

ALEX. SCOTT,  
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR OF  
"THE YORK HERALD."  
TERMS: \$1 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.  
Cheap Book and Job Printing Establishment.  
OFFICE—YONGE ST., RICHMOND HILL.  
VOL. XVI. NO. 11

# The York Herald.

THE YORK HERALD  
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE  
YONGE ST., RICHMOND HILL.  
Issued Weekly on Friday Morning.  
Terms:—One Dollar per Annum in Advance  
ALEX. SCOTT, PROPRIETOR.

RICHMOND HILL, ONTARIO, CANADA. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1874.

WHOLE NO. 840.

## THE YORK HERALD

Every Friday Morning,  
And dispatched to subscribers by the earliest  
mail or other conveyances, when so desired.  
The YORK HERALD will always be found  
to contain the latest and most important  
Foreign and Local News and Markets, and  
the greatest care will be taken to render it  
acceptable to the man of business, and a  
valuable Family Newspaper.  
TERMS: One Dollar per annum in ad-  
vance, if not paid within two months, One  
Dollar and Fifty Cents will be charged.  
No paper discontinued until all arrears are  
paid; and parties refusing papers with-  
out paying up will be held accountable for  
the subscription.  
All letters addressed to the editors must  
be post-paid.

ADVERTISING RATES.  
PER LINE  
One inch, one year..... \$4 00  
Two inches, one year..... 3 50  
Three inches, one year..... 3 00  
Advertisements for a shorter period  
than one year, insertion..... 0 50  
Each subsequent insertion..... 0 25  
22 inches to be considered one column.  
Advertisements without written direction  
inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.  
All transitory advertisements from regu-  
lar or irregular customers, must be paid for  
when handed in for insertion.

## THE HERALD BOOK & JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.

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## Plain & Colored Job Work

will be promptly attended to:  
Fancy Bills, Business Cards, Circulars, Law  
Forms, Bill Heads, Blank Checks, Drafts,  
Blank Orders, Receipts, Letter Heads, Fancy  
Cards, Pamphlets, Large and Small Posters,  
and every other kind of Letter-Press Print-  
ing.  
Having made large additions to the print-  
ing material, we are better prepared than  
ever to do the neatest and most beautiful  
printing of every description.

## AUCTIONEERS.

FRANCIS BUTTON, JR.,  
Licensed Auctioneer for the County of  
York. Sales attended to on the short-  
est notice and at reasonable rates. P. O.  
address, Duttonville.  
Markham, July 24, 1868 497

## DRUGGISTS.

H. SANDERSON & SON,  
PROPRIETORS OF THE  
RICHMOND HILL DRUG STORE,  
Corner of Young and Centre streets East,  
have constantly on hand a good assortment  
of Drugs, Poisons, Perfumery, Chemicals,  
Oils, Toilet Soaps, Medicines, Varnishes,  
Fancy Articles, Dye Stuffs, Patent Medi-  
cines and all other articles kept by druggists  
generally. Our stock of medicines war-  
ranted genuine, and of the best qualities.  
Richmond Hill, Jan 25, '72 705

## THOMAS CARR,

Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Groceries,  
Wines, and all kinds of Household  
By Royal Letters Patent has been appointed Is-  
suer of Marriage Licenses.

## DENTISTRY.

A. ROBINSON, L. D. S.  
New method of extracting teeth without  
pain, by the use of Ether Spray, which  
affects the teeth only. The tooth and gum  
surrounding becomes insensible with the  
external agent, when the tooth can be ex-  
tracted with no pain and without endan-  
gering the life, as in the use of Chloroform. Dr.  
Robinson will be at the following places  
prepared to extract teeth with his new ap-  
paratus. All office operations in Dentistry  
performed in a workmanlike manner:  
Aurora, 1st, 3rd, 16th and 22d of each month  
Newmarket, 2d, 10th and 18th "  
Richmond Hill, 9th and 24th "  
Mt. Albert, 15th "  
Thornhill, 23rd "  
Maple, 26th "  
Burwick, 28th "  
Kleinburg, 30th "  
Nobleton, 30th "  
Nitrous Oxide Gas always on hand at  
Aurora.  
Aurora, April 28, 1870 615-1f

