Tis the breath of the breath of that morning When, lying with thee by the sea,
We knew that the bright wall, gave warning
Of a storm that a temper toold be.
Thou wast fair in thy freck, my darling,
In the light curling red c. thy hair, And thy voice, like the voice of a starling, Stirred up all my soul's sweet despair.

I have lived; I have loved, and though ever As long as I live I shall love, Yet the voice of thy voicing shall never Again be as that of the dove.

Thou sleepest—and sleep mayst thou ever Till the sound of the still surging sea Shall, dying away, sink till never It sounds like thy snoring to me.

The sound of a snoring sonorous Is not like the tones of the sea; And soon becomes utterly borous As the buzzing of bees on the lea. I had loved—I had loved—but the noises Thou makest in dreams are no dream. If thou dreamest of me, these wild voices Must be what they are and they seem.

To thee, then, my freckled and dearest,
I'm now a hobgoblin and sprite,
And the form that now graspeth thee nearest
Is aught but a dream of delight.
Good-by, though I still hold thy neck fast And dream of the days that are gone, To-morrow, I know, at the breakfast, I'll meet thee in muslin and lawn.

AGAINST THE LAW.

(A Novel-By Dora Russell).

CHAPTER V.

HOPE.

The next day was Christmas day. All over the land the bells were ringing, and kindly words and greetings were exchanged on every side. But, still, in many a household care either lingered on the threshold, or sat as a guest at the Christmas board. Beneath the roof of the old gray stone

house at Seaton-by-the-Sea care reigned paramount. Mrs. Keane was too ill to appear down-

stairs, and the young girls, therefore, ate their Christmas dinner alone. This day Laura seemed the most depress-

ed of the two.

The gifted child Maud—for she was but a child—had seen in the dawn of the Christmas morning an ideal of beauty, which one day she believed that all the world would behold when her pen had made her glorious visions live.

So there was a flush on her thin cheeks and a light in the large, big-pupilled eyes; for she was dreaming of days to come, and of fame, as has done many a young dreamer before her.

"We may not always be poor," she said. "Fancy, Laura, if-if one day people should come here, and look at this little room, and talk about us and say how poor we were once—before I was known!"

Laura tried to smile. "I hope it may be so," she said.

"It must—it must be!" said the poor cripple, starting up, and beginning to pace the room with her halting steps. "Laura, I know that I am clever-I know it by comparing mine with the writings of others. There are giants and pigmies; I shall try and reach the height of the giants!"

Alas! as the poor child spoke, her frail physical powers were too painfully evident to her sister. The giants to whose height she aspired must have had more vigorous frames and stronger nerves than this young struggler, or they never could have climbed so high. She was not fitted for the toil, the aching hand, the weary brain, the long, long journey before the goal is won. But she did not realize this. Longing, like a young bird, to fly, she did not know her pinions were too weak to carry her through

the storm. So she talked to Laura of her glowing dreams and hopes, and thus the day passed quietly, and to Laura very sadly, away. And the next few days also were very quiet. Maud was busy with her pen, and Mrs. Keane was really too ill to make any particular disturbance.

But on the third day after Christmas, as the girls were sitting together over the fire in the early winter twilight, a visitor arrived at the old stone house. They heard the door bell ring, and looked

at each other uneasily. "Some one wanting money, of course!"

said Maud, impatiently. But the next minute their little hand-

maiden rapped at the room door, and made some inarticulate sounds, but finally succeeded in ushering in Mr. William Glyn-Laura rose, flushed and nervous, to re-

ceive him. Mr. Glynford was also rather nervous,

smile.

by-the-Sea," he said.

sister Maud."

hand. "I am pleased to make your acquaintance," he said. "And now, Miss Keane,

tell me,"—(and he turned to Laura)—" what kind of a Christmas have you had?" "Very quiet," answered Laura, in some-

what faltering accents. "My mother is ill -and we were alone." "I dined at Bridgenorth House, of

course," said William Glvnford, "and fared sumptuously, you may be sure. My good aunt a little overdid it, I thought; but then she generally does err in that way." Laura laughed uneasily.

fixed on William Glynford. She had never seen any one like him before. The few visitors who had come to and came back looking very red, self-satis- returned the little kiss very tenderly. fied, and consequential.

red, nor consequential. He was, in fact, a and trying to speak lightly. "Mr. Glynand she instantly determined to sketch think-" the features of her favorite hero.

