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THE HEARTHSTONE

DEVOTED TO SELECT LITERATURE ROMANCE &

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For the Hearstone.
DREAMLAND.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS.

Oh, call me not back to my earthly abode,
From roaming through dreamland with those that I love;
Oh, break not the spell, by which shadowy thread
I was joined with the loved ones, the absent, and dead.

I dreamt of my boyhood, so joyous and free,
Ere the cares of the world had grown heavy on me;
Forgot was my sorrow, unhooded my pain,
In the bright sunny dream of my boyhood again.

I dreamt of my mother, so gentle and kind;
My sister, whose light laugh threw oars to the wind;
My father's fond smile, and my brother's loud cheer;
Now where are the loved ones? Sad solo sigh—
"Where?"

From the home of my childhood I have faded away,
A stranger and exile I wander to day;
So let me roam on in the shadowy sphere,
And call me not back to the world and its care.

[REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.]

IN AFTER-YEARS; OR, FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS.

CHAPTER VIII.

A year, a long and weary year, had passed since the night of Sir Robert's death. Agnes and Margaret Cuninghame sat in their half-lit chamber, clasping each other's hands as if they would thus assure themselves they were yet together; they had so often been threatened with separation, that it had become their greatest dread; they talked of Arthur Lindsay, and the poor girls, to whom sorrow was now familiar as a household word, wondered if he was dead; they had neither seen or heard of him since the first evening, Sir Richard Cuninghame came to blight their young lives; they never for an instant doubted either his love or truth, their faith in him knew neither change or wavering; they knew not that the gate keeper, while there still was a gate keeper, had strict orders to prevent his entering the Castle grounds, and now that the gate was fast locked, and chain barred and the key kept by Sir Richard himself, there was no chance for any one to enter, and if he could have forced his way in by force or guile, how was he to find his love, high up in one of the upper chambers of the north tower?

The beautiful suite of rooms appropriated to their use by their father, had been taken from them long before, and a room with scanty furniture, and bare floor and walls, given them as a sleeping place in the north tower, a room which in their father's lifetime they would not have asked their maid to occupy.

Their maid had long since been dismissed, and together with her went all whom Sir Richard considered superfluous servants, among whom was Adam.

There was now a Lady in Haddon Castle; a woman who had married Sir Richard for his gold, and the title he could give her, one who in her early home, had never seen other servant than a maid of all work, and considered herself with two women servants and one man, her fine rooms shut up half the time, and no visitors except her mother or sisters, the best waited on, and greatest lady in all the land.

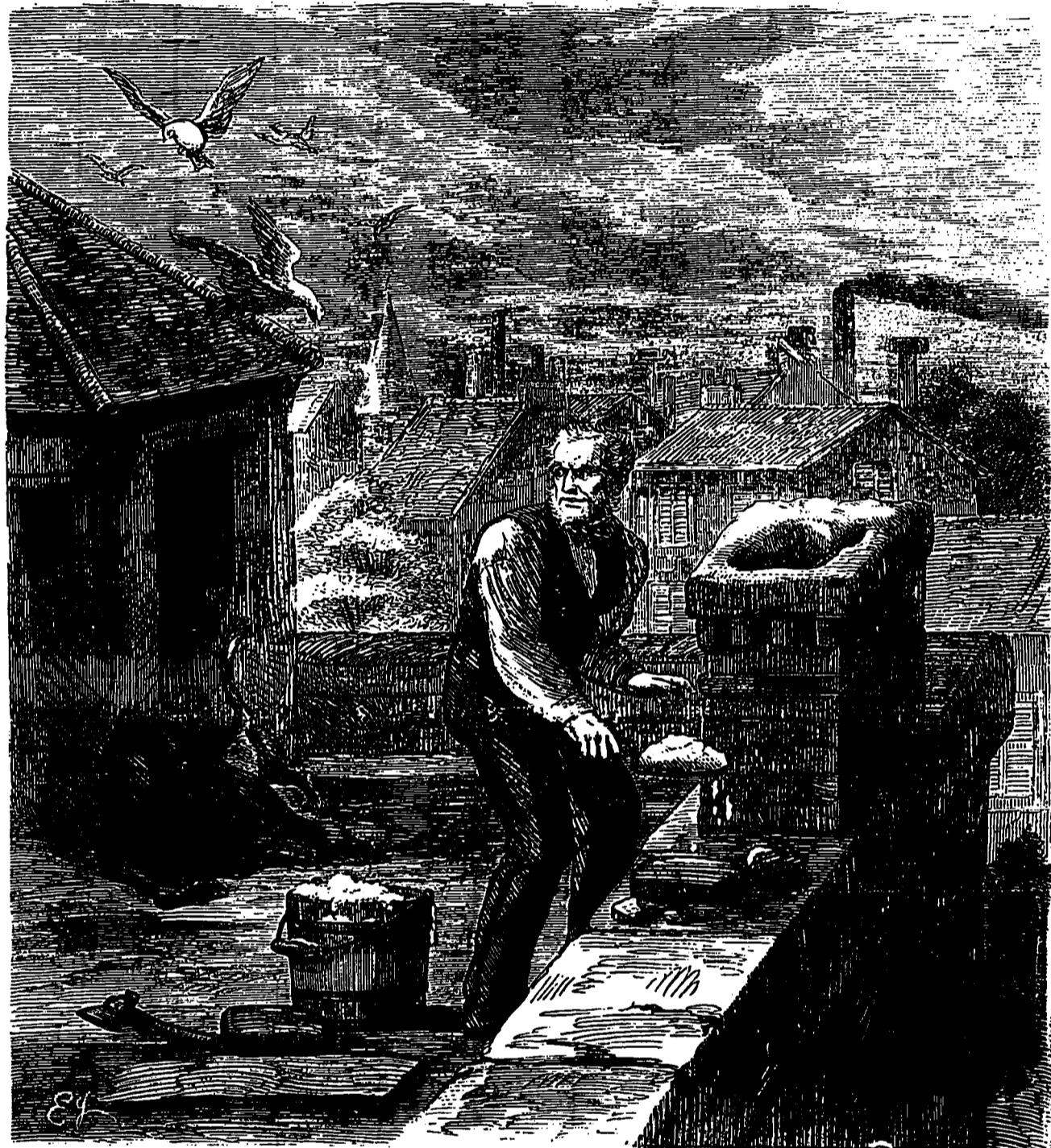
She was a large coarse looking woman, strong and healthy; it was for those last qualities, Sir Richard sought and wooed her. "Happy is the wooing, that's not long of doing," says the proverb; Sir Richard's wooing and marriage, was begun and ended in two days.

She hated the twin girls; in the first place, she could not bear the idea of being even a step-grandmother; in the next place their high bred beauty was a constant source of annoyance, "ugly, washed out, discontented like things," she called them, but she could not conceal from herself, that the brick dust cheek she saw in her mirror, would stand a bad chance of admiration if seen beside the rose-leaf of theirs; they were idlers too in her eyes, they could neither "make nor mend," as she expressed it "what was fit for a Christian to wear," and when they made themselves "scarce" another of her elegant expressions, she felt at her ease, which she never did in their presence.

"I hate those girls with their great calf like eyes," she would say to her mother, "I cannot call my soul my own, when they are in the room, the one looking so meek and mild, and the other like the Queen of Sheba."

"They are very quiet and inoffensive, Charlotte," said her mother, who sincerely pitied the poor girls, whom she saw from day to day, passing their young lives in a state of unhappiness, little removed from dumbness, "and I felt quite sorry for poor Miss Margaret, when you would not let her touch the baby; she looked so hurt."

"I dreamy she did," replied the young mother, who was really in horror, lest either of the twins should come near enough to her young son to touch him; "but I am very sure, they would both be glad enough to hear he was dead to-night, I judge others by myself, and I am sure I would not like any one who came to take the bread out of my mouth, as



A FRENCHMAN.

he has done to them; I wish Sir Richard would get rid of them, but there is no use speaking to him about that, I believe he has made up his mind they will live and die here."

She was right there; Sir Richard had determined that the two girls should never leave Haddon Castle except on a pier, and were it not the fear of his fellow men that held him in check, they would have slept beside their father, instead of daily being an offense to his eyes; at times he was tempted to immerse them in the sea, but he would do so, this would do him to Haddon, he must remain at home to be their feeder, and he had been so long confined to a narrow space, that liberty was doubly dear to him; besides, chance had revealed to him the way to open the cage, but he could not possibly find the spring by which to shut it, neither could he shut the door or the sliding panel entering into the Armory, the door of which last, alone could be shut and locked.

Another motive, on the second visit he made to the eastern tower, he found the lantern the girls had dropped there the night of their father's death; he knew from Adam's account of his master's illness, and death bed, that the great destroyer had set his seal on each limb of Robert Cuninghame, ere he himself had made his escape; therefore the lantern must have been left by another, who now possessed the secret of the tower, and at any time that man might walk in accompanied by the minions of the law, and demanding to see the girls walk straight to their hiding place in the eastern tower; he must not risk such a possibility.

He would gladly do them unto death by some slow, sure means, which would leave no trace behind, except the look of suffering and sorrow, which he hoped both their young faces would express in the fullest sense, when he would show their dead bodies to Lady Hamilton, and in presence of her dead, tell her how her son was lost and found, and how his children were tortured according to law; and all the fruits of the seed she had sown.

The evening was darkening into night, and

the wind seemed to shriek, as it came in gusty eddies round the old Castle, walling in their ears, and reminding them of the night of their father's death.

They spoke of their father, the love they bore him, his affection and kindness, which now by contrast seemed angelic, the happiness they had known until death came to bring in his train such weariness and woe for them.

A wild gust of wind tore round the tower, shaking the old window casement in its frame, as if it would force its way inside, the girls clung to each other in the darkness, speaking of the night they visited the cage chamber, and wishing (fruitless wish) they had not been sent, and then their father, with them beside him, might have lived and been with them still.

Just as that wild wind shook and rattled the casement, the door of their room was silently opened, and a figure with stealthy foot, entered amid the darkness.

The girls still spoke of the eastern tower and its iron cage, wondering how Sir Richard could have opened the iron gate, and with the shut panel, how he could have made his escape.

Agnes put her arm round her sister's waist, and leading her to the window, they stood thus for some minutes looking out into the wild night, the moon was struggling through dark misty clouds, its fitful light sufficing only to show the tempest which was struggling in the air, and at times for an instant to light up the window, and show to each sister the terrified, marble white face of the other.

"Would to God," said Agnes clasping her sister close round the waist as she spoke, "we could devise some means of escape from this desolate home; something seems to whisper to me day and night, that that terrible man, means to keep us here till we die; Oh! that we had died at the moment we lost the lantern in the tower, we should then have been happy with papa in the heavens, and escaped the almost daily torment we have suffered since."

A heavy hand was laid on the shoulder of

each of the girls, they shrieked with horror as looking round they saw amid the darkness, a gray head with fierce eyes of hate, staring down upon their upturned faces.

The wind swept round and round the old Castle, at times groaning like a sick spirit, with wild whirl and rush, tearing along; the stately trees, the growth of centuries, bending like saplings before the fury of the hurricane; the night accorded well, with the troubled spirit of the Castle's Lord, as descending the broad staircase, he hastily crossed the hall and opening the lower drawing room, strode up and down its length with unequal steps, commanding with himself on the discovery he had made.

"These two girls then" he inwardly cogitated "were the trusty conductors, with whom Robert Cuninghame deposited the secret of his father's prison."

They it was who left the lantern which so often stared him in the face sleeping and waking, silently telling that another knew the story of eighteen years, which miser as he was, he would have given thousands of pounds to bury fathoms deep in the bottom of the sea.

Richard Cuninghame had been a drunkard and gambler for many long years, he was also covetous and miserly, but all his other passions bent low before his pride, and this was wounded to the death, when he thought of the lifetime he had passed on the bare floor in his own Castle; a captive to the man whom he had stolen in his childhood, and treated worse than a slave, or a dog in his boyhood and youth; and now the children of this man were aware of his disgrace, and might at any time blazon it round the country. He ground his teeth and stamped with rage at the very thought, his neck and face livid purple; they must be quieted, but how with safety to himself? aye, that was the question; poison, a dagger, a pistol all efficient, but the danger to himself so great, that neither could be thought of for a moment. He still walked the length and breadth of the room, at times grinding his teeth and clenching his hands in his mad rage, at

times sitting with folded arms looking at the storm, feeling himself helpless as "a leaf tossed by the wind"; the night was wearing into the gray morning, the storm dying away and away, out over the sea, its bursts of fury subdued, and growling at intervals like a lion returning to his lair; Sir Richard sat looking at the streak of light as it struggled with the heavy, rain-laden clouds to rise above the horizon.

The evil one, who whispereth to the souls of those who work his will; passed by, and stayed his flight for one moment, to whisper in the ear of his despairing servant; Sir Richard drew a long breath, a grim smile played around his thin lips, and relaxed his hard cheek.

"Just the thing, stupid not to think of it before." His satisfaction forming itself into words, and giving voice to his thoughts; he started to his feet, he longed to be at work, but the gray dawn told him he had yet many hours to wait, and throwing himself on one of the sofas, he tried to obtain rest for his wearied body, while his guilty soul strayed abroad, working beforehand the foul deed which was to employ his waking hours.