## W. H. & R. PUGSLEY,

(SUCCESSORS TO W. W. COX.)  
BUTCHERS, RICHMOND HILL, HAVE  
always on hand the best of Beef, Mutton,  
Lamb, Veal, Pork, Sausages, &c., and sell at  
the lowest prices for Cash.  
Also, Corned and Spiced Beef, Smoked and  
Dried Hams.  
The highest market price given for Cattle,  
Sheep, Lambs, &c.  
Richmond Hill, Oct. 24, '72. 745-1f

## FARMERS' BOOT AND SHOE STORE

JOHN BARRON, manufacturer and dealer  
in all kinds of boots and shoes, 38 West  
Market Square, Toronto.  
Boots and shoes made to measure, of the  
best material and workmanship, at the low-  
est remunerating prices.  
Toronto, Dec 3, 1867.

## PETER S. GIBSON,

PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR,  
Civil Engineer and Draughtsman.  
Orders by letter should state the Concession,  
Lot and character of Survey, the subscriber  
having the old Field Notes of the late D.  
Gibson and other surveys, which should  
be consulted, in many cases as to original  
monuments, &c., previous to commencing  
work.  
Office at WILLOWDALE, Yonge Street, in  
the Township of York.  
Jan'y 8, 1873. 755

## J. SEGSWORTH,

DEALER IN FINE GOLD AND SIL-  
ver Watches, Jewelry, &c., 113 Yonge  
Street, Toronto.  
September 1, 1871. 684

## ADAM H. MEYERS, JR.,

(Late of Duggan & Meyers.)  
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, CONVEYANCER,  
&c., &c.  
Office:—No. 12 York Chambers, South-  
east Corner of Toronto and Court Streets,  
Toronto, Ont.  
January 15, 1873. 756-1f

## PATENT MEDICINES.

MUSTARD'S Catarrh Specific Cures Acute  
and Chronic cases of Catarrh, Neural-  
gia, Headache, Colds, Croup, Asthma,  
Bronchitis, &c., it is also a good Soothing  
Syrup.  
MUSTARD'S Pills are the best pills you  
can get for Dyspepsia, Sick Headache,  
Biliousness, Liver, Kidney Complaints, &c.  
I HAVE you Rheumatism, Wounds, Bruises,  
Old Sores, Cuts, Burns, Frost Bites,  
Piles, Painful Swellings, White Swellings,  
and every conceivable wound upon man or  
beast?

THE KING OF OILS  
Stands permanently above every other Rem-  
edy now in use. It is invaluable.  
ISO, the Pain Victor is Infallible for  
Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Flux, Cholera,  
Cholera Morbus, Pain and Cramp in the  
Stomach and Bowels, &c.  
Directions with each bottle and box.  
Manufactured by H. MUSTARD,  
Proprietor, Ingersoll.  
Sold by Druggists generally.  
The Dominion Worm Candy is the medicine  
to expel worms. Try it. 700-y

J. H. SANDERSON,  
VETERINARY SURGEON, Graduate of  
Toronto University College, corner of  
Yonge and Centre Sts. East, Richmond Hill,  
begs to announce to the public that he is now  
practising with H. Sanderson, of the same  
place, where they may be consulted person-  
ally or by letter, on all diseases of horses,  
cattle, &c.  
All orders from a distance promptly at-  
tended to, and medicine sent to any part of  
the Province.  
Horses examined as to soundness, and also  
bought and sold on commission.  
Richmond Hill, Jan. 25, 1872. 507

S. JAMES,  
(LATE JAMES & FOWLER.)  
ARCHITECT, CIVIL ENGINEER, AND  
Surveyor, Trust and Loan Buildings, cor-  
ner of Adelaide and Toronto streets, To-  
ronto. 719-1f

WM. MALLOY,  
BARRISTER, Attorney, Solicitor-in-Chan-  
cery, Conveyancer, &c.  
OFFICE—No. 6 Royal Insurance Buildings,  
Toronto street.  
Toronto, Dec. 2, 1859. 594

