The Countersign was "Mary."

'Twas near the break of day, but still The moon was shining brightly; The west wind as it passed the flowers bet each one swaying lightly;
The sentry slow paced to and fro,
A faithful night-watch keeping, While in the tents behind him stretched His comrades-all were sleeping.

Slow to and fro the sentry paced, His musket on his shoulder, But not a thought of death or war Was with the brave young soldier. Ah, no! his heart was far away, Where, on a western prairie, A rose-twined cottage stood. That night The countersign was " Mary."

And there his own true love he saw, Her blue eyes kindly beaming, Above them, on her sun-kissed brow, Her curls like sunshine gleaming, And heard her singing, as she churned The butter in the dairy, The song he loved the best. That night

The countersign was " Mary." "Oh for one kiss from her!" he sighed, When up the lone road glancing, He spied a form, a little form, With falt'ring steps advancing. And as it neared him silently

He gazed at it in wonder ; Then dropped his musket to his hand, And challenged: "Who goes yonder?"

Still on it came. "Not one step more, Be you man, child or fairy, Unless you give the countersign. Halt! Who goes there?" "'Tis Mary," A sweet voice cried, and in his arms

The girl he'd left behind him Half fainting fell. O'er many miles She'd bravely toiled to find him. "I heard that you were wounded, dear,"

She sobbed; "my heart was breaking; I could not stay a moment, but, All other ties forsaking, I travelled, by my grief made strong, Kind heaven watching o'er me,

Until-unhurt and well?" "Yes, love." "-At last you stood before me. "They told me that I could not pass The lines to seek my lover

Before day fairly came; but I Pressed on ere night was over, And as I told my name I found The way free as our prairie."
"Because, thank God! to-night," he said,
"The countersign is 'Mary." - - Margaret Eyitnge

## LULI:

## A Life's Mystery.

It seemed to him that it must be a sinister fate that had flung this girl across his path. For her mother, Madeline Mountfort, was the woman who had wrecked the purest possibilities and fairest prospects of his life; and Basil Penrevis was the man whose name the world had coupled with hers some two or three years before Glencairn had fallen her victim. Of the existence of a child-whom Penrevis, had he lived, perchance might have cared for, but who, as things were, was probably left, a poor little unacknowledged waif and stray of humanity, solitarily free to drift whereever the waves might toss it-Glencairn had once heard by a random tale, but until now he had never known wnether it had lived or died, and had probably forgotten all concerning it. He had cut all memories ferred attentions are always rendering some and thoughts of Madeline Mountfort adrift one woman or another conspicuous, who from his life for ever; her sorrows and sins were nothing more to him; the news of her death had cost him no fresh pain. He had done with that part, trampled it down, and buried it deep under the dust of years.

But now the grave seemed to heave and stir. Her ghost arose from the tomb. Her daughter was here under the same roof with him, and the curse of her mother's dangerous beauty had descended upon versation is found, being in no hurry to her. Glencairn was misled in his estimate quit her side. Duke was no more than of Zora by his memory of her mother. this. His fancy, though it roved now from This was not unnatural; he saw the his true love, was not an errant fancy as a striking resemblance of face, the similarity rule; and this its first wanderings was of soft alluring looks and accents, and did thus more perilous. He had hitherto not see that in Zora's real nature her played very lightly the game of flirtation, hearted, weak-minded Basil Penrevis. Hers dangerous to play with; and he knew it, treachery and cruelty in the idea that defence and self-excuse that rose upon the tion, than vex him; and a distressed flush was a character made up of impulses and affections, quite free from cruelty, treachery, or coarseness, and only deceiving where timidity and self-preservation impelled her to deceive.

as he bade her good night.

ship. We must never be strangers again." were generally good; but had an evil her own loneliness, of Glencairn or his ciple in her nature that would have singular conversation with her, that she risen armed to defy it. She could was dreaming now. Duke was the chief make resolutions, but not keep them; and central object of her reverie, and all she could see that certain faults were black other things seemed to revolve round him, and ugly, and certain virtues fair and and had a place in her mind now only in beautiful, but she was very likely to misrelation to him. She envied Luli, not take a picturesquely dressed and gracefully maliciously, for malice was not in her, but draped fault for a virtue; and had no clear sadly and discontentedly. She envied her sense of right or wrong beyond the percepeven her father, for although Zora did not | tion of ugliness in bare and unveiled sins, like Glencairn, yet she could not fail to see and of beauty in virtues of a self evident that Luli was the apple of his eye, and and attractive kind. There was a great that to this one creature whom he seemed deal of good in Zora, nothing that was evil, influence he had over Zora was rather of yielding, sympathetic nature caught the the slightest suspicion of it. If Luli ever enough to learn to doubt it. In that hard the repellent than the attractive kind, and | tone of those she loved, in their heroisms she, although vaguely interested in him, as well as in their failings, and had Duke especially since their conversation of that been as strong as he was clear-sighted, and evening, would always prefer his absence as resolute to draw back from his hazardto his presence, and breathed more freely ous secret bond of friendship as he was when he was not looking at her. Still she conscious of its risk and its wrong, it is the very influence which repelled her might occasion, would have drawn from him the attract others; and without going so far strength to part from him, and would have as to hold that any father was better than broken free from the perilously sweet be suspected or found fault with. And morning faith which never doubts that that luxurious. none, she decidedly thought that Luli's friendship which was winding them in destiny as Glencairn's daughter was a hap- meshes day by day more difficult to break. pier one than her own doubly orphaned loneliness. Then Luli had Duke Mayburne, under the flimsy veil so thinly disguising her own legitimately-plighted and openly- its true colors, it could not last. It did affianced lover. And thinking of him, not last. The October moon had been in Zora's eyes filled with uncalled for tears, its early crescent when the compact of and the distant outlines of the hills wavered so-called friendship was entered into; the and grew vague and misty as she gazed on October moon was barely at its full when