Maud very gently and compassionately- late, and will not see Mr. Glynford." for he had at once observed her deformity. "Yes," she auswered, shyly.

"And you missed your sister very much," The sun was now shining on the sea, that I can do for her?"

home?

"Yes," again said Maud; and then, with its own. sudden courage, she asked "Have you been away?"

"Very nearly, I think" answered Mr. Glynford, smiling, and looking at Laura. Mr. Glynford. "We became friends very quickly; did we not, Miss Keane?"

"Yes," answered Laura, softly; and her break one after another at his feet. head fell low, and as the fire-light glanced on her fair features, Mr. Glynford saw that she was blushing deeply.

He remained about an hour, and before he left told the girls that he was going to remain all night at Seaton-by-the-Sea.

"I shall see you in the morning, I hope," he said, rather significantly, to Laura. May I ask at what time you usually walk?" "Oh, any time," said Laura; and again

she blushed. "Anytime is no time," said Mr. Glynford, smiling. "Suppose, therefore, you tell me nervous. at what time you will appear to-morrow

morning, and where?" "Perhaps you would like to see the sands?" said Laura, in her pretty, modest | illway. "If-you will go down on the sands

about eleven-" "Very well," said Mr. Glynford; "I shall go down on the sands about eleven, and you must kindly point out their beauties to me. It is settled, then; you will meet me on the sands at eleven?

"Yes," half-whispered Laura, and hes girl's name. breath came fast.

Maud had listened to this arrangement with considerable astonishment. Then she looked at Laura and Mr. Glynford, and drew her own conclusions.

"Laura," she said, grasping her sister's hand as soon as there guest had left, "is he your lover?"

"Nonsense, Maud!" answered Laura; "he is a friend of mine—he is the nephew of Mr. Glynford with whom I live, you know, at Bridgenorth House."

"Is he rich?" again questioned Maud. "I believe he is very well off," said Laura, smiling.

"You are a lucky girl, then," said poor Maud, and for a moment gave an envious sigh. "He is so handsome; he is like what shall make my Jasper in my new story. "I did mean to make Jasper darker; but now I'll make him with brown hair and whiskers like Mr. Glynford. Oh, Laura, if you marry him!"

"Yes, if," said Laura, still smiling happily; " but ifs and ands you know, Maud, are very precarious!"

"Then we should be no longer poor," said Maud. "Then, perhaps, he would help me to become known?"

CHAPTER VI.

BY THE SEA.

And Maud also was very restless. Though Laura would not admit it, she, salary away, poor lass, and give a bond like her sister, hoped that brighter days for the balance then left to get the men were in store for them, and almost persuad- out on Christmas eve! Ay, ay! it's a sad ed herself that Mr. Glynford had had a business; and she's a bonny lass, too:

the-Sea. So the girl lay restless, but full of hope. And her reflections were not altogether for the landlord's words were making selfish. Again and again she thought of very painful impression on his mind, and Maud-how she would cheer her and he began almost to wish that he had not brighten this hitherto cheerless life-how come to Seaton-by-the-Sea. the child should have her books published, and how all her bright dreams and visions might be made to come true.

Once during the night she rose and kissed her pale young sister, on whom the moonlight was falling. "I can't sleep," she said, as if half-apolo- indeed.

gizing for this act of affection. "I wish the morning would come!"

row were here." To-morrow seemed to come very slowly. A thick fog from the sea made the night saw the fair and gentle girl whom he even darker than usual, but about eight admired so much looking a little pale, a o'clock a rosy coloring begin to penetrate little nervous and anxious-great pity and the white mist, and presently like smoke it tenderness for her seemed suddenly to

vanished before the rays of the rising sun. | flood his heart. "It's going to be a fine day!" cried Maud, joyfully. "Oh, Laura, I trust and hope it minded man; and when he looked at the will be a happy day for us!"

up to her mother's room, even Mrs. Keane one.

noticed her manner. she said. "Your cheeks are flushed, and your hands are trembling. Who was the

gentleman that called last night? I hope smiling, and looking up, "I have not thankyou told him I was indisposed?" "Yes, mamma," answered Laura.

asked Mrs. Keane. "He is Mr. Glynford's nephew, mamma

-Mr. William Glynford," hesitated Laura. "Indeed!" said Mrs. Keane, with a fresh interest.