D. C. O'BRIEN,  
ANCER, and Commission Agent for the  
sale or purchase of lands, farm stock, &c.,  
also for the collection of rents, notes and ac-  
counts. Charges Moderate.  
OFFICE—Richmond street, Richmond Hill.  
700-1y

F. WHITLOCK,  
CHIMNEY SWEEP, AND DEALER IN  
all iron, rags, &c., &c., Richmond Hill.  
All orders promptly attended to.  
November 12, 1872. 747-1f

Not a single murder or attempted  
murder took place in St. Petersburg  
in the months of May and June.  
Over \$6,000,000 worth of property  
has been buried in the American lakes  
since the introduction of steam.  
When they told an Indiana woman  
that her husband had been sliced up  
by a reaper, she impatiently replied:  
"Well, take the pieces to the barn;  
I can't leave the gooseberry sauce  
just now.

Some more photographs of the  
Prince Imperial have been seized at  
Paris. By means of a chemical pre-  
paration they were rendered invisible  
on the card, but on being dipped in  
water they became clear and appar-  
ent.  
A parting at a Chicago railway de-  
pot: "Do not forget me or cease to  
love me" murmured the husband.  
"Never, never," sobbed the wife, and  
she pulled out her handkerchief and  
tied a knot in it, that she might re-  
member.  
"Would my little Ezra," asked a  
fond mother, "like to be a missionary,  
and go prech to the heathen?"  
Tears—bright pearly drops of feel-  
ing—glistened in little Ezra's eyes as  
he murmured "No, I wouldn't; but  
I'd like to be on the perlice long  
enough to put a tin roof on the big  
lunumux that stuck shoemaker's wax  
on my seat to-day at school."

A citizen of Portland was walking  
down a one morning, when a stran-  
ger addressed him: "Do you know  
where the post-office is?" "Yes," an-  
swered the Portlander, affably, and  
walked on without further parley. After  
proceeding for about ten steps he look-  
ed back and inquired in his turn.  
"Why? Did you want to know?"  
"No," replied the victim with earnest-  
ness; and then, the account having  
been balanced, the two shook hands and  
gravely walked off.

A man tried to smuggle a wagon  
load of tobacco across the Belgian  
frontier recently by driving at full  
speed, but the Custom House soldier  
brought down the horse with his rifle.  
There was \$600 worth of tobacco in  
the wagon, and the horse was in ar-  
mor and so armed with knives about  
the bridle that one could not have  
stopped him by hand without being  
cut to pieces.

In these days of hydrophobia fever  
it is refreshing to read a sensible bit  
of advice, such as comes from a New  
Orleans paper. A timid correspon-  
dent wanted to know "how to tell a  
mad dog," and the editor made the  
following suggestion: "We don't  
know what he wants to tell him, but  
the safest way would be to communi-  
cate to the dog in writing. Send the  
letter from a gun in the shape of wad-  
ding, followed by small shot to see if  
he gets it."

## "SHE WHO ROCKS THE CRA- DLE RULES THE WORLD."

Dear Adorned is the dream of life,  
Adorned with every winning art;  
As mother, daughter, sister, wife,  
She melts the soul, she charms the heart.  
Without her, what were lordly man?  
A rainless cloud—a fruitless tree—  
A world without a sun—a plan  
That even incomplete must be  
Her fostering care, devotion, love,  
Sweet inspirations from above.

In childhood's hour, beside her chair  
She calls each fragile form in prayer,  
Safe sheltered from the storm.  
Yet mad, ungrateful man, the dart  
Of falsehood hurls with skill;  
And when he's won a woman's heart  
He seeks its love to kill.  
Her lot is to be tried; though pure,  
To sigh, to suffer and endure.

Oh, mothers of a race unborn,  
Tis yours to speak those grand decrees  
That herald in the promised morn,  
The coming of the Resplendent.  
Ye are the souls of heralds strong  
Who guard and glorify our isles;  
The seas in song shall roll along  
Beneath the splendor of your smiles.  
The beautiful and good shall reign,  
And sinless Eden bloom again.  
—English Magazine.