The sun rose fair and beautiful, his rays given back from every drop of dew, as they hung in millions on each blade of grass and mossy spray.

Sir Richard stood on the stone steps in front of his Castle door surveying the wreck the storm of the past-night had made, more than one of the stately beeches which for centuries had adorned the park, were snapt in twain, their long branches trailing on the ground, their brown leaves glistening in the bright sunshine, shewing in fine contrast to the wet green grass they lay on. One great elm in front of the house, had been with the force of the tempest torn up by the roots, and now lay prostrate, its roots pointing to the sky.

"Curse the wind!" exclaimed the wrathful man as he looked on the havoc the storm had left to mark the line of its march.

Just at the same moment, upon the pine clad hills three miles from Haddon, Adam, the discarded servant who had dwelt in the Castle for fifty years, stood at the door of the shepherds hut which now sheltered his aged limbs, and looked on a scene of equal devastation, the huge branches and treetops of the first-growth thickly around, while several of the hardy denizens of the forest had been torn from the rocky bed, on which they had made their home.

As the old man looked around, a feeling of awe and wonder arose in his soul at the scene of desolation he beheld; and lifting up his highland bonnet from his head, in reverence, he exclaimed:

"So sendeth He the whirlwind; praise to the Lord who hath kept me while I slept."

Sir Richard's first act, was to despatch his only man servant with a message to the doctor in the neighbouring town, a distance of twenty miles, desiring him to let the horse rest for hours before his return.

He next sought his wife, and desired her frame some excuse for sending out the cook on an errand which would occupy her for the day; and immediately on her departure, to bring the chamber maid into her own apartments, there to keep her employed until he signified she might pursue her usual occupations; this was the more easily accomplished, as the baby boy had been sick and fretful during the past night, and the tired mother wanted rest.

Sir Richard waited with impatience, until all fear of his actions being watched and noted was gone; in the whole pleasure ground no human being but himself was abroad.

He now sought the coach house, which had been in the hands of the plasterer for repair a few days previous, and possessing himself of a bucket full of plaster, and a trowel, he took his way to the top of the north tower, where disengaging a part of the lead roofing, he carefully spread it on the top of the chimney, and then proceeded to plaster it round, so that no foul air could escape, no pure air enter.

This accomplished, he sought the door of the room where the twins slept, and which he had carefully locked the previous evening.

He listened, all was still, save the heavy breathing of the girls, which told they still slept; a grim smile passed over his sinister face, as with fiendish glee he thought of the long weary hours, of choking, fainting and pain, endured over and over again, his innocent victims must suffer ere death came to set them free. He had provided himself with materials, and he now proceeded to carefully close up each passage to the air which the top, bottom, or sides of the door might afford, and having completed the work to his entire satisfaction, another grim smile of approval, spread from his guilty soul to his fiendish face; verily he was obeying the behest given him, and doing his master's work well.

This last work had occupied more time, and given him more trouble than he anticipated; the sun was high in the heavens ere he had finished his hellish employment; the girls were stirring for some time back, they tried to open the door, they spoke to each other, but he had stopped every crevice, it was impossible to distinguish a word they said; a loud crash told him they had broken the window, they were suffering for want of air, and he laughed, a snoring fiendish laugh at the impotency of all their efforts to escape the doom so surely theirs.

He now resumed the trowel and plaster bucket he had formerly employed on the chimney top, and with these he sought the outer

corridor of the tower, prepared to cement the iron shutters outside the window of the room, and thus by excluding the air, immerse them in a living tomb; as he passed along the corridor he shut one side of the shutters, which were divided, and met in the middle; the iron changed as it shut, startling the girls into a consciousness of the terrible fact, that they were to be shut out from light and air, and thus to die!

They screamed with horror, as they saw the gray uncovered head of the fierce man staring upon them for a moment, ere he shut the iron doors which were to divide them from the living, breathing world for ever!

He did not hurry over his work, he knew there was no one to tell the tale, and he lingered, that he might revel in the sighs and sounds of despair, which he ever and anon stayed his hand to hear; but which never came, his victims knew they must die, and the strong heart of their father was given them; they would die, and give no sign.

The evil work was done, and the spirit that walketh in darkness, who had given his aid in both the conception and execution, passed by ere the stars came out, with their pale light to help men in the dreary night.

The evil one rested on the balustrade of the corridor, well pleased to see his work done. He cared not for the death of the two girls, they were none of his, they might die now, or live a hundred years if it were so ordered; to him it mattered not, but the work done then, had made Richard Cumberhame sevenfold more the child of hell than he was before.

The footsteps of Sir Richard as he departed from the corridor for some time in the ears of the desolate girls fainter and fainter, telling them but too plainly that these were the last sounds from mortal foot which should ever greet their hearing.

They were struck dumb by their great despair, and folding their arms about each other, they sat in the darkness, striving to comfort themselves with the hope of meeting the father they had so loved in the Heaven they knew they would soon win.

Poor children they little knew the pangs which precede death by foul air, but by degrees the lesson began to unfold itself—the swollen veins—the fainting breath—the life pulse stopping, and the re-ascending spirit—the heart with its great throbs as if each must be the last—the distended nostrils—the staring eyes—the wide-open mouth, gasping for breath which would not come—the last gasp—each fair head laid on the bare floor, while long after the stiff parched tongue refused to do its office, a cry inaudible on earth, but ringing clear and strong in heaven went up simultaneously from both young hearts to the footstool of their God and father.

"Our father in heaven, now let us die!" The wailing from side to side of the heavy, weary heads was over—the throbbing hearts still—consciousness as to place and time, pain or sorrow, had passed away.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD-FASHIONED BOY.

Oh, what shall we do with the queerest of boys? He looks with disdain on the weakness of boys; Whilst comrades are playing he never will budge; But he sits in a corner as grave as a judge.

He sighs for a coat, and he wants a high hat; He pines for a cane, and a watch, and all that; He mutters of shaving when school days began, This dear little, odd little, dry little man.

He promises mother a house and some land, And twenty-five servants or more to command; He keeps his own trunk on his own little shelf, And he writes funny letters, and all to himself.

His age—would you think it?—is only just four; You'd say, by his ways, he was forty or more; He begs to sit up when the rest go to bed— Say, what's to be done with this wise little head?

He has a wee sister who's just come to town; He had her and looked at her in her white gown; Then he said "good morning," he made it a point To show that his nose wasn't put out of joint.

He talks of a gun, and a pistol that shoots; His feelings are strong on the subject of boots; They call him "old-fashioned," and so let him stay, As long as he's good in the old-fashioned way.

REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.

TO THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

AUTHOR OF 'LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET,' ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

"A FOND KISS, AND THEN WE SEVER."

It was late in the afternoon when Hubert Walgrave came back to the farm, and there was a holy calm in the atmosphere of the old house which told him somehow that Mrs. Redmayne had departed. Your household Martha is the most estimable of women, but is apt to make a good deal of superfluous clatter in her trouble about many things. There was an air of perfect peacefulness in the house to-day, which was new and welcome to the lodger. His dinner was served without the usual bustle—not quite so well cooked, perhaps, as when Mrs. James's own hand looked the joint, or made the gravies and seasonings; but he was not a man to whom a well-cooked dinner is the supreme good of life. He liked the repose and tranquillity which Mrs. James had left behind her; liked to think that when he strolled into the garden presently he would find Grace free to give him her society.

He found her sitting at her work—those inexorable pillow-cases—quite alone under the cedar. James Redmayne was by no means a man of dissipated habits; but liberty is very sweet to those who taste it rarely; and he had snatched the opportunity of walking over to Kingsbury, to discuss the ruling topics of the day with the small politicians of the place in the comfortable parlour of the Moon and Seven Stars. Harvest was near, and every man had a good deal to say about his crops. The burrs were beginning to show on the bine. What with politics and agriculture, Mr. Redmayne was in for a long evening. As to Jack and Charley, they never stayed anywhere except for meals. Their normal state was locomotion.

So Grace sat quite alone under the cedar; and all that evening the lovers roamed in the garden and loitered in the orchard, and there was no one to interfere with their happiness.

O, halcyon time! O, summer-tide of joy, shadowed by no thought of to-morrow! Grace abandoned herself to her happiness as simply as a child at the beginning of a holiday. He was with her—he had dreamed that life could hold so much joy. And yet it was only the old story: passionate protestations of unending affection—a love which was vast enough for anything except self-sufficiency—a strange mixture of sentiment and worldly wisdom—a good deal of melancholy philosophising after the modern school—and the perpetual refrain, "I love you, Grace, but it is not to be."

One sweet summer day followed another, and their liberty was undisturbed. Uncle James made the best use of his freedom, contrived to have business at Tunbridge one day and at Kingsbury the next, and had what the Yankees call "a good time." Grace went out fishing with her lover—went wandering along the winding bank of a delicious streamlet that twisted here and there through that not too well-watered country, and saw him do battle with the ancient pike, or capture an occasional barbel or half a dozen roach. A great deal of walking went to a very little angling in these rambles. He cut her name upon the silver bark of an old beech, like any rustic Corydon. He could not help wondering what Augusta Vallory would have thought if she could have seen him engaged in that sentimental labour, with Grace watching him, enraptured.

Well, it was a sweet life, if it could have lasted. He thought of his own world with a dreary sigh.

"And yet by the end of a month I should be tired to death, I daresay," he said to himself. "How much better to break with my darling while our love retains all its freshness—to have each a sweet poetic memory to carry down to our graves! How much better not to have worn our emotions threadbare! I shall marry Augusta, and Grace will marry one of her cousins; and in the secret drawer of our desks we shall each keep a withered flower, or a lock of hair—only a woman's hair—in remembrance of a buried love."

This was very comfortable philosophy, and for the man of the world who meant to make a name and a fortune, and live the life which seemed to him altogether best worth living, highly satisfactory—not quite so consolatory, perhaps, for the girl who had given him all her heart, and was to be left behind to vegetate with a farmer.

The days slipped away. The week was very near its end. Aunt Hannah wrote to inform the family that Priscilla Sprouter was going on admirably, and the baby in perfect health; and that, with the blessing of Providence, she, Mrs. James, would be home early on Monday morning—in time for the wash.

This was a signal for Hubert Walgrave's departure. He did not care to encounter the scrutinising gaze of the matron in his altered relations with Grace. The rustic idyl had lasted long enough. It was best that it should come to a sudden close. And yet—and yet—this man of the world counted the hours that were left to him before that black Monday, and looked forward with a foolish delight to the quiet of the long Sabbath—the church bells ringing the tunes across the golden corn-fields—the drowsy blissfulness of the old-fashioned garden, where flanking hollyhocks proclaimed that autumn was at hand.

Grace woke with a strange tremulous feeling of mingled joy and sorrow on that Sunday morning. Another long day—with him! It was the last; but while it still lay before her it seemed such a sum of happiness. At twilight it would be different; but with the morning sun still shining she could not think of the evening. The garden was still bright and dewy when Hubert Walgrave came in quest of her, and she brighter and fresher than the morning itself. They walked together until breakfast time—went to church together afterwards—were together, more or less, all day long. There was no one to interrupt their perpetual *à-à-tête*, even upon this day of rest; Mr. Redmayne improving the shining hours by refreshing slumber, sleeping off the effects of his unwonted dissipation at Kingsbury, that he might meet his wife with a serene front on the morrow; the two young men loafing about anywhere and everywhere—sitting on gates for the greater part of the day—conversing with stray ploughmen, or descending to the intellectual level of a passing crow boy.

Halcyon Sabbath happy summer time among the flouting hollyhocks and fading roses! It was meet this should be the end. In all Grace Redmayne's young life this one bright week made up the sum of perfect happiness. In the fashionable world there are experienced beauties who count their happy seasons—summers that are one perpetual festival who look back regretfully to the golden years in their calendar; but Grace's season was bounded by the span of seven days. She had her brief day of delight and brightness, like a flower or a butterfly, and that was all.

Towards evening Hubert Walgrave saw her face change. She grew very pale; her hands trembled as they touched the flowers; and when, in the course of their purposeless sauntering to and fro, one little hand rested on his arm he found that it was icy cold.

"My darling, is there anything the matter?" he asked tenderly.

"Nothing; except that you are going away to-morrow. You do not expect me to be very happy to-night, do you?"

"But, my sweetest, you have known from the first that it must be so. We agreed to make your aunt's return the signal for our leave-taking. This parting has been before us from the beginning."

"Yes, it has been before us; but I did not know it would be so bitter," she said, and then burst into tears.

It was hard for him to bear, but a man who means to get on in the world must endure a good deal of hardship in the way of outraged feeling. He would have given a great deal in that moment to be able to clasp her to his heart, and claim her for his fair young wife; a great deal, but not quite all. If he had been an unsuccessful man, with nothing to sacrifice, it would have been easy to forget any differences of social position, slight at the best, and to cast in his fate with the woman he loved. But he was very far from being an unsuccessful man, and his standpoint was a critical one. He owed much to one strong hand that had helped him to mount several rungs of the ladder, and could help him higher. To marry this girl would be to forfeit the best friend he had; in plain words, would be simply ruin. A judge may marry his cook; but a rising young barrister, dependent

on the breath of attorneys, has an important card to play in his marriage, and may make or mar himself thereby. Hubert Walgrave did not mean to imperil his chances. He had begun his career when a young man fresh from college with the determination to make a name for himself. There were circumstances in his life that made this desire keener in him than it is in most men. Nor had he ever swerved by a hair's breadth from that intention. This reckless passion for a farmer's daughter was his first folly.