"The Glynfords are rich, are they not but he held out his hand, with a kind, glad | Sissy? Is this young gentleman well off?" "I've found my way you see to Seaton- Laura, in an annoyed tone.

"Because, my dear," continued Mrs. "I - I am very glad," said Laura. Keane, whose delicacy of feeling had passed "This is my sister, Mr. Glynford-my away long ago, "it would be such a good William Glynford, looking at her inquirthing for us all if you could get well marri- ingly. Again William Glynford held out his ed Don't think too much about love, Sissy-love is all very fine, but money is better; and if this young gentleman is rich said. "It was indeed a heavy affliction to

"Oh, mamma, don't talk in such a way!" interrupted Laura; and left her mother. How could she expect that Mr. Glynford, her, you going from home?' when she had such a mother, would think of her, when she would bring him such a

degrading connection But this painful thought had faded somewhat from the young girl's mind by the time that the clock had struck eleven. At this hour she was standing before the dim little looking-glass in her bed-room, care-All this time Maud had sat with her gaze fully arranging her hat and jacket, and nervously preparing to go out to meet Mr. William Glynford on the sands.

Maud came into the room when she was Seaton-by-the Sea in the summer time doing this, and went up and kissed her were mostly stout, prosy, family men, who sister, but said nothing. Still Laura underwent down in the early morning to bathe, stood what the poor child meant, and

"But you mustn't take any nonsense But William Glynford was neither stout, into your head, dear," said Laura, smilingly,

"I'll not think anything," interrupted "And you live here?" he said looking at Mand; "but do go, Laura, or you will be

"Very well," said Laura; and, a few

fear," he continued, "when she left and each wavelet that broke upon the shore was crowned with a golden glory of hesitated.

the sea, apparently watching the waves ones of the earth, and was ready to enter Mrs. Glynford's box-room until the night

It was Mr. Glynford, Laura was sure; though he was in reality too far off for her

to recognize him. the solitary figure looked around, and then Would you be so very kind, Mr. Glynford, fully, "it—it was only under cruelly presbegan walking rapidly towards her, and, as to read over some of her little pieces sing circumstances that I made use of them! four or five minutes later, Laura and Mr. and if you should think that they are good You do not know the miseries of my home; William Glynford had met.

They were mutually embarrassed. William Glynford liked Laura too much paused. to feel quite at his ease with her under the circumstances, and Laura naturally felt very | "though I am not much of a judge. But if, | thought---

or not," began William Glynford; "but I know a publisher in town that I think

"Mamma is better to-day," said Laura as Mr. Glynford hesitated.

"I am glad of that," he answered gravely, and her tears were ready to flow. and kindly, looking with a certain amount of tender pity at the fair girl before him. joy that you are giving her, all the joy you For he had heard all about the terrible are affording mefamily misfortune attached to this young

His aunt at Farnhame had told him sent, all her money home to support this unhappy woman.

Sea he had heard still more.

before, felt that it was his duty to go up- and the brother of his uncle's wife. stairs and try to amuse his guest.

"And so you know the Keanes, sir?" said the landlord, after some preparatory remarks. "I know the young ladies," answered

Mr. Glynford, not particularly relishing that hateful name. this familiarity on the part of his host. "Ay, it's a sad thing for them!" said the landlord shaking his head. "And the doctor was a perfect gentleman! But it's just fallen like a curse upon them all!

"You mean --- " said William Glynford uneasily. "The old lady's love of the bottle! Ay, she's a good friend of us publicans! They do say that she'd let you bit deformed

lassie starve rather than do without her know anything about it. Glynford said nothing, and the publican

talked on. "They've had the bailiffs in, and no end Laura Keane scarcely slept the whole of trouble this week, I'm told; and Miss night after Mr. William Glynford's visit. Laura, the one that's the governess some- Bingley, and would have passed on with where in the north, had to pay all her particular purpose in coming to Seaton-by- but who would wed her out of such a home?"