## LOVE'S REASONS.

Why do I love my darling so?  
Good faith, my heart, I hardly know.  
I have such store of reasons:  
'Twould take me all a summer day—  
Nay, saying half that I could say  
Would fill the circling reasons.

Because her eyes are softly brown,  
My dove, who quietly hath flown  
To me as to her's Hesperides.  
Because her hair is soft and laid  
Madonna-wise in simple braid,  
And jetty as the raven?

Because her lips are sweet to touch,  
Not chill, nor fiery overmuch,  
But softly warm as roses—  
Dear lips that chasten while they move,  
Lips that a man may dare to love,  
Till earthly love-time closes?

Because her hand is soft and white,  
Of touch so tender and so light,  
That where her slender finger  
Doth fall or move, the man to whom  
The guards of Eden whispered, "Come!"  
Beneath its spell might linger?

Ah, me! what know or what care I?  
Or what hath love to do with "why?"  
How simple is the reason!  
I love her, for she is my love,  
And shall while stars shall shine above  
And season follow season.

## GIVEN UNSOUGHT.

On the 16th of May, 1865, at 3:30 in  
the afternoon, a young gentleman like  
a short black pipe with tobacco and vi-  
ciously smoked. Before the smoker  
stood an easel, and against the easel re-  
clined a half finished oil painting; for  
the smoker was a painter, and his name  
was Edward Graysbrook.

The studio was picturesque; number-  
less oil sketches covered the walls. A  
suit of imitation armor on one side  
frowned defiance to a statue of the  
Medici Venus on the other, who seem-  
ed in her turn to smile a challenge to  
the world to produce beauty equal to  
hers; three or four lay figures, attired  
in various costumes, stood in attitudes  
more or less imposing; a dais covered  
with red cloth lay in one corner, a book-  
stand in another. For the rest, the  
room presented the usual artistic negli-  
gence and disregard of order.

Reclining on a couple of chairs, a  
cigar between his lips, there meditated  
a shrewd, intelligent-looking man, with  
a decided legal cut of whiskers and for-  
ensic double eye-glass—a man of eight  
and twenty, or thereabouts, who, when  
he spoke, enunciated his opinions with  
that tone of authority and don't try to  
bully-me-sir kind of air for which the  
junior Bar of England is remarkable  
and occasionally ridiculous.

Puff—puff—puff. "No good—I can-  
not get the face I want. What on earth  
am I to do for a Titania?" quoth he of  
the brush.

"Leave her alone for a few days.  
You overwork yourself, dear boy.  
Drop your brush, wash your palette,  
turn your picture to the wall and away  
with me."

"Away with you, indeed; yes—  
avant, quit my sight—get thee be-  
hind me tempter," answered the paint-  
er, laying down his brush and maul-  
stick, nevertheless, and throwing him-  
self into an easy chair.

"Now, as I shall not interrupt your  
genius, I will explain my visit," ex-  
plained Thomas Lewis, B. A., of the  
Outer Temple, Esq., barrister-at-law.  
"Know by these presents"—and he  
drew out two blocks of wood from his  
brief bag—"that you behold the most  
influential contributor to the new paper,  
the Weekly Scapler. Here are your  
whereons to make your fortune as a  
caricaturist."

"You are very good, Tom; always  
looking after my interest."  
"Quite so; I am as good as a father  
to you. But to-night I intend to play  
the mother also, and to take you to a  
dance."

"Exactly," at the house of Cyrus Hod-  
ges, the great picture-dealer. An ac-  
quaintance with him would do you no  
harm—probably much good. I know  
them well enough to introduce you.  
You'll come? They live at Twicken

ham. We can sleep at Richmond, and  
take a pull up the river in the morn-  
ing, which is precisely what you want."

The artist objected. He had forgot-  
ten his dancing, had not worn evening  
clothes for nearly a year; besides he  
must go on with his work. At all  
events he hated balls—and at 10 o'clock  
the same evening he entered the dan-  
cing-room at The Cedars with his friend  
Lewis.

"By Jove, there she is!" he exclaim-  
ed suddenly, after being introduced to  
his host and hostess.

