will get fever or something of the sort: you must wait till the day is cooler." "Oh, I can't wait, Philip," she says, coaxing-ly, "for poor Myra is so much worse, She broke a bloodvessel last night, and they have just sent up to tell me so." "What good can you do by going down?" "I don't know: but I think she will feel my presence to be a comfort: she has taken a great to carry her a few grapes." "Send them by a servant. I cannot have you for any one."

for any one." " It will not fatigue ; and I want to see Myra

"She may linger," he said doubtraily, it is more likely that she will not. She has been breaking up for some time past, and has not sufficient strength to rally from this last at-tack. I shall be here again in the morning ; but as I can do her no good, it would be useless my staying now." And the doctor mounted his stout cob and trotted off in another direction. Irene stood watching him till he was out of sight, and then turned into the cottage with a sigh. When the doctor leaves the house in which a patient lies *in extremis*, it seems as if death had already entered there. There is no cessation of business in Mrs. Cray's dwelling, though her niece does lay dy-ing. People who work hard for their daily bread cannot afford time for sentiment; and the back kitchen is full of steam and soapsuds, and the washerwomen are clanking backwards

"It will not latigue; and I want to see myra myself." "Take the pony-chaise, then " "No, indeed I before you lazy grooms will have put the harness together, I shall be by her bed-side." And running past him, she takes her way down to the village. Colonel Mordaunt is vexed. He likes his wifo to be interested in the parishioners, but her visits of late have been confined to the Crays-who are generally considered to be the least de-serving of them all. Besides, he argues, the house is full of guests, to whom she owes more attention than is consonant with absenting her-self from their company at all hours of the day. When they meet at luncheon, consequently, he

is what is termed a little "put out; but she "Poor Myra!" she sighs, as she takes her seat at the (able. "I am afraid there is little

hope for her; she is so weak, she cannot speak above a whisner."

MAY 2, 1874.

"She oughtn't to be allowed to speak at all, having broken a bloodvessel," says her husband, shortly. "Will you take a cutlet, Irene?" "No-nothing, thank you. I couldn't est; my whole mind is absorbed by the thought of that poor girl."

that poor girl."

"But your girl." "But you are not going to allow it to spoll your luncheon, are you ? Running about all the morning, and eating nothing on the top of it. The end of it will be, you will be ill." "Not while there is work for me to do — as there ever is."

there ever is." Nonsense! you talk of it as though it were

"Dousense: you talk of it as though it were a duty. It is a much greater duty for you to est when your husband asks you to do so." "Don't ask me then, dear Philip; for I really cau't."

He does not press her, but direct his atten-

tion to the rest of the company; whilst she leans back in her chair, pale, pensive, and almost entirely silent.

'You won't go out again ?" he says to her, as the meal is concluded and they rise from table. "Oh no! I don't think so."

"Go, then, and lie down, my dear. You have been too much excited. I never saw you more overcome."

"I think I will lie down, just for an hour of two. My head aches terribly." Then this trifling annoyance vanishes, and he is all sympathy and tenderness; supporting her upstairs with his arm around her waist, and coaxing and petting her like a sick child, until she has exchanged her dress for a cool wrapper, and laid down on her bed: when he steps about the room, on tiptoe, like a woman, pulling down the blinds and putting everything within her reach that he thinks she may require. "I shall be back by six, my own darling," he whispers. in farewell: "and I hope you will

"I shall be back by six, my own darling," he whispers, in farewell; "and I hope you will have had a good sleep by that time." "I dare say I shall," she murmurs, dreamly r and then be because here to the here here how

"I dare say I shall," she murmurs, dreamily ' and then he leaves her. At the appointed hour he is back again, and entering the room oau-tiously, for rear of starting her, finds all the blinds drawn up, and Pheebe sitting by the open window, stitching a rent in one of her mistress's dresses.

dresses. "Mrs. Mordaunt gone down ?" he says, intel

"Mrs. Mordaunt gone down?" he says, ... rogatively. "Yes, sir. I believe she's gone out, sir." "Out! Notout of doors again?" "I think so, sir. A message came up from Cray's for my missus, about four o'clock, and she put on her things at once and went to them. I believe the young woman's sent for her, sir." "Too bad! too bad!" exclaims Colonel Mor-daunt. angrily-though referring more to the

daunt, angrily-though referring more to the Crays than to Irene. "But I suppose she will be back to dunner"

be back to dinner." "I suppose so, sir. My missus said she would wear a white muslin this evening, and I was just stitching this one together for her." But dinner-time arrives, and they are all assembled in the dining-room, and still the mis-tress of the house is absent. "It is close upon seven: she must be here directly," remarks Colonel Mordaunt, though uncefile be back to dinner."

directly," remarks coloury module uneasily. "A note from Cray's if you please, sir," says the tootman, placing a crumpled piece of paper

It is ina-

"IRENE."

He opens it and reads :

"Pray don't wait dinner for me. I possible that I can come home just yet.

"Yours.

"Serve the dinner at once !" exclaims Colonel ordaunt in a voice at once ! a she Mordaunt, in a voice of real displeasure, as he tears up the note into a dozen fragments and casts them into the empty grate behind him-

CHAPTER VII.

Meanwhile Irene, unconscious how her work charity will information

Meanwhile Irene, unconscious how her work of charity will influence her future, is sitting with a trembling heart by the bedside of the laundress's niece. She is unused to sickness or to death, but she knows now that the one can only vanish hence before the presence of the other; for the parish doctor met her, on her en-trance to the cottage, and answered her ques-tions about Myra with the utmost frankness. "She may linger," he said doubifully, "but it is more likely that she will not. She has been breaking up for some time past, and has not

and the washerwomen are clanking backwards and forwards over the wetstones in their pat-tens, to wring and hang out the linen; and the clatter of tongues and rattling of tubs and noise

"DEAR PHILIP.

of the children are so continuous that Irene has difficulty at first in making herself heard. But the child who took the message up to the Court has been on the look-out for her, and soon brings Mrs. Cray into the front kitchen, full of apologies for having kept her waiting. "I'm sure it's vastly good of you, mum, to come down a second time to-day; and I hope you don't think I make too free in sending up the Sal's message to you: but she has hear that

the gal's message to you; but she has been that restless restless and uneasy since you left her this norning, that I haven't been able to do nothing with her, and the first words she say, as I could understand, was, 'Send for the lady!" -"Poor thing!" is Irene's answer. "I am afraid the doctor thinks very badly of her, Mrs. Cray."

Cray,

"Badly of her ! Lor', my dear lady, she's marked for death before the week's over, as sure as you stand there. Why she's bin a fighting for her breath all day, and got the rattle in her throat as plain as ever I heard it." "Oh, hush ! your voice will reach her," re-monstrates Irene; for the laundress is speaking, if anything, rather louder than usual. "It can't make much difference if it do

"It can't make much difference if it do, num, and it'll come upon her all the harder for hot knowing it beforehand. It's my Joel I think of most, for his heart's just wrap up in his cousin; and what he'll do when she's took, I can't think. And I haven't had the courage to tell him it's so near, neither. But you'll be wanting to go up to Myra. She's ready for you, I'll be bound." And Mrs. Cray stands on one side to let Irene mount the ricketty narrow statrcase that leads to the second story, and up which her feet had passed many times during the last few weeks. She traverses it now, si-lently and solemnly, as though a silent unseen Presence trod every step with her : it is so strange to the young to think the young lle dycan't make much difference if it do, strange to the young to think the young lie dy.

ing i Myra is laid on a small bed close by the open lattlee and in the full light of the setting sun. Her face has lost the deathlike ghastliness it wore in the morning: it is flushed now, and her eyes are bright and staring; to Irene's inexper-lence she looks better; but there is a fearful an-tlety pictured on her countenance that was not there before. "Is it true?" she says in a hoarse whisper, as her visitor appears.

Visitor appears. What, Myra?" Irene answers, to gain time:

but sh knows what the girl must n

door of her bedroom at the girl must mean, for the case stood wide open. "What aunt said just now, that I am marked if death within the week. A week I oh, it's a hor-thy short time!" And she begins to ory, weakly, but with short gasps for breath that are very gasessing to behold. Irene forgets the differ-ence of station batwaen them "she forgets overy. distressing to behold. Irene forgets the differ-ence of station between them : she forgets every-ting excepting that here is a weak, suffering spirit trembling before the Great Inevitable ! And she does just what she would have done had by ra been a sister of her own—she throws her hat and mantle on a chair and kneeks down and And she does just what the own—she throws her byra been a sister of her own—she throws her at and mantle on a chair, and kneels down and the dwing creature in her arms and hat and mantle on a chair, and kneels down and takes the poor dying creature in her arms and Presses her lips upon her forehead. "Dear Myra, don't cry—don't be frightened. Bemember Who is waiting on the other side to welcome you!" The sweet sympathetic tones, the pressure— tomplation of herself. "Did—did—you do that?"

"Did-did-you do that?" "Do what, dear?-kiss you?" "Yes. Did I fancy it-or were your lips here?" "My hips her forehead. "My lips were there-why not? I kissed you -why not? I kissed you,

"My lips were there—why not? I kissed you, that you might know how truly I sympathise "You might know how truly I sympathise "You musn't do it again. Ah ! you don't "tuess. You would not do it if you knew— My dod! my God! and I am going !" and here yor a moment Irene is silent. She is as pure a moment Irene is silent. She is as pure a moment Irene is silent. She is as pure a moment Irene is silent. She is as pure a moment Irene is silent. She is as pure a moment Irene is silent. She is as pure a moment Irene is silent. She is as pure a moment Irene is silent. She is as pure a moment Irene is silent. She is as pure a moment is silent. She is as pure the hourable and high-minded creatures, is dis-posed to deal leniently with the fallen. She has suspected more than once during her inter-mappy secret about with her, and can well im-tine how, in the prospect of death, the burden may become too heavy to be borne alone. So the considers for a little before she answers, and then she takes the white, wasted hand in here. "Myre I I am sure you are not happy ; I am

Myra! I am sure you are not happy ; I am You have had some great trouble in your which you have shared with no one; and Now that you have shared with no one; and you that you are soill, the weight of it oppresses it it would comfort you to speak to a friend, re-member that I am one. I will hear your secret it you have a secret), and I will keep it (if you you have a secret) and I will keep it (if you only, do now what will make you happier and "Oh I y confortable."

"Offe comfortable." "Oh! I can't—I can't—I daren't." "I daresay it will be hard to tell; but Myra, por girl! you are soon going where no secrets little be fore you go."

e before you go." If you knew all, you wouldn't speak to me, look at me again." 4 T.

"Try me."

"I daren't risk it. You're the only comfort that has come to me in this place, and yet—and yet," he says, panting, as she raises herself on be elbow and stares hungrily into Irene's com-basionate face — "how I wish I dared to tell you everything !" At this increase the sound of "the maching" is

At this juncture, the sound of "thwacking" is dible from below, and immediately followed

by the raising of Tommy's infantine voice in discordant cries. "She's at it again !" exclaims Myra suddenly

"She's at it again !" exclaims Myra suddenly and fiercely, as the din breaks on their conver-sation; and then, as though conscious of her impotency to interfere, she falls back on her pillows with a little feeble wail of despair. Irene flies downstairs to the rescue — more for the sake of the sick girl than the child—and finds Tommy howling loudly in a corner of the kit

THE

sake of the sick girl than the child—and finds Tommy howling loudly in a corner of the kit-chen, whilst Mrs. Cray is just replacing a thick stick, which she keeps for the education, of her family, on the chimney-piece. "Has Tommy been naughly?" demands Irene, deferentially—for it is not always safe to interfere with Mrs. Cray's discipline. "Lor! yes, mum, he always be. The most troublesome child as ever was—up everywheres and over everythink, directly my back's turned. And here he's bin upsetting the dripping all over the place, and taking my clean apron to wipe up his muck. I'm sure hundreds would never pay me for the mischief that boy does in as many days. And he not three till Jannias many days. And he not three till Janni-

"Let me have him. I'll keep him quiet for you, upstairs," says Irene; and carries off the whimpering Tommy before the laundress has time to remonstrate. "He's not much the worse, Myra," she says

"He's not much the worse, Myra," she says cheerfully, as she resumes her seat by the bed-side with the child upon her knee. "I daresay he does try your aunt's temper; but give him one of your grapes, and he'll forget all about it."

it." But, instead of doing as Irene proposes, Myra starts up suddenly, and, seizing the boy in her arms, strains him closely to her heart, and rocks backwards and forwards, crying over him

rocks backwards and forwards, crying over him. "Oh, my darling ! my darling — my poor dar-ling ! how I wish I could take you with me !" Tommy, frightened at Myra's distress, joins his tears with hers; while Irene sits by, silently astonished, But a light has broken in upon her—she understands it all now. "Myra !" she says, after a while, "so, this is the secret that you would not tell me ? My poor girl, there is no need for you to speak." "I couldn't belp it !" bursts forth from Myra. "No—not if you never looked at me again. I've borne it in silence for years, but it's been like a knife working in my heart the while. And he's got no one but me in the wide world—and now I must leave him. Oh ! my heart will break !" The child has struggled out of his mother's embrace again by this time (children, as a rule, do not take kindly to the exhibition of any vio-lent emotion), and stands, with his curly head lowered, as though he were the offending party while his dirty little knuckles are crammed into his wet eyes. I rene takes a bunch of grapes from her own

Inswet eyes. Irene takes a bunch of grapes from her own offering of the morning, and holds them towards him.

"Tommy, go and eat these in the corner," she says, with a smile

The tear-stained face is raised to hers . - the

The tear-stained face is raised to hers — the blue eyes sparkle, the chubby fingers are out-stretched. Tommy is himself again, and Irene's attention is once more directed to his mother. "Dear Myra!" she says, consolingly. "Don't touch me!" cries the other, shrinking from her. "Don't speak to me—I ain't fit you should do either! But I couldn't have deceived you if it hadn't been for aunt. You're so good, I didn't like that you should show me kindness under false pretences; but when I spoke of telling you, and letting you go your own way, aunt was so violent—she said, the child should suffer for every word I said. And so, for his sake. I'va you, and results was so violent—she said, the child should sumer for every word I said. And so, for his sake, I've let it go on till now. But'twill be soon over." Irene is silent, and Myra takes her silence for

leasure. Don't think harshly of me !" she continues "Don't think narshy of me :" she continues in a low tone of deprecation. "I know I'm un-worthy; but if I could tell what your kind. ness has been to me—like the cold water to a thirsty soul—you wouldn't blame me so much. perhaps, for the dread of losing it. And aunt frightened me. She's beat that poor child "— with a gasping sob—" till he's been black and blue, and I knew, when I was gone he'd have with a gasping sob—" till he's been black and blue; and I knew, when I was gone he'd have no one but her to look to, and she'll beat him then—I know she will—when his poor mother's cold, and can't betriend him. But if she does !" cries Myra, with fierce energy, as she clutches Irene by the arm and looks straightthrough her —" if she does, I'll come back, as there's a God in heaven, and bring it home to her !" "She never can illtreat him when you are gone, Myra !"

"She will—she will! She has a hard heart, aunt has, and a hard hand, and she hates the child—she always has. And he'll be thrown on her for bed and board, and, if she can, she'll kill him!

The thought is too terrible for contemplation. Myra is roused from the partial stupor that succeeds her violence by the feel of Irene's soft lips

"You did it again !" she exclaims, with simple wonder. "You know all—and yet, you did it again. Oh! God bless you !" and falls herself to kissing and weeping over Irene's hand hand

"If you mean that I know this child belongs "If you mean that I know this child belongs to you, Myra, you are right: I suspected it long ago; but further than this I know nothing. My poor girl, if you can bring yourself to confide in me, perhaps I may be able to befriend this little one when you are gone." "Would you-really?" "To the utmost of my power." "Then I will tell you everything-every-

she drains feverishly. A clumping foot comes up the staircase, and Jenny's dishevelled head is thrust sleepishly into the doorway. "Mother says it's hard upon seven, and

FAVORITE.

"Mother says its hard upon seven, and Tomuy must go to bed." "Nearly seven !" cries Irene, consulting her watch. "So it is; and we dine at seven. I had no idea it was so late !" "Oh ! don't leave me !" whispers Myra, turning imploring avag upon her face

"Oh! don't leave me!" whispers Myra, turning imploring eyes upon her face. Irene stands irresolute; she fears that Co-lonel Mordaunt will be vexed at her absence from the dinner-table, but she cannot permit anything to come between her and a dying-fel-low-creature's peace of mind. So in another moment she has scribbled a few lines on a leaf torn from her pocket-book, and despatched them to the Court. Tommy is removed by main force to his own apartment, and Myra main force to his own apartment, and Myra

main force to his own apartment, and Myra and she are comparatively alone. "No one can hear us now," says Irene, as she closes the door and supports the dying wo-man on her breast. "It's three years ago last Christmas," cou-mences Myra feebly, "that I took a situation at Oxford. Uncle was alive then, and he thought a deal of me, and took ever so much trouble to get me the situation. I was at an hotel—I wasn't barmaid: I used to keep the books and an account of all the wine that was given out; but I was often in and out of the bar; and I saw a good many young gentlemen that way—mostly from the colleges, or their friends." friends.

Here she pauses, and faintly flushes. "Don't be afraid to tell me," comes the gentle volce above her; "I have not been tempted in the same way, Myra; if I had, perhaps I should have fallen too !" the

should have fallen too !" "It wasn't quite so bad as that," interposes the sick girl eagerly, "at least I didn't think so. It's no use my telling you what he was like, nor how we came to know each other; but after a while he began to speak to me and hang about me, and then I knew that he was all the world to me—that I didn't care for anything in it nor out of it, except he was there. You know, don't you, what I mean ?" "Yes; I know!" "He was handsome and clever and had plenty of money; but it would have been all the

"Yes; I know I" "He was handsome and clever and had plenty of money; but it would have been all the same to me if he had been poor, and mean, and ugly. I loved him ! On, God, how I loved him ! If it hadn't been for that, worlds wouldn't have made me do as I did do. For I thought more of him all through than I did of being made a lady." "But he could not have made you that, even in name, without marrying you Myre"

in name, without marrying you, Myra." "But he did—at least—oh ! it's a bitter story from beginning to end ; why did I ever try to repeat it?

"It is very bitter, but it is very common, yra. I am feeling for you with every word u utter." Myra

"He persuaded me to leave the hotel with n. I thought at the time that he meant to him. him. I thought at the time that he meant to act fairly by me, but I've come to believe that he deceived me from the very first. Yet he did love me; oh, I am sure he loved me almost as much as I loved him, until he wearied of me, and told me'so." "You found it out, you mean. He could not be so cruel as to tall you "

"You found it out, you mean. He could not be so cruel as to tell you." "Oh, yes, he did. Do you think I would have left him else? He told me that he should go abroad and leave me; that he was bitterly ashamed of himself; that it would be better if we were both dead, and that if he could, he would wipe out the remembrance of me with his blood. All that, and a great deal more; and I have never forgotten it, and I never shall for-get it. I believe his words will haut me wher-ever I may go veven into the other world !" She has become so excited, and her excite-ment is followed by so much exhaustion, that I rene is alarmed, and begs her to delay telling

Irene is alarmed, and begs her to delay telling the remainder of her story until she shall be

the remainder of her story until she shall be more composed. "No! no! I must finish it/now; I shall not be quiet until I have told you all. When he said that, my blood got up, and I left him. My cou-sin Joel had been hanging about the place after me, and I left straight off and came back home with him."

"With him." "Without saying a word to-to-the person you have been speaking of ?" "He wanted to get red of me; why should I say a word to him ? But I grieved afterwards -I grieved terribly; and when the child was born, I would have given the world to find him again.

again." "Did you ever try?" "Try! I've travelled miles and miles, and walked myself off my feet to find him. I've been to Oxford and Fretterley (that was the vil-lage we lived at), and all over London, and I can hear nothing. I've taken situations in both those towns, and used his name right and left and got no news of him. There are plenty that bear the same name, I don't doubt, but I've never come upon any trace of him under it; and I've good reason to believe that it was not his right one." his right one.

"What is the name you knew him by, then, Myra ?'

'Hamilton."

"Hamilton." "Hamilton !" repeats Irene. "That is not a common name !" "But it's not his. I've found that out since,

for I know he belonged to the college, and there wasn't a gentleman with that name there all through the term. His love was false, and his "Then I will tell you everything—every. thing! But let me drink first." Irene holds a glass of water to her lips, which

of."
"Why did you send the pony chaise for me, then? Why didn't you come and fetch me yourself? I would much rather have walked home through the fields with you."
"We cannot both neglect our guests, Irene. If you desert them, it becomes my duty to try and supply your place."
"Why! Aunt Cavendish is not affronted, is she? She must know that it's only once in a way. Did you get my note, Philip?"
"I received a dirty plece of paper with a notice that you would not be blek to dinner."
I thought it would be sufficient," says Irene, sighing softly: "and I really couldn't leave poor Myra, Philip. She is dying as fast as it is possible, and she had something very particular to tell me. You are not angry with me?"
"Angry! oh, dear no; why should I be anayouther time, if these paupers' confidences wera

of.

