BY MRS. ALEXANDER: GOS

served that she was restless and watchful a expenially of herself. The dector for-bade her leaving her bod, as the weather was extremely cold, and a chill might be

made, and her pillows properly arranged.
Mona took her work and sat down beside her feeting guits sure that her grand mother was making up her mind to speak. This change in the somewhat abrupt dom-moring old woman touched her—it was such a confussion of utter defeat.

"You will be glad to see Sir Robert, grannie," she began. "He will give us some good advise."

Not half so good as Mr. Cakley can," noturned granule, quorulously, "He is a mere country gentleman, and nothing our save me from total rain. What troubles me is that letter of Mr. Waring's. It ought to be answered. I think I could manage to write, if you bring me the large blot-

Yes, of course, it ought to be answered," returned Mona, very gravely.
"Hat how?" asked Mrs. Newburgh, you refuse to see him, all is ever. If you

consent, it implies acceptance. Not guite, granute. I have been thinking all night long what I might to do-what I can do. It seems impossible to de-oide. I believe I could make up my mind notter if I had some conversation with Mr. Waring, I am so indifferent, that I do not think his presence would even confuse

"Lat him plead his own cause," said Mrs. Nowburgh, stretching out her hand for pen and paper. "He will induce you to take a different view, I am sure." With difficulty she traced a few lines, excusing their brovity on the source of illness, and naking him to call on the following day when thes deseaten would receive him. You must address it, dear. He does not know your hand '

"It is of no consequence," sold Mong, removing the writing materials; and takin but an envelope, she sit down to direct off to not natural. Mana, to be so cold and indifferent. Yet I have not described and king on your part for any othermus

I have no proforance for invent .

Then, Mouse, you will love young Was ing when he is some humanit!

Oh! yes, I dans say I shall Non gran rie, kam going to fond you the paper, try and liston if may rost your brain a little. "I will, Mona, I will, because you have given me a little hope,"

The rest of the dull, drear November day Mona prove t deadly perhaps, but diently, as if he ally alive to the work she had to tigts in the oftennoon a card was branght has "Captain Mt. John faste, th thusairs." She thought an lustant, pendicula line on it, "Sa sorry! from not leave Mrs. Nowhursh," and sond it back

Capitain likely was not the only visitor to tergen street that day, fate in the after noon, Sir Hobert Everard was announced 'I cannot see him." murmured Mrs. Yowbursh. "You must go, Mona ex plain how incapable I feet."

str Robert was a thorough country gen Homan. He seemed to bring an atmosphore of the woods and helds with him into the chill, dull dining foom, which had a deserted air. A middle-aged, middlesixed man, plump and foxy, with popperand salt covered mutton chop whisters, tooking always as if he had came fresh from a bath. His shirt front was the enowlest, his clothes the glossiest, his votes had a mellow ring in it, which stoned for the land, authoritative key in which he denuilly above.

Wellin he exclaimed, taking Mona's hand in one of his, and parting it with the other, "how is the poor grannies I protost I never was more out up than when I found how desperate the had been swindied! She would stick to the ship, in spite of all that Calday or tound say. The few sulvent shareholders backed out some films ago, and the rest are mostly men of straw, so they'll not leave Mrs. Nowhersh

Fort done grannly to very, very integratile, Sir Robert. It is furious that so clay. or a woman should have believed in what thiny of her friends and advisors doubted." the was always obstinate, my doar. devinen obstinuted However, I have a till of good nows. A feitual of mine wants to buy the house to will give a decent sum as and I want your grandmother to conor the money to me for you, of some legal in julery of that kind, the ask her if she will be able to see me and Onkley to mer row, that we may sattle about it. It will to a something between you and want." "I will go and tell her," said Monn, hastoning away, "Will it be enough to save me from the necessity of marrying any aught she thought.

in a moment she returned and said-My grandmather will by glad to see you to morrow at twelve."

'All right; just all down and write a line to taktey, asking him to meet me here, We will have a consultation, then we'll see what is best to be done; we must seeme whatever money Mrs. Newburgh sets for the house from the claws of the liquida-tors. Lady Mary wants her—both of you to come down to the Chase,"

"Phank you so much; but I am afraid is will be some time before grandmother can be moved," returned Mona, who shrunk from the idea of visiting the Chase again.
"You would be all the better for being

furned out to grass sourself, my dear," he resumed, kindly. "It's hard bees for a sound thing like you to be plunged into such fromble. Why, you are not as old as

Str Robert Everard tarked on in his Kindly, easy way while Mone wrote the note to Calcley.