"Who? Why, what on earth do  
you mean?" answered Lewis, alarmed.  
"A face for my Titania. Who is  
the lady in light-green? If you know  
her, please introduce me."

"Certainly, directly they have finish-  
ed the lancers."

Five minutes afterward Ned was  
blushing and stammering before a tall,  
stately girl of some 19 or 20 years—a  
girl of slim and graceful figure, black  
waving hair, and eyes of liquid fire.

How he now regretted his want of  
savoir-faire! Had he copied the move-  
ments of the gilded youth around, Ed-  
ward Graysbrook would have lolled  
upon a sofa, stared the lady out of  
countenance, or talked of the boat race,  
or the academy, which he had never  
visited, with the self-complacent jaunty-  
ness effected in Malibie. However, for  
his peace of mind, Ned was rarely  
thrown into the society of young or  
lovely women, with the exception of  
some half dozen models; consequently,  
when he most needed it, he lost his  
tongue, knew that he looked awkward,  
and wished himself at—St. John's Wood.

The lady flirted her fan for a few se-  
conds, then, with a glance at Ned, ex-  
claimed, "I know your name very well  
from Mr. Lewis, and your paintings  
from my own eyes, Mr. Graysbrook;  
and since you exhibited that sketch at  
the Dudley, we have much wished to  
make the acquaintance of the artist."

And Miss Graham flashed another look  
from her eyes, and Ned's heart fluttered  
like a butterfly.

He was about to attempt a compli-  
mentary rejoinder, when a dapper little  
gentleman with a twisted moustache  
approached the fair one and claimed her  
hand for the "Mabel Waltz." With a  
pretty smile to Ned, Miss Graham took  
her partner's arm, and was presently  
lost in the maze of the dance.

He never had the opportunity of  
speaking to her that evening, but he thought  
all women friends were to be demon-  
strating.

His wife was a very good girl, and  
his friend as they were, and he should  
like to paint. That's all I'll take a  
cigar."

"She is Mrs. Hodges' niece. Lucy  
Baker and Mrs. Cyrus are sisters, I  
understand, and the former ran away  
from a boarding-school with Jack Gra-  
ham of the—th foot. He was as good  
a fellow as ever lived, with a little  
money, and less brains, over head and  
ears in debt and in love with his wife.  
A year or so after his first child was  
born the regiment was ordered to the  
Crimea. Lucy vowed she would go  
with her husband, and the little girl, too  
weak to undergo such a journey, was  
left to Mrs. Hodges' care. Poor Jack  
was shot through the lungs at Inkermann,  
and his wife died of a fever, caught  
while nursing the wounded at  
Scutari. These are the facts as related  
by Mrs. Cyrus.

"A sad story, indeed! And who is  
the small man with the waxed mous-  
tache?"

"A certain Wagstaffe. His regi-  
ment, the—th Hussars, is now quar-  
tered at Hampton Court. He is, I  
fancy, smitten with the lovely Lucy—  
a fact to which Mrs. Cyrus does not  
seem to object. She is—Mrs. Hodges,  
I mean—as you may have perceived,  
by no means brilliant, and prefers the  
heavy dragon moustaches and small  
talk to the mutton-chop whiskers and  
intellect. Give me a Vesuvian, Ned."

"What a fate for poor Lucy Gra-  
ham!"

"Ah, ha! the green-eyed monster  
already! You must take care, dear  
boy, or these eyes will be too many  
for your I, iron-clad as I am, have felt  
their influence. Take care, dear boy,  
take care."

As he tossed on his pillow that same  
night, Ned's mind constantly recurred  
to the lines:  
"Prometheus like, from heaven she stole,  
The fire that heathen gods so dearly love,  
In darkest moments seemed to roll  
From eyes that cannot hide their flashes."

And then—ah, fair reader, then he  
did not spring from his bed, pace the  
room, clench his hands, beat the air  
with passionate jealous frenzy, but did  
what all sensible men under similar  
circumstances do, if they can—fell fast  
asleep.

"Oars back, get forward row on, all,"  
cried the steerer. Two short strokes,  
then a long one, and then the eight-  
oared cutter shot away from the land-  
ing-place at Kingston, through the rail-  
way bridge, down with the stream, to-  
ward Teddington lock.