"You shouldn't think of that now, Myra. You should try to forgive him, as you hope that your own sins will be forgiven."

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"
" I could have forgiven."
" I could have forgiven him if it hadn't been for Tommy. But to think of that poor child left worse than alone in this wretched world— his mother dead and his father not owning him — is enough to turn me bitter, if I hadn't been so before. Aunt will ill-use him; she's barely decent to him now, when I pay for his keep, and what she'll do when he's thrown upon her for everything, I daren't think—and I shall never lie quiet in my grave!" " Myra, don't let that thought distress you. I will look after Tommy when you are gone." " I know you're very good. You'll be down here every now and then with a plaything or a copper for him—but that won't prevent her beating him between whiles. He's a high-spirited child, but she's nearly taken his spi-it out of him already, and he's dreadfully frigh-tened of her, poor lamb ! He'll cry himself to sleep every night when I'm in the ohurchyard !" and the tears steal meekly from beneath Myra's "I could have forgiven him if it hadn't been

and the tears steal meekly from beneatl half-closed eyelids, and roll slowly down her hollow cheeks.

hollow cheeks. "He shall not, Myra," says Irene, energetically "Give the child into my charge, and I'll take him away from the cottage and see that he is properly provided for." "You will take him up to the Court and keep

"You will take nim up to the Court and keep him like your own child! He is the son of a gentleman!" says poor Myra, with a faint spark of pride. Irene hesitates. Has she been pro-mising more than she will be able to perform ? Yet she knows Colonel Mordaunt's easy nature, and can almost answer for his compliance

and call atmost answer for his compliance with any of her wishes. "Oh, if you could !" exclaims the dying mother, with clasped hands. "If I thought that my poor darling would live with you, I could die this moment and be thankful !"

"He shall live with me, or under my care," cries Irene. "I promise you." "Will you swear it. Oh ! forgive me ! I am dying."

. swear it."

" I swear it." "Oh! thank God, who put it in your heart to say so! Thank God! Thank God! She lies back on her pillow, exhausted by her own emotion, whilst her hands are feebly clasped above those of her benefactress, and her pale lips keep murmuring at intervals, "Thank

God." "If you please, mum, the Colonel's sent the pony chaise to fetch you home, and he hopes as you'll go immediate."

"The carriage ! " says Irene, starting, " then

"The carriage!" says Irene, starting, "then I must go." "Oh! I had something more to tell you," exclaims Myra; "I was only waiting for the strength. You ought to know all; I—I—" "I cannot walt to hear it now, dear Myra. I am afraid my husband will be angry; but I will come again to-morrow morning." "To-morrow morning I may not be here." "No! no! don't think it. We shall meet again. Meanwhile, be comforted. Remember, I have promised;" and with a farewell pres-sure to the sick girl's hand. Irene resumes her walking things, and drives back to the Court as quickly as her ponies will carry her. Her husband is waiting to receive her on the door-step.

Colonel Mordaunt is not in the best of tem-pers, at least for him. The little episode which took place between Irene and himself relative to her predilection for Mrs. Cray's nurse-child, has made him rather sensitive on the subject of has made him rather sensitive on the subject of everything connected with the laundress's cot-tage, and he is vexed to night that she should have neglected her guests and her dinner-table, to attend the deathbed of what, in his vexation, he calls a "consumptive pauper." And so, when he put out his hand to help his wife down from her pony chalse, he is most decidedly in that condition domestically known as "grumpy."

s "grumpy." "Take them round to the stable at once," he

says sharply, looking at the ponies and address-ing the groom; "why, they've scarcely a hair unturned; they must have been driven home at a most unusual rate." "You sent word you wanted me at once, so I thought it was for something particular," interposes Irene, standing beside him in the

"Do you hear what I say to you?" he re

"What is the matter, Philip?"

peats to the servant, and not noticing her. "What are you standing dawdling there for ?" The groom touches his hat, and drives

"There's nothing the matter, that I know

"Why did you send the pony chaise for me,

got over in the morning. And I certainly do not approve of your being at the beck and call of every sick person in the village, whether you are fit to attend to them or no! You had a bad headache yourself when I left you this after.

nearache yourself when lieft you this after-noon." "Oh, my poor head! I had forgotten all about it. Yes; it was very painful at one time, but I suppose my excitement has driven the pain away. Philip, I have been listening to such a sad story. You know the child-the little boy that they said was at nurse with Mrs. Cray

I have heard you mention it. I really did not know if 'twas a boy or a girl, or if you k. ew yourself," he replies indifferently.

. coloring, do

k. ew yourself," he replies indifferently. "No, no; of course not!" she says, coloring, "but you know what I mean. Well, what do you think—li's a secret though, mind "—lower-ing her voice—"he belongs to poor Myra, after all; isn't it shocking ?" "And what is the use of their telling you such tales as that?" replies Colonel Mordaunt, angrily; "I won't have them defiling your lears with things that are not fit for you to hear. If it is the case, why can't they keep the dis-grace to themselves ? You can do no good by knowing the truth." "Oh, Philip! but you don't understand; it

knowing the truth." "Oh, Philip! but you don't understand; it was the poor girl told me, and it was such a comfort to her-she has no one else to confide in. And besides, she is so unhappy, because Mrs. Cray, beats her poor little boy, and she is airaid he will be ill-treated when she is gone." "And wants to extract a promise from you to or down there every morning and see the beat

"And wants to extract a promise from you to go down there every morning and see that her precious offspring has slept and eaten well since the day before. No, thank you, Irene! I think we've had quite enough of this sort of thing for the present, and when the laundress's niece is dead, I hope that you will confine your charity more to home, and not carry it on ad *i vlinitum* to the third and fourth generation." He makes one step downwards as though to leave her then, but she plucks him timidly by the sleeve and detains him. "But, Philip—I promised her!" "That I would befriend her child when she

"That I would befriend her child when she "That I would befriend her child when she is gone; that I would take him away from Mrs Cray (she was so miserable about him, poor girl, she said she couldn't die in peace), and— and (I do so hope you won't be vexed)—and bring him up under my own care." "What!" cries Colonel Mordaunt roughly, startled out of all politeness. " I promised her I would adopt him; surely, it is nothing so very much out of the way."

"I promised her I would adopt him; surely, it is nothing so very much out of the way." "Adopt a beggar's brat out of the village—a child not born in wedlock—a boy, of all things in the world ! Irene, you must be out of your senses !"

"Bat it is done every day." "But it is done every day." "It may be done occasionally by people who have an interest in Ragged Schools, or the Emigration Society, or the Shoe Black Brigade, or who have arrived at the meridian of life without any nearer ties of their own; but for a young lady, just married, and with her hands

full of occupation, both for the present and the future, it will be absurd—unheard of—impossi-ble!" "But what occupation have I that need pre-vent my looking after a little child, Philip? If -if."

" If what?"

"It what?" "I don't know why I should be so silly as not to like to mention it," she go as on hurriedly, though with an effort; "but supposing I-I-had a child of my own; that would not inter-fere with my duties as mistress here, would it?"

"And would you like to have a child of your own, darling?" he answers we acting of your levantly, an i relapsing into all his usual tender-ness. Were Irene politic, she might win him over at this moment to grant her anything. A smile, an answering look, a pressure of the hand, would do it, and bring him to her feet a slave! But, in one sense of the word she is not hand, would do it, and bring him to her feet a slave! But, in one sense of the word, she is not politic; her nature is too open. She cannot bring her heart to stoop to a deception, however plausible, for her own advanta; e. And so she answers her husband's question frankly. "No! not at all, Philip. I've toid you that a dozen times already ! but I want to take this poor little boy away from Mrs. Cray, and bring him up respectably in mind and body."

him up respectably in mind and body." Colouel Mordaunt's momentary

softnes vanishes, and his "grumpiness" returns in full

vanishes, and his "grumpiness" returns in full force. "Then I object altogether. I'm not so fond of brats at any time as to care to have those of other people'sprawling over my house — and a pauper's brat of all thing. You must dismiss the idea at once." "But I have promised, Philip." "You promised more than you can perform." "But I swore it. Oh, Philip! you will not make me go back from au oath made to the dying ! I shall hate myself for ever if you do."

"You had no right to take such an oath with

"Fou may no right to take such an oath with-cut consulting me." "Perhaps not; I acknowledge it; but it is done, and I cannot recede from my given word." ord." "I refuse to endorse it. I will have no

bastard brought up at my expense." The coarseness of the retort provokes her; she

plors crimson, and recoils from him. "How cruel! how pitlless of you to use that term! You have no charity! Some day you may need it for yourself!"

At that he turus upon her, crimson too, and panting

"What makes you say so? What have you heard ?

"What makes you say so? What have you heard?" "More than I ever thought to hear from your lips. Oh, Philip, I did not think you could be so unkind to me!" and she turns from him weeping, and goes up to her own room, leaving him conscience-stricken in the porch. It is their first quarrel; the first time angry words have ever passed between them, and he is a fraid to follow her, lest he should meet with a rebuff, so he remains there, mody and miserable, and before half an hour has elapsed, could bite out his tongue for every word it uttered. The idea of the adopted child is as unpalatable to him as ever; it appears a most hare-brained and absurd idea to him; but he cannot bear to think that he should have been cross with Irene, or that she should have been betrayed inte using hasty words to him. Oh, that first quarrel ! how infinitely wretched it makes humanity, and what a shock it is to

On, that have quarrent now industry wrotened it makes humanity, and what a shock it is to hear hot and angry words pouring from the lips that have never open yet for us except in bless-

Better thus, though—better, hot and angry words, than cold and calm. The direct death for love to die is when it is

and good sense.

reasoned into silence by the voice of indifference and good sense. Othello's passion was rough and deadly, but while it lasted it must have been very sweet pain. Was it not kinder to smother Desde-mona whilst it was at white heat than to let her live to see the iron cool? But Colonel Mordaunt is in no mood for reason-ing; he is simply miserable; and his mood ends—as all such moods do end for true lovers —by his creeping up to Irene's side in the twilight, and humbly begging her forgiveness, which she grants him readily — crying a little over her own short-comings the while — and then they make it up, and kiss, as husband and wife should do, and come downstairs together, and are very cheerful for the remainder of the evening, and never once mention the obnoxious subject that disturbed their peace. (*To be continued.*)

# (To be continued.)

## I'LL THINK OF THRE. LOVE.

I'll think of thee, love, when the landscape And the

he soft mist is floating from valley and And the soft mist is noating from valley and hill; When the mild, rosy beam of the morning I

see, I'll think of thee, dearest, and only of thee.

I'll think of thee, love, when the first sound of day Scares the bright-pinioned bird from its covert

away\_\_\_\_\_ For the world's busy voice has no music for

me I'll think of thee, dearest, and only of thee.

I'll think of thee, love, when the dark shade sleep On the billows that roll o'er the emerald deep, Like the swift speeding gale, every thought then

I'll think of thee, dearest, while thou art afar, And I'll liken thy smile to the night's fairest star; As the ocean shell breathes of its home in the

8, So in absence my spirit will murmur of th

# PATIENT GRISSEL.

Griselidis was married to one of the most Without was maried to one of the most i lustrious and most celebrated descendants of the house of Saluce, who was named Gualtero. Without wife or ohild, and showing no dis-position to have either spouse or heir, he exer-cised himself in hunting, but this mode of living and thinking was objected to by his subjects, who supplicated him so often and so de-termined by the year them en heir, the the received terminedly to give them an heir, that he resolved

who supplicated him so often and so de-terminedly to give them an heir, that he resolved to cede to their prayers. Whereupon they promised him to choose a woman who, by birth and virtue, was worthy of him. [Here we have the first initimation of the Eastern origin of the story—the choice of a wife by intermediators.] But Gualtiero answered them, "My friends you desire to force me to do a thing that I had resolved never to do, because I know how diffi-cult it is to find a wife possessing all the qualities I require, and which alone can ensure decent behavior between husband and wife. This decent behavior is so rare, that it never, or only very rarely, can be found. How wretched must be the life of a man obliged to live with a person whose character has nothing in common with his! You believe you are able to indge of daughters through their fathers and mothers, and following this principle, you wish to choose a wife for me. Error—for what can yeu know of the secret habits of the father, or, above all, of the mother ? Again, even if you were acquainted with those matters, do we not generally remark that daughters de-generate? But since, in fine, you will absolutely have it that I am to chain myself with the laws of marriage, I have consented; yet, so that I may find fault only with myself if I have cause to repent, I will it that I myself shall choose my wife, and that whoever she may be,

you shall honor her as your lady and mistress, -or I will make you repent having prayed me to marry when my tastes strayed from matrimonv.'

mony." The good people replied that he might count upon them—provided that he would marry. Now for some time the Marquis had been attracted by the behavior and beauty of a young girl who lived in the village below the castle. He fancied that she would be just suitable, and without thinking more, he decided to marry her.

called the father before him, and told him He

He called the father before him, and told him his plan; and then summoned his council and his subject neighbors living near the castle. "My friends," said he, "it has pleased you, and it pleases you still, that I determine to take a wife. I have decided to give you this content-ment; but forget not the promise you have made me to honor, as your liege lady, the woman upon whom I fix, no matter whom. I have found a damsel near at hand who pleases me. and she is the wife I have chomen. In a neve found is damset near at hand who pleases me, and she is the wife I have chomen. In a few days I shall bring her home, so prepare to receive her honorably, that I may be as satis-fied with you as you will be with me." Here the assembly showed great joy, and all there said, with one voice, that they would honor the new Marchioness as their liege lady and mistress

and mistress.

From that moment the lord and his subjects thought only of the preparations for the wed-ding, the Marquis inviting many of his friends and relations and some gentlemen of the neigh-borhood. He had made a number of rich robes, cut to fit a damsel whose height and size were those of the bride, and looked after the rings, girdle, and crown—in fact, after every require-ment necessary to a young bride. The day decided upon, the Marquis, at about nine in the morning, attended by his court, mounted his horse, saying, "Gentles, it is time to go find the bride." Off they set, and soon arrived in the village From that moment the lord and his subject

Off they set, and soon arrived in the village where she resided. As they came near the house where she lived with her father, they saw her returning from the well, and running for-ward that she might catch agimpse of the lord's bride

what they say any say her, he called her by name, Griselidis, and asked her where was her

"My lord," replied she, blushing, "he is with in.'

Thereupon the Marquis dismounted, entered the poor cottage, and finding the father, who was called Gianetto, --- "I am come," said he, "to marry thy daughter Griselidis; but I will,

"to marry thy daughter Griselidis; but I will, in the first place, that she answers before thee certain questions I shall ask her." Then he asked the damsel if, when she should be his wife, she would force herself to please him; if she would know how to keep cool, whatever was done or said; if she would always be obedient and doub.

Matever was done or said ; if she would always be obedient and docile. A "Yes" was the answer to all these re-quests. The Marquis then took her by the hand, led her out, and, before everybody, clothed her in the superb garments he had brought with him, and finally placed a crown upon her spread-ing har. ing hair. "Gentles," said he to the surprised spectators

"Gentles," said he to the surprised spectators, "behold her whom I will to take for wife, if she wills that I shall be her husband." Then turn-ing to her he added, "Griselidis, wilt thou have me for thy husband?" "Yes, my lord, since it is your will." she re

plied.

"Yes, my lord, since it is your will," she replied. Thereupon he married her, and led her in great pomp to his castle, where the wedding feast was as magnificent as though he had espoused a daughter of the King of France. The young wife seemed to change her habits with her fortune. She was, as it has been said, beautiful and well-grown, but after her marriage she became so amiable and gracious that she appeared rather the daughter of some lord than of humble Gianetto. She amazed everyone who had  $\chi$  nown her as a peasant-girl. Moreover, she was so obedient to her husband, and took such care to anticipate his least wishes that he was the most contented and the happiest of mortals. She had so cleverly managed to concilitate the affections of her husband's subjects, that there was not one but loved her as much as he did, and but prayed heaven for her happiness and prosperity. All agreed that if appearances had been against the Marquis, the facts were in his favor; that he had acted like a wise and prudent man; and that he must have

appearances had been against the Marquis, the facts were in his favor; that he had acted like a wise and prudent man; and that he must have been wonderfully segacious to discover so much merit under the rags of a peasant girl. The rumors of Griselidis' good qualities spread in a very short time, not only over that land, but far beyond, and so powerful was her em-pire, that she effaced the disagreeable impres-sions that her husband's faults had created amongst his subjects. In proper time she gave birth to a daughter, to the great joy of the Marquis, but owing to a madness such as one cannot conceive of, he took it into his head, by the harshest and cruelest means to try the patience of his wife. To this end, he began with harsh language, saying that her low birth had set all his subjects against him, and that the daughter she had brought into the world would not a little help to make him bad friends with his people—more especially as they wanted an heir to his lands. Upon hearing these reproaches, without chang-ing face or feature, Griselidis said to him, "Do with me all that you think your honor and your peace of mind command, and I shall not complain, knowing that I am worth much less than the meanest of your subjects; and that in no way have I merited the noble destiny to which you have raised me ! "

This reply pleased the lord, who saw that the honors he and his subjects paid his wife had not made her proud. Having thus spoken to her of the hatred he

ving said his subjects felt towards the child, some time after he sent a servaut whom he had prepared to his wife, to whom he said, with a

said his subjects felt towards the child, some time after he sent a servant whom he had prepared to his wife, to whom he said, with a desolate air, "My lady, if I would save my life, I must obey my lord's orders. I am compelled to take away your child." So saying, he held his peace. Now upon hearing these words, and marking the man's wretched countenance, and above all remember-ing her lord's words, she feit that he had con-demned their child to death. Nevertheless, though in her heart she was suffering the most cruel agony, she showed no sign, but took the child out of its gradle, kissed, blessed, and placed it in the servant's arms. "Do," she said, "as the master has com-manded thee. I but ask one pitying favor: do not cast my innocent to the wild beasts of the land, or to the wild birds of prey." The servant, carrying the child, returned and told all to the Marquits, who was much pleased with the courage and constancy of his wife; and who thereupon sent his daughter to one of his relations at Bologna, directing that the child should be reared like a gentlewoman, but with-out knowing who she was. [It is very clear, in this Eastern and ingosi-ble fiction, that the daughter is reared in ignor-ance of her name and station, that when grown up she may not prevent the last trial of patience to which the mother is submitted. Again, the nomadic, Eastern character of the tale is shown in the sending of the servent. In Syria, the scheik, wandering from place to place, would naturally send a trusted messenger to the wife-But in the tale under consideration it is to be presumed that husband and wife are living un-der the same roof-not in different tents-and therefore the use of the messenger has no basis.] Again Griselidis gave birth to a child-this time a hor. The icv of the Marquis waa nof

basis.] Again Griselidis gave birth to a child-this Again Grisendis gave birth to a cintuint time a boy. The joy of the Marquis was now at its hight, but the trials to which he had subjected his wife did not sufficiently assure him that are way obdient and therefore again be subjected his wife did not sufficiently assure him that she was obedient, and therefore again he used harsh language, harsher even than the first, and in an angry voice he said to her at last, "Since thy son was born, it is beyond me to live at peace with my subjects. They are humiliated at the thought that the grandson of a peasant will one day be my successor and master. If I do not will that their anger shall go farther, and that they drive me from the heritage of my fathers, it must be with thy son as it was with thy daughter; and, in fine, that I divorce myself from thee, and take a wife worthy of the rank to which I have raised thee." thee.'

thee." The Princess heard him out with admirable patience, and made only this reply :--"My lord, be at peace; do as you shall think fit; think not of me. Nothing in this world is so dear to me as that which pleases thee." Soon after, the Marquis sent away his son to Bologna to be reared with his sister and let if

Soon after, the Marquis sent away his son to Bologna, to be reared with his sister, and let it be supposed that he killed the boy. Meanwhile Griselidis, though very tender-hearted, showed as much patience in this trial as in the former. The Prince was utterly amazed, for he had p suaded himself that no woman in the wo -14 could bear patiently so great a trial, and he would have believed that her behavior was the result of indifference had he not known how much she loved children. ed children.