Mr. Oakley oboyed the animons. Mrs. Nowhursh, revived by her new hopes, was up and dressed when Mr Robert and the sulfetter arrived. She had, with the help of Wehner's arm, descended to the drawing room; but she looked like a ghost of her former self.

Then ensued a long, metaneholy discussion, at which Mrs. Nowburgh insisted her sion, at which Mrs. Nowburgh insisted her grandlaughter should be present, and from which the latter gathered that it was at no nee endeavoring to save anything out of the wreck—that whatever the unfortunate shareholders possessed must mas into the cintches of company's creditors; a call had already been made, and would be followed by others, until all was swallowed up. It was therefore desired swallowed up. It was therefore deemed more printent for Mrs. Newburgh to reside in the house she had bought, than to move to another for which she would have to pay rent. Her income had of course been narrowed to a miserable eighty or ninety pounds a year, and even on that she could not long count.

"You see, Mone, the condition to which of are reduced," said Mere; Newburgh, then their triently orangelore, with grave less and kindly expressed sympathy, had thintrawa. "I purposely asked you to be

innermant the true state of the case. It leave you to draw your own conclusions. No. dear, do not re-open the discussion. I trust to your own common sense and right feeting. I am quite exhausted. Hing for Webnor to help me to my room. I can see no one clee to-day—no one—remember, Mong."

Mone."
Thus out off from remonstrance, Mone felt she was left to her fate, and Mr. Waring; grannie was resolved to leave the decision—the responsibility—to her.
Mrs. Newburgh had not long returned to her own room, and had just taken some refreshment, when Mr. Waring's card was brought. A strong feeling of humiliation and disgust rose in Mone's heart; the calm indifference of which she boasted the previous day falled her at the moment of trial, "Do not keep the poor young man wait. "Do not keep the poor young man wait-

"It is frightful, having to go deliberately to listen to an offer of marriage!" cried Mona, starting up and walking to the window instead of the door, "I thought you would not mind," "Thought so; but I will go, dear gran-

She came back quickly, kissed the old woman's check, and disappeared.

Mr. Waring stood on the hearth-rug. He was not so tall as Lisle; his broad shoulders and rather short neck further diminished his height. He was built more for strength than grace, and though not fat, was, it must be admitted, fleshy. His hair was dark, almost black, abundant and wavy, and his broad, good-humored face was redeemed from absolute platnness by a pair of fine, soft, dark brown eyes. He was in general ruidty and fresh-looking.

was in general ruddy and fresh-looking, but the excitement, indeed it may be said the terror of the moment, had blanched his cheeks, till he mot Mone's eyes, when he blushed furiously. She healtated after she had crossed the threshold, and closed the door, standing tall, stately, infinitely sail, in the simplest morning dress or black silk and cashmere

she possessed, a lace scarf pinned round her throat with an old-fashioned brooch, her bright hair furned loosely back surmounting her fair pale face like an aureole. "I am so much, so very much obliged to you for seeing met" exclaimed Waring, starting forward to take her hand, which he shook nervously, and dropped immediately. Mona murmured something, he did not hear what, and sat down beside the are. Waring resumed his position on the hearth rug. An awful paused ensued.

Mona gazed at the glowing coals, and thought of fasle's expressive votes and perfect, easy self-possession. Waring oudgoled his brain for some suitable phrase to open the dreaded yet longed for conversation. The result was a restless change of attitude, and the words, "Awful nasty weather." His votce was strong and harsh. "I hope you took no cold on your journey to town

"Not a cold; I had a slight oftell," returned Mona, who had some sense of hum-

"You are amused, I dare say," he orled, his power of speech unlocked by the magic of her smiling eyes; "you must be amused, to hear me blundering like an idiot about the weather, when my heart and mind are filled with hope and fear. Toll me, Miss Joseolyn, did Mrs. Newburgh show you my letters" 'She did."

"And will you will you let me tell you now amenity I was taken with you the very first time I ever saw you at that Richmond dinner fady Mary Everard gave last year hofore you were presented, you know?"
"Were you there?" asked Mona, dream

Oh, I don't suppose you saw me. never can push. Young Recard and some but I have thought of you ever since. Do you know, last season's balls were the first fever went to. I thought they were all rot. I like the racing set better, I need to go only for the chance of meeting you. and you would searcely ever dance with me. To be sure, I am a stoptd beggar about dancing.