He comforted her as best he might, dried her tears, beguiled her into smiling at him, a very faint wan smile.

"Shall I ever see you again after to-morrow morning, I wonder?" she said pitiously. And then she quoted *Romeo and Juliet*, which they had read together in the garden:

"Oh heaven, I have an ill-divining soul! Methinks I see the new I'm parting from thee, As one dead in the bottom of a tomb!"

"My dearest, we shall meet again. I shall come to see you one day, when you are married perhaps."

"O no, no, no!" she cried, shaking her head. "O yes, yes, yes, Gracey! This has been only a sweet poetic dream, this love of yours and mine. We are each to go our way in the world, and live our lives. You remember what your beloved Longfellow says:

"Life is real, life is earnest."

And my sweet Grace will be an honoured wife and the happy mother of children. That is what a woman's life was meant for, after all, Grace, to watch beside a cradle. I shall come to see you, and find you the fair central figure of a happy home. Your father will have returned by that time."

The pale face whitened in the moonlight.

"My father!" the girl repeated with something like a shudder. "You have almost made me forget my father."

The morning came; rosy-fingered Aurora in her opal car, and Mrs. James Redmayne in a chair-cart. She arrived at Brierwood about breakfast-time—a metropolitan breakfast-time, that is to say—having risen at a preternaturally early hour in order to do forty miles and be at home in time for the washing. All the poetry of the cool shadowy old homestead seemed to vanish at the sight of her. There are people at whose coming all mystic creatures disperse; people who carry with them everywhere a delightful atmosphere of commonplaceness, whose conversation is as interesting as a rule-of-three sum, whose countenances are as expressive of tender emotion as the back of a ledger. Mrs. James was one of these.

She gave her niece a mechanical kiss, with her eyes exploring the corners of the room all the while to see if the solemn rite of cleaning had been duly performed in her absence; and finding nothing here to complain of, turned her scrutinising gaze upon the girl's face, and pronounced immediately that she was looking "billions."

"You've been lolling about indoors all day, I daresay," she remarked, "instead of taking a healthy walk every morning."

"No indeed, aunt Hannah," protested Grace, blushing; "I've been out a good deal—for long walks."

"O, you have, have you?" said her aunt; "and pray are those pillow-cases mended yet?"

"I've—almost—finished them."

"Almost! You've never done more than almost finish any work I ever gave you to do. But that comes of sending girls to stink-up boarding-schools. I've no common patience with such trumpery."

"Is the baby a very nice one, aunt Hannah?" Grace inquired meekly, in the hope of giving a pleasant turn to the conversation.

"He's got the red-gum," Mrs. James answered sharply; "I don't believe I ever saw a child so speckled!"

"But he'll come right, I suppose, aunt?"

"O, he'll come right soon enough, I daresay; but as for your monthly nurses, of all the lazy lumber I ever had to do with, they're about the worst. If children could only be brought up to the month by machinery, so as to get rid of them, it would be a blessing to families. How's Mr. Walgrave?"

"He's very well, aunt Hannah. Uncle James told you in his letter that he was going away, didn't he?"

"Well, yes, he said something about it; but it was as much as I could do to make top or tail of it. Your uncle's a poor scribe. When is he going?"

"To-day," faltered Grace, dragging one of the ill-fitted pillow-cases out of her work-basket, and studying a darn.

"To-day! That's uncommonly sudden. However, he's a good paymaster, and free to go when he likes. If one must take a lodger, one couldn't have one that would give less trouble. And we've made a fair profit out of him. I shall put from ten to fifteen pound in the savings-bank for your father out of what he's paid me."

Mrs. James took off her bonnet, washed her face at a sink in the back-kitchen with the strongest yellow-soap, and a most profound indifference to the effect of such ablutions on her complexion, put on a clean cap, and then went to pay her respects to the departing lodger. His portmanteau and carpet-bag had been brought down into the old-fashioned low-ceilinged lobby, which served as a hall; the Kingsbury fly was at the door. Grace stood at the parlour window, pale as a ghost, watching. Would he seek her out to say good-bye? or would he leave her without a word? The eyes of the world were on him now—would he play his cruel part coldly, and without heed of her anguish?

She heard his voice in the lobby, talking commonplace to her aunt, and listened as if every word had been inspiration.

"So sorry to leave you, Mrs. Redmayne," he said, in his slow languid way. "I did not believe I could have enjoyed country life so much. I have to thank you a thousand times for all your attention; nothing but an actual necessity to perform other engagements would induce me to leave you. I hope to be allowed to come again someday."

"We shall be pleased to see you anywhen, Mr. Walgrave," replied Mrs. James, in her blandest tones. "I'm sure there never was a gentleman gave less trouble."

Mr. Walgrave smiled faintly. One poor little innocent heart had been sorely troubled by his coming. He was a man of the world, but

not quite iron; and he had a guilty feeling that his presence in that house had wrought evil.

The fly was at the door, his portmanteau and book-box bestowed upon the roof, and he had only a given time for the drive to Tunbridge junction; yet he lingered, looking round him doubtfully.

"I think I ought to say good-bye to your niece, Mrs. Redmayne," he observed at last.

"You're very polite, I'm sure, sir; and I daresay Grace might take it unkind if you went away without wishing her good-morning. She's been brought up at boarding-school, and is full of fancies. Bless my soul, where is the girl? Grace?"

The parlour-door opened quickly at that shrill cry, and Grace appeared on the threshold, pale to the lips, scarcely able to stand. Happily for her, Mrs. James's attention was distracted at that moment by her son and heir, who had just contrived to smash a pane in the half-glass door with one end of the traveller's fishing-rod.

For a long time Grace Redmayne's image, as she looked at that moment, haunted Hubert Walgrave. The pale plaintive look, the despairing eyes, with a kind of wildness in them, her image in many shapes was destined to haunt him all his life, but he never forgot that one look, that mute unconscious appeal.

He went to her as she stood by the door, and took her hand.

"I could not go away without wishing you good-bye, Grace," he said. "I have been telling your aunt how happy I have been here, and that I mean to come again—some day."

He waited, half expecting her to speak, but she said nothing. The pale lips quivered slightly, and that was all.

"Good-bye," he repeated; and then in a lower voice, "Good-bye, and God bless you, my darling!"

He turned quickly away, shook hands with Mrs. Redmayne, and then with the elder of the lady, on whom he bestowed a couple of sovereigns for fishing-tackle; the house-servant had been already fed, and was smiling the smile of gratitude from the background. In another minute the driver smacked his whip, the wheels grated on the gravel, and Hubert Walgrave was gone.

"It makes us a full hour late for beginning the wash," said aunt Hannah; "but everything's in soak, and we've got a good drying day, that's one blessing."

Grace dragged herself up to her room, somehow, groping blindly up the familiar staircase, with a mist of bitter unshed tears before her eyes. O weary limbs! O heavy heart! Was there never again to be any joy for her upon this earth?

CHAPTER X.

M. WALGRAVE IS SATISFIED WITH HIMSELF.

The ten a.m. express whisked Mr. Walgrave up to town in something less than an hour. The fair Kentish landscape shot past the carriage window, little by little losing its charm of rural seclusion, growing suburban, dotted thickly and more thickly with villas, here newly whitened stucco of the rustic Italian style, there fresh red-brick of severely gothic design; for oaks came laurels, for mighty beeches of half a dozen centuries' growth monkey trees planted the day before yesterday; every house had its glittering conservatory, trim lawn, and geometrical flower-beds, all ablaze with Tom Thumb geraniums and calceolarias; everywhere the same aspect of commonplace British prosperity. Then the bright well-ordered suburb melted into the crowded southern fringe of the great town. The air became flavoured with soap-boiling, tallow, new boots—on the right hand a far-off odour of cordage and far from Deptford; on the left, the dismal swamps of Brompton. Then a clang and a clatter, a shrieking and puffing, and jerking and snorting; a stoppage or two—apparently purposeless—and lo, Mr. Walgrave was at the London-bridge Station; and it seemed to him as if Grace Redmayne, and the life that he had been living for the last few weeks; could scarcely belong to such a world as this. It was a dreary awakening from a delicious dream.

He called a cab—a four-wheeler—since he had the responsibility of his luggage, and no one but himself to take charge of it, and drove through the grimy city streets. Even at this densest period of the year the city was noisy with traffic, and full of life and motion; but O, what a dismal kind of life after the yellowing corn-fields, studded with gaudy field flowers, and the rapturous music of the lark, invisible in the empyrean!

"O, to be a country squire with twenty thousand a year," he thought, "and to live my own life! to marry Grace Redmayne, and dawdle away my harmless days riding round my estate; to superintend the felling of a tree or the levelling of a hedge; to lie stretched on the grass at sunset with my head on my wife's lap, my cigar-case and a bottle of claret on the rustic table beside me; to have the renown that goes with a good old name and a handsome income and to have nothing to wrestle for, no prize to pluck from the slow-growing tree that bears the sour fruit of worldly success—sour to the man who fails to reach it, ashes to the lips of him who wins it too late! And yet we strive—and yet we persevere—and yet we sacrifice all for the hope of that."

The cab took him to one of the gates of the Temple, and deposited him finally in King's-bench-walk. Here he had his chambers, a handsome suite upon the first floor, where he chose to live in defiance of fashion. He fully knew the value of externals, and that well-made chairs and tables are in a manner the outward expression of a man's mental worth. There was no *bric-à-brac*; nor were the doors shadowed by those ruby velvet *portières*, which seem to prevail more in light literature than in the houses of everyday life. The rooms were large and lofty, and had all the charm of fine old mantelpieces, deep window seats, and well-preserved panelling. The furniture was solid and in good order—a little old-fashioned, and therefore in harmony with the rooms. There were books on every side, but no luxury of binding—such books as a gentleman and a lawyer should possess—in sober decent garb, and arranged with an extreme nicety in fine old mahogany book-cases of that Georgian period whereof the furniture seems always to bear on its front a palpable protest against any pretensions to beauty. There were two or three comfortable easy-chairs, upholstered in russet Morocco, a writing-table with innumerable drawers and pigeon-holes, a pair of handsome brown modester lumps; and over the high

mantelpiece in the principal room one picture, the only picture in Hubert Walgrave's chambers.

It was a portrait of a woman, with a face of almost perfect loveliness—arch, piquant, bewitching, with hazel eyes that had the light of happy laughter in their brightness. The costume, which the painter had made a little fanciful in its character, was obviously old-fashioned; between thirty and forty years old at the least. As a work of art the picture was a gem, a portrait which Reynolds or Romney—"the man in Cavendish-square"—might have been proud of.

A quiet-looking middle-aged man-servant received Mr. Walgrave, and busied himself with the carrying in of the luggage. He was half butler, half valet; slept in a closet off the small kitchen which lurked at the back of those hand-some rooms; and with the aid of a landlady, who might often be heard scrubbing and sweeping in the early morning, but was rarely beheld by human eye except his own, conducted Mr. Walgrave's household. He was altogether a model servant, the result of a good many experiments in the domestic line, was efficient in the duties of a valet, and could broil a chop and boil a potato to perfection, and conducted in no small measure to Hubert Walgrave's comfort. His name was Cuppige—Christian name Abraham—not by reason of any Jewish element in his race, but on account of the biblical tendencies of his mother, to whom he still proudly alluded, on familiar occasions, as an unequalled clear-starcher and a staunch Bible Christian.

"Any letters, Cuppage?" Mr. Walgrave inquired, flinging himself into his favourite arm-chair, and looking round the room listlessly.

It was a very pleasant room, looking westward, and commanding a fine view of that one feature which London has most reason to boast of, the river. It was a comfortable room, stamped with the individuality of the man to whom it belonged, and Mr. Walgrave was fond of it. His books, his papers, his pipes, all the things which made life agreeable to him, were here. In this room he had worked for the last seven years, ever since he had begun to earn money by his profession; and the book-shelves had been filling gradually all that time, every volume added by his own hands, picked up by himself, and in accordance with his own special tastes.

He began to be reconciled to the change from that shady old house in Kent, with the perfume of a thousand flowers blowing in at every window. London was dull, and empty, and dingy, but he had the things he cared for—books and perfect cases.

"I think I was made to be an old bachelor," he thought. "I should hardly care to leave those rooms to inhabit a palace, unless—unless it was with Grace Redmayne. Strange that a farmer's daughter, educated at a provincial boarding-school, should exercise more influence over me than any woman I ever met—should seem to me cleverer and brighter than the brightest I ever encountered in society. I don't think I am so weak a fool as to be won by beauty alone, though I would be the last to underrate *that* charm. I don't think I should have been so fond of that girl, if she were not something more than beautiful!"

"I should have been so fond!" Mr. Walgrave put his passion in a past tense, tried to consider it altogether a thing of the past; and then began to walk slowly up and down his room, now and then pausing by one of the three windows to look absently out at the sunlit river, with its fleet of black panting steamers and slow coal barges, with here and there a dingy sail flapping in the faint summer wind, thinking of Grace Redmayne.

What was she doing just at this moment? he wondered. Wandering listlessly in the garden, quite alone and very sorrowful.