loved children. [It may be remarked here how thoroughly the repetition of the cruelty, which increased in-force, in taking away the second child is typical of Eastern literature; as also is the idea of making the greater trial the loss of a boy, the loss of the girl being a minor misery—exactly as, to this day, in Hebrew families, only the birth of a boy has rejoicing as a result.] Meanwhile, the Marquis's subjects, who had no knowledge that a trick was being played, sup-posed the children dead, and came to abhor the Marquis as thoroughly as they pitted his wife. As for this unfortunate, she consumed her grief without complaint, and though she often heard the woman about her speak Openly against the Prince, she never uttered a re-proach.

often heard the woman about her speak open-against the Prince, she never uttered a re-proach. Yet was not this strange Prince content. He felt it necessary to put his wife's patience to a final proof. He declared openly to many of his relations that he could no longer endure Griss-lidis; that he felt he had made a young man's mistake when he married her; and that he intended to put her away, and marry with an-other. In vain a few honest men protested against the injustice of his proceeding. All the reply he made, when he thought fit to make any, went to the effect that he had made up his mind to be divorced. The Princess, informed, of the misfortune which threatened her, foreseeing that she should be work of her early days, and that her place would be taken by another near him who had all her love, was in her heart weary to death, but she was prepared to accept this new misfor-tune with the same outward calmness she had shown on the previous occasions. A little while after, the Prince caused a for-ged papid dispensation to be brought him, as though from the Pope, and he gave his subjects to understand that by this buil he was enabled to jut away Griselidis and marry another. Sending for the unhappy woman he thus tor-mented, and in the presence of many persons, he said, "Woman, by permission of the Holy Father, the Pope, I may take another wife, and let thee go by. And because my ancestors have been gentlemen and lords on the land where

let thee go by. And because my ancestors have been gentlemen and lords on the land where

THE FAVORITE.

thine have been hinds, thou canst no longer be my better-half-there is too much difference between us. I will that you go back to thy father's house, and only with such matters as

Detween us. I will that you go back to thy father's house, and only with such matters as thou didst bring with you. I have found one who will well replace thee, and who will suit me better in every way." Terrible as was this sentence, Griselidis forced back her tears, a very extraordinary thing in woman, and replied thus: "My lord, I have always very well known the immense difference between your noble state and my lowliness. What I have received by your goodness I have looked upon as by Heaven's special favor, and not as that of which I was worthy. Since it pleases you to take back what you have given me, it is my duty to give it ap with submission, and even with gratitude for having been thought worthy to be, if only for a time, what I have been. Here is the ring with which you married me. Take it. As to my dowry, I have no want of purse, or beast of burden to carry it away. I have not forgoiten, either, that you took me as I was born; and if it seems honest to you that she who has brought you two children should go to her father's home stared at by all eyes as

she who has brought you two children should go to her father's home stared at by all eyes as she passes by, so be it. But if you cherish as worth any price the purity that was mine when you bade me to follow you, grant me some clothing wherein to leave your palace?" The Marquis was softened by these words, but determining to carry out his design, he said, with an angry look, "So be it—go forth barely covered."

a 11

All those present prayed him to give her a robe, if only that the people should not cast eyes upon so miserably clothed a woman, after she had born the title of Princess through thir-teen long years. But all their prayers were use

This unfortunate woman, after saying goode bye, went out from the castle, clothed in on-garment, without head-dress or foot-covering, and so got home to her father. All who saw her pass in this humble and humiliating gear her pass in this humble and humiliating gear did honor to her in tears and compassion; while the luckless father, who had never been able to convince himself that the Marqnis quite recog-nised Griselidis as his wife, and who had always expected that sconer or later she would be sent packing, was able at once to clothe her with the homely garments she had left behind her, and which he had kept in anticipation of her return. So Griselidis put on her old shepherdess home-spun, and fell back into her ancient ways, bear-ing the reverses of fortune with unshaken forti-tude.

The Marquis then gave his subjects to under The Marquis then gave his subjects to under-stand that he was about to marry a daughter of one of the Counts of Pagano, and he gave directions to make preparation for a magnificent wedding. It was then he ordered Griselidis be-fore him, and said, "My new wife will come home in a few days, and I wish that she may be agreeably impressed with all about her upon her arrival. Thou knowset that there is no one about me who can look so well after a house as thou; therefore set the palace in order, invite such gentle women-folk as thou pleasest, as though thou wert still the mistress of the house. The wedding, complete, thou canst go back to thy father's hut." thy father's hut."

thy father's hut." Now, though every word was like a knife-thrust into the heart of this poor Griselidis, who could not contentedly set aside her love as she had her fortune, she said humbly, "My lord, what you will, I do." Thereupon, still wearing her old clothes, she entered the palace, and set to work brushing, rubbing, sweeping, cooking after the manner of the lowest servant. Then she invited the court ladies to the wedding, and when the day was come, she received them while still wearing her village rags. village rags.

The Marquis, who, with all the care of a The Marquis, who, with an the care of a father, had superintended the education of his children, who had remained under the care of a branch of the house of Pagano, to whom the Marquis was related by marriage, now sent for his two children. The girl was about thirteen, and never had beauty more perfect then here been seen while

The girl was about thirteen, and never had beauty more perfect than hers been seen, while the boy numbered six years. Now, the gentle-man who brought the children had been in-structed to say that he accompanied the new bride to her husband, at the same time being warned to remain absolutely silent as to the trath. trath

All being done as the Marquis had ordered,

All being done as the Marquis had ordered, the gentleman, the maid, and the youth arrived about dinner-time, accompanied by a numerous retinue, and passed through the crowds of people all eager to see the new bride. The ladies of the court received the supposed bride, while Griselidis stood behind, still in her country clothes, and waited for her turn to salute the damsel, which she did, saying "Wel-come." come.

The ladies of the court, who had earnestly prayed the Marquis, but vainly, either that the unhappy woman should be allowed to retire, or else appear in suitable clothing, now sat down to table, and the dinner was served.

Need it be said that all eyes watched the supposed bride, while all admitted that the Marquis had certainly not lost by exchange. Above all, Griselidis admired the new-comer, and had enough to do in dividing her attention between the bride and the bride's brother.

The Marquis, believing at last that he bad sufficiently tried bis wife, and seeing that the tests to which he subjected her could not cause her even to change countenance, and at the same time knowing that her behavior was not the result of indifference, thought it was time to relieve the poor woman from the agony she

was doubtless suffering, much as she affected

camness. Therefore, making her face all the company, he said. "What think you of the new bride?" "My lord," she said, "I can but think well of her, and no doubt she is as wise as she is beautiher, and no doubt she is as wise as she is beauti-ful; indeed, I am sure you will live together the happiest in the world. But I ask one favor on your part; it is this...not to heap upon her such sharp words as you have been prodigal of with me, for methinks she could not bear them so well, seeing that she has been reared delicate-by, while your first wife had suffered peing and ly, while your first wife had suffered pains and nenalties from her cradie."

ly, while your first wife had suffered pains and penalties from her cradie." The Marquis, seeing Griselidis firmly per-suaded of the fact of his seco d marriage, now sat her down by his side. "Griselidis," said he to her, "'tis time thou didst gather the fruit of thy long patience, and that those who have looked upon me as a heart-less, brutal, and cruel man may know that all I have done was but a premeditated pretence, to teach them how to choose a good wife, and thee how to be one, in order that I might have a quiet life whilst I must live with thee. "Twas above all, a sooiding w fe I feared in marrying. I first tried thee with harsh words, and thou didst reply but with patience. Never, word in answer saidst thou; never once didst thou com-fiain; so am I certain to obtain in thee the happin as I wanted. I am about to give thee bask in one hour all that I have taken from thee through many years, and to pay thee with tender love for my ill-treatment. Look, then, with joy upon this damsel that thou didst take tender love for my ill-treatment. Look, then, with joy upon this damsel that thou didst take to be my second wife, as thy daughter and mine, and her brother as truly our son. They are those whom thou and many others have looked upon as the victims of my barbarity. I am thy husband, and I love to tell thee this many times; for no husband can be so blessed in a wife as I am in thee." Thereupon he embraced her tenderly, and kissed away the tears of joy fallen from her eyes. Then they stood up together, and went and embraced their children, while all those present were agreeably surprised at this change in affairs.

in affairs The ladies, rising hurriedly from table, led

Griselidis into a private room, where they pulled off her rags, and dressed her like a grand lady; and as such she appeared in the great hall, for she had lost nothing of her dignity and splendor

she had lost nothing of her dignity and splendor under her rags. Now to celebrate this new marriage the galas were continued many days. It was therefore seen that the Marquis had acted wisely, but it was admitted that he had arsh and violent measures to obtain his while, on the other hand, everybody i beyond measure the virtue and courage used harsh ends; d bes shown by Griselidis.

shown by Griselidis. The Marquis, at the summit of happiness, re-moved Gianetto, the father of the Marchioness, from his low condition, and gave him euough upon which to end his day; honorably; and after having well married his daughter, lived a long time happy with Griselidis, he well know-ing how to make her forget the miseries of the past by the charm of the present. And so ends one of the least natural and most intolerable takes that are have morphore

And so ends one of the least natural and most intolerable tales that ever became popular. The husband and wife are equally impossible and contemptible. The woman who can be patient under the infliction of cruel injustice is almost an accomplice of the actual offender. Here we have a woman who actually raises no protest against the murder of her two children, and whose idea of life is the theory of slavish obedience. The injuries of thirteen years never once call for protest on her part, and finally she pleads for mercy upon her successor, because she is better born than herself. A student of Eastern literature is much amused, as he reads this tale, to mark how gallant Boccaclo tries to tone down the abject

A student of Esseric interature is much amused, as he reads this tale, to mark how gallant Boccaclo tries to tone down the abject atrocities of the tale as he gets it—whence he does not say. The tale is evidently an Eastern satire, sung probably, in the first place, in com-paratively modern times by wandering Arab improvisatores. The commingled fun and cruelty evidently point out an Eastern, or rather East Mediterranean origin. How thor-oughly nomadic is the Marquis's going to fetch the bride, his meeting her at the well, her ex. pression of slavish obedience, the leaving of the bride's father still in his lowly position. Through-out, the wife is an absolute slave rather than a spouse; the Marquis a thorough despot; his subjects abject adherents. The scheme of in-fanticide, it need only be said, is thoroughly Asiatic; and while the ousting of Grissildis by means of a papal dispensation is quite childish, seeing that all men should know there was no basis upon which to obtain divorce; on the other means of a papal dispensation is quite childish, seeing that all men should know there was no basis upon which to obtain divorce; on the other hand, how suggestive of the tale of Hagar is the thrusting out one wife for another, and compeil-ing the first to wait upon the second. There are many other minor points indicating the Asiatic origin of this tale, (an Arabian joke, perhaps, told seriously in Europe), and, notably, Griselidis' acts when giving up her first child. She obeys, but blesses the infant, and makes but this one request—that the messenger shall neither throw the child to the beasts of the field, or wild birds of the air. Any one acquainted with certain obligations will recall how such punishments are threatened in case of disobedience; while it is patent to any cap-acity, that while there are no wild birds or beasts in Italy, wild animals and vultures pre-vail in the deserts and other places associated with nomadic, half-civilised tribes. There are several tales which appear to have some associa-tion with this of Griselidis, and where a sirt several tales which appear to have some associa-tion with this of Griselidis, and where a spirit of jocularity and cruelty are combined in the treatment of persons closely alled to the

sufferer. The tale of Lady Godiva at once rises to the memory. Here, again, the humiliation of nudity (a social crime in the East, as all Biblical students must know) is put in opera-tion. But it is interesting to remark how in the Godiva tale this act is associated with a practical, Christian sentiment of sacrifice. On the other hand, as instancing the Eastern origin

practical, Christian sentiment of sacrifice. On the other hand, as instancing the Eastern origin of this tale, the punishment that fails upon Peeping Tom is equally Aslatic in character. The "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" teem with parallels to this tale of Griseidids, but in noone more especially than that of Bedreddin Hassan, when, being discovered by his mother through the pepper in the cream tarts he sells as a pastry-cook, he is sezied, and instead of at once being restored to his family, is carried as prisoner in a cage until he is brought home. The idea appears to be that joy is heightened by past suffering sufficiently to compensate that suffering. So in the tale of Joseph the brothers are thrown into prison, that they may fin i greater joy in the presents they receive; while little Benjamin is made to suffer dread of death, as a supposed thief of a silver cup, in order that his joy may be the greater when Juseph dis-covers himself. Several tales possessed of a similar philosophy are to be found in the Koran. Koran.

Koran. The moral of a persual of the tale of Patient Griselidis appears to be that our days are so far from those when, even in a wandering song, the lesson of women being utter slaves could be found palitable, that it is only good as a contrast. No woman could have been, or should have been, as patient as Griselidis, and the time has long since passed away when a man could even indulge in the belief, much less put it in exercise, that the fidelity of a woman should be no higher than that of a house dog.

# THE CHURCH ORGAN.

They've got a bran-new organ, Sue, For all their fuss and search, They've done just as they said they'd do, And fetched it into church ; They're bound the oritier shall be seen,

And on the preacher's right

They've boisted up their new machine In every body's sight. They've got a chorister and choir, Ag'in my voice and vote ; For it was never my desire To praise the Lord by nete.

I've been a sister, good an' true.

I've been a sister, good an' true, For five-and-twenty year; I've done what seemed my part to do, And prayed my duty clear. I've sung the hymns both slow and quick, Just as the preacher read, And twice, when Descon Tubbs was sick, I took the fork and led !

And now their bold, new-fangled ways Is coming all about; And I, right in my latter days, Am fairly crowded out !

To-day, the preacher-good old dear---With tears all in his eyes, Read, "I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies," I a'ways like that blessed hymn, I s'poel a'ways will, It sometimes gratifies my whim In good old Ortonville; But when that choir sot up to sing

But when that choir got up to sing, I could not catch a word; hey sung the most dog-godest thing A body ever heard. Th

Some worldly chaps was standing near; And when I see them grin, I bld fareweil to every fear, And boldly waded in. I thought I'd chase their tune along, And tried with all iny might! But though my volce is good and strong, I couldn't steer it right; When they was high, then I was low.

An' also contravise; An' I too fast, or they too slow, To "maneions in the skies."

And after every verse you know, They play a little tune; I didn't understand, and so I started on too soon.

I pitched it pretty middlin' high. I fetched a lustry tone, But, oh, alas ! I found that I

Was singin' there alone !

They laughed a little, I am told, But I had done my best; And not a wave of trouble rolled Across my peaceful breast.

And Sister Brown-I could but look-And Sister Brown-I could but look-She sits right front of me; She never was no singing book, An' never went to be; But then she a'ways tried to do The best she could, she said; She understood the time right through, An' kept it with her head; But when she tried this morning, oh, I had to laugh or cough; It kept her head a hobbin' so, It e'en a'most came off.

And Descon Tubbs-he all broke down, As one might well suppose ; He took one look at Sister Brown,

And meekly scratched his nose He calmly looked his hymn book though

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And then a pensive sign he drew, And then a pensive sign he drew, And looked completely beat;

He didn't sing, he didn't shout,

He didn't try to rise, But drawed his red bandanner out, And wiped his weeping eyes.

# WHICH WAS THE LOVER ?

"I do wish, Gilbert, you wouldn't be so full of whims and caprices. What have I done now." Mr. Gilbert Armitage was the happy man whom Miss Milner had promised one day to marry. But there were a dozen times a day when he was ready to hang himself, for all that

that. "It was last night at the ball," said he; not that I care for Morse Jerningham." "Oh, Gilbert, how tiresome you are !" "Susy, I have scarcely seen you in a week," remonstrated the young lover; "I might as well not be engaged to you." "And I'm tired of our engagement. Mamma thinks—and so does Aunt Margaretta—that I can do bettes." "Do you really wish to be released from our engagement, Susy ?"

"Do you really wish to be released from our engagement, Susy ?" "I really do," she answered. "Then you are free." He turned abruptly on his heel and left her. "Let him go," she cried aloud. ".slorae Jer. ningham is not so handsome and intelligent as Gilbert, but Morse Jerningham is rich, and I always thought I should like to be a rich man's wife."

wife

And Susy went into the house chanting a merry little air. "You are in spirits, Susanna," said Aunt Mercaretta

Margaretta. "So I am," said Susy. "I've just dismissed a

"Gilbert Armitage ? "

Busy ?'

tion

out

her rider

nine

was content.

Partridge."

"Yes." "I am glad to hear it," said Aunt Marga-retta. "Young Armitage was very well, but he's not as rich as some of the young men here, and you are pretty enough, Susy, to do as you please. please." That evening, Susy Milner came out in a superb riding-habit. Two horses were led to the door by a groom. Gilbert Armitage, who was pacing up and down with a cigar in his mouth, stopped. "You are not going to ride Brown Diana, Susy ?"

"Yes, I am. Mr. Jerningham says she's as safe as a kitten."

"Let me persuade you to alter your resolu-

"You have no longer any right to speak thus

" I speak to you simply as I would speak to my sister, my mother, or any other lady whom I beheld rushing headlong into danger." At that moment Morse Jerningham came

out. Gilbert drew back, but a pained look came over his face, and he saw Susy spring lightly on Brown Diana's back. Margaretta was standing at her window. "Something has happened," she said to her-self. "I wonder what. Oh, my God ! they are bringing a limp, lifeless figure up from the beach, and it is our Susy." Brown Diana had taken fright, and thrown her rider.

Susy Milner had been picked up senseless and bruised, and now lay between life and death, a broad gash across her forehead, nearly

all her teeth knocked out, and an arm broken. If only she had followed Gilbert Armitage's

"Do let me have the looking-glass, aunt." And the old dowager, not without many mis-givings, gave the little hand-mirror to her nicce,

givings, gave the little hand-mirror to her niece, as she sat up among the pillows. Faise bair, false teeth, a zig-zag scar across her forehead, and the pallor of a long, burning fever replacing the bloom of former days ! Susy Milner shuddere i. "Ob !" she sobbed, as the mirror dropped from her hands. "I hate myself !" "Susy, Susy ! don't talk so," broke out the juiveing volce of Gilbert Armitage, who was being admitted, for the first time, by Mrs. Mil-ner. "Only give me the right to comfort and sherish you. Only say, Susy, that you will be unine."

"Oh, Gilbert! you cannot really love a dis-

"On, Gloert : you cannot really love a dis-igured creature such as I am!" "I never loved you half so much as I do at this instant. Durling, you are my Susy still." She was in very truth, his Susy. And in her wifely troth, Gilbert Armitage

SOMETHING LIKE A POINTER .--- A gentleman has a thoroughbred pointer dog which is said to be the most efficient animal of its kind. It

to be the most efficient animal of its kind. It never lets any chance slip by it. The other day, as it was trotting along the street, its master observed that it ran up the front steps of a house, and pointed dead at the door-plate. He whistled, but the dog refused to budge an inch. Upon going up to see what the matter was, he found that the door-plate bore the name of "A Partridge."

BOOK-WEEPING may be taught in a single soon of three words-Never lend them.





# MENDING THE OLD CRADLE.

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# THEFAVORITE

SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1874.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

We request intending contributors to take notice that in future Rejected Contributions will not be returned

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No notice will be taken of contributions unaccompanied by the name and address of the writer (not necessarily for publication.) and the Editor will not be responsible for their safe keeping.

THE NOSE.

It is rather a singular fact that, although the eyes, the mouth, the eyebrows, the eyelashes, the lips,—in fact, all the features of the face, have received commendation from the poets, the nose has been left alone, without much passing remark. Throughout all poetical literature, there seems to have been a strict silence kept on this important subject. No poet has ever yet found courage to write an "ode" to the nose. One would think it would be a very good sub-lect, if or nothing else than for its novely. It ject, if for nothing else than for its novelty. It certainly is not worn out, because there has been very little, if anything, ever written about

it. Even in conversation, in every-day life, very light mention is made of the nose. How often we hear the expressions: — "What beautiful eves;" "what rosy lips;" "what plump cheeks;"—but how seldom is the remark made, "what a fine nose i" Whenever the nose is spoken of it, it is with a smile. No one ever talks seriously about it; few ever think of expa-tiating on its beauty. It is more than probable if our greatest poet should send a poem "on the nose" to the editor of a periodical, the latter would respectfully decline it, with the remark : —"That's all very good, my dear sir; but then, you know, it is on the nose, and that won't do at all."

at all. The very terms we use in describing a man's nose tend to bring it into contempt and make us laugh. For instance, we say that a man has a pug-nose, a hook-nose, hatchet-nose, a clubus laugh. For instance, we say that a man has a pug-nose, a hook-nose, hatchet-nose, a club-nose, a snub-nose, a potatio-nose, a peaked-nose, a parrot's-nose, or a turned-up-nose. Some thoughtless people designate it as a snout, a pro-boscis; while others, in speaking of a large nose, call it a promontory. A Frenchman says of a clever man, that he has a fine nose; of a pru-dent one, that he has a good nose; of a pru-dent one, that he has a good nose; of a pru-dent one, that he carries his nose in the sir; an inquisitive person is said to poke his nose every-where; a gourmand is described as always hav-ing his nose in his plate; that of the scholar is said to be always in his books. When an indi-vidual is growing angry under provocation, the French say the mustard is rising to his nose. The English say of a man who does not form very decisive opinions — who is led by what others say rather than by his own judgment — that he is led by the nose. Others who do them-selves harm when trying to injure an enemy, are said to have cut off the nose to spite the face. And, in love affairs, when a rival has been supplanted, it is said that he has had his nose put out of joint. A whole issue of our iournal might be filled

with the humorous allusions which have been made on the nose. From the very earliest times, down to the present, it would seem as if there were a tacit agreement among mankind to make the nose a subject of jest. The following is a versification of a remark made on a man who not only had a very large nose, but large teeth, also

Let Dick one summer day expose Before the sun his monstrous nose, And stretch his giant mouth, to cause Its shade to fall upon his jaws; His nose so long, and mouth so wide, And those twelve grinders, side by side, Then Dick, with very little trial, Would make an excellent sundial."