"I think I always gave some dances, said Mona, rather at a loss what to reply "Oh, you were always civil" exclaimed Waring, taking a little cup from the mantel-piece and turning it round and round as if examining the pattern. Not like some girls, who are killing sweet, or snub you right and left. You are gentle and grave. I used to think I should never have



"the you were always strill" exclaimed Waring.

the plack to ask you to marry me, but a you see, when Mes. Nowburgh came to selet, I was ashamed of not offering at least to he of use to son."

"And are you content that I should accept you as a refuge from the file of poverty?" asked Mona, looking gravely, calm-

"Tam," and Waring, after a minute's panse, putting down the cup, and speaking more collectedly. "It's not pleasant, of course, but I have faith in you. If you promise to be my wife, son will try to like me, and I'll try to please you with all my soul and with all my strength, as some-body says in the Hible, I think," added Waring, to enforce his professions his religious studies were slight, and somewhat mixed. "And it will go hard if I don't get you to love me, unless—unless," his large brown eyes grew imploring—"you care for some other fellow! Gor God's sake don's say you love any other fellow! I never fancied you did."

"I do not, indeed." Her tone carried conviction to her heaver. "Then—then, Miss Josestyn, could you make up your mind to marry mer I think you might grow to like me by and by, and I need not say I would be delighted to

I need not say I would be delighted to carry out any plan, any," with emphasis, "that you think would be best for Mrs. Newhurgh's comfort."

"It is a fremendous question to answer," and Mona, hesitating, yet feeling she must accept him. There was no other way left, and she was touched by his unaffectel humility. "Yesterday or the day before I looked on you as a stranger; to-day I am to decide if I am to puss my whole life with you or not. I must say what sounds until this great misteriume had not befallen Mrs. Newburgh, I should probably have refused you—so I do not deserve your love."

"Yes: I am very ungracious. There is another circumstance I ought to mention; you may not like to know that my name is not Joscelyn. My grandmother always called me by my second baptismal name; I am really Mona Craig. My father was of very humble origin, I believe; and Mrs. Newburgh never forgave my mother for marrying him; but I dearly loved him as a little child, though I have forgotten what he was like." he was like."

"I don't care what your name is, as long as you will take mine. I am no great thing as regards family, myself. I have heard something of Mrs. Newburgh's whim

"Is it possible?"

"Is on't fancy that anything is a secret," said Waring. "Perhaps it is not fair to press you for an answer to-day. But you see time flies, and I long to be able to tell Sir Robert Everard that I have a right to discuss with him what is best to be done. Don't you fancy that I would hold back because you refused me. Whether you say yes or no, I would ask nothing better that to be of use to you; but not being a relation, it would be awkward for—" I would be impossible," interrupted Mona, in a low tone; then pressing her clasped hands together tightly, she said with some solemnity—"Since you believe I could make you happy—"

"You will be my wife!" interrupted War-

"You will be my wife?" interrupted War-

ing eagerly in his turn. "I will, Mr. Waring, and try to be a good one." She grew very pale as she spoke.
"You are a great deal too good for me; and as you do not care for any other fel-low, perhaps you may end by caring for

There was an awkward pause, then Waring walked over to the writing table and took up a paper knife with which he played

"There are one or two things I should like to tell you, if you do not mind?" "What can he be going to confess?" thought Mona, She, however, only bent her head in silence.

"I have not been as steady as I ought to be," resumed Waring, looking down and growing red. "You see, my brother and myself were brought up by an old bachelor guardian. We had no women in the house and that made as rather rough. Then I have lost a good bit at cards and races. I'm a little too fond of play, but now that volt are so very good as to promise your hand, I have an object to live for, and I will never fouch a eard again, and never lay anything beyond a pony on a race, and, and I'll try to be not unworthy of you. I will indeed! Now, have I your pers to go and tell Sir Robert Everard? He is a good fellow, and we'll settle something about Mrs. Newburgh. She ought to get out of town away from annoyances,"

"Thank you," returned Mons, touched by his eagerness to serve her, "I am most grateful to you, Mr. Waring." "Couldn't you manage to call me Leslief" he said, entreatingly. "If you knew how I long to hear my name from your lipst and to call you Mona. It's not a happy enough name for you, but I love it all the same, fean't call you Mona, if you

say Mr. Waring." "It seems so strange," murmured Mona. Well, never intud to-day; but I may go to Sir Roberts'