"I shall never forget that white despairing face of hers," he said to himself. "The thought of it gives me an actual pain at my heart. If—if I were a weak man, I should take my carpet-bag and go back by the afternoon train; I can fancy how the sweet face would light up at sight of me. But I should be something worse than a fool if I did that. The wrench is over. Thank Heaven, I acted honourably; told her the truth from the first. And now I have only to make it my business to forget her!"

There were letters for him. Cuppage had arranged them symmetrically in a neat group upon the writing-table at the right hand of the morocco-covered slope on which Mr. Walgrave was wont to write. He ceased from his promenade presently, and directed his attention to these, as some sort of distraction from meditations which he felt were perilous. They were not likely to be particularly interesting—his letters had been forwarded to him daily at Brierwood—but they would serve to occupy his mind for an hour or so.

There was one, bearing the Kensington post-mark, in a hand which surprised him. A large thick envelope, sealed with a monogram in gold and colour, and directed in a bold firm hand, square and uniform in style, which might be masculine or feminine.

It was very familiar to Hubert Walgrave. He gave a little start of surprise—not altogether pleased surprise—on seeing this letter, and tore open the envelope hurriedly, to the utter destruction of the emblazoned monogram, in which the initials A. H. V. went in and out of each other in the highest style of florid gothic. The letter was not a long one.

"Acropolis-square August 10th.

"My dear Hubert,—You will no doubt be surprised to receive my letter from the above address. Papa grew suddenly tired of Ems, and elected to spend the rest of the autumn in England. So here we are for a day or two, deliberating whether we shall go to some quiet watering-place, or pay off some of our arrears with friends. Papa lent the Ryde villa to Mrs. Filmer before we went away, and of course we can't turn her out. The Stapletons want us at Hayley, and the Beresfords have asked us for ever so many years to Abblecupp Abbey, a fine old place in the depths of Wales. But I daresay the question will resolve itself into our going to Eastbourne or Bognor.

"I hope you are getting quite strong and well. If there were any chance of your being in town for a few hours—I suppose you do come sometimes on business—between this and next Thursday, we should be very glad to see you; but I do not wish to interfere with your doctor's injunctions about rest and quiet. Ems was dull *à faire frémir*. Half a dozen eccentric toilettes, as many ladies who were talked about, a Russian prince, and all the rest the dreariest

of the invalid species—so even Kensington-gardens in August are agreeable by way of a change.—Always sincerely yours,

“ANGUSTA HARRISS VALLORY.”

Mr. Walgrave twisted the letter round in his fingers thoughtfully, with rather a grim smile upon his face.

“Cool,” he said to himself. “A gentleman-like epistle. None of the *Melina* or *Sappho* to Phoon business, at any rate. I wonder what kind of a letter Grace Redmayne would write me if we were plighted lovers, and had not seen each other for seven or eight weeks. What a gushing stream of tenderness would well from that fond young heart! “Augusta Harriss Vallory,” looking at the dashing semi-nude-line autograph with a half-suspicious admiration. “What a fine straight up-and-down hand she writes—with a broad-nibbed pen, and a liberal supply of ink! One could fancy her signing death-warrants just as firmly. I wonder she doesn’t sign herself ‘Harriss and Vallory.’ It would seem more natural. Not a bad name for a barony, by the way—like Stamford and Warrington. Her husband may be raised to the peerage some day by such a title.” And at the suggestion made in bitter just a dim faint vision of an ermine cap with six pearls arose before Hubert Walgrave’s mental gaze.

“Men have sat in the Upper House who began with smaller advantages than mine,” he thought. “A fortune like Augusta Vallory’s will buy anything in commercial England. One by one the old names are dropping out of the list; and of ten new ones, eight are chosen for the extent of a landed estate, or the balance of a bank. And when money is conjoined with professional renown, the thing is so easy. But it would be rather singular if I were to sit in the Upper House and Sir Francis Clevedon in the Lower.

He looked at his watch. Three o’clock. The day was so old already, and he had done nothing—not even answered the three or four letters that required to be answered. He took a quip of paper, dashed off a few rapid replies, left Miss Vallory’s note unanswered, and lighted a meditative cigar. Cuppage came in while he was smoking it to inquire if his master would dine at home.

“No. You can put my things ready for me in an hour. I shall dine out this evening, and I may want to dress early.”

The cigar suited him. That little commonplace note of Augusta Vallory’s had diverted his mind in some measure—and sent his thoughts in a new direction. He was no longer depressed. On the contrary, he was pleased with himself and the world—rather proud of his own conduct during the late crisis in his life—inclined to applaud and approve himself as a generous, honourable-minded man of the world. He did not consider that honour and generosity and worldliness were in any way incompatible.

“Nothing could have been more straightforward than my conduct to that dear girl,” he said to himself. “From first to last I was thoroughly candid. Come what may, I can have nothing to reproach myself with on that score.”

(To be continued.)

THE ONE DOLLAR BILL.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

How it did rain that November night! None of your undecided showers, with hesitating intervals, as it were, between; none of your mild persistent pattering on the roof, but a regular tempest, a wild deluge, a rush of arrowy drops, and a thunder of opening floods!

Squire Partlet heaved the angry rattle against the cushions, and drew his same easy-chair a little closer to the fire—a great open mass of glimmering anthracite—and gazed with a sort of sleepy, reflective satisfaction at the crimson moose curtains, and the gray cat asleep on the hearth, and the canary-bird rolled into a drowsy ball of yellow down on its perch.

“This is snug,” quoth the Squire. “I’m glad I had that leaky spot in the barn roof fixed last week. I don’t object to a stormy night once in a while, when a fellow’s under cover, and there’s nothing particular to be done, Mary.”

“Yes,” Mrs. Partlet answered. She was sitting about the kitchen and sitting-room, with a great blue checked apron tied round her waist. “I’m nearly ready to come in now, Josiah. Now I wonder,” *sotto voce*, “if that really was a knock at the door, or just a little extra rush of wind and rain.”

She went to the door nevertheless; and a minute or two afterward she went to her husband’s chair.

“Joe, dear, it’s Luke Ruddlelove,” she said, half apprehensively. The Squire never looked up from his paper.

“Tell him he’s made a mistake. The tavern is on the second corner beyond.”

“But he wants to know if you will lend him a dollar!” said Mrs. Partlet.

“And couldn’t you have told him ‘No,’ without the preliminary ceremony of coming in here to ask me? Is it likely that I shall lend a dollar, or even a cent, to Luke Ruddlelove? Why, I had a great deal better throw it in among yonder red coals! No—of course, No!” Mrs. Partlet hesitated.

“He looks so pinched and cold and wretched, Josiah. He says there’s nobody in the world to let him have a cent!”

“All the better for him, if he did but know it!” sharply enunciated the Squire. “If he had come to just that pitch half a dozen years ago, perhaps he wouldn’t have been the miserable vagabond he is now.”

“We used to go to school together,” said Mrs. Partlet gently. “He was the smartest boy in the class.”

though I’ll wager something the Squire thought I was.”

“And isn’t it natural enough he should think so, Luke?”

“Yes—yes, Mary, I don’t say but what it is,” murmured Luke Ruddlelove, in the same dejected tone he had used throughout the interview.

“Stop!” Mrs. Partlet called to him, as his hand lay on the door-latch, in a low voice. “Here’s a dollar, Luke. Mr. Partlet gave it to me for a new piece of oil-cloth in front of the dining-room stove, but I’ll try and make the old one do a little while longer. And, Luke, for the sake of old times—for the sake of your poor wife and the little ones at home—do try to do better!”

Luke Ruddlelove looked vacantly first at the fresh new bank bill in his hand, and then at the blooming young matron who had placed it there.

“Thank you, Mary,” he said, and crept out of the warm, bright kitchen into the storm and darkness that reigned without. Mrs. Partlet stood looking into the kitchen fire.

“I dare say I’ve done a very foolish thing,” she pondered; “but indeed I could not help it, or course he’ll spend it all at the public-house, and I shall do without my new oil-cloth; that will be the end of it all.”

And there was a conscious flush on her cheek, as if she had done something wrong, when she rejoined the Squire in the sitting-room.

“Well,” said Squire Partlet, “has that new dollar gone at last?”

“Yes.”

“It strikes me, I suppose?”

“I hope not, Josiah.”

“I’m afraid it’s past hoping for,” said the Squire, shrugging his shoulders. “And now for a pleasant evening. How it does rain, to be sure!”

And Mrs. Partlet kept the secret of the dollar bill within her own breast.

It was six months afterward that the Squire came into the room where his wife was preserving great red apples to jelly.

“Well, well,” quoth he, “wonders never will cease. The Ruddleloves have gone away?”

“Some where?”

“I don’t know—out West, somewhere, with a colony. And they say Luke hasn’t touched a drop in six months.”

“I am glad of that,” said Mrs. Partlet.

“It won’t last long,” said the Squire disparagingly.

“Why not?”

“Oh—I don’t know. I haven’t any faith in these sudden reforms.”

Mrs. Partlet was silent; she thought thankfully that after all Luke had not spent the dollar bill in liquor.

Six months—six years—the time sped along in days and weeks, almost before Luke Ruddlelove knew that it was gone. The Ruddleloves came back to Sequosset. Luke had made his fortune, as the story went, in that far away El Dorado vaguely phrased “out West,” by the simple Sequossetters.

“They do say,” said Mrs. Buckingham, “that he’s bought that lot down opposite the Court-house, and is going to build such a house as never was.”

“He must have prospered greatly,” said gentle Mrs. Partlet.

“And his wife, she wears a silk gown that’ll stand alone with its own richness,” said Mrs. Buckingham. “I can remember when Luke Ruddlelove was nothin’ but a poor, drinkin’ creature.”

“All the more credit to him now,” said Mrs. Partlet emphatically.

“It’s to be all o’ stun,” said Mrs. Buckingham, “with marbled mantels and inlaid floors, and he’s put a lot of papers and things under the corner one.”

DINING WITH A JAPANESE STATESMAN.

Dusky forms arose kneeling upon the mats of all the surrounding apartments, but they do not gaze upon us curiously, nor do they, indeed, appear vividly conscious of our presence. They are, we discover, simply men in waiting. Five of them rise, through their way noiselessly among their fellows, and speedily return, bearing each a small tray, containing our first course: The little dishes are all precisely alike, and are arranged identically. We mutually bow and stammer, split our chopsticks apart, and set to work—our Japanese friends with ease and vigor, we somewhat hesitating, and not without misgivings as to our ability to turn the unaccustomed utensils to proper account. In fact, it rapidly becomes apparent that the sense of our hands is but a feeble employment in so excessively dainty a task as to handle instruction, we shall be able to make no way at all. Frankness being absolutely necessary, we make a great virtue of it, and declare, with perhaps needless vehemence, that it really is useless, and that, after all, we cannot do it, and that we must throw ourselves upon the consideration of our host, because we shall certainly starve unless we are told how to proceed. (And he begs pardon, and our hearing entertainer, just as if he were announcing a hitherto unsuspected fact, and as if he had not marked and enjoyed it all at the time, observes that he found himself in the same awkward position when he dined with us. Ah! here Master Yegawa, the interpreter, develops himself in the quality of humorist. As one of us is really struggling quite hopelessly with his slender sticks, which seem to have an independent activity of their own, darting themselves anywhere but in the direction aimed at by their holder, and frustrating almost every effort to pierce their morsel, Yegawa produces counsel. “Inlitate me,” he says, and begins poking and picking bits of food of all kinds, with an accuracy of movement almost mechanical. As any body could imitate him, he obtains the result of the first experiment to be seen in a small stream with Japanese calligraphy. “No, no,” says Yegawa, with steel-trap sureness, “I said, ‘Inlitate me,’ but you never saw me do that; you are wrong. Excuse me, but you are wholly wrong, and always will be wrong unless you do as I do.” Which, of course, excites a proper amount of innocent mirth, for we are in the mood to be merry, and easily excited to laughter. But presently, although we cannot follow the dexterity of our tutors, we contrive to serve ourselves after a certain complex method of our own, and are enabled to ascertain the quality of what is set before us. First, we explore the contents of a lacquered bowl, which contains a delicate soup, spiced with sea-weed and aromatic herbs. It is weak, but otherwise commendable. Other dishes are constructed, with curious fancy and singular ingenuity, to represent miniature gardens, with mounds and ponds, or fortresses with turrets and moats—the effects of landscape and architecture being produced by skillful arrangement of thin slices of fish or vegetables, and variously colored rice. Each plate is a little picture. I observed that although preserved fruits, boiled chestnuts, ham-broiled shreds, and other partly ornamental and partly appetizing condiments are scattered about the substance of this course was raw fish, raw fish! I distinctly recall a series of thrilling emotions during the first battle scene at which it was ever my fortune to assist, and I know it is on record in the annals of Franconia that I, personally, once crossed the line that spans the Rhine. I once went up in a balloon, though not very far, and I have on two or three occasions found myself accidentally face to face, in theatres and in thoroughfares, with the Prince of Eric.

These all were memorable sensations; but now, confronting and confronted by raw fish, as an article of diet, I learn the full depth, breadth and vastness of the meaning of the word courage, and gain a new interpretation of a phrase which I have often lightly used, but never fully and completely grasped and understood—the physical and moral heroism. Shall it be done? Can it be done? I have on two or three occasions found myself accidentally face to face, in theatres and in thoroughfares, with the Prince of Eric.