Again William Glynford moved uneasily

CHAPTER VII. ABOUT THE NOTES.

The next morning things appeared to William Glynford in a very different light

At all events, he had promised to meet Laura Keane on the sands at eleven "So do I," said Maud. "I wish to-mor- o'clock, and was bound in honor to keep his word.

And when he did meet her-when he

William Glynford was a generous, largeyoung girl, and thought of her sorrowful Laura did not speak. She was nervous fate and care-hardened home, he remember-

his pleasant words.

"And, Mr. Glynford," she said presently, find Mr. Glynford here as well." ed you yet for your beautiful Christmas- fact, appeared incapable of replying. box." And she put her hand as she spoke "It—it was so kind of you, but it was far "perhaps I had better leave you?" too good for a Christmas-box."

Glynford. Laura softly; "and," she added, a moment exceedingly disconcerted and annoyed.

"I really do not know, mamma," said later, "no one, I do assure you, has given me a Christmas-box since my poor father dressed Laura. died until now!" "He was a great loss to you?" said

> Laura's lips quivered. "I-I cannot speak of it even yet," she

"And your young sister," continued William Glynford. "It must be very sad for

"All her life is sad!" said Laura, mourn fully; "and she is so clever, and so sensi tive, and feels everything so deeply; andand the sad accident which happened to her when she was a child makes her so

unhappy!" "Then she was not born with this defect?" asked Mr. Glynford. "No; she fell from my mother's arms,

answered Laura, with unconscious bitter "Poor girl!" said Mr. Glynford. "But am sure she has one friend," he added, looking at Laura; "one friend who will, and does, try to lighten her burdens. I am sure you are always kind to her!"

"I try to be," said Laura; "but—but can do very little!"

this young sister in every way, and I am sister?" sure that you will do it."

heart was beating very fast. "For the present," went on Mr. Glyn-

She knew what was the poor child's at Farnhame." distance, she saw a solitary figure, which the common lot of her sisterhood, and live ticulars?" her beating heart seemed to tell her was and die as do most of women.

The solitary figure was standing close to aspired to take its place among the great | this portmanteau; how it had remained in the arena, even before she had tried her when she was packing to leave Farnhame strength.

her time in writing; and, of course, is very notes. But, as she stood a moment hesitating, anxious to have her works published. for anything-"

"Of course, I will gladly dothis," he said Miss Maude will entrust some of her "I did not know whether to call for you writings to me, I will read them, and I Laura paused. "I took the notes you gave thought, perhaps, that as Mrs. Keane is could manage to make arrangements with about having them published."

"Oh, how good you are!" said Laura. And the girl's voice faltered and broke, else.

"If you knew," she continued, "all the

William Glynford was greatly moved

long ago that Miss Keane's mother was a "Think not of it. Some day, Laura, I-I you acted against the law in taking these drunkard, and that the young governess hope to see much more of you. Some day notes." As the words were actually trembling on And since he had been at Seaton-by-the- his lips to ask her to be his wife, William

Glynford, glancing nervously along the Bingley, coolly. In a little place like this in the winter sands before them, perceived a figure apseason a visitor was so unusual that the proaching—the figure of a person he recoglandlord of the village inn, where William nized-of a Farnhame man-of, in fact, she said. "It is really true what I have Glynford was staying, had, on the evening Mr. Bingley, the draper, in Front street, told you! It was wrong—it was silly of

"Why, confound him! here's Bingley, know what to do!" from Farnhame!" muttered Mr. Glynford, in a changed and annoyed voice.

tated, started violently when she heard be hard on a pretty girl. The case is this:

them, with a sort of sneer curling round the got them; and it is my duty-undoubtedly corners of his coarse mouth, and a know- my duty—to give you in charge!" ing and not very pleasant look in his shrewd, small eyes. He also felt very much amazed from Laura's white lips, and she put out at finding a Farnhame man on the sands her hand and grasped Bingley's arm. of Seaton-by-the-Sea.

He had come to the village on a little private business of his own, and did not care that Mr. William Glynford should

But there was no help for it. two Farnhame men were, of course, ac-. quainted with each other, and William Glynford, therefore, nodded as he met Mr.