'You may," said Mona, with white lips. "Thank you!" oried Waring, his eyes have been visible. lighting up, his whole face radiant, and so "I suppose I might to go away now?" he said, humbly, "but I should like to stay. It is almost impossible to believe that you have really promised to marry me, that I may stay and talk to you, and will not have to give up my place to anyone! That fellow fitsle always came and turned me out when we were at Harrowby Chase; but he isn't half bad. Do you know, it was he that advised me to try my chance with

"Did you want advising?" said Mona, in an unsteady votes. "No, not advising, only heartening up! Tell me would you like to travel on the Confinents I haven't been much abroad myself. Of course I always go to Paris for the firand Prix, and to the Buden Races-

Everything must depend on my grandmother's condition," interrupted "And, Mr. Waring -if you do not think it very rude of think I must go to her now. You are looking very white," he said, tenderly, "so I will leave you; but I hope you are not unhappy, and if there is anything you would wish me to do, you will

Poor Mona longed to erv. "I only wish you to go away!" she said, preasing her hand to her heart. "I am a good deal shaken and upset; to morrow-"Oh, yes! I may come to morrow! And Mona (I may call you Mona, mayn't It.) when you are talking to Mrs. Newburgh, just say to her from me that it would be so much better if we-if, that is, if the marriage was to take place soon-quite soon! I should be so much better able to he of use. You'll not think me a bore for insisting on this? but it would really be better, putting my feelings quite out of the

"I shall be guided by what you and Sir Robert and granule think best," faltered Mona, "I am afraid I must go now." "When may I come to-morrow?" select

Waring, lingering. "(h, at two or three!" Well, (see you are tired, and you'll think kindly of me? You know I would

do anything for you, anything? "Oh, yes, I will! And now good-bye," Waring caught her hand and looked eagerly at her. For one dread moment her heart fainted within her. Was he going to ask for a kiss! If he had aspired to such a favor, he wisely postponed the de-mand, and again pressing her long, slight

Ingers to his lips, he laft the room.

Mona ascended the stairs very slowly and deliberately, painfully conscious that the had fully committed herself. It now remained to complete the sacrifice by as suming a cheerful aspect before her grandmother. Then, when she had satisfied her, she might escape to regulate her own thoughts, to face the situation she had ac-

copted.

"Well, Monay" said Mrs. Newburgh, looking angerly with her pitiful eyes into her grandlaughter's face as she approached, while her thin, tremulous hands grasped the arms of her chair nervousity.

"Well, dear grannie," sitting down by her and taking one of her herds in both

her and taking one of her hands in both her own, "I have heard all Mr. Waring had to say, and I have promised to marry Mrs. Nowburgh did not reply. She pressed Mona's hand, and, leaving back in her chair, the tension of her muscles relaxed, and a peaceful expression stole over

her face.

"You have done well, Mona," she said, after a minute's silence. "You will yet thank me for arging you to this. "Yet I did not urge; I only recommended you."

"That was all. Mr. Waring and I have

been making our confessions. I told him that I was not in love with him, and that had we not met with such a reverse in for-

"You were imprudent, Mona. It is not wise to be too frank with the man you are going to marry. He, no doubt, will overlook everything now; but wait till the first cloud comes between you, and he will remind you that you did not care for him."

"I think Mr. Waring is a man who would forgive anything except deceit; and as I have nothing to hide, I shall try to be absolutely truthful with him."

"Yes, it is best; but, Mona, he truthful with me. Are you quite free from any

with me. Are you quite free from any fancy for—for anyone else?"
"Perfectly free, dear grannie," this very

steadily.

"Thank God?" ejaculated Mrs. Newburght "You have always been a sensible, cool-headed girl, and I firmly believe you will be a prosperous, happy woman. Your conduct in this matter has repaid me for all I have done."

"It is very sweet to hear you say so," mid Mona, gently. said Mona; gently.
"Tell me," resumed Mrs. Newburgh, "is
Mr. Waring anxious that his marriage
should take place soon?"
"He is; he begged me to say so when

speaking to you. He left me to see Sir Robert Everard, and consult with him."

"That is well. He is our nearest of kin in town. Do not oppose this excellent young man's desire for a speedy union, Mona. "There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip."

"Yoursell."