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EXPERIENCE OF A LOCAL REPORTER.

One of the reporters of the *Utica Herald* has written an interesting sketch of his newspaper career—

In turning over the pages of memory, he says, I find those relating to my early experience as a reporter marked by numerous explanation points, printed in colours and in job type. When I announced my determination to live by my wits, my father, with delicate appreciation, prophesied that I would starve in two weeks, and that I might die of my constipation, I did not; but I wish I had—and my friends wish so too. When I secured a place as reporter for the *Daily Eagle* of Utica, the paternal voice assured me that I should see what I should see—and I did.

On the day on which my engagement commenced, I was sent to write up a case of highway robbery, in a neighbouring village. I interviewed the robber, and he said his name was John Smith, and he told me all about it. As he seemed to be as wicked as he could be, I selected the blackest link in the office, and when the next day’s paper appeared, John Smith stood out boldly, the blackest silhouette illustration of total depravity that could be printed with a pen, during the day a stranger called to ask why I had put his name in the paper, and observed that he had a good mind to punch my head as he had to eat his dinner. Said he: “I’m John Smith.” “Oh, no, you ain’t,” I replied. “You’re John Smith,” said he, I told him about another John Smith, and he fell off and seemed to feel a little queer, but he said, as he turned away, “All who know me think it was me.” “Well,” I mused aloud, “you should not lead a life to subject you to suspicion.” He turned to make some other remarks, but he missed me and only broke two or three pieces out of the back of my chair. I went away then.

I related this incident to the manager. He told me not to take any half-way ground. If you hit a man in print, hit him so hard that he won’t want any more. That sounded well, and so, when the Utica Herald singers gave a concert, I just charged every respect a miserable fellow, I just charged among them and out right and left. My life was not devoid of incident for some days. The tenor called at my house regularly every day for a week. I was always out. The bass pronounced Main Street with a big stick. The soprano’s brother made anxious inquiries after me. All the singers quit singing in public, and church people left without choirs, pointed me out to their children as an infidel and a heretic who had interfered with public worship, and who did not know anything about writing for a newspaper.

I attempted to justify these musings by telling them that I had dealt with them exactly as they wanted me to deal with the other singer; but my efforts proved ineffectual.

Then the chief of police sent for me. A dastardly assault had been committed in the street in open daylight. The man was dead to all feelings of shame, and had, so far, escaped punishment for similar offences; but the chief thought that by ridiculing the offender I should make him feel his shame, and that by making the thing prominent I should secure his punishment from the proper authorities. I thought so, too. I gave the man a display head, and I lavished the most scolding of sarcasm and the most mirth-provoking ridicule on him, and the effect was highly satisfactory—until the article appeared in print.

The next morning the man sat in my chair; he had been killed. In his hand he bore a persuasive blue-gown. He wanted to know why I put a display head on him, and acted as though he intended to put a display head on me. His intentions were carried out soon after—and so was I. He made several objections to my method of getting out police court reports. The most striking of these objections was the blue-gown. I calmly replied to his arguments with a paste-pot and a pair of shears, following up my temporary advantage with a paper-weight and unadorned dictionary. Before he recovered the thread of his discourse, an elderly man stepped into the office, and asked who was conducting the local department. I told him that was a question in my own mind just then, but I had no time to pursue the conversation. I did not attempt to forestall the follow-up in full, and I believe I look no notes. After the doctor had set my arm, and his friends had taken my appointment away, I returned to the office. The old man said that if I was at liberty he would like a reply to his question. He desired to know who managed the local. As he and I were alone in the office, and he looked feeble, I told him I did. “Well,” said he, pointing to the blue-gown, “I have been discussing with him of the club, ‘don’t you think that way of making crime a thing to be laughed at has a bad influence on the young?’”

I told him that idea had not been among the things that struck me.

He added: “It seems so to me. Make crime a matter of sport, and we first endure, then pity, then embrace.”

I replied, humbly: “You will never have a better chance to embrace than you had just before he struck me the last time.”

after the first greetings, informed that it was clear there was ample room for a reduction of the clerical staff. The departmental head protested that he really had not men enough to get through the work.

“Oh,” quoth the economist, “I know better than that. Why, not ten minutes ago one of them told me he had plenty of time to read the papers, and could get through his work here in twenty minutes.”

The under-secretary protested that no clerk in the place could say so truly.

“Then come and see him,” said the minister.

As they went along the passage they met the youth in question.

“Did you not tell me, Sir,” demanded the right honourable gentleman, “that you had plenty of time to read the papers?”

“I did was the reply.

“And that you could do all your work in twenty minutes?”

“Yes.”

“There,” said the minister, triumphantly, “it is clear your staff must be reduced, Mr.—”

“But,” stammered the head of the department, “I do not know this gentleman; he is not a clerk here.”

“Oh, he’s here,” replied the youth, in a injured tone; “I should not, indeed, I come once a week in the mornings to wind and regulate the clocks. I’m not a clerk.” And he stalked off in duodenal, leaving the economical cabinet minister to enjoy the joke as he might.

A LITTLE STORY.

It is now in order to recount anecdotes of the early life of the late James Fisk, Jr., and the *Table-Talk*, ever ready to contribute to the literature of the country, proceeds to relate the following reminiscence of the Prince’s sunny hours of boyhood:

When Fisk was about ten years of age, he kept a small market stall at Bennington, Vt. One day the eminent statesman’s name, Daniel Drew, came to the market with his basket on his arm. He asked young Fisk if his eggs were fresh. “You bet,” replied the ingenious boy, “pop pulled them out of the vices this morning.” “Strike me a dozen, sonny,” replied Mr. Drew. The next stall was kept by Eliphat Buckram. “Is this pumpkin seed, my son?” asked the venerable stock-broker. “It is a good enough Morgan,” answered the truthful child, “but, sir, if you will examine that portion concealed from the scrutinizing view, by contact with the boards forming the counter of the stall, you will see that there has been a bad spot in it.” “Does not that seem unbusiness-like, my child, to cry down your own wares?” asked the kind-hearted millionaire. “My sainted mother told me I must never tell a lie with my little hatchet,” replied Eliphat Buckram. The little man was moved to tears; he took out his purse and gave Eliphat Buckram a pat on the head and said he was a good boy. When he had gone, Eliphat Buckram said to little James, “O James, what made you tell such a fib? You know those eggs were laid three weeks ago. You will see that I have gained a customer and you have lost one.” Well, when Eliphat went home, his stepmother came to the door and said:—“Here you are, you little sneak, and you haven’t sold that pumpkin yet!” And she took him in her stepmotherly arms and tanned him with an ox-goad until he said that he would prefer taking his meals off the mantelpiece for the next few consecutive days to sitting down with the rest of the family. And next day Daniel Drew came into the market (as a round and a round), as old habits die hard, and said:—“Where is the boy that sold those eggs, eh?” and Jim Fisk pointed to Eliphat and said:—“There he is, sir,” and Daniel Drew reinforced that boy’s stepmother’s ox-goad with his cane so effectually that—but never mind, so Daniel bought all his garden-sage of Jim Fisk. In after life Eliphat Buckram set up a grocery store, and gave trust to all the poor people, and never sanded his sugar, and wouldn’t qualify his rum with water; so he burst up and the sheriff sold him out, and he went to the poor-house. But Daniel Drew had his eyes on Jim Fisk and his pocket, and he gave him a partnership in the *Utica* drug, and Jim beat him out of \$1,000,000. This is not a story for good little boys. We fear it is too near the truth.

BOUND TO HAVE HIS FARE.

Rev. Mr. F.—, of Boston, who had accepted an invitation to preach out of town on a certain Sunday last winter, was delayed until the last moment, and did not arrive in the town late in the morning of the day he was going to preach. He hastened to the clerk of the hotel and requested him to procure a carriage for him, which was complied with, and he was soon driven to the church, and got there with scarcely a moment to spare. He stepped from the conveyance and hurried up the aisle, where to his great surprise, he heard a sharp voice uttering a harsh rebuke of admonishment for which he could not account, until changing to learn a footstep behind him, he turned and beheld the cause. The coachman, muffled to the chin, with a far cap on his head, a whip under his arm, and a pair of cavity boots on his feet, had followed him into the church. The Rev. Mr. F.— was about to address him, when John exclaimed: “You ain’t paid me. I want my fare.” The worthy minister, greatly mortified, tried to explain to him that he had requested the hotel clerk to settle with him. “Oh, yes,” returned the coachman, “I desecrated that won’t wash. It’s too thin. Cash-on-delivery is my terms. I don’t know you. I drive a fellow with a white necktie down to the cars last week, and he gave me the slip, and I ain’t seen him since, and that time I made up my mind there wasn’t no virtue in white neckties; so cash up.” It was growing very embarrassing, when the Hon. Richard Warren, a prominent member of the congregation, who was well acquainted with Mr. F.—, hastened forward and settled the bill, whereupon John retreated, chuckling, and muttering to himself, “Too much for white necktie that time.”

Mr. James F. Fellows, Manufacturing Chemist: Sir—For several months past I have used your Compound Syrup in the treatment of Infantile Phtisis, Chronic Bronchitis, and other affections of the Chest, and I have no hesitation in stating that it ranks foremost among the remedies used in these diseases. Being a purely vegetable, it exerts a direct influence on the nervous system, and through it it invigorates the body. It affords me pleasure to recommend a remedy which is really good in cases for which it is intended, when so many advertised are worse than useless.

I am, Sir, yours truly,
Z. S. EARLE, Jr., M.D.
St. John, N.B., January, 1888.

“LAUREL” sighed Mrs. Partington, “here I have been suffering the agonies of death for three mortal weeks. First I was seized with a bleeding phrenology in the left hemisphere of the brain, which was quelled by a stoppage of the left ventricle of the heart. This gave me an inflammation in the box, and now I’m sick with the chloroform morbus. There is no blessing like that of chloroform, particularly when you’re ill.”

ON THE WRONG SCENT.

An economic English minister, on the lookout for abuses, arrived on his mission at a public-department a few seconds after the nominal hour for the commencement of business, entered the first room in a long passage, and there beheld a well-dressed youth, who, with his back to the fire, was calmly perusing a morning paper.

“Alone?” inquired the minister.

“Yes—sir,” replied the sole tenant of the office.

“Not much to do, I suppose? Plenty of time to read the papers, I see?”

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For the Hearthstone. THE SILENT VOICE.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS.

The waves with thousand voices some babbling to the shore. And each one tells a different tale, with a varied roar; The wind is singing changeful songs—now roaring in its might.

When the silent moon without a sound peers at us from on high, And a million stars are scattered around, each like a watchful eye.

My heart was broken, all joy was fled, the future dark and drear— I only wished that pitying death would end my miseries here.

How purer thoughts and holier thoughts came softly in the night, And gently nestling in my heart, filled it with calm delight.

She bids me bear the weary load of life without a sigh, That when the earth hath passed away, I may join my bride on high.

Oh! gentle spirit, to whose care my better thoughts are due! Ever thy faithful help extend in journeying this life through.

THE ROSE AND THE SHAMROCK. A DOMESTIC STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWERS OF GLENSAYO."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AFTER READING THE NOTE.

When Rosamond looked round again for her brother, he was not to be seen; but so many gentlemen were pressing forward to secure her hand for the dances on her card, that she felt no surprise at the circumstance.

"It is very odd!" his sister exclaimed. "It was close behind us as we entered the room, for he picked up a note or paper which I had dropped."

Refusing to dance again, Rosamond sat for some time endeavouring to discover his figure in the throng promonting the space in the centre of the saloon. He was not amongst them, and she kept her eyes fixed on the door by which she hoped to see him enter, till surprise at his non-appearance gave place to uneasiness.

one but Kathleen herself, he stepped briskly forward, and demanded whether the truant had returned.

Mrs. Carroll, who could feel that Rosamond was trembling with emotion, answered for her. She spoke with a little acidity, for she was really angry with Kathleen, whom she accused in her heart of flirting with the lover of her friend; neither was she over well pleased with his lordship for lingering beside her.

"Mr. Dalton has not joined us, and his sister is growing anxious about him. Will your lordship accompany her to the outer hall, that she may inquire which way he went when he left us?"

Nothing loth, the Viscount drew Rosamond's arm through his, and led her away; Kathleen, at the same moment, gliding to the back of the widow's chair, and questioning her with ill-concealed impatience.

"What kind of paper was it that Mr. Dalton found?"

"How can I tell?" Mrs. Carroll retorted. "If it was something of Rosamond's, there could be no harm in it, for she is too candid to have any secrets."

"How did he look? What did he say?" Kathleen queried, passing over the significant hints the latter part of her kinswoman's speech contained.

"I do not know. What is your motive for putting these questions to me? My dear Kathy, I cannot understand you! Is there something amiss between you and your lover? If so, let me try and remove it; but be sincere with me if I am to help you."

"You cannot!" was the desponding reply. "I must endure my lot!"

Mrs. Carroll gazed at her curiously, and made answer, "So must we all, but we are not forbidden to do our best to make ourselves and those about us happy. My dear, I don't like to see you whispering with Lord Glanore. What can you have to say to him, or he to you?"

The question was repeated before Kathleen replied, and then she spoke with evident constraint.

"Lord Glanore has in his power to confer a favour upon me—that is, upon a person I know."