The boat was Salter's, the crew were  
the L. R. C. eight, out for a long half  
holiday spin. Once through the lock,  
the steerer gave the word, and the boat,  
gaining impetus at every stroke, shot  
through the water at racing speed. It  
was already dusk, and stroke was row-  
ing a good thirty-six to the minute.

Eelspie House was reached and pass-  
ed. "Now, then, all smartly round  
bend," cried the steerer, when suddenly  
something dark loomed ahead.

"Easy all! stop her hard!" shrieked  
the coxswain.

"Two too late—the sharp bow of the  
cutter crashed into the broadside of the  
ferry boat, which, almost cut in half,  
sank immediately.

The ferryman, an old fellow of sixty  
years of age, unable to swim, sank, and  
was carried down by the tide. The  
other occupants of the boat were a  
nursemaid and two children. The maid  
and one of the latter had managed to  
cling to the oars of the eight, but the  
other had been carried down the stream.

"Let no one move in that eight or  
you'll be upset," cried a voice close by.  
The warning came from Graysbrook,  
who had witnessed the accident, scull-  
ing a light skiff, with Lewis in the  
stern steering. "I'll get them out."

Sculling quickly up to the eight, Ned  
raised the child from the water, and  
lifted her into the skiff.

The nurse was a more difficult sub-  
ject to deal with. She was a big wo-  
man, and to have attempted to drag her  
into the boat would inevitably have re-  
sulted in it. The other child must be re-  
scued first.

Shouting for aid from the bank, Ned  
kicked off his shoes and plunged into  
the water.

By this time several boats had pushed  
out from shore, one of which rescued  
the nurse, while another quickly follow-  
ed Graysbrook and his insensible  
charge, as they were drifting down the  
tide.

The artist, though a strong and active  
swimmer in days gone by, was well  
nigh spent when he was lifted into  
"The Saucy Kate."

The shore reached, the sufferers were  
carried to a parlor in the little inn close  
to the riverside. Lights were brought,  
when Lewis cried:

"Hodges' children, by heavens! Come,  
let us carry them up to the house."

## CHAPTER II.

Two days after the accident, Edward  
Graysbrook sat painting his picture  
with all his heart and life. No model  
had sat to him, yet the fate and figure  
of Titania were accomplished works of  
art. To represent a pair of sparkling  
eyes, two pointing lips, a dimpling  
smile, and a shock of jetty hair, is to a  
clever artist by no means an impossible  
task; nevertheless, that face had been  
painted and repainted, a shade darker  
here, a trifle lighter there, until it bore  
an expression that our would-be R. A.  
had carried in his heart since he quit-  
ted The Cedars.

A sound of wheels, a rap at the door,  
and Cyrus Hodges appeared on the  
scene. Ah! my dear boy, glad to find  
you in. I've come to thank you in a  
more becoming way than I had time for  
the other night, for your pluck and  
presence of mind in saving my child's  
life. Tut! tut! no answering me.  
Darnie, sir, you did save it, and I am  
not the sort of a man to forget a claim  
of that kind. Now, let us see. What  
do you call that picture? Titania, eh?  
Hum-m-m! I know the face. Why,  
yes, it's surely Lucy Graysbrook's, my wife's  
niece. Ah! you dog. Well, you  
might have taken a worse model. Have  
you sold it?"

"Not yet," said Ned.

"Then I'll have it. Come, we won't  
haggle over it. I dare say my price  
will suit you. What did you get in  
your gold medal picture?"

"A hundred and fifty pounds."

"Then I'll double it," said Hodges,  
taking out his cheque book. "By Jove,  
though, that's very pretty," he contin-  
ued, as his eye caught sight of a sketch  
in a corner of the room. "Have you  
any more like it?"

"I have some in this portfolio," an-  
swered Ned.

"Dear me! that's a charming little  
bit, and this, too. Well, I shall take  
these with me in my cab, if you don't  
object."

Ned was only too happy, of course.