"Young!" repeated Mona, dreamily. "He is almost too young for me."
"Nonsenses" oried "fre. Newburgh, with somothing of her for briskness. "He must be seven or eight years older than you are. What more would you want?" "He seems a kind of overgrown schoolboy—so unfinished and undecided. I feel quite an old woman of the world near him." "So much the better. The superior ripe-

ness of your nature will give you influence over him. But I do not think he is so much a boy as you fancy. I know he is a favorite among men, and that always is a good sign." And so on for half an hour and more. Mrs. Newburgh was quite talkative; she

arranged her granddaughter's future household, greatly to her own satisfaction, and settled the amount of pin money she ought to have.

At last Mona was set free to commune with her own heart in her chamber, where she sat very still, reviewing her brief past, and trying to sketch the probable future.

CHAPTER IV .- ON THE BRINE. St. John Lisie had not, however, came off as scathless as Mona imagined. He had never been so hard hit by a girl before. Resolute as he was, both by nature and cultivation, he half dreaded the interview he had planned so cuuningly. He expected tears, agitation, despair, however she might seek to hide their real source. Her mode of receiving his communication also amazed him. He could not understand how it was that she fell in so readily with his suggestion, and was, in truth, mortified in no small degree, when he found that the elaborate scheme of sooth-

not be so good anmorally composed some Stinging worsts would have escaped her lips, some to leation of the race and pain that must be grawing her heart would

He was absurally anxious to see her again fetendly ease which had built him Meanting he watted in London while his uncle was engaged in arranging with the military big-wigs the details of his new command. It would be much better to go out to India free and unfettered, to know Mona was unable to approach him. Still. an odd soreness surrounded her image, which was so deeply stamped upon his mind. He was determined to see her again. Mrs. Newburgh's, Lisle had been break-

A few days after having called in vain at fasting with General Stafford, and had remained for some time discussing plans. Walking down Piccadilly to his club, he found himself face to face with Sir Robert Eggraffi.

"Ha, Liele! did not know you were in town " cried the baronet. "And I did not expect to see you at this

season, foo. "I was obliged to come up on account of Mes. Newburgh's business. They won't leave the old woman a rap. First call merke yesterday -fifty pounds a share. That will pretty well clear her out. Very foolish to have gone so deep as she did. However, all's well that ends well. Leslie Waring has proposed to Miss Joscelyn, is scoepted, and I can tell you, 'Haste to the Wedding' is the tune now, ha, ha, ha!most lucky. Capital fellow, Waring! going to do the thing handsomely; but he and the grandmother are in such a deuce of a hurry that he has decided on a postauptial settlement, so I fancy the marriage will come off in a week or so-no grass-

growing allowed Very glad to hear it. Miss Joscelyn is far too charming a person to be subjected to the revolting ills of poverty. Waring is a lucky fellow to be able to seize what is

no doubt a fortunate opportunity."
"Ay, the fair lady might have given a different answer had this crash not come. No matter, Mona was always a good, quiet girl-one of the domesticated sort, that "A somewhat cat-like character," said

will stick to her house and her man." Liste, laughing. "To me, Miss Joscelyn is an ideal woman. "I suspect a little ideal goes a long way

"Oh! I am a more imaginative person than you think. I must call and offer my

"Well, you had better look in for ten Mrs. Newburgh comes down when the house is shut up, and the lights are lighted -then you won't interrupt the billing and cooing, ha, ha, hat Good-bye,"

"Well-meaning old idiot," muttered Liste, as he went on his way with knit brows. "The billing and cooing'—how infernally suggestive. I will just drop in at that particular period, and see if I can interpret the indications aright."

Liste was, however, too impatient to calculate time accurately, and Mona was talking with a lady when he was announced.

Mona had a slight color, and looked re-markably well. She received Lists with

quiet efvility, and immediately introduced him to "Madame Debrisay." Lisle bowed low, while he mentally consigned the ob-jectionable third party to the infernal reg-

Maving inquired tenderly for Mrs. Now-burgh, Lisic said, in a soft tone— "I presume, from what Sir Robert Ever-ard told me, I may venture to offer my very sincere congratulations on your ap-proaching marriage with my good friend Lisite."

"Thank you very much," returned Mone, with awest gravity. There was a pause mercifully broken by Mme. Debrisay, who, with a marked French accent, observed—

Continued on Seventh page,

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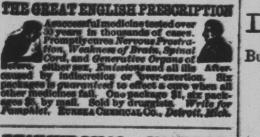
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