Laura. But, to his surprise, Bingley stopped, and familiarly held out his hand to the

young governess. "Well, Miss Keane," said Mr. Bingley, 'and how are you? And so you are here, Mr. Glynford, are you?" "For a day or so," answered William

Glynford, rather expressively. And then he glanced at Laura Keane. And what did he see? A girl apparently employ, and who was in my service when almost overwhelmed with agitation; a girl these notes were stolen from my establishpale, trembling, and speechless, instead of the bright, soft, blushing maiden who had

been by his side a few moments ago. So changed, indeed, was Laura's whole expression and appearance, that William Glynford gazed at her in absolute astonishment. And then he looked at Mr. Bingley. There was an almost insolent expression on the man's countenance, he thought, which he had never seen there before. He glanced from one to the other.

"What can be the meaning of this?" he thought. "What can Miss Keane have to do with this Bingley?"

But Bingley soon put his doubts to rest on this subject, for the next minute the draper addressed Miss Keane in a manner

business with her. "I called at your house a quarter of an and agitated, and could scarcely pour out ed, with no small satisfaction, that he was hour ago, Miss Keane," he said, "as I the tea at breakfast; and when she went in a position to offer her a very different wished to see you about that little affair which occurred before you left Farnhame, So he spoke very kindly to her, and and they told me that I would find you on "What is the matter with you, Sissy?" Laura brightened under the influence of the sands; though I didn't expect," he added, with a sort of laugh, "that I would

Laura made no answer to this, and, in

"If—if you please," said Laura, in trem- where in requisition. "I am glad that you like it," said William bling accents; and Mr. Glynford took off his hat and bowed, leaving Laura with Mr. "I could not help liking it," answered Bingley, and feeling himself as he did

No sooner was he gone than Bingley ad-

Miss Keane," he said, " very unpleasant. | vanced by the 15th. In May, after the You remember, of course, the transaction 10th, hot weather; on the 13th and 15th which took place between us just before thunder storms. June, warm till 11th, then Christmas, when you paid your account cold till 20th; frosts on 22nd and 23rd; with certain notes?"

"Yes," faltered Laura. have done this-in fact, you have brought be the warmest ever known. down on yourself the very danger I tried to warn you against!"

"Danger?" gasped Laura. Bingley. "Now, young lady, you had better speak the truth. The notes you gave crushed to death. me at Farnhame, and those that you have since passed at Seaton-by-the-Sea, were all marked, and were stolen from myself mor than two years ago."

"Stolen?" repeated Laura. "Yes, stolen," said Mr. Bingley; "and now will you help me to find the thief? Where did you get those notes, and from whom?"

"From no one," half sobbed poor Laura. "You must hope for better times," said Oh, Mr. Bingley," she continued, "I will good-looking, gentlemanly man; but, to ford is only a friend, and has no intentions William Glanford, cheerfully. "Some day tell you the truth—you shall know all—but tions would lead him to decline the post. If poor Maud, he was something wonderful, of being more. And, indeed, you must not be supprised to hear that Mr. Gladstone

"That depends upon circumstances," Laura felt that she blushed, and that her said Bingley. "It may be my duty. If royalty to Lord Carlingford. your are connected with any gang--"

minutes later, was on the road to the sands. ford, in his kind way, "is there anything with no one! It was by an accident alone late "George Elliot," the novelist, by that I got hose notes; I-I-found them dining with her and her husband.

Laura blushed still more deeply, and in one of the pockets of a secondhand portmanteau, that I had bought at a broker's

A beautiful sight this; but the girl hurri- dream; what was her passionate hope. "Avery extraordinary story!" said Bingknown Laura long?-all the time she has ed on, scarcely noticing it, for, in the She desired to be famous; would not accept ley. "Perhaps you will give me the par-

Then Laura, tremblingly, and withwhite The restless spirit in the stunted frame lips, told her tale; told how she had bought for the Christmas holidays; and how, in "She writes," began Laura—"spends all one of the pockets, she had found the five

"And, Mr. Bingley," she continued. tear-My mother had got all my salary when Mr. Glynford smiled kindly as Laura your bill came in, and I had no money to pay it with; no money at all, except just sufficient to pay my train fare, and so I

"But I warned you!" said Bingley, as me for the bill, and said nothing. You are a nice-looking girl, and a pretty face goes a long way with a man like me. But I warned you not to try it on with any one

" I-I know you did," said Laura.