"By the way, I hope you will come  
and visit us at Twickenham. Mrs.  
Hodges particularly wishes it. Lunch  
at two, dinner at seven. I shall expect  
you next Sunday. Good-bye and above  
all things don't hurry 'Titania.' I  
think we shall make you if she's a suc-  
cess."

And with the portfolio of sketches  
under his arm, the great picture-dealer  
blustered out of the room, and back  
into town.

Ned took up the cheque. Three hun-  
dred and fifty pounds!

A capital man of business was Mr.  
Hodges. Profuse in the number and  
quality of his dinners to such acquaint-  
ances as were useful to him, lavish al-  
most to extravagance on his horses, his  
liveries, his house and his wife, he rare-  
ly ever, except by mistake, paid a far-  
thing over the price at which he could  
see fifty per cent. likely to return to  
him. One of his most liberal custo-  
mers was the Duke of St. Mawes, who  
had bought, however, Graysbrook's gold  
medal picture from another dealer. His  
Grace was a judge, and recognizing  
germs of genius in the work, had  
bought up many other smaller pictures  
and sketches from the same hand.

Q. E. D. Cyrus had stolen a march  
upon the noble Duke.

So Ned on the following Sunday  
went down to Twickenham, and was

received by Cyrus with much *empress-  
ment*, introduced to a number of paint-  
ers, journalists, and art critics, and made  
much of. Mrs. Hodges was quietly  
gracious. Of course she sweetly thank-  
ed him for his great service; but then  
he was an artist, and most artists are  
generally so queer. His coat was not  
cut by Poole; Lincoln and Bennett had  
no account against him. He might  
have talent, but he spoke never a pret-  
ty nothing in her ear; he wore mous-  
taches, but they lacked the cavalry  
twirl; of the latest fashionable scandal  
he could explain nothing. Sum total  
of his delinquencies, he was too thorough  
for Mrs. Cyrus, and looked too serious-  
ly on his life and on his art.

With Lucy Graham, these delin-  
quencies appeared attractions. Though fond  
of a fast deux-temps, and a subsequent  
chatter with her partner in the conser-  
vatory, she was not frivolous; though she  
possessed a woman's shade of co-  
quetry, she was no flirt; though her  
eyes were bright and sparkling as dia-  
mond flashes, though her lashes were  
dark and long, she was free from con-  
ceit and affection—a rather remarkable  
trait nowadays, but to be accounted for,  
perhaps, by her having an object in  
life, and that object not matrimony.

Yes, Lucy had an object, and that  
object was excellence in music. Pos-  
sessed of a contralto voice and a fine  
ear, practice and professors had made  
her a star of the drawing-room; and  
Ned, seated next to her that day at  
dinner, and strolling through the grounds  
in the cool of the evening, found in  
her, if not an affinity, at all events  
sympathy, and the fellow-feeling of an  
artist.

"By-the-by, Graysbrook," said Hod-  
ges, as our friend was bidding his host  
adieu, "would it be worth your while  
to come down here and give my little  
girl a few lessons in painting? You  
might take some rooms down here for  
the rest of the summer; fresh air will  
not hurt the picture, and I am anxious  
to see how 'Titania' progresses. Good-  
by. Think of it."

The offer was duly considered, and a  
week later Edward Graysbrook was  
located in a pretty cottage a few min-  
utes' walk from the river and the Ce-  
dars.

In after years, when the artist was  
brooding under a Palestine sun, or cool-  
ing under an Andalusian archway, the  
remembrance of the summer of '65 was  
a celestial dream. As his work became  
a labor of love, so did love become a  
part of his work as he sat painting be-  
fore his easel, the sun shining on his  
canvas and glorifying the face of the  
girl he loved.

So passed the summer away. Ned  
got through much work, listened every  
day to Lucy's voice, and constantly  
rowed her and her little cousins upon  
the river.

After these excursions sleep was coy,  
and Ned would build castles. A man  
of sense and chivalry, however, he for-  
gore to declare his love.

"No, I cannot ask her to share my  
poverty. Some day—who knows?—I  
might be a distinguished and wealthy  
man; and then—ah! and then she will  
be probably married to some one else.  
No, many a man has his cross to bear;  
and, help me, Heaven, I will bear  
mine."