"Dear child! your ignorance of the world astonishes me! If you had any request to make to his lordship, it should have been put through me. And pray who is this person for whom you are petitioning? Some cottager near the farm?"

"I cannot tell you now," was the hurried reply. "To-morrow, or the next day, you shall know all; and then forgive me, and comfort Frank Dalton if you can!"

Mrs. Carroll only caught the latter part of her speech indistinctly, and the return of Nora to her side prevented any further conversation.

In the meanwhile, Rosamond and Lord Glanore were strolling slowly towards the card-room where it was just possible they might find Frank. The former was watching under a sense of injury, as she remembered how he had lingered beside Kathleen, while the Viscount was silent and thoughtful.

"I don't know why I should detain your lordship," Rosamond said, at last. "I fancy I am preventing the fulfilment of some engagement with Miss Sidney."

"She is a very charming girl," he answered, rather irrelevantly. "May I ask, without impertinence, why her marriage with your brother is deferred?"

"Kathleen can best tell you that; I am not in her secrets."

"Ah! she has scruples—foolish scruples!" he muttered. "I hope Mr. Dalton will have succeeded in overcoming them by the time I return to Dublin. Yes, dear Rosamond," he added, in reply to her startled glance, "I must leave you for a while; business recalls me to England, and I shall go to-morrow, in order to return as quickly as I can."

"This is rather a sudden resolution, is it not?" faltered his auditor.

"I hesitated. Yes—no. My lawyers have been wanting me for some time, but I have postponed my departure till a circumstance has occurred which renders it absolutely necessary. You'll think of me kindly, won't you, Rosamond? And, if by some unlucky stroke of fate, I am not permitted to return to you, bear in mind that, faulty though I am, I have loved you dearly!"

These words which Rosamond regarded as one of the concluding speeches we are sometimes tempted to make on the eve of a long journey or some perilous undertaking, were designed to bear a different meaning to her troubled heart by-and-by. But even now they grieved and agitated her. At the prospect of a separation, she could not conceal how much she loved, and would regret him; but Lord Glanore was unusually distant that night; and

if he really perceived her emotion—which is doubtful—he did not avail himself of it to exert from her that sweet confession she would not, in this softened mood, have been able to withhold.

Frank joined them just as his sister, with some remorse, recollected her errand, and she had to make amends for her forgetfulness by the gladness of her welcome.

"My dear Frank! where have you been staying? I was getting positively uneasy about you!" She saw now that he was unusually pale, while his features were contracted as if with pain.

"You are ill—you have been suffering?" she began; but an expressive look silenced her.

"You are right; I have been suffering; but it is over, or nearly so. You should not be here; you must let me take you back to Mrs. Carroll."

Without appearing to perceive Lord Glanore, he had placed himself between that gentleman and Rosamond, whose hand he now clasped in his own, and led her into the billiard-room.

Presently, Kathleen found him by her side, coldly addressing her.

"Mrs. Carroll wishes me to tell you that she is tired, and proposes to go home. Are you ready?"

Fluttering and paling in a consciousness of

Oh, it was hard to be obliged to believe that she had given the rich treasure of her love to one who had been paltering with it all the while? Was there no sincerity in him? Why had he sought her so persistently? She had striven to avoid him, but all in vain. He had wooed her with every tender word man's lips can utter; he had vowed such constancy that, listening, she had believed; and this was the end of it!

Then her unselfish nature evinced itself, for, in the midst of her own grief, she remembered Frank's equally bitter disappointment, and raised herself to comfort him.

"My dearest brother, do not be too hasty! Kathleen is young—very young. It may be that she herself comprehends how much she has been compromising herself in granting secret interviews to Lord Glanore. Remember what a home she has had, and that she is motherless!"

"I will—I do remember," was the passionate reply; "and that the love I have borne her gives a right to protect her. Lord Glanore shall be compelled to do her justice! She shall not have her fair fame tarnished through his agency."

"You'll not do anything rashly?" his anxious sister exclaimed.

"Not unless it be forced upon me!" said Frank, in his sternest accents. "I will see Mrs. Carroll in the morning. She stands in the position of guardian to Kathleen; with her assis-



AT THE BALL.

ance, I will concert measures for Kathleen's safety."

"But Lord Glanore—you will avoid him?"

"Avoid him! Am I a coward, that I should do so? Would any punishment that this arm could inflict be too great for one who has acted as he is doing!"

Rosamond's heart sank within her (ill she remembered that if the Viscount pursued his original intention, he would be on his way to England long before Frank could possibly seek him.

And now Mrs. Breen interposed. "Miss Rose, awhile, you'll come away with me to bed, or we'll be having you ill. Trust in Providence, me darlint, that makes the sun pierce darker clouds than this one!"

"Darkest! Oh, Alie, possible!"

"Faix, but 'tis very possible; for after all, ye've but heard one side of the story, and 'tis hard for me to believe that Miss Kathleen, that wept her blue eyes out of her head when Master Frank lay ill, could give her smiles to another!"

Frank silently pointed to the note, and taking up his candle, quitted the room; but Alie shook her head, and refused the proffered evidence.

"I've no 'pinion of leathers. Tient! many I've written myself, and never was able to say just what I meant, and no more. I'd rather have a simple yes or no from Miss Kathleen's party lips than all the palvering papers you could bring me. Wait for the daylight. Miss Rosie, dear, and persuade Master Frank to do the like. May be, when he's face to face with the poor child, she'll be able to set all straight again."

"I should be very glad if I could think with you," Rosamond replied, with a doubtful sigh. But she was comforted, nevertheless; and went to rest, dwelling on the cheerful predictions the old woman had uttered. She even strove to insill a little hopefulness into Frank before he left her to seek an interview with Mrs. Carroll; but her efforts were not crowned with success.

He found that lady alone, and not in the best of humour.

"I'm beginning to think I've done a foolish thing," she said, "in undertaking the charge of two wild girls, who seem to fancy that they neither owe me gratitude nor consideration, Nora goes out whenever she pleases, and gives audience to strange men, who look so like Jews and money-lenders that I am ashamed to have them seen coming to my house; while Kathleen mopes about, or shuts herself up, or takes solitary walks, in spite of my disapprobation. And now, to add to my perplexities, here is a letter from Ursula Delany, accusing me of having encouraged one of her nieces in the grossest disobedience, and the other in ruining her. 'Tis true that Nora has dressed well since she has been here; but I have desired her bills to be included in mine, so what her aunt means I cannot tell. And, worse than all, Ursula is on her way here, to reclaim Nora! before she can commit worse follies. Deed, Mr. Dalton, 'tis provoking, when one's been doing one's best for these motherless girls, to be thwarted as I am!"

The good-natured widow was so genuinely distressed, that Frank scarcely knew how to add to her vexations; but it was absolutely necessary, and laying before her the note he had found, he simply related the circumstances under which it came into his possession.

Mrs. Carroll, whom his gravely had alarmed, did not view the communication in as serious a light as he had expected she would.

"The silly child did not know, till I talked to

her last night, that she did wrong in asking favours in this way. She told me that she had been requesting Lord Glanore's aid for some poor family near her aunt's. You need not feel uneasy about this affair, Mr. Dalton. I'll send for Kathleen, and she shall explain it to you herself!"

Mrs. Carroll certainly imagined that she was telling Frank the precise truth, and ringing the bell with alacrity, she omitted on other topics, till the servant sent to convey her message, returned.

"Miss Sidney was lying down; she had a headache, and would feel obliged if Mr. Dalton would call on the morrow, when she hoped to be able to see him."

"I'll not let a pain in her head be a sufficient excuse for keeping you in suspense another twenty-four hours, Mr. Dalton," said the widow, with more determination than she generally exercised. "I'll go to Kathleen myself, and insist upon her seeing you at once."

"Although unwilling to distress her, I shall be eternally grateful if you will prevail upon her to see me," the young man exclaimed.

"Remind her that Rosamond's happiness is involved as well as mine in the mystery with which she surrounds her actions."

"You may depend upon me for saying all that is right and necessary," Mrs. Carroll hastened away.

Frank thought she would never come back, so long were the minutes that intervened before her returning; but she was heard on the stairs. He listened intently. She came, alone, and the hopes he had begun to entertain, fled. Nor was her countenance a reassuring one. Kathleen had declared herself incapable of the effort of coming down; and when it was urged upon her, had become so hysterical, that Mrs. Carroll, though unwilling, had been obliged to yield the point. She had, however, insisted that the wedding gift should fix an hour for the interview, and had promised to leave her disappointed lover on the morrow.

Frank said something about seeking Lord Glanore, and wresting an explanation from him; but this Mrs. Carroll assumed him would be impossible.

"Lord Glanore told me last night, that he intended starting for England at an early hour this morning, and my servants saw his carriage, loaded with luggage, pass the windows hours ago."

"I am sorry to hear it," Frank muttered. "And I rejoice that he is out of your reach. You must not forget, Mr. Dalton, that any quarrel between you and his lordship will compromise Kathleen's reputation. Even if she were guilty of a silly flirtation with a gay, thoughtless man, you are too right-minded to wish to inflict a serious injury upon her."

"This was true, and Frank consented to wait as patiently as he could for the promised conference, which must either clear away all his doubts, or so confirm them that he would be compelled to bid Kathleen farewell for ever. He went home, to relieve Rosamond's uneasiness a little by his report of what Mrs. Carroll had said; and two restless hours he devoted to reading or painting, he mounted his horse, and rode away from the city, trusting, to which he did not return till the evening closed in."

He had left the third animal at the stables, when he was snuntering slowly towards his own dwelling, when he met Major Colbye; coming upon him so suddenly that, in spite of his unwillingness to enter into conversation, he was unable to avoid a civil greeting.

The lazy exquisite was looking exceedingly bored.

"How do, Dalton? Are you, like myself, trying hard to get rid of the hours between this and bed-time? 'Tis a fatiguing task! I don't know whether I wouldn't sooner groom my horse, or brush my own hair?"

"How is it that you, who boast of being able to extract amusement from every one's peculiarities, are at such a loss for pastime?" Frank inquired.

The Major did not choose to say that he had just called at Mrs. Carroll's, and after, being told that the ladies were not at home, had been tantalized with a vision of Nora's bright face at an upper window openly watching his departure.

"Because I feel too idle just now to go in search of any one to quiz," he answered, with a yawn. "Dublin grows flat, stale, and unprofitable. I'm half inclined to go with Glanore to London; that is, if he does not start too early in the morning. 'Tis such a martyrdom swallowing one's breakfast in a hurry, and putting one's boots on before it has digested. Yes, I think I'll go; it will save me my travelling expenses if I travel with him, and the change will revive me."

"Your resolution comes too late," Frank told him. "The Viscount quitted Ireland this morning."

"Then he left his wrath behind him!" was the Major's cool response. "For I saw him not an hour ago."

"Are you sure of this?" queried his hearer, doubtfully.

"Am I sure of my own existence? Yes."

"Did you address him?" was the next question.

"No; for he was not alone. A lady, closely veiled, was on his arm; and as they both of them seemed disposed to shirk me, I made myself agreeable by crossing the street, and getting out of their way."

There was something so odd in this statement, coming upon Mrs. Carroll's assurance that Lord Glanore had left Dublin in the morning, that Frank, unwilling to go with Glanore, stood now restored suspense, and asked, "Where did you encounter Glanore?"

"At the top of Barrel, or Verrall Street. Do you know it? And what makes you so inquisitive about our friends' movements? By Jove, it wasn't that pretty little cousin, or ward, of Mrs. Carroll's, who hung on his arm so comfoudly, was it?"

Frank evaded replying, but his veins swelled to bursting as he thought that it might be as the Major had suggested. All the miserable thoughts he had been trying to subdue came back to torture him; and unable to endure any companionship at such a moment, he contrived an excuse for hurrying away.

"He could not present himself before Rosamond till he could meet her with a smile, so he walked up one street and down another, till he found himself in the vicinity of the hotel where Glanore had resided. Here he could ascertain which of the tales he had heard was correct; and striding up the steps, he interrogated the civil porter."

"Lord Glanore? His lordship had left for England only that morning. Would he like to have the address in London, to which all letters were to be forwarded? No; he was quite sure that the Viscount went in the morning, for one of their men had gone to assist in putting the luggage on board the steamer."

Then Major Colbye was mistaken, and he had been wronging Kathleen by supposing that at the very time she denied herself to him, she was holding a clandestine meeting with a successful rival.

Blaming himself for attaching any importance to the rambling statements of the careless Major, Frank went home, sufficiently relieved

In mind to listen with outward composure while Rosamund talked hopefully of what the morrow was to bring forth.

"I am not sorry Miss Delany is coming to Dublin," she said. "Our two little Kathleen will be obliged to decide between her aunt and her lover, and there is very little doubt as to which way the scales will turn. Then, dear Frank, while you and your bride indulge in a trip to Paris, Alice and I will go home and make ready for your return. If all goes well, we shall be a happy quartette round the fire this winter."

"If?" Her voice faltered a little as she uttered the ominous word; but she steadied it again, and contrived to preserve her cheerful demeanour till they parted for the night.