" And now you have got yourself iuto great trouble," went on Bingley, "by neglecting my advice. In fact, even if I were willing and ready to help you, I do and put out his hand, and took Laura', not know how to do it now. To begin with, "What nonsense," he said, rather husk ils if this story of the portmanteau were true,

> "And—and what could they do to me?" gasped the poor girl. "They could arrest you!" answered

Laura gavela half cry. "Oh, save me if you can, Mr. Bingley!" me to take them! But—but I did not

"You had better have come to me, and told me you wanted money," said Bingley And Laura, blushing, trembling, agi- | "and I am not a man, as I said before, to You have passed stolen notes, and give Yes; there he came walking towards only a very lame account as to where you

As Bingley said this, again a cry broke

"Don't-don't, Mr. Bingley!" she cried. " It would destroy me-would ruin everyone connected with me! I have a widowed mother—a poor, deformed sister; and if you do this,-if-if you should even tell Mrs. Glynford—what would become of Though in a different social position, the them? Have mercy—oh, pray be merciful!"

Sobs choked her utterance, and Bingley looked at her, and a sort of pity for her stirred in his heart. "Come, don't cry, my dear!" he said, laying his big red hand on the little trembling one grasping his arm. "I don't want to be hard; but you've got yourself, and

me, too, into a most confounded scrape! You've paid away two more of these notes, haven't you, to Johnson, a grocer here at Seaton-by-the-Sea?" "Yes," answered Laura. "Exactly," said Bingley; "and this John" son is own brother to a man whom I

ment." "And you think——" began Laura. "I think nothing," said Bingley, "I am stating facts. Johnson, the grocer, has paid into the bank two of my stopped notes. I have received private information of this, and Johnson, the grocer, is at any moment liable to arrest. 'Where did you get these notes?' he will be asked by the police-officer. The man, of course, will answer that he got them from you. Do you see now? However willing to help you, I do not know how to do it. Johnson, the grocer, is own brother to Johnson, the man in my establishment, and the police will naturally suspect that Johnson, in my establishment, stole the notes. To clear which plainly showed that he had some himself Johnson, the grocer, will, of course,

accuse you!" (To be continued.)

The Weather. It is a remarkable circumstance that while the winter has been early and continuously severe up to date, both in Canada and throughout the northern United States, there was literally a green Christmas in Newfoundland. On the last day of the year, according to a correspondent, the "If you have any business with Mr. appearances indicated that winter was over "And who was he, my dear?" again to her throat, where the gold locket he had Bingley, Miss Keane," said William Glyn- and spring about to return. About the given to her lay hidden beneath her collar. ford, with unconscious coldness of tone, town of St Johnsthere was hardly a vestige of snow, and wheeled vehicles were every-

> Vennor's prognostications for the year may be summarized as follows: Mild weather from January 18th to February 12th. March 9th and 10th gales are probable around New York and Boston, and snowstorms. In April there will be a snowfall "I've come on a very unpleasant errand, on the 4th and 5th, but spring will be ad-24th to 26th hot. July, cold on 13th, 15th, 22nd and 31st; hot on 4th, 5th, 9th, 11th, "And you remember," continued Mr. 16th, 17th, 25th and 26th. August 4th and Bingley, "that I received those notes under 5th will be cold. In September the centre protest, and that I warned you not to of the month will be its warmest part. attempt to pass any others coming from October will open cold. November will be the same source? Yet I find that you muddy, with little frosts. December will

A little boy at Washington, Pa., tried to imitate a circus feat by keeping his balance "A very serious danger," replied Mr. on a heavy log while it was running down a hill. He was thrown in front of it and

> An Evansville (Ind.) despatch says reports from the southern parts of that state, Illinois and the contiguous territory announce the almost entire failure of the whole wheat crop, owing to late planting and the early and hard winter.

London Truth says: The Times is very anxious to see Lord Dufferin appointed to the Viceroyalty of India, and there is every reason to believe that domestic considera be surprised to hear that Mr. Gladstone and Lord Hartington have offered the vice-

The Marquis of Lorne and the Princess "No, no!" cried Laura; "I am connected Louise showed their appreciation of the