The literal translation of the remark is The literal translation of the remark is: placing your nose opposite to the sun, and, open-ing your mouth, you will show the hour to all observers. A Greek post describes the nose of a man as being so large that its distance from his ears prevented him from hearing himself anceze. Although the nose has been ridiculed through

all time, and held in contempt, yet the majority of the greatest men who have ever lived have been noted for large noses. The Romans had a proverb :---"It is not common to every one to have a nose:" meaning that it was not every one who could boast of a prominent nasal ap-pendage, or, to speak more plainly, have an ex-pressive nose. Cyrus the Great had a long, sharp nose; and the Persians of the present day, in order that they may resemble, in one particu-lar, at least, their great warrior, plnch their noses to resemble his. Cicero was called the orator with the equivocal nose. Julius Cæsar had an aquiline nose; so had AchiNes; but the nose of the old philosopher, Socrates, it is sad to relate, was adecided pug. It is almost needless to say that the nose en-ters very largely into the matter of personal proverb :--- "It is not common to every one to

ters very largely into the matter of personal beauty. All writers on physiology and beauty lay great stress on the part it must take in the facial outline. Some call it the regulator of all the features. One claims it should be one third the length from the tip of the chin to the roots of the hair; and, if there is any deviation from this rule, it must be an excess, for it would be bet-ter to have too large a nose than one too small. Plato called the aquiline the royal nowe; and, from the fact that the subjects of most of the early sculptors and painters were represented as having large noses, we may judge that they preferred them to small ones. But tastes differ; for, among the Kalmucks, a dumpy nose is con-tots, among other heathenish customs, flatten ters very largely into the matter of personal sidered the perfection of peaking. The fiberoal tots, among other heathenish customs, flatten the noses of their offspring; and the Chinese tous, among other nestnemism customs, flatten the noses of their offspring; and the Chinese consider a nose of no account unless it be short and thick. The Crim **Tartars** do worse than this...they break the nesses of their children be-cause they consider them in the way of their AV68.

HOBBIES

If hobbyhorses were at once and for ever abolished, half the commerce of every civilised country would vanish along with them. Men pursue other avocations with various degrees of perseverance and pertinacity; but they ride their "hobbies" when they once get fairly and safely into the saddle, from one year's end to another, until the grim tyrant bars the way, and there is an end to the race. The reason is, that the race they run is that of inclination, not of necessity. Circumstances often force men to the adoption of a profession; but it is choice that mounts them upon their hobbies Hence it follows that the hobby is often so different from the calling, and that the calling of ohe man is the hebby of another, and vice versa. The hobby of the analytic and philosophical Paley was angling; he could cruelly impale an antagonist on the horns of a dideoma, but he preferred to feel the writhings of a gudgeon imantagonist on the horns of a dilemma, but he preferred to feel the writhings of a gudgeon im-paled upon his book. He could fathom the me-taphysical profound with the "plummet of thought, but he preferred to gauge the depth of the brook, where the roach lay at the bottom, with a plummet of lead.

with a plummet of lead. One man's hobby lies in books, which he never reads. He spends his life, and all his su-perfluous cash, in the collection of volumes of which he never peruses more than the title pages. His shelves are groaning beneath the erudition of all ages and all countries. He gloats over the possession of the rarest works, and will travel from one end of the kingdom to the other for the more change of purchasing a minere houghtless people designate it as a snout, a pro-oscis; while others, in speaking of a large nose, all it a promontory. A Frenchman says of a lever man, that he has a fine nose; of a prou-lent one, that he has a good nose; of a prou-nan, that he carries his nose in the air; an quisitive person is sald to poke his nose every-where; a gourmand is described as always hav-ng his nose in his plate; that of the scholar is aid to be always in his books. When an indi-idual is growing angry under provocation, the French say the mustard is rising to his nose. The English say of a man who does not form erry decisive options — who is led by what hat he is led by the nose. Others who do them-nelves harm when trying to injure an energy ine said to have cut off the nose to spite the ace. And, in love affairs, when a rival has seen supplanted, it is said that he has had his nose put out of joint. A whole issue of our journal might be filled for the mere chance of purchasing a unique specimen to add to his collection. It would

taken in; not he,-he is too good a judge for that. Is he ?

THE FAVORITE.

that. Is he? The hobby of a third steady rider is auto-graphs. He sees a charm in the handwriting of remarkable persons superior to anything else that belonged to them. His treasures are scraps of paper, old letters, blank leaves torn from books, or franked envelopes. The genuine "M, his mark," of some baron bold of the unlearn-ed middle age, if he could get it, would be dearer to him than a cheque on Courts and Co. for a good round sum. He enshrines his blotted hoards in close cabinets, under lock and key, lest Betty should mistake them for waste paper, lest Betty should mistake them for waste lest Betty should mistake them for waste paper, and consign them to the kitchen fire. A fourth rides a musical hobby, and goes merrily through the world to the sound of fiddle and flute, and French horn and double bass. He puffs and scrapes, and Llows and thumps away the days scrapes, and thows and thumps away the days of his ears upon all manner of instruments; and his mouth is full of German and Italian celebrities — of Mozart and Beethoven, and Sebastian Bach and Padre Martini, and Al-brechtsberger and Rhigini, and Chernbini, and Clanchettini, " and all others that end in *ini*;" and Spohr, and Graun, and Droebs, and Eybler, and Schneider, and a hundred and fifty more, whom to propounde were to dislocate one and Schneider, and a hundred and fity more, whom to pronounce were to dislocate one's jaws, but whom to hear were to be rapt in Ely-sium. His whole life is one song : and when he sinks into silence at last, it is with the blessed hope of a joyful Da Capo in the land of celestial harmony. A fifth gets astride upon a volume of Philldor, and, in mute and almost motionless enjoyment, rides double with a cher-ished companion, whom he venerates and esteems precisely in proportion to the trouble he is at to beat him. His most powerful and inexorable antegonist he is dearest friend. The chess-board, their field of strife, is their com-mon estate and the piedge of their union : and mon estate and the pledge of their union; and for them there is no world beyond the sixty-four squares upon which they marshal their mimic

It is not always, however, that men manifest It is not always, however, that men manifest a correct taste in the selection of their hobbles. To the instances we have adduced above, there is, perhaps, no very violent objection to be made, on that score, at least. Some eccentric excep-tions, which have come within our own obser-vation, may be thought worth a passing notice. A French nobleman residing in Paris some years ago, being, perhaps, imbued with the con-viction that "there is nothing like leather," chose boot for a hobby. His own boots were the one thing in the universe to the cultivation of chose boot for a hobby. His own boots were the one thing in the universe to the cultivation of which he devoted himself. Most mornings of his life he put on a new pair, which, when his valet drew them off, were carefully pollshed and promoted to the shelves where stood the glitter-ing ranks of their predecessors. He had built himself a long gallery for the reception of his leathern wares; and here they were arranged in rows, under the guardianship of well-salaried custodians, charged to maintain them always in a state of brilliant polish. Here the noble amateur in boots and blacking enjoyed his morning walk for an hour every day; and it was said that he took no small pleasure in ex-hibiting his collection to curious strangers. The idea naturally arises that his lordship was in-sane; such, however, was not the fact, nor did any other act of his life countenance the suppo-sition.

we once knew a gentleman who had made We once knew a gentleman who had made a fortune in commerce, and who, by a hobby, had set his heart upon walking-sticks. Having plenty of money at his command, he spent a tolerable income annually in the purchase of this very equivocal species of goods. He had literally filled his own house to overflowing with every attainable variety of prop, cane, staff, and cudgel, from "the stick with two butt-ends," as Paddy calls his shillelagh, to the supple cane or elastic switch with which the modern beau provides himself for his lounge in Regent Street. A walking-stick, no matter of what material, whether a sixpenny blackthorn or a silver-headed Malacca, was a temptation to relinquish one when he had once fairly grasped it in his palm; it was so much easier to pay the price of it. The shopkeepers of the iown knew his hobby well, and for many years made a good market of his penchant for small timber.

EATING WHEN SICK.—It is the custom among a certain class of people, when a member of the ismily falls sick, to begin at once to ask, "Now what can you eat ?" Every one has heard of the old story of the man who always ate eighteen apple dumplings when he was sick. On one cocasion when he was engaged upon the eighteenth, his little son said; "PA, give me a plece." "No, no, my son," replied the father, "go away; pa is sick." When a young man has surfisited in season and out of season, until exhausted nature gives way, and a fever is coming on, the good mother is in trouble. She anxiously inquirss. "Now, John, what can you eat? You must eat something ! People can't live without food !" Then come toast and tes, etc. The stomach is exhausted, and no more needs stimulating or food than a jaded horse needs the whip. What is needed is rest. Nine-tenths of the acute diseases might be pre-vented by a few days' starvation when the first indications appear. I don't mean complete abstinence in every oase, bu perhaps a piece of coarse bread, with cold water for drink. If such a policy were generally adopted, what ruin would overtake the medical profession. How many physicians would lack for patients.— Heavier effect.

# OUR ILLUSTRATION.

## "MENDING THE OLD CRADLE."

This pleasing incident of domestic life in a comfortable working-class family, which is the subject of a picture by Mr. A. Stocks, shown at the last Royal Academy Exhibition last year, tells its own tale of happy marriage and parental affection. We heartily congratulate the good young husband and father upon his opportu-nity of doing such a timely job of carpentry for the sweet-looking woman and her baby, who are watching his easy work. The artist may have intended to suggest, by the introduction of pussy and, her kitten, a blessed truth of kindly Nature's ways touching the universality of the maternal instinct; or he may only have sought Nature's ways touching the universality of the maternal instinct; or he may only have sought to relieve the simplicity of his main subject with a little by-play in that corner. Some doubt will perhaps arise concerning the relation of the little girl holding the kitten to the youthful matron, whom we are glad to see doing so well after her recent gift of a new recruit to the after her recent gift of a new recruit to the army of humanity. It can scarcely be supposed, in the absence of positive testimony, that she is the mother of such a child, apparently nine years old; and, if it were so, why then it would be natural to look round for several interme-diste brothers and sisters, who should have taken their turns in the same cradle before the advent of the present baby. We prefer to believe that cherished and honored wife has been per-mitted to invite her little sister, perhaps an orphan, to share the modest home where the love of an honest and industrious man has placed her, not more than two or three sum-mers ago; but, whatever be the date of their happy union, they shall have our best for the future tenor of their peaceful life wishes

# NEWS NOTES.

Senator Boutwell's health is precarious. Lowenstein was hung at Albany on the 10th.

The Bishop of Pernambuco has been par-Innad

The funeral of Dr. Livingstone took place on the 18th inst.

The escape of Rochefort and companions is officially confirmed. The Portland Board of Trade adopted Ante-

inflation resolutions. \$7,000 are offered for the arrest of the Austin

stage robbers in Texas. Fifty convicts in the cabinet factory of Sing-

Sing Prison struck lately. The murder of a man name Haywood and his

wife is reported from Ottawa, Ohio, A majority of seventy-eight in the German Reichstag voted for the Army Bill Compromise.

The Carlists have definitively rejected pro-posals for a settlement made by Marshal Serano

A horrible murder and subsequent lynchof the prisoner is reported from Orange,

An Austin despatch says the Brown County Texans and the Border Indians have been fighting.

The French Government has issued a circular prohibiting newspaper attacks on the Septennate.

An Extradition Treaty between Salvador and the United States has been officially promulgated.

A Calcutta despatch says the famine is in-070 creasing in Tirboot, over half a million peristill suffering from starvation.

still suffering from starvation. The Emperor Franc's Joseph has sent a con-ciliatory reply to the Pope's remonstrance against the Ecclesiastical Bills. A special from Calcutta says the famine is everywhere under control, and further subsorip-tions are considered superfluous. The President considers it desirable that the United States Government, should return to

United States Government, should return to

A Memphis despatch says the crevasse on the Mississippi is now a hundred yards wide, and fears of a general inundation are entertaine

Among petitions for a Prohibitory Liquor-Law presented in the House of Commons last night, was one from London sixty-six feet in night, length.

The Congressional Select Committee on Transportation, report favorably on the im-provement of the Eric Canal, to float 1,000 ton Versals

Vessels. A compromise has been effected with regard to the German Military Bill, limiting the strength of the army to 400,000 men, and the period of service to seven years. Captain Brown and Jean Luie, witnesses for the Techborne claimant, have been found guilty of perjury, and respectively sentenced to five and seven years penal servitude. A London despatch says Bir John Carslake has resigned the Attorney-Generalship, in con-sequence of Ill-health, and that Sir Bichard Baggallay, the present Solicitor-General will succeed him. The Havana Official Gesetic says that all

succeed him. The Havana Official Gasette says that all alaves furnished by the Government during Joveilar's administration are to be organised as soldiers under white officers, and after five years' service are to be declared free.

## ON THE RIVER.

BY ROB. RICHARDSON. B.A.

Our boat and we drift down the stream-Down the stream : Down the stream : My love is seated facing me, With blue eyes that melting beam, Lustrously as in a dream,

Full and shadowy. Sultry glows the tropic sun,

two Feel no whit the Summer heat Floating where the shade is sweet, Down the river's ripping flow, Where the red-brown rushes grow, Nodding in their cool retreat

Floating in our cushioned skiff Floating in our cushioned skiff Where we list, All in the hot Australian noon, What time we see a dim white moon And languid Nature sinks to rest, Slumbering with unruffled breast In a death-like swoon---

Down the river's curving reaches Drifting slow, Underneath a fragrant shade

By low-drooping branches made; And in the purple tide below so Checkered shadows come and go-Flash and flit and fade. Oh, the warm Australian day-

Golden fair ! Golden fair ! Unsullied skies ! And over all A drowsy stillness seems to fall, A perfect hush is everywhere, And the still and languid air Is held in dreamy thrall.

May, with flitting summer smiles

Nay, with initial summer similar On her lips, Rows one had, all lily white, Through the waters blue and brigh And from her rosy finger-tips The crystal water sparkling-drips bright; In liquid gems of light.

Deftly, my love, you work the helm, Sweetest May ! And on my lazy oars I blde, White all unhelped of sail we slide Adown the river's peaceful tide, Like that maid of olden day, Plottred in the work's law. Pictured in the poet's lay, Whom the stream bore far away By Camelot's rocky side

Your broad-brimmed hat too jealously Your broad-orimmed hat too jealously Hides in good sooth All the rare beauty of your eyes, Where the melting lustre lies, And the laughter lives and dies; While on your cheek and on your mouth Flushes the red blood of the South, And the warmth of Austral skies.

As on we glide come liquid strains

Our ears to greet ; Sweet chords from many a hidden throat On the drowsy stillness float— The warbling oriole, low and sweet, And the purple lorikeet, A sharp fantastic note.

But, mute for very happiness, You and I, Watch the braided ripples run Now poising bright against the sky,

Blazing golden in the sun.

O that we might thus for ever And for ever And for ever While a changeless life away In an endless Summer day, Where the world's rude shocks could never Come between our loves to sever, Floating down the peaceful river, On for aye and aye !

# TRUE GOLD.

BY A. K.

till he reached the spot, where most of the pa ers had been cued from their position sengers had been restrict how there there berriols position. Some of them had struggled out, and sat on the bank, faint and trembling, but un-hurt; others lay still and senseless; some were

dead. Mr. Garth took the lead at once in that hor. Mr. Garth took the lead at once in that hor-ror-stricken crowd, and sent for hurdles and soft coverings to convey the wounded to shelter. Those who, unhurt themselves, had friends among the stricken, crowded round the young surgeon in painful eagerness. "Look at my child !" exclaimed a tall, hand. woman in frenzied accents. "Oh! doctor do something for him!"

Mr. Garth bent over the little form lying so calmly on the grass, with a look of peace on the white face. Hot tears rose in the tender-hearted

white face. Hot tears rose in the tender-hearted surgeon's eyes. "He will never wake again on earth, madam," he said, gently. "You're wanted more over here, doctor," called a big farmer from the village, touching Mr. Garth as he tried to ease to pain of a man who had received a terrible blow on the should-er. Mr. Garth followed the speaker quickly. Just drawn out of the *débris* and laid on the bank were two young women. The farmer's

Just drawn out of the *d&bris* and laid on the bank were two young women. The farmer's wife was kneeling beside them, chafing the small white hands of the younger. Mr. Garth stopped at the first for a few moments, "Dead!" he said, sadly, and he passed on to the other, whose head was resting on the shoulder of the farmer's wife. Her hat had fallen off, and her short curly brown hair was matted with blod that still tricklad in a tiny stream or the

blood that still trickled in a tiny stream over

her light travelling dress. Mr. Garth bound up the wound carefully, looking with grave pity at the fair young face. "She will require the greatest care—I fear the worst.

We will take both of them to Budleigh. said the farmer, who had summoned his spring-cart—" they seem as it they were together." "Mistress and maid," suggested the sur-

ney were laid in the thick straw, the living and de and dead together, and taken gently across the grass field to the low-roofed farmhouse. The

and dead together, and taken gently across the grass field to the low-roofed farmhouse. The surgeon had two of the most severely wounded moved to his own house, and the rest found eagerly offered care and shelter elsewhere. Soon the spot was still again where the ter-rible trage ly had taken place, and the stars shone down from the quiet autumn sky. All night the surgeon and a physician who had been summoned from London were busy. In the gray light of the morning they were called to Budleigh. The young lady had roused from her swoon in feverish delirium. The two men held a consultation over the case. " Her friends should be sent for," and the physician. " Is she known ?" No; none of the passengers knew her, or remembered at what station she had got in. The farmer's wife pro-duced a pocket-book and a letter, and a hand-some silver card-case, which had been found in the pocket of the wounded girl. " Margaret Wardour"—that was the name on

the pocket of the wounded girl. "Margaret Wardour"—that was the name on the cards; and the letter had the same super-scription, and was signed with the name of a well-known London lawyer. It contained an inquiry as to when a promised interview about some business was to take place. Mr. Garth wrote out a brief message to the lawyer on the back of his letter, and sent it off to the nearest telegraph office by the farmer's man.

man.

It was in the middle of the coroner's inquest, while the surgeon was giving his evidence, that the lawyer arrived.

His first act was to identify the body of the young woman who had been found with Mar-garet Wardour. It was that of Miss Wardour's maid, as the surgeon had surmised—Sarah Weston, aged twenty-eight. When the inquest was over, the lawyer shock his head at the sug-gestion that the young lady's friends should be sent for sent for.

"To the best of my belief she has no friends," he told the surgeon—"in England, at any rate. Till within the last few weeks she had resided in a German school as English governess. Be-fore that she was in India."

" Has she no relations or guardians ?" asked Mr. Garth.

Mr. Garto. "She is of age," said the lawyer. "Poor girl, it would be hard for her to die ! She has just succeeded, as the last of the family, to a very large fortune. She must have every care, Mr.

Garth." "Of course," answered the surgeon. The lawyer went back by the next train, and the friendless heiress lay hovering between life and death. Youth and care, however, won the battle at last, light slowly came back to the dark eyes, and the surgeon could hope for the best.