Frank went to his room, but not to rest. Lighted a cigar, he flung open the window, and smoked at it till far into the night. He felt too excited, too anxious for sleep. His conversation with Kathleen had been so romantic and full of the enamourment, but the love she had inspired was none the less deep and enduring. To be obliged to suspect her of deceit was torture; and his mental sufferings, as he pictured her flitting to and fro in the treacherous Viscount, drove him almost to madness.

At last, dressed as he was, he flung himself on his bed, and slept the heavy, unrefreshing sleep of exhaustion, till the light touch of Rosamund's fingers on his forehead aroused him.

"Is it not late?" he exclaimed, glancing at the sun, which was high in the heavens.

"Yes; but I would not have aroused you, if it had not been absolutely necessary. Mrs. Carroll has sent to entreat you to go to her immediately."

He sprang up, and his eyes began to question his sister's pale and troubled face.

"Kathleen—does it concern her? Is she ill or—"

"Indeed, dear Frank, I don't know anything. I could not ask the servant his mistress's reasons for wishing to see you, although quite as eager to know them as you are."

That was too true to be calmsaid; so Frank made a hasty toilette, and swallowing a cup of coffee, to satisfy Alice Breen, he hurried to Mrs. Carroll's residence.

(To be continued.)

LONGING FOR SUMMER.

BY MAX.

I've listened all night to the wind,
I've hated all day the sun,
And now from the shadowy sky
Darkness is falling again.

O, love, I am weary and ill,
I've heard the birds sing at dawn
The beating of heart and brain;
Let me lay down my head on thy arm.

Time heavily passes away,
It's harder to live than to die;
To hope against hope thro' the day,
And be weary when night draweth nigh.

Pray, dear, for the summer to come,
The water seems longer to flow,
And my spirit is yearning to breathe,
The perfume of yew and rose.

O, love, for a walk on the hills,
A rest 'neath the pine trees at noon,
And to be the cause of the birds,
And breeze that murmur in June.

I long for the radiant sun
To shine in his glory again,
When they clouds sail o'er the sky,
Like ships on the breast of the main.

There is joy for my soul in the sound
Of murmuring leaves as they bend,
And the notes of the lark near heaven,
As earthward to us they descend.

Then pray for the summer to come,
Bearing sweet flowers in her train,
With beautiful sunshine and calm
That I may grow better again.

THE WATER-BABIES:

A FAIRY TALE FOR A LAND-BABY.

BY REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY, M. A.

CHAPTER VI.

Now you may fancy that Tom was quite good, when he had everything that he could want or wish; but you would be very much mistaken. Being quite comfortable is a very good thing, but it does not make people good. Indeed, it sometimes makes them naughty, as it has made the people in America, and as it made the people in the Bible, who waxed fat and kicked, like horses overtaken and underworked. And I am very sorry to say that this happened to little Tom. For he grew so fond of the soft-bull's-eyes and soul-bellies, that his foolish little head could think of nothing else; and he was always longing for more, and wondering when the strange lady would come again and give him some, and what she would give him, and how much, and whether she would give him more than the others. And he thought of nothing but lollipops by day, and dreamt of nothing else by night—and what happened then?

That he began to watch the lady to see where she kept the sweet things, and began hiding, and sneaking, and following her about, and pretending to be looking the other way, or going after something else, till he found out that she kept them in a beautiful mother-of-pearl cabinet, away in a deep crack of the rocks.

And he longed to go to the cabinet, and yet he was afraid; and then he longed again, and was less afraid; and at last, by continual thinking about it, he longed so violently that he was not afraid at all. And one night, when all the other children were asleep, he could not sleep for thinking of lollipops, he crept away among the rocks, and got to the cabinet, and behold! it was open.

But, when he saw all the nice things inside, instead of being delighted, he was quite frightened, and wished he had never come there. And then he would only touch them, and he did; and then he would only taste one, and he did; and then he would only eat one, and he did; and then he would only eat two, and then three, and so on; and then he was terrified lest she should come and catch him, and began gobbling them down so fast that he did not taste them or have any pleasure in them; and then he felt sick, and would have only one more; and then only one more again; and so on till he had eaten them all up.

And all the while, close behind him, stood Mrs. Bedonebysould. And she looked very sadly at Tom, but did not speak to him nor punish him, not even when Tom came next day with the rest for sweet things. He was horribly afraid of coming, but he was still more afraid of staying away, lest any one should suspect him. He was dreadfully afraid, too, lest there should be no sweets—as was to be expected, he having eaten them all—and lest then the fairy should follow who had taken them. But, behold! she

pulled out just as many as ever, which astonished Tom, and frightened him still more.

And, when the fairy looked him full in the face, he shook from head to foot; however, she gave him his share like the rest, and he thought within himself that she could not have found him out.

But, when he put the sweets into his mouth, he hated the taste of them; and they made him sick, and he had to get away as fast as he could; and terribly sick he was, and very cross and unhappy, all the week after.

Then, when next week came, he had his share again; and again the fairy looked him full in the face; but more sadly than she had ever looked. And he could not bear the sweets, but took them again in spite of himself.

And, when Mrs. Bedonebysould came, he wanted to be cuddled like the rest; but she said very seriously:

"I should like to cuddle you, but I cannot, you are so horny and prickly."

And Tom looked at himself, and he was all over prickles, just like a sea-egg.

Which was quite natural; for you must know and believe that people's souls make their bodies, just as a small makes its shell (I am not joking, my little man; I am in serious, solemn earnest). And, therefore, when Tom's soul grew all prickly with naughty tempers, his body could not help growing prickly too, so that nobody would cuddle him, or play with him, or even like to look at him.

What could Tom do now, but go away and hide in a corner, and cry? For nobody would play with him, and he knew full well why.

And he was so miserable all that week that, when the fairy came, and looked at him once more full in the face, more seriously and sadly than ever, he could stand it no longer, and thrust the sweets away, saying, "No, I don't want any; I can't bear them now," and then burst out, crying, poor little man, and told Mrs. Bedonebysould every word as it happened.

He was horribly frightened when he had done so; for he expected her to punish him very severely. But, instead, she only took him up and kissed him, which was not quite pleasant, for her chin was very bristly indeed; but he was so lonely-hearted, he thought that rough kissing better than none.

"I will forgive you, little man," she said. "I always forgive every one the moment they tell me the truth of their own accord."

"Then you will take away all these nasty prickles?"

"That is a very different matter. You put them there yourself, and only you can take them away."

"But how can I do that?" asked Tom, crying a-fresh.

"Well, I think it is time for you to go to school; so I shall fetch you a schoolmistress, who will teach you how to get rid of your prickles." And so she went away.

Tom was frightened at the notion of a schoolmistress; for he thought she would certainly come with a birch-rod or a cane; but he comforted himself, at last, that she might be something like the old woman in Vendale—which she was not in the least; for, when the fairy brought her, she was the most beautiful little girl that ever was seen, with long curls floating behind her like a golden cloud, and long robes floating all round her like a silver one.

"There he is," said the fairy; "and you must teach him to be good, whether you like or not."

"I know," said the little girl; but she did not seem quite to like, for she put her finger in her mouth, and looked at Tom under her brows; and Tom put her finger in her mouth, and looked at her under his brows, for he was horribly ashamed of himself.

The little girl seemed hardly to know how to begin; and perhaps she would never have begun at all, if poor Tom had not burst out crying, and begged her to teach him how to be good, and how to cure his prickles; and at that she grew so tender-hearted, that she began teaching him as prettily as ever child was taught in the world.

And what did the little girl teach Tom? She taught him, first, what you have been taught ever since you said your first prayers at your mother's knees; but she taught him much more simply. For the lessons in that world, my child, have no such hard words in them as the lessons in this, and therefore the water-babies like them better than you like your lessons, and long to learn them more and more; and grown men cannot puzzle nor quarrel over their meanings, as they do here on land; for those lessons all rise clear and pure out of the everlasting ground of all life and truth.

So she taught Tom every day in the week; only on Sundays she always went away home, and the kind fairy took her place. And, before she had taught Tom many Sundays, his prickles had vanished quite away, and his skin was smooth and clean again.

"Dear me!" said the little girl, "why, I know you now. You are the very same little chimney-sweep who came into my bedroom."

"Dear me!" cried Tom. "And I know you, too, now. You are the very little white lady whom I saw in bed." And he jumped at her, and longed to hug and kiss her; but did not remember that she was a lady born; so he only jumped round and round her, till he was quite tired.

And then they began telling each other all their story—how he had got into the water, and she had fallen over the rock; and how he had swam down to the sea, and how she had flown out of the window, and how this, that, and the other, till it was all talked out, and then they both began over again, and I can't say which of the two talked fastest.

And then they set to work at their lessons again, and both liked them so well, that they went on well till full seven years were past and gone.

You may fancy that Tom was quite content and happy all those seven years; but the truth is, he was not. He had always one thing on his mind, and that was—where little Ellie went, when she went home on Sundays.

To a very beautiful place, she said.

But what was the beautiful place like, and where was it?

Ah! that is just what she could not say. And it is strange, but true, that no one can say; and that those who have been oftenest in it, or even nearest to it, can say least about it, and make people understand least what it is like. There are a good many folks about the Other-end-of-Nowhere (where Tom went afterwards), who pretend to know it from north to south as well as if they had been pony postmen there; but, as they are safe at the Other-end-of-Nowhere, nine hundred and ninety-nine million miles away, what they say cannot concern us.

But the dear, sweet, loving, wise, good, self-sacrificing people, who really go there, can never tell you anything about it, save that it is the most beautiful place in all the world; and, if you ask them more, they grow modest, and hold their peace, for fear of being laughed at; and quite right they are.

So all that good little Ellie could say was, that it was worth all the rest of the world put together. And of course that only made Tom the more anxious to go likewise.

"Miss Ellie," he said at last, "I will know why I cannot go with you when you go home on Sundays, or I shall have no peace, or give you none either."

"You must ask the fairies that."

So when the fairy, Mrs. Bedonebysould, came next, Tom asked her.

"Little boys who are only fit to play with sea-bubbles cannot go there," she said. "Those who go there must go first where they do not like, and do what they do not like, and help somebody they do not like."

"Why, did Ellie do that?"

"Ask her."

And Ellie blushed, and said, "Yes, Tom; I did not like coming here at first; I was so much happier at home, where it is always Sunday. And I was afraid of you, Tom, at first, because—"

"Because I was all over prickles? But I am not prickly now, am I, Miss Ellie?"

"No," said Ellie. "I like you very much now; and I like coming here, too."

"And perhaps," said the fairy, "you will learn to like going where you don't like, and helping some one that you don't like, as Ellie has."

But Tom put his finger in his mouth, and hung his head down; for he did not see that at all.

So when Mrs. Bedonebysould came, Tom asked her; for he thought in his little head, she is not so strict as her sister, and perhaps she may let me off more easily.

Ah, Tom, Tom, silly fellow! and yet I don't know why I should blame you, while so many grown people have got the very same notion in their heads.

But, when they try it, they get just the same answer as Tom did. For, when he asked the second fairy, she told him just what the first did, and in the very same words.

Tom was very unhappy at that. And, when Ellie went home on Sunday, he fretted and cried all day, and did not care to listen to the fairy's stories about good children, though they were prettier than ever. Indeed, the more he overheard of them, the less he liked to listen, because they were all about children who did what they did not like, and took trouble for other people, and worked to feed their little brothers and sisters, instead of caring only for their play. And, when she began to tell a story about a holy child in old times, who was martyred by the heathen because it would not worship idols, Tom could bear no more, and ran away and hid among the rocks.

When Ellie came back, he was shy with her, because he feared she would look down on him, and thought him a coward. And then he grew quite cross with her, because she was superior to him, and did what he could not do. And poor Ellie was quite surprised and sad; and at last Tom burst out crying; but he would not tell her what was really in his mind.

And all the while he was eaten up with curiosity to know where Ellie went to; so that he began not to care for his playmates, or for the sea-palace, or anything else. But perhaps that grew so discontented with everything round him, that he did not care to stay, and did not care where he went.

"Ah!" he said at last, "I am so miserable here, I go, if only you will go with me!"

"Ah!" said Ellie. "I wish I might; but the worst of it is, that the fairy says, that you must go alone, if you go at all. Now don't poke that poor crab about, Tom, for he was feeling very naughty and mischievous, or the fairy will have to punish you."

Tom was very nearly saying, "I don't care if she does," but he stopped himself in time.

"I know what she wants me to do," he said, whining most dolefully. "She wants me to go after that horrid old Grimes. I don't like him, that's certain. And if I find him, he will turn me into a chimney-sweep again, I know. That's what I have been afraid of all along."

"No, he won't—I know as much as that. Nobody can turn water-babies into sweeps or hurt them at all, as long as they are good."

"Ah!" said Tom. "I don't want you to go; you are persuading me all along to go, because you are tired of me, and want to get rid of me."

Little Ellie opened her eyes very wide at that, and they were all brimming over with tears.

"Oh, Tom, Tom!" she said, very mournfully—and then she cried, "Oh, Tom! where are you?"

And Tom cried, "Oh, Ellie, where are you?"

For neither of them could see each other—not the least. Little Ellie vanished quite away, and Tom heard her voice calling him, and growing smaller and smaller, and fainter and fainter, till it was silent.

Tom was frightened then but Tom, he swam up and down among the rocks, into all the halls and chambers, faster than ever he swam before; but could not find her. He shouted after her, but she did not answer; he asked all the other children, but they had not seen her; and at last he went up to the top of the water and began crying and screaming for Mrs. Bedonebysould, which—which perhaps was the best thing to do—for she came in a moment.

"Oh!" said Tom. "Oh dear, oh dear! I have been naughty to Ellie, and I have killed her—I know I have killed her."

"Not quite that," said the fairy; "but I have sent her away home, and she will not come back again for a long time."

And at that Tom cried so bitterly, that the salt sea water welled with tears, and the tide was -3,051,620,819 of an inch higher than it had been the day before; but perhaps that was owing to the waxing of the moon. It may have been so; but it is considered right in the new philosophy, you know, to give spiritual causes for physical phenomena—especially in parlour tables; and, of course, physical causes for spiritual ones, like thinking, and praying, and knowing right from wrong. And so they odd it till it comes even, as folks say down in Berkshire.

"How cruel of you to send Ellie away!" sobbed Tom. "However, I will find her again, if I go to the world's end to look for her."

The fairy did not slap Tom, and tell him to hold his tongue; but she took him on her lap very kindly, just as her sister would have done; and put him in mind how it was not her fault, because she was wound up inside, like watches, and could not help doing things, whether she liked or not. And then she told him how he had been in the nursery long enough, and must go out now and see the world, if he intended ever to be a man; and how he must go all alone by himself, as every one else that was born has to go, and see with his own eyes, and smell with his own nose, and make his own bed and lie on it, and burn his own fingers if he put them into the fire. And then she told him how many fine things there were to be seen in the world, and what an odd, curious, pleasant, orderly, respectable, well-mannered, and, on the whole, successful (as, indeed, might have been expected) sort of a place it was, if people would be only tolerably brave and honest and good in it; and then she told him not to be afraid of anything he met, for nothing would harm him if he remembered all his lessons, and did what he knew was right. And at last she comforted poor little Tom so much that he was quite eager to go, and wanted to set out that minute.

"Only," he said, "if I might see Ellie one more, before I went!"

"Why do you want that?"

"Because—because I should be so much happier if I thought she had forgiven me."

And in the twinkling of an eye (there stood

Ellie, smiling, and looking so happy that Tom longed to kiss her; but was still afraid it would not be respectful, because she was a lady born.

"I am going, Ellie!" said Tom. "I am going, if it is to the world's end. But I don't like going at all, and that's the truth."

"Pooh! pooh! pooh!" said the fairy. "You will like it very well indeed, you little rogue, and you know that at the bottom of your heart. But if you don't, I will make you like it. Come here and see what happens to people who do only what is pleasant."

And she took out of one of her cupboard (she had all sorts of mysterious cupboards in the cracks of the rocks) the most wonderful waterproof book, full of such photographs as never were seen. For she had found out photography (and this is a fact) more than 13,598,000 years before anybody was born; and what is more, her photographs did not merely represent light and shade, as ours do, but colour also, and also colour, as you may see if you look at a black cock's tail, or a butterfly's wing, or indeed, most things that are or can be, so to speak. And, therefore, her photographs were very curious and famous, and the children looked with great delight for the opening of the book.

(To be continued.)

THE ROMANCE OF THE BARLEY-STRAW.

AN ALLEGORY FROM THE DANISH.

A young married couple were walking down a country lane. It was a peaceful, sunny morning in autumn, and the last of their honeymoon.

"Why are you so silent and thoughtful?" asked the young, beautiful wife. "Do you already weary of the city and its turmoil? Are you weary of your love? You regret, I fear, that you have renounced your busy life yonder and consented to live only for me and our happiness?"

He kissed her forehead, which she tenderly raised up to him. She received no other answer.

"What can you miss here?" she continued. "Can all the others together love you more than I my single self? Do I not suffice? We are rich enough, so that you need not work; but if you absolutely must do something—well, then, write romances and read them to me alone."

The young man again replied with a kiss. He then stepped across the ditch into a stubble-field and plucked a straw, left by the gleaners. It was an unusually fine and large straw, yet attached to its root and entwined by the withered stalks of a parsnip-like plant, upon which a single little flower might be discerned.

"Was that a very rare flower you found?" asked the little lady.

"No; it was a common blindweed."

"A blindweed?"

"Yes, that is its vulgar name. The botanists call it *Convolvulus arvensis*. The peasantry name it fox-vine; in some localities it is called tangled-weed." He paused and gazed thoughtfully on the straw.

"Pray, what interesting thing is it, then, that you have discovered?"

"It is a romance."

"A romance?"

"Yes; for a parable, if you like."

"Yes; the flower and—the straw?"

"Please tell me the story about it."

"But it is a sad one."

"No matter for that; I should like to hear it very much."

She seated herself on the edge of the grassy bank; her husband did the same close at her side, and told the story of the straw.

At the outer edge of the barley-field, near the ditch of the highway, grew a young vigorous barley-shoot. It was taller, stronger, and darker than the others; it could look over the whole field.

The first thing it noticed was a little violet. It stood beyond, over the other edge of the ditch, and peered through the grass with its innocent azure eyes. The sun shone, and the balmy wind breathed over towards the field from the road, where the violet grew. The young straw rocketed itself in spring-air and spring-dreams. To reach one another was out of the question; they did not even think about it. The violet was a pretty little flower, but it clung to earth and soon disappeared among the growing grass. The barley, on the contrary, shot up higher and higher each day; but the dark green shoot still above all the rest. It rejoiced already in a long, full ear before any of the others had commenced to show their heads.

All the surrounding flowers looked up to the gallant ear of barley. The scarlet poppy blushed yet a deeper red, whenever it swung over it. The corn-flowers, like the woman still more plentiful than usual, and the flaunting yellow field-cabbage expanded its odd bold flower. By-and-by the barley-straw blossomed in its manner. It swayed about, now here, now there, in the balmy atmosphere; sometimes bending over the cornflower, at times over the poppy, and then over the taro and wild field cabbage; but when it had peered down in their chalice it swung back again, straightened up, and thought, "You are but a lot of weeds, after all!"

But in the grass at the ditch flourished a blindweed, with its small leafy vines; it bore delicate snowy and rose-coloured flowers, and emitted a delicate fragrance. To that the barley-straw looked longingly down.

"You gallant straw," it smiled; "bend yet lower, till I may embrace you with my leaves and flowers."

The straw essayed to do it, with its best will, but in vain.

"I cannot," it sighed; "but come to me, lean on me and cling to me, and I will raise you above all the proud poppies and conceited corn-flowers."

"I have never had any ambition to rise in the world, but you have been my constant dream ever since I was building, and for your sake I will leave the greensward and all the little flowers, in whose company I grow. We will twine ourselves together and flower alone for each other."

Thus said the blindweed, and stretched its tendrils into the field. It clung tenderly to the straw, and covered it with its green leaves and modest flowers up to its topmost blade.

It was a beautiful sight. The two seemed to suit each other to perfection. The straw fell now really proud, and shot up higher and higher.

"Do you wish to leave me?" sighed the weed.

"Are you dizzy already?" smiled the straw.

"Stay with me—cling to me. Why do you rise higher?"

"Because I must. It is my nature."

"But it is not mine."

"Follow me, if you love me."

"You won't stay? I know now that you do not love me any more."

And the weed loosened its tender arms and sank to the earth; but the straw continued to shoot over upwards.

The blindweed began to wither. Its flowers grew more and more pale. "I have but lived and flowered for you. For your sake have I sacrificed my spring and my summer. But you do not notice my flowers—you leave my little buds to wither in the air; you think upon anything else but me and the beautiful summer—my time!"

"I think upon the harvest—my time has also its claim. Presently the rain came. Great drops fell upon the delicate leaves. "My time is soon over," wept the weed, and closed its little flowers to hide the cold tears.

Tears are heavy. The straw came near sinking under its burden, but it felt the importance of keeping itself upright; it straightened up, gallantly facing the storm. It grew stiffer in the body—the order in the joints.

It was one of the dark days. The heavens were gray and the earth dark; it had been raining for a long time. The weed had grown downward into the earth, as if it would hide itself from the storm.

"Bend down once more as you did in days of yore, when my love was all in all to you," begged the weeping flower.

"I cannot, I dare not," groaned the straw.

"And I, who have bent a thousand times for your sake—I, who now bend myself to the very dust before your feet," wailed the weed, groveling on the earth.

Then fell a couple of large rain-drops upon the blades; the weight was too much, the brave straw yielded, the weed pulled it down, and both straw and weed sunk down on the wet earth, never more to rise again.

The harvest came. All the golden corn were bound in sheaves, and brought to the barn with song and joy. But that which once so gallantly had reared its head above all the others, remained prostrate on the stubble-field. The grain was mown and the straw withered. Of the beautiful vine, whose loving embrace had been so fatal, only the dry, blackened stalks remained.

Thus ended the romance of the barley-straw. The young wife had tears in her beautiful eyes; but they were the happy tears which strengthen, not the scalding ones which crush the soul to the earth. She wound her arms around her husband's neck, and whispered a single word in his ear. It was, "Thanks."

Then she plucked the lost, half-withered blossom from the blindweed.

"It is a flower of memory that I will take with me, when I to-morrow return with you to the city again," she said softly, as she hid it in her bosom. "Love is good, but labour and love are better. Pleasure is perfect only when it harmonises with our permanent interests, as it is also true that no delight can be enduring which interferes with duty."

THE SAD END OF ROMEO AND JULIET.

BY ONE ACQUAINTED WITH ALL THE CIRCUMSTANCES.

It was in ancient Italy, a deadly hatred grew between old Capulet and Montague. Now Capulet had an only son, a dapple blue boy. The pet of all the pretty girls—by name young Romeo.

And Montague owned a female girl, just home from boardin' school. Miss Juliet was her Christian name (for short they called her etc.).

To bring the lady out to have a ball at his plantation. And thither went young Romeo, without an invitation.

One Tybalt, kinsman of the host, began to scowl and frown.

And watched an opportunity to put the fellow out. When Montague saw the fun, he said, "My cousin, don't be cross; behave yourself or leave the room; are you or I the boss?"

When Juliet saw young Romeo, his beauty did enchant her.

And Romeo fell in love with Juliet instantly. Last their darts should spoil the fun, but little time they tarried.

But straightway went to Friar Lawrence's cell, and privately were married. Oh, cruel fate! next day the groom met Tybalt on the square.

And Tybalt, being very drunk at Romeo did swear. Then Montague his weapon drew (a knife of seven blades).

And stuck it into Tybalt's ribs, which laid him in the shades.

Then Montague ran up and down, through alley, street and square.

The Charles ran, o'er took their man, and brought him fore the Mayor.

And then the worthy magistrate most savagely did say, he, young man, you love your head, or else you waste this town:

He chide the last, and left his bride in solitude to pine.

"Alas," said he, "our honeymoon is nothing but moonshine!"

And now, to make the matter worse, old Montague did say that she must give her hand to noble Count de Paris.

"He is a comely youth," said he, "to-day he comes to woo."

And, indeed, if you don't marry him, I'll soundly wallop you."

She straightway went to the friar's cell to see what must be done.

The friar he said to go to bed and take some laudanum—

"I'll make you sleep and soon as dead—thus you'll escape this blow."

A humbugged man your dad will be—a blessed one Romeo!

She drank, she slept, she seemed as dead—they buried her next day—

She peeged out her head long word, far off in France.

Said he, "Of life I've enough—I'll hire Bluffkins' mule,

Lay in a pint of bald-faced rum, and lie to-night with the dead."

He rode onto the sepulchre, among dead folks, hats and creepsers.

And swallowed down the poison dose, when Juliet opened her peepers.

"Are you alive, or is it your ghost? Speak quick, before I go!"

"Alive," she said, "and kicking, too. Art thou my Romeo?"

"It is your Romeo!" he said, "my faded little blossom!"

Ah! Juliet is it possible that you are playing possum?"

"I am, my dear; now let's go home—I'm a iring will be abated!"

Oh! what's the matter, Romeo, are you inebriated?"

"Ah! no, my love; I only took a little dose of physio!"

It makes me feel quite bad, I own—a little something sensick."

Now, sooner than a playful lamb could shake his tail or jump,

Poor Romeo was as stiff and pale as any whitewashed pump.

Then Juliet that same weapon drew, and in her bosom stuck it.

Let out a most terrific yell, fell down and kicked the bucket.

A YOUNG GIRL'S THOUGHTS.

Parvna Ros was singing Cesta Diva in one of the western cities. Folding her white hands on her bosom, and raising her tender eyes, she commenced her "Eolian notes, the melody swelling and breaking into a rush of plaintive, supplicating harmony, that vibrated through every chord of the heart. I glanced at my friend at my side, radiant in her dress and halo of golden hair, and there was a sweet, pensive look on her downcast face. The music ceased, and she looked up at me with a smile, as if to say, "I am an organ when my beautiful companion raised her lungs, serene eyes to mine; and said: "Isn't it sad?"

"Yes," replied I quickly, sharing her feeling; "although so glorious, it touches a melancholy chord."

"O, nonsense!" she exclaimed, "I don't mean that! You know very well that I don't pretend to appreciate this kind of musical jargon. I mean isn't it sad to see so many young men builded here? I wonder if it isn't dispensation, or the climate, or what? I do know that I have been picking out bald-heads down in the parrotets, and would you believe it, I actually counted twenty-nine."