There had been a railway accident near the little village. Some carriages had left the rails, and lay crushed and shattered by the bank, the cries of the passengers thrilling painfully through the quiet evening air. Men who were harvesting close by flung down their sickles and hastened to help; kind-hearted women came running from the cottages to give eager assist ance. Mr. Reginald Garth was sitting at tea with his sister in the little rose-shadowed porch, after a long day's ride to his patients, when the sad tidings were brought by half-a-dozen impe-rative voices calling for the "doctor." He hast-ened into the surgery for some surgical appli-ances, told Miss Lottie to prepare to receive some of the sufferers, and hastened across the meadows, that were glowing with sunset light, The farmer had no children, but there was a

loved to hear Ida speak of her, feeling a keen sympathy with the young child's loneliness. "Tell me something about you," Ida would say sometimes; and Miss Wardour would tell

THE FAVORITE.

her of her happy life in India with her father and siste 'And did they both die, like mamma?'

and suster. " And did they both die, like mamma?" the child asked one day. " Yes, papa is dead, and Nina is lost;" and Margaret's face shadowed with pain. " Lost?" inquired the child curiously. " Yes. We lost her years ago. She was much older than I was; and I remember her so well. She had eyes like yours, Ida." Thus they would converse, walking up and down in the brief merning sunlight, or sitting by the pleasant fireside. Miss Wardour seemed in no hurry to leave the farm, and the owners were only too glad to keep her there. A dainty little pony-carriage was added to the establishment, and Margaret drove about the country lanes with Ida by her side. They often met the young surgeon on his horse, and he country lanes with 1da by her side. They often met the young surgeon on his horse, and he would raise his hat, or stop and shake hands, and murmur some commonplaces about the weather, and inquire after Miss Wardour's health in a cold professional manner, very un-like his frank genial heartiness with people in general.

Through the depth of that winter he never came to the farm for weeks together, though often in his homeward ride at night he would stop at the garden gate and listen to Margaret's sweet voice singing old German ballads that thrilled the surgeon's heart. The helress loved to sing, and these sad refrains haunted the young man through his daily work.

young man through his daily work. "You are working too hard, Rex," said his sister, one evening, after she had been silently watching his pale thoughtful face for some time. "Why don't you drink your tea?" "I was thinking," he replied, and he started and raised his cup to his lips. "Thinking! You are always thinking ! Why can't you be content with your practice, and leave those old books alone? What's the good of all your study and thinking, I should like to know, Rex ?" "I gives me something to do," he said, and he smiled at her as he stirred his tea. "You don't need that, I'm sure. Your pa-tients keep you pretty well occupied. There." as the bell sounded—"you can't have your tea in peace!"

in peace i" The interruption came in the shape of a note.

In peace 1<sup>st</sup> The interruption came in the shape of a note. Mr. Garth read it and put it down by his plate. "It is from Miss Wardour," he said to his sister. "She wants me to go over to Budleigh." "Ill again ?" questioned Miss Lottle, rather sharply. "It's little Ida then. The child seems to be alling, and they are nervous about her. There's no great hurry." He fluished his tea, hardly hearing his sister Lottle's grumbling remarks about people in general. She brought his overcoat and um-brella—for the rain was coming down fast—and made him wrap up his throat warmly. "You are an ungrateful boy !" she remarked as he resisted the infliction of a large muffler. "Your wife won't have half such forethought for you !" R-ginald sighed, as he went out through the little passage.

"I should like to see Miss Wardour's writing," thought Miss Garth as she went back to the tea-table and looked about for the little note. But it was gone.

. . . . .

The pleasant sitting-room at the farm was aglow with light. Tea was over, and Mrs. Evans, the farmer's wife, had gone out, on household thoughts intent. Ida lay sleeping on a low sofa by the fire, and Miss Wardour sat by her side, looking gravely at the leaping rei flames. Her face was still pile and delicate from her recent illness, though a soft exquisite color tinged her cheeks. She was looking very pretty and grace-ful in a blue silk dress trimmed with costly white lace round the open sleeves and square-cut bodice. Some evenings afterward there was party at the Rectory. Margaret was there, the centre of attraction to the half-dozen gentle-manfarmers and curates that composed the male portion of the company. She was talking gaily, late in the evening, to one of her clerical admirers when the surgeon entered. He sat down near the door, chatting to his hostess, and Margaret watched him furtively in the intervals of her mild flirtation. cut bodice.

Tokens of wealth were scattered over the room, giving a strange *bizarre* appearance to its quaint furniture -beautiful books, a harp and piano, some handsome statuettes and pictures, and numberless little triffes that told of the preence of one to whom money was a small con-

sideration. Hark ! There was a step on the garden path Hark ! There was a step on the garden path. Miss Wardour rose, went out softly, and opened the hall door. The light streamed after her, making to the eyes of Mr. Garth a fair picture of that slight graceful figure in the blue dress. "Good evening, Mr. Garth. Ida is asleep. You are wet, I fear." "It is raining," he said, briefly, taking off his overcoat.

overcost.

"Have you had tea?" asked Miss Wardour. "I hope my note did not bring you out in this wretched weather." "Weather is never studied by a doctor, Miss

"Weather is never studied by a doctor, Miss Wardour," he said. "My patient is asleep, then?" He stopped by the sofa as he spoke. "Hush! Please don't wake her. You won't mind waiting for a while." "Oh, no." He sat down by the table, and Margaret went quietly out of the room. She came back in a few minutes with a little tray, bearing a cup of tea and a few delicate slices of bread-and-butter, and put it down before the surgeon. cant seat. "You are looking tired, Miss Wardour," he said, kindly. "Don't overtax your strength." "Oh no. I am going away. I have taken your advice. There is an old friend of my father's now in London—General Macarthy. I am going on a long visit to him, and shall be presented at Court, I believe, and 'come out.' Oh dear !" "You will find London very different from this." he said.

surgeon. "Your sister will soold me for bringing you ," she said, gaily. Oh, Miss Wardour, why did you trouble your.

self-I had finished tea."

"Come, you must drink it. Do you take sugar ? I hope the tea will be strong enough." With a flush on his grave face he took the cup

from her hands. Something of his thought Margaret guessed, for she too blushed very prettily, and rose and stood on the heart-rug. Mr. Garth rose too, and stood opposite her, with the cup of tea in his hand.

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"You don't favor us often with your visits, Mr. Garth," observed Margaret, with a little re-

Mr. Garth," observed Margaret, with a little re-proach in her manner. "I have struck you off the sick-list, you know, Miss Wardour." "Yes, I am quite well now. If I had not fallen into such goods hands, I should have died, I feel sure." " It takes a good deal to conquer youth," ob.

" It takes a good deal to conquer youth," ob-served the surgeon. " It was all so kindly done," said Miss War-dour, not noticing the last remark. " And you would all have been as kind if I had not been rich, I know." " Of course," responded the surgeon, rather coldiv.

coldiv.  $\mathbf{T}_{i}$ 

Tears were gathering in Miss Wardour's dark violet eyes, and her voice trembled as she spoke She looked up in the young surgeon's face. He put the cup on the chimney-piece, and gazed steadily at the fire. One glance at the shy sweet eyes, and he felt his resolve would fail him. Miss Wardour sat down in her low chair by the sofa, and played restlessly with her ring. Ida was still asleep. The firelight leaped and flick-ered over the two troubled faces. "What ought I to do with my money ?" said Miss Wardour, suddenly. "It is a terrible responsibility; I almost wish it were buried in the sea." ears were gathering in Miss Wardour's dark

Mr. Garth looked down at her; her eyes MR. Garth looked down at her; her eyes were drooping, and she did not see that tender, regretful glance. "Ah, you don't know what money can give, Miss Wardour-flattery, luxury, ease, admira-tion, friends."

"Ah, no ! You must stop there. Friends it "Ah, no ! You must stop there. Friends it can never give. My only friends in England are in this little village—this child, and Mr. and Mrs. Evans, and you," she added, hesitatingly —"you are my friend, are you not ?" She looked up wistfully at him, but his eyes were bent steadily on the fire. For a moment he hesitated. Wild words were trembling on his lips, but he kept them back, and said, earnestly—

his lips, but he kept them back, and said, earnestly— "I hope I am. May I take the privilege of a friend and speak frankly to you ?" "Yes, indeed," was her ready reply. "Don't be angry—don't think me presump— tuous—but, Miss Wardour, you ought not to stay here. Your wealth gives you the right to occupy a position in society very different from this—it is your duty to take it. It is for a wise purpose that riches have come to you; and you should not shrink from meeting your responsibilities. forgive me if I have said too much." Miss Wardour did not answer. She sat look-ing straight before her, every vestige of color gone from her face.

goue from her face. "Do you really think that I ought to go back again into the wide world?" she said at last, in a low hoarse whisper. "You will find there better friends, a more fitting home than you can have here. We shall all miss you."

l miss you." "Thank you," she said, after a pause, and she at her hand up over her eyes. " I will think put her hand up over her eyes. it over.

It over." They did not break the silence again till Ida awoke and Mrs. Evaus came in. Mr. Garth said that Ida's illness would soon pass off, being merely a slight cold, and he ordered the child to bed. to bed. He went away before Margaret came back from seeing Ida warm and asleep in her little cot. Miss Wardour did not notice his absence. She sat down by the fire and talked to Mrs. Evans, and her harp was left untouched.

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of her mild firstation. "Ab, there's Garth !" said her companion, following her giance, "What a plain fellow he

is !" Miss Wardour raised her eyebrows in some astonishment. The surgeon's face was a very fine one, though with little regular beauty. "You don't agree with me? Well, the ladies generally do like his look—he is a great favo-"ite."

Margaret changed the subject, not caring to

Margaret changed the subject, not caring to discuss the surgeon's character. He came over presently and shook hands with her. "Are you enjoying yourself?" he asked. "Is that spoken in *malice prepense*?" Mar-garet returned, ignoring the curate altogether. He moved away, and the surgeon took the va-cant seat.

"You mistake yourself," said the surgeon, in

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cant seat.

this," he said

told

painfully.

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low tone; "you think you would be happy here always, but such would not be the case. What you have missed would always baunt you, and make a dark side to the brightest picture

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ure." "And my feelings have nothing to do with our advice?" said Miss Wardour, half questionvour advice

your advice 7 "said Miss wardour, han question-ingly. Mr. Garth made no answer. "I am going," she added, after a pause--"going to-morrow." "I hope you will be happy--I am sure you will," he said warmly. "Thank you," she returned, briefly. Some-body solved her stiention at that moment body claimed her attention at that moment,

conversation was broken off. Mr. Garth saw little of her after that-and on the morrow she was going ! .

Next morning there was a good deal of bustle at Budleigh-Miss Wardour was going away. She stood dressed in the sitting room, sobbing bitterly, with Ida in her arms, when Mrs. Evans came in with a telegram in her hand. "See here, Miss Wardour. What am I to

"See here, Miss Waruou. "The are a do?" Margaret read the message. "From Lady Dryburne to Mr. Evans, Bud-leigh.—Send Miss Ida Gay at once to Tremleigh —Lord Dryburne is very ill." "Ida's guardian," remarked the heiress. "What can they want with the child?" "She must go," said the farmer's wife. "Tremleigh is right the other side of the county. What am I to do?"

"I will take her there," answered Margaret : "she can go with me now, and I can go on to London afterwards."

Mrs. Evans caught eagerly at the proposal. Ida was soon dressed, and she and Miss War-dour drove at once to the station. Tremleigh was reached in a couple of hours. Margaret left her luggage in charge of a porter,

and went with Ida down the short stretch of road that led to Lord Dryburne's residence. "Do you know your guardian ?" she asked of

Ida. The child's description was of one who was

very kind, but who had never touched the affec-tions of that lit.le lonely heart. She had seen him only when fresh arrangements had had to be made about her home, owing to change and death.

Margaret started when the entered the gates Margaret started when the entered the gates of the garden. All the blinds of the house were down. Death was there. She went up to the door, and rang the muffled bell. The servant took her card, and showed her into a little antetook her card, and showed her hits a fitte affe-room. In a few minutes a stately woman, with a face whose quiet anguish was sad to see, made her appearance. She took Ida's hand and kissed her forehead before she spoke to Margaret. "You are too late," she said. "Lord Dry-burne died an hour ago. You are Ida's aunt, I suppose 2"

suppose?

Her aunt ?" cried Margaret. "Ob. no !"

"Her aunt?" cried Margaret. "Oh, no !" "Your name led me to think so," observed the lady. "Her mother's name was Wardo.r." A thousand undreamed-of coincidences began to crowd on Margaret's mind. "Forgive me, madam. Do you know the Christian name?" "Mu husbond's first wife was called Nina

hristian name?" "My husband's first wife was called Nina "ardour;" and, seeing Margaret's startled face, he added, "Our family name is Gay," "She was my sister," said Margaret, in a Wardou

watada, "Our family name "She was my sister," said Margaret, in a choked voice. "Madam, was she Lord Dry-burne's wife ?" "Yes. I never knew it till yesterday. It is a dour

"She left her home without a word," observ-" She left her hone without a word, observ-ed Margaret, sorrowfully. " My father died not knowing whether she was dead or living. We never knew that she was married. Forgive me, dear madam—you are in great trouble." " My husband repented bitterly of the wrong

he had done your sister by not allowing her to write to her family. Fear of his cwn kept him write to her family. Fear of his GWh Kept him from avowing the marriage, and, when she died so young, the temptation was great to let the past still rest in oblivion. He told me all yes-terday, and left me his child to take care of. I have none of my own. Will you leave her with me, Miss Wardour ? It will help me to bear my trouble. We have only been married a year," she added.

The shock of the discovery was very great The shock of the discovery was very great. Margaret sat still, with her niece's hand tightly chaped in her own, thinking sadly. Time passed swiftly on, and she must catch her train. Ida was somewhat unwilling to be left, and Mar-garet's heart was almost broken to leave her now that a new tie of love was between them. But there was no help for it. Lady Dryburne was her rightful guardian, and seemed anxious to take a mother's place to the little orphaned waif. Margaret went back to the station alone thinking it all over, and calling up the memorwaif. Margaret went back to the seatch and the thinking it all over, and calling up the memor-ies of her dead sister, and the handsome young nobleman who had persuaded her to leave her father's house.

ther's house. The train was nearing London, when another The train was nearing London, when another thought came upon her like a terrible surprise. Ida was her sister's child, Her sister was the elder, and consequently, had she lived, would have been rightful heiress to the wealth that had come to Margaret. Hence it belonged to Ida—Ida was the heiress. Margaret was thorougkly unselfish, but she would have been more than human not to

Margaret was the nerves. Margaret was thorougkly unselfish, but she would have been more than human not to feel a keen sense of regret at the loss of what had been so pleasant to contemplate. Presentlag been so pleasant to contemplate. Present-ly yet another idea, born of that painful chain of thought, occurred to her, and nestled deep down in her troubled, aching heart like asweet message of neace. message of peace.

General Macarthy was waiting at Euston Station for his visitor, and very soon she was seated in a gay London drawing-room, receiv-ing the polished welcome of Lady Jane, the General's pretty, blasée wife. Margaret was petted and caressed as much as she could have wished hed it all been real wished, had it all been real.

wished, had it all been real. The dinner party consisted of the family and a few select visitors; and for the first time Mar-garet was introduced to London society. It was a brilliant scene, one that she remembered ever afterwards. The bright room, the dazzling lights, the company so exquisitely dressed, so perfect in manner—all made up a whole that dazzled and bewildered Miss Wardour. For that dazzied and bewildered Miss wardour. For that evening she received the honors of the heiress with a graceful dignity that charmed her host. Lady Jane embraced the young girl affection-ately when she bade her good night. "We must love each other very much," she

said; "and when you are a little more accus-tomed to us, you will feel at home. Charles will be home next week from Windsor. He is in the Guards, you know."

Guards, you know." Margaret smiled to herself when her hostess

vas gone. "To-morrow," she thought----" ah, I shall dis tinguish gold from tinsel soon.

The morrow dawned, and Margaret sent a letter to her lawyer, requesting him to call upon her. Till then she listened to Lady Jane's florid compliments, and thought of the little country village far away. The lawyer came, and Margaret went down

The lawyer came, and Margaret went down to the library and told her story. She was quite prepared for his answer. She knew what it would be; and yet the news caused a keener pang when told by him. "It is a great blow to you," the lawyer re-marked, kindly. "I am very sorry." "I must leave you to make all arrangements, and tell me what I have to do," said Margaret. "I will give you Lady Dryburne's address--she

I will give you Lady Dryburne's address -she is Ida's guardian, it seems.'

The lawyer took his departure, and Margaret went back to the drawing-room to take her true

position. " Is the terrible business over ?" asked Lady Jane. "What a thing it is to be troubled with money!"

"I shall not be troubled with it long," observ-

"I shall not be troubled with it long," observ-ed Margaret. "Ah, you want somebody to help you to take care of it," commented Lady Jane; "very wise of you, my dear." "I don't mean that. I have been sailing un-der false colors, Lady Jane. This money isn't mine really—it belongs to my sister's daughter. I have just made arrangements for giving it up."

up." "Your sister !" cried Lady Jane. "You are jokin;

"No; I was the younger, you know, and this fortune didn't belong to me at all — it's a ml-serable mistake;" and she recited the princi-

"On, don't trouble yourself, please; I shall go back to my teaching in Germany. I am ac-customed to be poor. Thank you very much for your hospitality, Lady Jane; I will go back to-day to Budleigh." "What! Won't you stay a day or two?" ex-claimed her ladyship, looking intensely re-lieved.

lieved.

"No, thank you; the sooner I get to work again the better. And I dare say you have plenty of friends?"

"And I dare say you have plenty of friends?" said Lady Jane. "Oh, yes; you know I have been an heiress for six months," returned Margaret, smiling. She could smile, now, even though she had dis-covered of what tinsel the friendship of yesterday was composed. General Macarthy was a little more cordial

General Macarthy was a little more cordial than his wife, but they were both much relieved to see Margaret depart in the express. She went by the express though no longer an heir-ess—her heart was throbbing with impatience to get back to Budleigh. It was still bright daylight when she arrived at the attion and heaving her here to be

It was still bright daylight when she arrived at the station, and, leaving her luggage to be sent on, she walked along the footpaths that led from the station to the village. She passed the meadow over which she had been carried more dead than alive on that au-tumn evening. The sun was setting now as she walked up the garden path of the farmhouse and into the old-fashioned sitting-room. Mrs. Evans was there, mending socks.

was there, mending socks. "My dear Miss Wardour-my child !" Mar-"My dear Miss Wardour—my child !" Mar-garet put her arms round her, and laid her head on the motherly breast, crying, in sheer excite-ment and nervousness : "I am going to Germany, and I came back to see you all again. I have lost all my money, Mrs. Evans." It was long before the farmer's wife could un-

Mrs. Evans." It was long before the farmer's wife could un-derstand that little Ida was the heiress and Mar-garet's niece, and that she was never coming back to the farm any more. Margaret had to tell the story over again to Mr. Evans, and it was late for their primitive life when the house-hold retired to rest.

Margaret's eyes had not closed the night be-fore. She slept soundly now in her old room, and it was late in the morning before she

"After breakfast she wrote to Lady Dryburne and Ida, and to the principal of the school where she had been English teacher for some

years. The day was bright and fair, indeed

years. The day was bright and fair, indeed quite spring-like, and, putting on her hat and shawl, she went out to post her letters. The post-office was on the other side of the village, but there was a path that led to it by the fields, and very pleasant it was that morn-ing. Margaret reached the last stile and sat down to rest on the broad step. The road took a sudden curve into the village just beyond, but no sound or sight of human life reached her here. The morning sunshine gleamed over the flat green landscape. The birds sang in the trees overhead. A breath of waking life was in the air. Margaret sat and looked round on the beauty of the scene, and thought, if all else were lost, this would remain, and heaven be bright lost, this would remain, and heaven be bright above.

The sound of a man's voice humming a tune came through the clear air. It drew nearer with a man's quick step. Margaret recognised, in some surprise, the air of one of her German songs. A sudden wild tremor seized her as voice songs. A sudden wild tremor seized her as voice and step came nearer. She started up, and walked quickly back along the field, her face flushing deeply. The man jumped over the stile, and she heard the voice stop, and the steps grow quicker as he recognised her. At the next stile she stopped, for the step sounded close at hand. She turned and held out her hand. "It have superised non. Mr. Garth."

"I have surprised you, Mr. Garth." "You have; but it is a pleasant surprise," he said, though he looked even more pale and troubled than she did. "Are you going to Bud-leigh?"

Yes---to the post," replied Margaret "This way then," he said, with a smile, which trought the color back to her cheeks. She turned, and he turned with her

"I thought you were going to London, Miss Wardour?"

"I have been, and I had some strange ex-periences since I saw you last. I have lost my money for one thing, and I have found a nicce for another." for another.'

Mr. Garth looked incredulous.

Mr. Garth looked incredulous. "I will tell you the whole story," she said. By this time they had reached the stile again, and Margaret sat down on the step and recited her recent experiences. Reginald listen, his face changing almost every minute. "I've done with the heiress-ship and its trou-bles," said Margaret, in conclusion. "Don't you wish me joy of being an independent person once more? I am going back to Germany next week." Yet I woke not to sorrow, nor sighing, nor care, For the green fields of living were dazzingly fair; Nor would I go back to the young years again, Since the present are dearer, tho' fuller of pain; Yet sometimes I sigh for the bower so bright, And the red lips I kissed in a dream of the night. week."

"You took my advice once, you know," said Mr. Garth, rather unsteadily. "Yes. But I a.n no heiress now, and can please weak?"

please myself.

"But you will let me give you one more bit of advice," entreated Mr. Garth, "only this once who had, in the six weeks at the quiet country-side hotel, taken captive not only Ada Burton's heart, but the hearts of several other girls. will promise never to obtrude in like man-He knew it well enough. He had often and often watched the kindling bloom on Ada's face, and seen the quick averted glance she gave him—or did not give

ner again." "Weil, what is it ? Don't make it as long as Mentor's remarks to poor Telemachus. "Don't go to Germany," said Mr. Garth, in a

"Don't go to Germany," said Mr. Garth, in a low voice. "Star here, When I said you ought to go to London 1 loop (you out or than myself, 

ed the light words that rose to her lip. In hapor his love. He had no need of words from her to learn her decision. It was written on the blushing face and in the drooping eyes. "I love you better than you do me," asserted

"I love you better than you do me," asserted Miss Wardour, saucily, as they walked up and down¶the footpath. "Little Miss Ignorance!" he retorted, smil-

ing. "I do. I would have married you if you had 

of this world's goods." "If I had had the money, it would have be all right," he answered.

"You were proud, sir-confess it!" she manded, imperiously.

anded, imperiously. "O Margaret!" was all he answered.

He was settish. He throughly liked his own way, and hated to be "borcd," even by the society of ladies, when he was not in the humor for it. He adjusted his Panama—so becoming, and he knew it—for a stroll off somewhere, where he could be utterly, eutirely alone. A certain secluded spot, a mile beyond the boat-house, he knew of a velvet-turfed lawn, overshadowed with low spreading apple trees, and completely shut in with a thick under-growth of bushes, high as a man's head. He sauntered round the turnpike, and climbed a fence to gain admission to the rural spot. The sun was terribly hot, and the cool grass delightfully refreshing, with the thick, leafy canopy overhead, and the fragrance of the apples on the still, drowsy air. He threw himself at full length on the grass, his hands for a pillow under his head. Two voices, precisely opposite him, on the other side of the thorn-bushes, smote his ears. " Delightful ? It is hot enough to melt any one, unless it's that salamander of yours, Ade;" Five years have elapsed since Margaret's marriage day. She stands in her garden with a baby in her arms, and two more children tumbbaby in her arms, and two more children tumb-ling on the grass close beside her. She is wait-ing for her husband — for they are lovers yet, still in the happy fairy land of courtship. They have had their share of vexations and cares. The surgeon's income is not large, and Margaret has to work hard to make things meet. But the bills somehow get paid, and the children grow and prosper, and not a shadow has yet fallen on the wedded love of the Garths. As Margaret stands and waits, singing softly

As Margaret stands and waits, singing softly to her baby, a carriage comes up the hill and

to her baby, a carriage comes up the hill and stops at the gate. Margaret gives the child to the nurse, and goes to greet her visitors—a stately lady and a tail slight girl with thin white cheeks that have a spot of hectic color on them. The girl throws herself into Mrs. Garth's arms with a half-hys-terical exclamation. "Oh, aunt Margaret, I have come back to you —I have come back to die!"

---I have come back to die !" It is a great surprise, for when Margaret last heard they were travelling in the South for Ida's health. She leads her visitors in, while Lady Dryburne explains how Ida has grown weaker and weaker, and how she has longed to see her annt and home once more. Mr. Garth, looking little older, comes in, and welcomes his guests warmly. He sighs as he looks at Ida's face. It is too true-she has come back to die. A few short months, full of tender care, pass, and the frail little blossom fades and have come back to die !'

dies. All that love and wealth can do is done, but all is of no avail to keep back the sickle of the Reaper.

MAY 2, 1874.

Ida was gone, and the wealth that Margaret had lost came back to her. She was again a rich woman; and the money seemed to bring poor little Ida's blessing with it to the surgeon's Wealth to him and Margaret meant so much

weath to him and Margaret meant so inten-added help and comfort to the sick and suffer-ing around them—so much more opportunity of doing good. . Such lives as they lead must be happy, what-ever troubles come.

# IN A DREAM.

There came to my couch in the dead of the night, With a smile of love and an eye of light,

ers,

night

bloom

own good time.

him.

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A beautiful angel on quivering wing, With a voice like that of which poets sing, And bade me to list while he breathed a strain That should bring back my blossoming years again. I listened with rapture, and quickly to me Came brothers, and sisters in innocent glee; The old happy home and the old happy bow-

The ivy-hung walls and the garden of flowers,

While my spirit bowed under a spell of delight And worshipped the God of the day and the

The vision had passed, like a star-beam, away

Ere the orient heavens grew crimson and gay, And vainly I gazed for the light, like the sun, That circled the form of the beautiful one, Who wove the bewitching and wonderful strain That carried me back to my childhood again.

PLAYING WITH FIRE.

Horace Kent was a dashing sort of fellow

him. It was very pleasant, very pleasant indeed, only he wished that Ada was not so desperately smitten; that she would not be in a hurry for the proposal he knew she expected, and which he certainly meant to honor her with in his

Meanwhile, it was very delightful to be law-fully,<sup>\*</sup> if not morally, privileged to flirt with proud, marble-faced Stella Urivin or the charm-ing Mrs. Carlington.

He was selfish. He thoroughly liked his own way, and ha

one, unless it's that salamander of yours, Ada; he doesn't seem to care at all for the boat" he doesn't seem to care at all for the heat." It was May Voici who spoke—a nervous, ready-tongued little witch, Kent's especial aver

on. Mrs. Lillie Carlington's sweet, gracious voice -perhaps like all widow's voices, slightly fected—rebuked May Voici. "I am sure he is only fortunate in the ex-

"I am sure he is only fortunate in the ex-treme if he can endure our summers." "Well," and a strong, fresh volce Horace Kent recognised as Bertha Lyon's, "whatever Mrs. Carlington thinks of little May's opinion of the gentleman under discussion, she certainly will be horrified when I express my unqualified opinion, and I say I think Mr. Horace Kent an unmitigated rascal. A silence that was almost heard followed her bold speech, and Mr. Kent stroked his mous-tache complacently, and remembered he had rather slighted Miss Lyon the night before, which doubtless accounted for her opinion. "Just wait until Hugh comes," Bertha went on, a little hotty, " and we'll see if Mr. Kent can flirt and flirt with little Ada Burton, and

nearly break her heart, and never say the word a man ought to say, and would say, if he wasn' what I know he is, an unmitigated scoundrel.

Bertha was fanning herself vigorously, and Mrs. Carlington was curling her lip in silent sarcasm

casm. "I presume Mr. Kent can manage his own affairs, however disposed your brother, Mr. Hugh Lyon, may be to assist him." "I presume he won't have the chance, then, retorted Bertha, holly. "When Hugh comes,

retorted Bertha, holy. "When Hugh comes, be and Ada are agreed to get up a first-class fliritation, and goad Mr. Horace Kent into the offer he is bound to make-though goodness knows what Ada sees in him to admire, I don't." don't.

Mrs. Carlington arched her pretty neck, as she languidly arose. "What say you to a row, if old Sandy is aroused to take us?"

And then the quartette flitted away, utterly neonscious of the masculine element on the

er side of the fence. So that's the way the wind blows, is it?

if they think to make me jealous-well, let 'em trv.'

He got up, dusted his clothes, plucked a twig off the apple tree and stuck it in his button-hole and sauntered back. "But I'll not let her slip, even to please them; offer her play is over and the proved my time

after her play is over, and I've proved my 'un-mitigated rascalism,' I'll tell little Ada I love and have loved her all along."

her, and have loved her all along. Then he went up to his room, past Ada Bur-ton's door, and he heard her singing a song he had played the night before for her.

"You're sure you're entirely agreed, Miss Burton ?—you are sure I may flirt with you to my heart's content ?" It was a wondrously thrilling voice that spoke in a confidential tone to Ada, and she looked up to see a pair of merry searching eyes bent in a very decided admiration on her crimson cheeks

"Of course, that is a bargain," said Bertha, "only mind you, Hugh Lyon, you are not to fall in love with her—is he to, Aid?" "I am afraid that I shall." Mr. Hugh Lyon

laughed, then gave Ada his arm into the apart-

laughed, then gave Ada his arm into the apart-ment where the music was sounding. Horace Kent was inside the door—just where Ada had hoped he would be, when she came in, in her triumph—only, and she had not expected that—Mrs. Lillie Carlington was on his arm, laughing and chatting in the most familiar manner

Ada felt her heart sicken for one second, and then she bowed to them, and went on with

then she bowed to them, and went on with Hugh. Ada's spirit would not stay out of her eyes; her cheeks would flush and pale alternately as she stole sly glances at the handsome fellow who had made such an impression on her. Hugh Lyon saw her distress, and pitied her from the depths of his kindly heart, and wonder-ed how on earth any fellow blessed with the affection of such a sweet girl as Ada Burton could help striving mightily to hold it. "They don't seem to care," whispered Ada, piteously.

piteously. We don't make it strong enough," he said.

cheerly. "Let's get in front of them, and whisper, and be dreadfully confidential !" And so Hugh cut across the room with Ada, and in front of Kent and the widow, whispered

to perfection. But " forewarned was forearmed." and Kent

smiled serenely, and the beautiful widow thought Bertha Lyon's plan suited her remarkably

Then came the supper, and a thinning out of guests, until only a few friends remained. Mr. Lyon and Ada came up in time to catch Mrs. Carlington's last words.

Mr. Lyon and Ada came up in time to catch Mrs. Carlington's last words. "We cannot fail to enjoy it thoroughly. Our party will be so select—Miss Burton, you will go to the ruins to-morrow? Mr. Lyon, your sister has promised you to our impromptu picnic." "With pleasure I shall go. Kent, you're booked, of course?" "If Ada—if Miss Burton will allow me the pleasure of her company." He bowed, smiled, and looked so handsome; and poor Ada flushed to radiance. "I don't know about that," returned Hugb, magnificently; "I am disposed to fight, if needs be—for the honor of being Miss Ada's escort. You'll not refuse me?" He gave her such a look; it thrilled her through and through, for all it was in jest. No, she would not refuse him—to punish Horace Kent.

Horace Kent. "I shall be happy to go with you, Mr. Lyon

You will excuse me, of course, Mr. Kent." And Kent bowed perfectly at ease. "Certainly-with pleasure. Mrs. Carlington can console me, I venture to say."

His eyes, his voice were so sarcastic, that Hugh wheeled Ada around, and took her out.

Hugh wheeled Ada around, and took her out into the cool air. "That fellow is an insufferable puppy—not worth even the anxious widow's regards. I am so glad you are going to-morrow with me, Ada. I may as well recite my lesson in private as in public, mayn't I ?" Somehew, her eyes went down before his, and her heart stirred strangely. If Horace would only be so good. And the morrow was a success.

Hugh was the life of the party, and Ada felt a pleasant sort of pride in him, because she and Bertha loved each other so, doubtless. And Mr. Kent and the widow had it all their own way, even to Horace's lying on the grass at her feet, and reading Tennyson to her. Ada

at her feet, and reading Tennyson to her. Ada stumbled over them once. Mr. Kent's first impulse had been to spring up; his second, to remain where he was, and show her sbe was not particularly essential to his enjoyment of the day. So he nodded quite indifferently as she passed, while Mrs. Carlington, in a burst of triumphant melice suddenly exclaimed in Ada's hearing

malice, suddenly exclaimed, in Ada's hearin " Oh, Horace, do repeat that exquisite verse again.'

She had the satisfaction of seeing a blush surge over the back of Ada's neck, and the next minute she managed to flush guiltily herself.

Oh. Mr. Kent, I am so ashamed of mys But I was completely carried away with that sweet verse you read from 'Eleanore.' Please forgive me, and I will promise never to call you But I so again."

so again." She certainly was very pretty. The scene was a favorable one, the time, the place, and so, thralled by her honeyed voice, her floating hair that almost touched his own, Horace Kent leaned near her, and for answer repeated again the verse from "Eleanore,"— hardly meaning what he said, but feeling some delightful sensation that lent a passionate thrill to his words. to his words.

And the while, Ada Burton went back to Hugh h Lyon, a sweet dream broken, a heart enly shorn of its idol. suc

And, Horace Kent, jhis infrequent bursts of en-thusiasm evaporated by the time the pas-sionate verse was repeated, thought what a pre-clous pair of fools they were.

. .

"Going away! Oh Mr. Lyon." For the life of her, Ada could not help it, that sharp, sudden wail of hers. Then, in shame-facedness, she began repeat-ing stale, stereotyped wishes for his safety and herplaces

happiness.

He listened with a half savage smile

He listened with a hair savage smile. "It will be delightful happiness, Ada, that I'm going to—the leaving Kent here to reap the reward of my labors." "But he will not—I mean you have been very kind to me, very, Mr. Ly—..." He grasped her hands that lay idly on the piano keys. "Unit of 2 Only kind 2 Borbars, but bestiles

piano keys. "Kind? Only kind? Perhaps, but horribly cruel to myself. I've been playing with fire, and been hopelessly scorehed."

Her heart was be

Her heart was bounding with delirious bliss. She, too, had played with fire, and she stole a ance at his stern face; he caught the look, and his eyes grew radiant.

"Ada, Ada, tell me, is my love helpless?" "Hugh, as if such a one as you could come out to conquer." Wasn't that satisfactory enough for any

lover ?

And Hugh took his just deserts in the form of andry kisses, and low murmurous vows, just a Mr. Horace Kent lounged in, easy, hand. sundry kiss

some, lazy. "Oh! a thousand pardons. My congratulations, Miss Burton.

Then he lounged out with smothered curses on his lips, and a flercer feeling than he had ever felt before that he was outmanceuvred after all.

Did he marry his widow friend ?

Did he marry his widow friend? Not at all, although after that selection from Eleanore, she chose to regard herself Mr. Ho-race Ken't special delight—until the morning when Ada announced her engagement, it was discovered Mr. Kent had left for regions un-known—a vanquished hero, who received, as did Hugh Lyon, "his just deserts for playing with fre."

# THE DUEL AND ITS RESULTS.

The whole company suddenly ceased its mirth and looked at the two men glaring angrily at each other across the table—the practised duellist and the fiery lad whom he had pro-voked into insulting him. And Colonel Duquesne grimly wiped the wine from his eyes and his grizzled whiskers. Then he said, as coolly as a judge pronouncing the death sentence—

the death sentence-"This night's work shall cost you

heart's blood, Mr. Delancey. You will fight of Harry Delancey, though his look was

And

"That is what I mean, sir," yet in his heart "That is what I mean, sir," yet in his heart he knew that his enemy was right. The quarrel would probably cost him his life. Before he came to the supper that night, Harry Delancey had sworn again and again to himself that he would avoid a quarrel with Colonel Duquesne.

For both were suitors for the hand of beauti. For both were suitors for the hand of beauti-ful Kate Granger, and Harry well knew that it was his rival's ardent desire to call him out and shoot him, that he might have the better op-pertunity to prosecute his suit with the wealthy helress.

So when he went to Mr. Fletcher's that even: ing, Harry had promised himself that he would keep his temper. And this was the end of it all.

The cunning colonel sat opposite to him, and flung sarcasm across the table until the young

man, heated with wine and stung beyond en-durance, had dashed his glass in his enemy's

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"Cannot the affair be settled peaceably?

Must the fight go on 7" It was Gower, Duquesne's second, who spoke. He was an old soldier, who enjoyed nothing better than a duel; yet he pitled the inexperi-ence of Delancey, and would fain have stopped the affair even now. Harry still maintained a sullen indifference, and nod no head to the question

and paid no heed to the question. From him the two seconds looked eagerly at

Duquesne for an answer to Gower's question. But there was no show of relenting in the colonel's face.

He simply said— "Mr. Delancey grossly insulted me last even-ing. I will wipe out his heart's blood as readily as I did the wine he threw in my face." The cold-blooded cruelty of the man stung young Johnson to madness. "By Heaven, sir!" he shouted, "but you cannot so easily wipe out the stain of murder from your soul; and hark ye, sir, if Harry Delancey goes down bafore you to dow newshol

Delancey goes down before you to-day, you shall answer to me for his life."

"As you will, sir; it is a matter of indiffer-

"As you will, sir; it is a matter of indiffer-ence to me. But we waste time." So the pistols were drawn, and the two men took their stand face to face. It would have been difficult to say which was the least affected by the situation. For while Duquesne moved and acted with perfect coolness, Harry now appeared not only perfectly unconcerned for his own safety, but actually eager for the contest.

He seemed all at once to have gained confi-

each other with their pistols; and there was steadiness about the younger man's arm. th

"Two1" The men stood looking fiercely along their weapons, into each other's eyes. Yet no one would have suspected from the demeanor of either, that life was at stake.

The words came in quick succession, and in a succession as rapid, one after the other, came the reports of the two pistols. But Harry's ear had caught the hiss of the consonant in the last word, almost before it was

uttered, and it was his ball that had first gone

As the faint smoke cleared away, the colonel yas seen to take one step forward, erect and

Then his hand went confusedly to his head,

Then his hand went confusedly to his head, and he fell forward on the grass, dead. Harry, on the other hand, letting go the pistol from his nerveless fingers, dropped his arm, all shattered, at his side. Otherwise he was uninjured. He stood a moment, almost doubting the reality of the result; then, without a word, he turned and walked away to his horse, followed by his friend, and one of the surgeons. They rode rapidly back to town, and at the house steps, the wounded man fainted from loss of blood.

He was carried up to his room, and the ball safely extracted. Almost at the same moment that the surgeon

finished dressing Harry Delancey's wound, Kate Granger sat idling over her breakfast. She was evidently unhappy, for her food lay before her quite untouched, and she sighed

repeatedly. At length she pushed back her chair, and

At length she pushed back her chair, and rang the bell impatiently. "Ovid," she said to the old family servant, who entered, "have the letters come?" "Yes, Miss Granger," was the answer. "Very well, go out and see if there are any for me, and if so, bring them in at once." The man vanished and presently returned with the letter Harry Delancey had written the night before.

night before. Miss Granger recognised the handwriting at a glance, and eagerly tore open the envelope. The first few lines she read with a balf-

For in them Harry had told, in excited terms, what she scarcely dared to hope, that he

torms, what have scarcely dared to hope, that he loved her. Then, as she read on, her brow grew anxious, and then all at once she threw down the letter and uttered a cry of anguish.

and uttered a cry of anguish. "Oh, my Harry, my Harry!" was all she said, as she rocked herself back and forth. Then she eagerly snatched up the letter again as though she had found a hope; but once more she threw it aside with a disap-

pointed cry. "Ob, my God! at sunrise this morning, and I can do nothing. Long before this that flend has killed him. But no, God would not per-mit such injustice. Something may have happened to prevent it. I will go to him dead or alive. Ob, my darling! Would that I had known."

Known." She started up and rang the bell violently. "Have the carriage at the door in five minutes," she almost screamed to the affrighted servant, and then hurried to her room, leaving

When she came down, however, the carriage was not to be seen, and unable longer to bear the suspense, calling a girl to attend her, she hurried away on foot.

Arrived at the house, she, with white lips, demanded of the astonished domestic the whereabouts of Mr. Delancey.

"He was carried up to his room in a lifeless condition an hour ago."

him to execute her orders.

pleased expression.

pointed cry.

gave his opponent a feeling of vague uneasin "Two!"

Gower began to count, the men covered

actually eager for the contest.

dence in himself and his cau

"One !?

"Three! Fire !

A

its way

firm.

The sneer deepened upon Duquesne's lips, as

Must the fight go on?'

He simply said-

That was a company of men whose army experience had by no means lessened their de-perience had by no means lessened their de-votion to the code of honor, and arrangements for a meeting were made at once. Two hours after this little scene, Harry sat in his room, thinking over the events of the even-

So he was to go out at sunrise, and be shot down like a dog by a man who never yet missed his mark—he, Harry Delancey, young, rich, and talented

Life had never seemed so fair to him as tonight. Bitterly did he curse himself for his folly.

Yet why should he thus play into the hands of his rival?

He would not fight him—it was unfair—it was monstrous for him, who hardly knew how to handle a pistol, to stand up against a skilled marksman who thirsted for his blood.

It should not be. But what else was left him?

Flight?

no! better death a thousand times. Apology ?

THE FAVORITE.

Never! No, nothing to do but to submit. A letter to the girl he loved, another to his mother, who was even now fondly dreaming of her absent boy-then a few hours of feverish sleep, and then-well, he would think of it no longer lest he persuade himself to play the das-

Now for the letters.

First he wrote to his mother a tender, loving epistle; and his manly tears bedewed the paper episoe; and his maniy tears bedewed the paper as he begged her to forgive him the sorrow he must bring upon her. His other letter was scarcely less difficult to

write He had gone to Kate Granger that every even.

ing, gone to her with the intention of avowing his passion.

But some coldness in her manner, real or fancied, had discouraged him, and when they parted, their adieux were as studied as those of mere acquaintances. She evidently cared nothing for him: and

She evidently cared nothing for him; and yet he was to be shot at daylight to-morrow because he had loved her. Well, well, there was a grim kind of consola-tion in writing and telling her the whole story, how madly he worshipped her, and how death was quite welcome to him since he was naught to her.

She would get the letter in the morning: and maybe her heart would smite her a little when she read the words penned by a hand that would then be rigid in death.

This was the substance of his letter to Kate and having written it, he sealed them both and leit them on the table, knowing that his servant

Then he threw himself, without undressing, upon the bed and sank into a feverish slumber. Then he threw himself, without undressing, upon the bed and sank into a feverish slumber. Never was a more beautiful surrise, never a bluer sky, never a fairer scene than the little open space of field and flower which was that morning to witness the encounter between two men, each eager for the other's blood. Alfred Johnson, Harry's friend and second, had called him promptly at five, and the two had quickly mounted their horses and started for the spot

for the spot. Harry had managed to get a good hour of re Harry had managed to get a good hour of re-freshing slumber towards morning, and now, though his brow was pale, there was no quiver of the lip nor trembling of the hand. He had not the slightest doubt that he was going out to his execution, and this very feeling of certainty made him more careless and less nervous than he might otherwise have been.

He had made up his mind to die, and to die like a man. Kate should at least know that of him. But with this determination came a flerce

hope that his adversary might not come off en-

tirely unharmed.

times.

the time.

tirely unharmed. He said to himself that he would be perfectly cool, and Duquesne, practised duellist as he was, should find that another ear was as swift as his own to catch the signal, and another finger as quick as his to pull the trigger. Such were Harry Delancey's thoughts as he stood leaning upon the shoulder of his horse, while the distances were marked off and the preliminaries arranged. And Colonel Duquesne? This was not the first or even the twentieth time he had found

first or even the twentieth time he had found

There were many graves of his making. He was known to have killed his man three

He stood there a short distance from his adver-

sary, carelessly cutting at the daisies with his

sary, carelessly cutting at the daisies with his riding whip. No one could doubt his courage, yet it was that sort of courage born of brutality and con-fidence in one's own success which really brave men little admire in their fellows.

The two parties now drew nearer together to

Fate had given Delancey the most favorable position; he was to stand with his back to the sun. But the colonel's grey eyes flashed contempt-

The glare of the sun would hardly spoil his aim with the man he hated, with the hatred of

"Very well," he said ; "but, gentlemen, be as expeditious as possible. I breakfast at seven," and he nonchalantly took out his watch to note

himself in a similar position.

learn the conditions.

tuously at the announcement. The glare of the sun would

She turned cold as stone, but did not faint nor

286

ery out. "Please show us his room," she said, quietly, the maid, she And, still accompanied by her maid, she followed the domestic up the stairs. A moment after she stood on the threshold of

A moment after she stood on the threshold of Delancey's room, looking, not as she had expected, upon that gentleman's corpse, but upon that gentleman himself, alive and as well as could be expected under the circumstances. He looked up at her in astonished delight. "Really, Miss Granger, this is kind," he was beginning to say, but was interrupted by her uitering a great cry of joy, and swooning com-pletely away in the arms of her attendant. The reaction had been too much for her. "That letter," thought Harry, as he looked over at the table and found it gone. Three months after his arm was perfectly well again, and he called upon Miss Granger, and learning that she was in the conservatory, he sought her there. He found her cutting flowers for a bouquet she had intended to send him, and on his en-trance she turned with a flush of joy on her lovely face.

lovely face. "Kate," he said, "I have come to learn my fate. Will you be my wife?" She paused a moment, then flung herself into

his arms

In another month Harry stood at the alter with Kate Granger, and he has never yet re-gretted the duel and its results.

## THE RUBY AND THE ROSE.

He was the lord of Merlintower, And I was but of low degree; She had her beauty for her dower, No other treasure needed she He

e came, when hawthorns were a flower, And strove to steal my love from me.

Oh ! she was sweeter than the wind On i she was sweeter than the wind That bloweth over Indian Isles; As April bright, than June more kind, Fawn-wild, and full of winsome wile And I, alas i had learnt to find

My only life beneath her smiles. He sent my love a ruby rare

The sent my love a ruby rare, That might have graced imperial brows, No gem had I. To deck her hair' I sent her—but a simple rose; And prayed her, on a night, to wear The gift of him whose leve she chose.

"Come, queen of all my heart's desire ! Crown me or slay ! My soul is stirred To challenge fate. My pulses thre Of fear's chill tremor. Sings the bird Of hope for him who dares aspire ?" A lover's scroll, and wild of world !

We watched her coming, he and I, With utter dread my heart stood still. The moon's wan crescent waned on high, The nightingale had sung his fill, In the dim distance seemed to die The echo of his latest trill

The flower-trailed gate, our tryst of old, Gleaned whitely 'neath the clustering bloom Of the dusk-starring jasmine. Cold

His shadow fell, a ghostly gloom Lurked where it lay. Oh heart o'er bold ! Hast thou but hastened utter doom ?

A still cold smile slept on his face

That all my hope to anguish froze; Then, in the silence of the place, We heard her flower-pied porch unclose, And-in her hair's silk-soft embrace

There nestled warm a ripe-red rose !

# IN THE PRIORY GARDEN.

A quaint old-fashioned garden it is, with

A quaint old-fashioned garden it is, with straight grassy avenues, long mossy alleys be tween prim hedges of box and holly, smooth vis-tas opening to the sun and breeze, with here and there a sombre yew trained into some curious device. Banks of fragrant, world-forgotten flowers, stone ledges, and low, broken, ivy walls, remains of bygone days when the old garden was covered by a stately monastery, are distinctive features. distinctive features.

distinctive features. The purple twilight was stealing softly down, wrapping in its dusky silent wings the gorgeons orange, crimson, and violet that still flecked the mid-summer sky, one single brilliant star shin-ing in the clear amber of the sunset, a bird's full ing in the clear clear note note sounding far in the ev nes

clear note southing far in the evening stit-ness. A tall gradeful girl, in a long trailing white dress, was pacing slowly down one of the narrow mossy alleys; in one hand she held a bunch of scarlet geraniums, the other was swinging a large garden hat carelessly up and down by its blue ribbons. A fair, fresh wilful face it was, with sweet violet eyes. A knot of the gerani-ums nestled in the thick folds of wavy brown hair; a scarf of soft white wool was tied loosely round her throat; and by herside walked a large staghound, stately and sedate, his noce pushed against his mistress's hand, his splendid wist-ful eyes following every movement. A man's mellow tenor voice sounded faintly through the trees, coming nearer and nearer.

trees, coming nearer and nearer. A shadow crossed the girl's face, the rosy month pouted involuntarily.

"Ah, Hero," said she, looking down at her dog, "there he is again, and singing that same everlasting song; it is always 'My queen, my queen,' Listen, Hero, listen."

The voice, nearer now, came on singing in subdued, tender tones a verse of the well-known song : "I will not dream of her tall and stately-

She that I love may be fairy light; will not say she should walk sedately; Whatever she does, it will sure be right.

And she may be humble or proud, my lady, Or that sweet calm which is just between-

Or that sweet calm which is just between..." "Ah, Hero, old fellow," interrupted the girl, impatiently, "it is always the same old thing. How I hate! 'Whatever she does, it will sure be right' ... and I never do anything right in his eyes! But, at any rate, you believe in me, old fellow...don't you ? In your faithful eyes I am beautiful and gentle and courteous in every-thing, if I am not in Errol's." The dog looked up with his beautiful wistful eyes; the man's voice came nearer and clearer. "There, we won't listen any more, will we, old dog ? At least I have one friend who is not always singing at me, or looking unutterable dis-approbation at me."

She stooped and took hold of one of the dog's soft silky ears. The voice came softly through the high box hedge; it was close to her now, every word distinct :

"But she must be courteous, she must be holy Pure in her spirit, that maiden I love."

"'Courteous,' 'holy'—and I am such a ter-rible reprobate ! Come away, Hero." And the girl started up, and began walking swiftly away down the avenue.

down the avenue. But she was too late—a few steps brought her face to face with the singer, who emerged, quietly unconscious of her proximity, from a side walk. A tall brown-faced young fellow he was, with bright dark eyes and clearly-cut fea-tures, and an expression indicative of power and determination, relieved only by the frank kind-liness of the eyes and smile. "Ah, cousin mine, I have been looking for you all over the garden," said he, stopping before the girl. "Where have you been to all alone?" "Hero and I have been to the Lady's Well

"Hero and I have been to the Lady's Well we are tired of the garden," replied she, pet-

-we are tired of the gatten, topics and, then, tishly. "No wonder you were not to be found, then. Why did you not tell me, Nellie? It was too late for you to go into the wood alone." "I had Hero—he is guite sufficient escort. I

do not care for any other when he is with me, thank you, Errol. We like to be alone best," rejoined Nellie, accompanying her words with a swift glance, to see how they would be received. The hint was too broad to be misunderstood,

The hint was too broad to be misunderstood, but the only reply was a keen look of inquiry at Nellie's vexed face, and a slight smile as he caught her eyes. He turned to walk on with her, and the two paced slowly on past the high prim hedges, past banks of flowers, drooping as day drooped too, on into a garden—nay, a wild-erness—of roses. The dew was brushed off by Nellie's long dress, a subtle, delicious perfume filled the air. Gradually the host of stars ap-neared in the deep blue sky, a blackbird's clear peared in the deep blue sky, a blackbird's clear note rose high and sweet. Unconsciously Errol began to sing softly the refrain of his song :

"She is standing somewhere, she I wowld honor She that I wait for my queen, my queen,

Nellie turned round.

"I do wish, Errol, you would not sing that song; I hate it!" "Hate it! Why, Nellie, it is charming!" "I don't care; I hate it! It is always 'my ouene'!"

"Well, is there any special reason why it should not be 'my queen'?" said he, looking down at her and smiling quietly. "Don't you see,

down at her and smiling quietly. "Don't you see, cousin mine, she is a sort of ideal——" "Yes, I do see," interrupted Nellie, pettish-ity; "and I always did dislike poetic ideals and absolute perfection; and I hate the song, and I wish you would not sing it !" "Of course I will not, if it annoys you so much," said he, with another keen glance at the fair, wilful face; "but I want to argue the point with you first. Here is our old nook under the Noisette; sit down, Nellie, and let me convince you as I used to do in the old days." Inwardly resolving not to be convinced, Nel-lie sat down on the low stone wall, the climbing roses around and above her appearing like a framework. Errol strolled away to a large i cae-bush a few paces distant, and carefully cut off

bush a few paces distant, and carefully cut of a splendid half-opened Provence rose, which in its creamy pinkness contained a world of deliout of scent; then, returning, he threw the grass at Nellie's feet, and loo'red cate, subtle bimself on the grass at Nellie's feet, and looked up into the sweet, wildul face. "Now, tell me, Nellie, why you don't like 'My Queen.'"

"A shower of scarlet geranium petals fell over the white dress, scattered ruthlessly by Nellie's fingers ; but she had no argument ready to sup-port her dislike—at least, none that she would

"Bhe is a charming ideal," continued Errol. "What have you to say against her, Nellie?" "Just that she is an ideal," answered Nellie, shortly

shortly. "And you cannot attain such a height?" asked he, quietly, but with a keener glance than ever at the face above him. No answer came from the pouting lips. The scarlet blossoms almost covered the white dress; the evening breeze came up and stirred the roses; a shower of pure-tinted leaves fell on the scarlet. Errol changed his position slightly.

Raising himself with one hand, he held the rose vards her with the other. "Nellie," said he, gently---" Nellie."

"Will you give me your geraniums for this

"Will you give me your geraniums for this rose ?" he inquired. "No," she replied. "Why not ?" interrogated Errol. "I like the geraniums better," said Nellie, promptly, her eyes turned away from his. "I don't think you do-they are so very bat-tered Wort you make the avchage Nellie ?"

tered. Won't you make the exchange, Nellie ? tered. Won't you make the exchange, Nellie ?" She stole a glance at him. There was no mis-taking his meaning. The geraniums were only a small part of what was wanted. A soft light flashed into the violet eyes; for a moment she hesitated, and then, in a sudden fit of wilful per-versity, she said, sarcastically: ("You do me too much honce cough First!"

versity, she said, sarcastically : "You do me too much honor, cousin Errol; but I do not choose to be second even to an ideal. Your 'queen' is waiting somewhere; let me suggest that you give the rose to her." "My 'queen' is here—I found her long ago. Her throne is this old stone seat, her canopy the thorny white rose, her sceptre a bunch of fiam-ing battered geraniums. Will you take my rose, Neilie ? It is not courteous to keep me waiting a long " so long.

His last words stung Nellie. It seemed to her that to accept the rose so offered would be a token of submission, a confession of her own shortcomings. She would none of it. The wilful eyes flashed defiantly at him, as she said, perversely :

versely: "No, thanks, I prefer my flaming geraniums, battered as they are." "As you will, cousin Nellie," was the quiet re-ply, and the rose was withdrawn. The bird's clear notes ceased suddenly; the night wind came up and shivered among the roses; it seemed to have grown suddenly dark. Nellie draw her scarf closer round her should-ers.

"Let us go in," she said ; " it is cold." . .

A week later Errol and Nellie stood in the A week later Errol and Nellie stood in the vine-covered porch of the old Priory. A pile of rugs, walking-sticks, and portmanteaus lay on one side; a dog-cart stood before the door, and the man-servant was busily stowing away the luggage, which was labeled "New York." "Why are you going, Errol?" asked Nellie, shviv.

shyly. "Partly for business, partly for pleasure,

"What is the business?

"A special suit, which I do not wish to lose if can help it." "And the pleasure?" He gave her a keen, quick glance before he

answered.

"The pleasure? Well, at present the pleasure "The pleasure? Well, at present the pleasure is to gain that particular suit. My adversary is rather obsireperous, but my journey to America will give time for reflection and I think the matter will be amicably arranged. What shall I bring you back, Nellie--an Indian wampum, or the last Yankee notion in bonnet?" "Neither, thank you, Errol," she said, raising

"Neither, thank you, Errol," she said, raising her sweet eyes, half mischlevously, half re-pentantly; "I should prefer a bear-skin and----and a bunch of scarlet geraniums." "Your wishes shall be obeyed. Good-bye, Neilie," said he, gravely, as, springing up into the dog-cart, he took the reins. "Good-bye." Wellie witched the den cert ant fourthet

the dog-cart, he took the reins. "Good-bye." Nellie watched the dog-cart out of sight, and then turned into the house, feeling guilty, de-flant, repentant, and mischlevous half a dozen times before she reached her mother's room. "Ah, my queen, you are very wilful," thought Errol, as he turned his horse into the lane; "but my rose shall win the day yet. I can af-ford to wait till the tree blooms again next summer."

In the old garden Nellie watched the roses In the old garden Nellie watched the roses bloom and pass away, the beautiful golden au-tumn tints come and fade and the green icy winter draw near and settle on the land. Her life with her invalid mother was a lonely one— this winter had seemed specially dreary and long; she watched with intense longing for the first gleam of spring. It lingered long, as if lota' to encounter the chilly winds and weather. The snowdrops came in March; at the end of April there was scarcely a hedgerow tinted with green. greer

"Nellie," said Mrs. Carroll one morning, look ing up from her newspaper, "find me Errol's last letter and see what is the name of the vessel he intended to sail in."

"It was the City of Boston, mamma." "Get the letter, dear-I want to be quite

certain." Nellie opened the writing-desk, found the letter, and gave it to Mrs. Carroll, pointing over her shoulder to a certain passage in it. "Yes, I see you are right; it is the *City of Boston.* I had forgotten all about it; and now I see from the newspaper that she is very much overdue, and that there is great anxiety about her safety."

overdue, and that there is great allely about her safety." Nellie had not forgotten. Since the date of the vessel's sailing had she not counted the days, the hours, almost the minutes ? Had not every chance footstep sent the blood to her cheeks, every unexpected knock or ring caused her heart to beat wildly ? Latterly, did not every slight noise jar upon the strained nerves almost pain-fully? No need had she to find the letter for names and dates, when her heart was sohing with vague suspicion and dread, her oheeks thin and pale with anxious waiting and watching. Alas i she was not the only one. With that day, when the first warning appeared in the pa-

pers, began a time when her own fears were echoed by hundreds of sad hearts all over England. .

MAY 2, 1874.

Once more it was a fair summer evening in the old Priory garden ; the purple twilight sha-dows were falling softly, and a bird's high note sounded far in the stillness as in bygone days. Terribly cruel it all seemed to Nelle that the brightness and beauty could last while hearts should be so desolate. She was pacing restless-ly up and down the moss-grown avenue, her black dress clinging to her in sombre folds—for the months had come and gone, and hope at last had died out. Hero walked beside her, his head drooping. Presently she left the alley and sought the old stone seat under the Noisette rose. She threw herself down on the grass beside it, and pressed her cheek against the cold stone. It was piteous to see the small hands pressed to her breast to still the convulsive sobs that shook he slight fragile figure. "Oh, Errol, where are you?" she said, des-pairingly. "Can't you hear me, Errol ? In all the world above is there no spot where you can hear me?" The rose-leaves fluttared down over her in a white shower as they had done a year ago\_far away in the dusky thicket the black

her in a white shower as they had done a year ago-far away in the dusky thicket the black-bird's clear note rang out. She shivered as a rose-leaf fell on her hand. "And I grieved you so, Errol, that night. I remember it all; and now you can hear me no more, and I can never tell you that I loved you. Oh, my love, my love i How cruel it is-how pittless!" The poor little white face worked and quiv-ered with convulsed sobs, and she burst into a wild passion of weeping. All those weary months of waiting she had no **tears** from the wide-open miserable eyes; now they came so irresistibly, so passionately, that the slight figure shock like the leaves above her. "Nellie," said a low voice-"Nellie." She started and moaned as if the sound were heard in a dream, and the drooping bright head was not raised. "Nellie," said the voice again, and she was her in a white shower as they had done

"Nellie," said the voice again, and she was "Nellie," said the voice again, and she was presently raised from her crouching position by a man's strong arms. The dark eyes that eagerly sought hers were glistening with emotion, the face, was almost as agitated as her own. "Errol," she oried—"Errol !" Her face was so ghastly in its incredulous re-cognition her eves ware or wildly numbeling

Her face was so ghastly in its incredulous re-cognition, her eyes were so wildly umbeliev-ing, that he spoke as quickly as possible. "I was not in the ship, Nellie. My name was in the list of passengers by mistake." "Is it you, Errol ?" she asked, and she gave one long searching glance, and put out her hand to touch him. "Yes, Nellie, it is I. I was prevented from sailing in the *City of Boston*, thank God !" said he, reverently. He took the poor little trembling hands in one

saling in the Cuty of Boston, thank God 1" salu he, reverently. He took the poor little trembling hands in one of his, with the other he put her on the old seat. Her sweet violet eyes filled afresh with tears, but with such tears of grateful thankfulness as

those who have come out of the valley of the shadow of death only can know, and for a few minutes the solemn prayerful silence was un-broken. At last Nellie spoke, with the reverent tone of one who has just held some sacred com-

munion. "How was it, Errol ?" she asked. "I had taken my passage on board the City of Boston," he explained, " but at the last mo-ment a party of friends persuaded me to join them on a hunting expedition to the Rocky Mountains. We were away four months; and all that time I received no letters or newspa-news or more way about to public four picture.

all that time I received no letters or newspa-pers, as we moved about so rapidly from place to place that they were not forwarded to us. When I reached New York on my way home, I heard about the loss of the vessel. I was hor-ror-struck to think of what you might have suf-fered. I set sail in the first steamer. Thank hea-ron Law at home in safety at lost 12

fered. I set sail in the first steamer. Thank hea-ven I am at home in safety at last !" "Why did not you write, Errol?" "I did; but I suppose my letters went down with the vessel. I would have given anything to save you this. Nellie," "I know it," said Nellie, softly. With serious, awe.struck eyes she looked up through the rose-boughs; one bright star gleamed down upon her with kindly light, like a radiant messenger of

I want my welcome home, Nellie," said Er-

"I want my welcome nome, Nellie," said E<sup>4-</sup> ol, presently. She glanced at him with sweet, shy eyes. "Have I found 'my queen' at last ?" "Yes," whispered Nellie, softly. He folded her in his arms, and kissed her pas-

He folded her in his arms, and kissed her pas-sionately on lips, brow, and cheeks, and then, drawing her head on his shoulder, let her pale pure face rest there. Her little fingers went wandering over his coat—the very touch of the rough tweed cloth gave such intense relief, com-fort, and delight. After a while she raised her head and spoke:

" Yes, consin Nellie," "Did you win the law-suit?" "Yes, fair lady; I have won my suit. My ad-versary has succumbed at last," said he\_signi-ficantly. "Was there not really one?"

"Was there not really one?" "Do not inquire too closely, Nellie mine. The answer may be embarransing. At least I have remembered your request, said Errol, producing his pocket-book, and taking therefrom a hand-ful of withered flowers, which still, despite their dryness, retained a portion of vivid coloring. I gathered these wild geraniums one moon-light night while we were watching for a grisz-ly on Mount Columbar." Raising one arm, he pulled a rose from the branch above Nellie's

munion.

aympathy.

ad and spoke: "Cousin Errol?" "Yes, cousin Nellie."

rol, pr

head. "Now which will you have, Nellie?" asked he, offering her the geraniums in one hand and the rose in the other. Nellie hesitated, glanced up shyly, hesitated again, and then stretched out her hand to the

"And I'll give my heart to my ladye's keeping, And ever her strength on mine shall lean And the stars shall fall, and the angels be

weeping, Ere I cease to love her, my queen, my queen !"

sang Errol as they sauntered home through the old garden, with the shadows falling softly around them, the stars looking down, the calm majestic presence of the night sympathising with the deep unutterable gratitude which filled their hearts with margarene and awa unsuch eir hearts with reverence and awe unspeak able.

# SOIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

CREAKING BOOTS .--- Stand them in the salt and water over the soles for 24 hours

A NEW method of preserving new manurial matters consists of mixing burnt gypsum with them and moulding into bricks.

FLOOR OIL-CLOTHS.—Have the dust wiped from them often; but use scap and sorubbing-brush seldom, as they wear off the paint. Use no hot water.

A HORSE left uncovered when not in exercise will soon grow a heavy coat of coarse hair. This becomes a hindrance to rapid motion, and should be prevented by judicious blanketing.

To detest mitric acid in wines it is necessary to aturate the wine with baryts and then distill ; hosphoric acid is added to the residue and re-istilled, when the acetic will be found in the distillato

TO CLEAN MARBLE. -To cleanse marble stain ed with iron rust, apply lemon-juice to it with a clean rag and wash with warm water. If solled with dirt, wach it with soap and Paris white

FUENITURE OIL.—Mix half a pint of olive oil with a pound of soft soap. Boil them well, and apply the mixture to your oiled furniture with a piece of dry cotton wool. Polish with a soft, dry flannel.

FOR BLEACHING MUSLIN .--- One pound of chloride of lime to forty yards of muslin; soak the muslin in soft water over hight, melt the lime in a pot of water; then put the muslin in for half an nour; then ringe three times; mak in soft water over night; then hang out to dry.

To Polish TINS .- First rub your tins with a To POLISH TINS.—First rub your tins with a dry cloth; them take dry flour and rub it on with your hands; afterwards, take an old news-paper and rub the flour of, and the tins will shine as well as if half an hour had been spent rubbing them with brick dust or powder, which spoils the hands.

An old umbrella supported on a stick driver As old umbrells supported on a stock driven into the ground affords an excellent shelter from the frost for small trees and shrubs. A galvanised iron cage of similar shape has re-cently been introduced for this purpose; it has only to be covered with cloth or paper to complete the arrangement.

MUSTARD PLAISTER .- In making a mustard plaister no water whatever should be used, but the mustard mixed with the white of an egg; the result will be a plaister which will "draw" perfectly, but will not produce a blister even upon the skin of an infant, no matter how long it is allowed to remain upon the part.

ALUM water applied hot is said to destroy red and black cockroaches, spiders, and all the crawing pests that infest our houses. The alum water should be applied with a brush to all wood.work where insects are suspected. Powdered alum or borax is useful for travellers to Carry with them, to scatter about when they suspect there may be troublesome visitors.

An old farmer said: "When I die, I am going to leave behind me, as a heritage for my children, the home where they were born, made as beautiful as my means and educated tasks would allow: Discount of the home Would allow; pleasant memories of the home firealle, and of the sunny summer days, and a true regard for the dignity and worthings of the calling which their father followed." It is a apital legacy

Capital legacy. A GOOD TABLE SAUCE.—Take one gallon of tomatoes, wash and simmer in three quarts of Water until nearly done; strain through a sleve; add two tablespoonfuls of each of these splees, ginger, mase, black pepper, allspice and sait, and one of cayenne pepper; boil down to One quart; pour in one-half pint best vinegar, and then pass through a hair sleve. Bottle in half-pint hottles; oork and seal securely, and keep in a cool place. M GATIDUIE has been making experiments

Meep in a cool place. M. GAUDUIN has been making experiments to supersede borax, which is generally employed in soldering, and the result is that he finds that an excellent flux for soldering iron, and brazing copper and aluminum bronze, is obtained by a mixture of equal parts of cryolite and chloride of barium. Cryolite is a product and export of Greenland, and consists of a double fluoride of aluminum and sodium.

M. MILWE-EDWARDS, the well-known Parisian haturalist, has been studying *milanisme*, or the influence of climate in producing a black hue in the plumage of birds. He observes that the Quantity of black in their feathers is regulated

by the regions in which they live, the tendency to *mélanisme* being chief noticeable in the southern hemispheres, and particularly in New Zealand, Madagascar, and New Guinea.

Zealand, Madagascar, and New Guinea. VARNISH BY EVAPORATION.—Guita-percha solved in ether is said, by Dr. Hoffman, to make an admirable transparent varnish for pictures and other sensitive objects of taste. Upon being applied to a surface the ether evaporates, leav-ing an exceedingly delicate and scarcely visible film, which can be washed with a moist cloth without harm. Applied to fine drawings through a vaporizer, this composition renders them ineffaceable. CLEANSING LACE. -Point, or any kind of fine

CLEANSING LACE.—Point, or any kind of fine lace, may be cleansed easily by soaking it in a preparation of sapoline and warm water. If this is not procurable, ammonia may be used with almost equal effect. Let it soak till fit to rince in pure warm water; then lay it on the ironing-board over clean linen, and iron lightly on the wrong side with a cool iron. Afterward pin the lace on the linen-covered board, insert-ing a min in avery onen how to heap the pattern ing a pin in every open loop to keep the pattern

clear. How to KEEP BUTTEE Cool.—Get a large flour pot, plug up the hole with a sound cork and seal it. Now put a quarter-brick or other square, heavy body in the bottom, to serve as a support for a second, but smaller pot, which must be plugged up in the same manner. Place a dish under the outer pot, and cover with any cover you please, provided it be not metallic. Now fill the space between the inner and outer pot with water. The butter will keep as firm as a rock, as cool as a cucumber. In the Transactions of the Highland Agrical

as a rock, as cool as a cucumber. In the Transactions of the Highland Agricul-tural Society various waste residues are describ-ed as important. Blood may be used as manure; it contains one per cent, of phosphoric acid. Flesh, fish, hair, wool, and glue refuse may be used, as also the "trotter-soutch" from tanner-ies, a mixture of skin and hair. Refuse hops contain from two to four per cent. of potential ammonia. Sugar-boilers' soum contains both nitrogen and phosphates.

ENGRAVING IN RELIEF .--- This is a substitute ENGRAVING IN RELIET.—This is a substitute for wood engraving by deepening or hollowing out by means of acid the parts usually out to the full depth required with a graver. The drawing is etched on the plate, and the raised parts obtained by a deposit of metal, then the parts in relief are covered with an acid resist-ing varnish, and the remaining parts are hol-lowed out to the required depth by means of acid, this process being repeated as often as necessary for producing the greatest depth re-quired. quired.

YOUNG engineers will find the following re-cipe a good one for polishing the brass-work of their engines. Rub the surface of the metal with rottenstone and sweet-oil, then rub off with a piece of cotton fiannel and polish with soft leather. A solution of oxalic acid rubbed over tentished brass soon appears the tentish with a piece of cotton fiable and polish with soft leather. A solution of oxalic acid rubbed over tarnished brass soon removes the tarnish, rendering the metal bright. The acid must be washed off with water, and the brass rubbed with whiting and soft leather. A mixture of muriatic acid and alum dissolved in water imparts a golden color to brass articles that are steeped in it for a faw seconds.

steeped in it for a faw seconds. GLYCEEINE AND CASTOE OIL.—The Philadel-phia Medical Times has an article on this sub-ject. It is stated that if castor-oil be mixed with an equal part of glycerine and one or two drops of oil of cinnamon to the dose, it can scarcely be recognized. The writer affirms that he has used this mixture a great number of times, and can confirm all that has been said of it. Children take it out of the spoon without difficulty, and it has been given to doctors without their discovering that they were taking castor-oil. This hint may be well worth acting upon, considering the nauseous character of castor-oil to most persons.

castor-oll to most persons. IMPROVED WOOD FENCE.—The stakes are used in pairs, set at such an inclination toward each other that they intersect or cross, and are placed at the usual distance apart to form a panel of fence. A rider is supported in the angles formed by the intersection, and an up-right is placed centrally between each pair of stakes, with a rider extending across the top ends thereof. Braces are attached to the stakes at one end, while the other end rests beneath the lower angle of the latter, on the rider. The uprights are connected with the stakes by slats, and placed wit an angle of fitteen degrees with the surface of the ground. Ralls rest on there slats, and their ends lap past each other by placing them on opposite sides of the uprights. The fonce is said to be straight, and proof against The fence is said to be straight, and proof against unruly stock, as well as high winds.

DIPHTHERIA.—A remedy for diphtheria has been brought prominently before the public in Victoria, Australia, by Mr. R. Greathead. In the first instance, Mr. Greathead offered to communicate to the Government a sovereign remedy for diphtheria, in consideration of a reward of 45,000. The matter was referred to the chief medical officer, Dr. McGree, but there were manifest difficulties in the way of testing Mr. Greathead's method; and the Government, of course, declined to enter into the speculation which he had invited. Thereupon, Mr. Great-head made public his remedy, which consists simply of the administration of four drops of pure sulphuric acid in a tumbler of water. Cases have since been reported in which the successfully, but the cures have not been authen-ticated by medical men, and the value of the municate to the Government a sovereign remedy ticated by medical men, and the value of the remedy is still, a matter of doubt amongst lay.



SATURDAY, May 2nd, 1874. \*\_\* All 00 ations relating to Chess must be addressed "CHECKMATE," London, Ont.

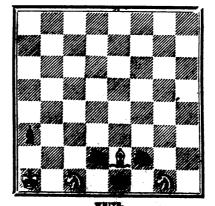
## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. A. RODIER.-Your solution of No. 56 is quite orrect. Should be pleased to hear from you re-

J. W., STANSTEAD.—The documents have been dis-tributed as directed. Cannot promise the Association much from Lon on. A prob now and then for the *Casks* would be in order.

CAISSAN CONUNDRUMS. No. 59. BT L. T. BROWN.

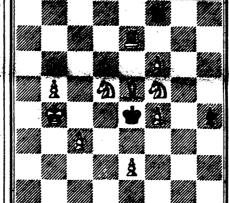
BLACK.



White to play and mate in two m

No. 60. BY MISS ELINA JANE HALL.

BLACK.



White to play and mate in three moves.

W mile to play and	Marrie Moves.
CONUNDRU	MS CRIBBLED.
N	o. 51.
White.	Black.
1 B to K B 6th 2 Mate ass.	1 Any
	. 52.
White.	Black.
1 B to Q B 4th 2 Q to Q 5th, ch 3 Kt or Q mater	1 K takes B 2 Any
· · · · · · ·	(a.)
2 Q to Q lat 3 Q mater	1 B takes B, etc. 2 Any
17 m 821	(8.)
2 Q to K 1st, ch 3 Mate	1 B takes Kt P 2 Moves
	(•.)
2 P takes B 8 Mate.	1 R to Q or K 5th 2 Any
CAISSAN	CONTESTS.
	. 28.

An elegant little affair contested some

Ruy Lopes Kt.'s Game.						
White.	Black.					
Mr. N.	Mr. 8.					
1 P to K 4th 2 Kt to K B 3rd 3 B to Q Kt 5th 4 P to Q B 3rd 5 Castles 6 P to Q 4th 7 P takee P	1 P to K 4th 2 Kt to Q B 3rd 3 B to Q 4th (a) 4 K K to K 2nd 5 Castles 6 P takes P 7 B to Q Kt 3rd					

8 Kt to Q Kt 1st 9 Kt to K Kt 3rd (b) 8 P to Q 5th 9 P to Q 6th 9 F to Q 60h i 10 P to K 56h 10 11 K B to K 1st 11 12 B to K Kt 56h 12 13 B to Q B 4th ch 13 14 P takes K B P 14 15 Q takes R 15 16 Q to K 8 ch, and wins (c). 9 Kt to K Kt 3rd 10 Kt to Q B 3rd 11 K R to K 1st 12 P to K B 3rd 13 K to R 1st 14 H takes R, ch 15 P takes K B P NOTES.

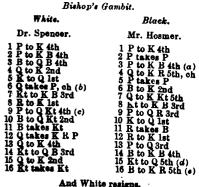
(a) Probably the worst defence to the Ruy Lopes that can be adopted.

(b) P takes P is the proper move. (c) A beautiful and unexpected coup, which forces nate in a move or two.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Neumann, who, a few years ago, was looked upon as second to no player in Europe, should have so completely retired from the Chess arena, his name newadays being rarely to be met with, even in the German and Austrian Chess magazines.

No. 27.

A smart little game recently contested in the Chicago Chess Club.



NOTES.

(a) A defence recommended by Philidor

(b) M. Neuman's move of Kt to Q B 3rd appears be the strongest mode of proceeding with the

(c) A novelty, and one which appears worth con-sideration.

(d) An excellent cowp, to which there seems to be no satisfactory reply.

(c) This brilliant stroke of play changes in a mo-ment the whole aspect of the game. White must now lose his Queen or be mated.

## CA188AN CHIPS.

We conclude our labors by gathering the "chips." It has been suggested that we open a correspon-dence tournament, and publish the games in the Faveaurs. How means of your readers think the coming season hot foo sultry for such a contest ? Let us know at once.

Areans. Now near of our readers think the coming seaso hole too sultry for such a contest? Let us know at once. Brother Brownson and good lady playing at chess forms the handsome picture that adors the cover of the greatly improved, handsomely-printed Dubuque (Iows) Cases Journal, for April. Have we informed our readers of the painful event -the death of Ernest Morphy? Apoplexy carried off this able chess writer and his demise occurred at Quincy, Illinois on the 7th ult. The Chess Journal presents to the would a new variation in the "slow" opening, called "Jerome's double grambit." It will in all probability prove to be practically, as it certainly is theoretically, un-sound. The sacrifice of a Bishop and a Knight so carly in a game as the 4th and 5th moves, can hardly be expected to afford equivalent advantage in posi-tion. After further examination we may possibly republish it in the FAVORITE, should we not see what we expect to see.

THERE is a story told about Holbeck Lunds chapel in Wensleydale, that some years ago, when the small bell in the little turret was either missing or broken, the clerk used to come down to the chapel on Sunday at the usual bear, and, thrusting his head through the hole where the bell had hung, ory out lustly, "Bol-lol, bol-lol, bol-lol !" in order to summon the parishioners to service.

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### THE FAVORITE.

# HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

"If a naughty girl should hurt you, like a good girl you would forgive her, wouldn't you?" "Yes, marm," she replied, "if I couldn't catch

ONE of our countrymen who has suffered declares that to carry letters of introduction to Englishmen doubles the terrors of crossing the Atlantic.

A CHICAGO man wrote to Agassis that he had an apple which he had preserved for fifty-three years, and when Agassis wrote for it, the joker said it was the apple of his eye.

CONSCIENCE doth make cowards of us all, particularly of a Michigander, who, on being arrested for larceny, promptly conferred to burglary, bigamy and infanticide.

BoswELL observing to Johnson that there was no instance of a beggar dying for want in the streets of Scotland, "I believe, Sir, you are

very right," says Johnson; " but this does not arise from the want of beggars, but the impossi-bility of starving a Scotchman."

IT is said that one of the editors of a New Orleans paper, soon after commencing to learn the printing business, went to see a preacher's daughter. The next time he attended meeting he was considerably astonished at hearing the minister announce as his text, "My daughter is grievously tormented with a devil."

"Does your arm pain you?" asked a witty Aberdeen lady of a gentleman, who, at a party, had thrown his arm across the back of her chair, so that it touched her shoulder. "No, madam, it doesn't pain me; but why do you ask?" "Oh, I noticed that it was out of place, sir; that's all." The arm was removed.

THE coming post in Napoleon, O., warbles :

"Tis midnight and the setting sun Is rising in the wide, wide West. The rapid rivers slowly run :

The frog is on his downy nest :

The pensive ghost and sportive cow Hilarious hop from bough to bough."

A SCOTCH minister recently, in discoursing of A SCOTOR minister recently, in discoursing of a certain class of persons who were obnoxious to him, concluded with this singular peroration : "Ma freens, it is as impossible for a sinner to enter the kingdom o' heaven as for a coo to climb up a tree wi' her tail foremost and harry a craw's nest, or for a soo to sit on the top o' a thistie like a laverock."

THERE is a hearty vigor about Omaha journal-ism which suggests that that city is not yet an enervated centre of effete civilization. The editor of the Omaha Herald says that the wall-eyed scaliton who fiddles and dances in the Plattsmouth Herald delivered a temperance lecture a few nights before, and that he is glad the lecturer was partially sober at the time, and not dripping drunk as usual.

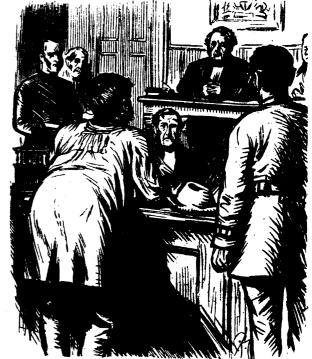
did net do well by the second marriage? "O, yes, indeed," he said, with animation and then, as an expression of reverent awe side into his face, he added, "and, what is very remarkable, the clothes of my wife's first husband just # me." me.

Mor REMARKABLE. — A Massachusetts farmer says, "My cattle will follow me until I ieeve the lot, and on the way up to the barn-yard in the evening stop and call for a lock of hav." Smithson says there is nothing at all remark-able in that. He went into a barn-yard in the country one day last week, where he had not the slightest acquaintance with the cattle, and the old bull not only followed him till he left the ot but took the write with the sattle, and eyed scallion who fiddles and dances in the Plattsmouth *Hisrald* delivered a temperance lecture a few nights before, and that he is glad the lecturer was partially sober at the time, and not dripping drunk as neual. A COUNTET minister of "limited capacity" recently married for a second wife a widow of some property. Being an ardent servant of Mammon, a former neighbor asked him if he



# A CHOICE OF EVILS.

Fascinating Widow. "Now, THAT WE ARE ALONE, MR. SILVERTONGUE, AND LIKELY TO REMAIN UNDISTURBED FOR ANOTHER HALF-HOUR OR SO, I HAVE A VERY GREAT FAVOUR TO ARE OF YOU!" Amaleur Focalist. "PRAY-PRAY DO?" Fascinating Widow. "WILL YOU, WILL YOU SIT DOWN TO THE PIANO, AND SING ME BRETHOVEN'S 'ADELAIDA' RIGHT THROUGH, FROM BECHNEING TO END, FIRST IN GREMAN, THEN IN ITALIAN, AND THEM IN ENGLISH ! WILL YOU, MR. SILVENTONGUR!" [Much fattered, the gifted workler complies, and little dreams that the fair one's sole object in getting him to sing is to escape from the address of his comparation.



THE POLICE AND THE PUBLIC.

Magistrate. "You say, PRISONRE, YOU'VE & COMPLAINT AGAINST THE COM-874 Prisoner. " PLEASE, SIE, HE TOOK ME UNAWARES, SIE !"



Discontented Cabby (to Ladies, who, wishing to get rid of their small change, have tendered him one fourpenny piece, two threspenny ditto, ans panny, one halfpenny, and two farthings -the sum total amounting to his proper fare). "Wall! 'OW LONG MIGHT THE BOTH A' BEEN A BAVIN' UP FOR THIS LITTLE TERAT !"



A STUDY OF INDECISION. Stout Party (to himself). "H'w! UNDEE, OR OVER !- THAT IS THE QUESTION !