mured. "But then, Luli-ah! Luli is a away. happy girl !- so happy that she need not grudge me his friendship. He said we must never be strangers again. No stranger to me. Whom have I ever met selves on a long ramble that day, and were her an hereditary tendency to allure and some of us, perhaps those most physically like him? Why should I deny myself a in the house resting. Mr. and Mrs. Craven betray, than for any other reason. Duke brave, even most intellectually daring, are friend ?—I, who have so few? We will be and Glencairn, who were not tired, had and Zora were so cautious in their man- moral cowards before that one truth. friends!" And repeating to herself softly gone out on an evening stroll. Duke was ners, met so carefully, that We dare not uncover the face of our Back Neuralgia, Paralysis and all Liver and Ches "Friends!" she sighed, and the uncalled supposed also to be out on a solitary pere- it was not by reason, but by instinct, that dead affections. We dare not brave the for tears brimmed over and fell fast, her grination in the environs of the Villa, but, Glencairn suspected their interest; and fact that Love is dead, nor face the death AND INSOLES

weep, save that she, "having so few

friends," had gained another. Yet, by a secret instinct, stifled deep down in her heart, that forboded and warned in vain, she knew that, had she that day made an enemy, she had had less cause for weeping.

> BOOK V. THUNDER IN THE AIR.

> > CHAPTER XVII.

Alas, how easily things go wrong! A sigh too much or a kiss too long, And there follows a mist and a weeping rain, And things are never the same again -MA DONALD.

In this way, and under the guise of friendship, the understanding between Duke Mayburne and Zora Brown began, an understanding built upon inconsistency and disloyalty, and masking itself in false colors from the day that it first arose. They ca led themselves "friends"-friends who dared not acknowledge their friendship, whose every interview was a stolen one, whose every look or word together was snatched with risk and danger, who trod daily on a poxder mine that might explode and blow their hollow pretence of "friendship" to the skies in a flash.

Still, hollow and poor as the pretence was, and conscious as they both in their hearts were of its hollowness, it yet served the purpose of a detence, not so much against others as against themselves. While the name of friendship was kept up between them it was a certain safeguard. They needed no other rampart against the opinions of others than their own care and caution, safely intrenched behind which they carried on from day to day an understanding which, innocent enough in itself, became a cowardice and a wrong by its secrecy and the false assumption on which it was founded.

Prudence and conscience alike held Duke Mayburne back from betraying by word or look in the presence of others his interest in Zora. Prudence showed him clearly that it would be madness to allow his admiration and interest, warm as they were, to lead him into any manifestation that might cause a difficulty with the Glencairns, and possibly bring on a breakage of the engagement between himself and Luli. Conscience, stronger even than prudence, told him, in very plain language, that he would be a scoundrel if he allowed his fickle fancy for a beautiful face to endanger the peace and happiness of the pure, true-hearted girl who loved and trusted him. Then his real affection for Luli came to the assistance of prudence and conscience, stronger, perhaps, than either. He could not help being fascinated by Zora; he could not resist her influence; but he loved Luli very dearly; and Luli was to be his wife and he honestly meant to be true to her, and to keep his friendship with Zora strictly within friendly limits.

This secret flirtation, miscalled friendship, was all the more dangerous because Duke was not by habit or nature one of the wolves known as male flirts; he did not belong to the tribe whose easily transare perpetually playing the role of lover, treasuring a golden tress to-day and a dark one to-morrow. All men, from boyhood to old age, all artists especially, are flirts to the extent of preferring a fair young face to a middle-aged plain one, liking to dance with the girl who has the lightest step, and talk to the girl who listens with the most responsive eyes, and when an attractive partner for the dance or for confrom the light that allured and warned.

If he was enthralled against his will by Zora, she was equally enthralled by him, On this night when Glencairn sat brood- and she found it as impossible to repel his ing over his own morbid memories and influence as he to resist hers. For her fancies, Zora too sat awake and dreaming perhaps there was more excuse to be made with open eyes, gazing across the moonlit than for him, for she was free, and he was terrace into the purple shadows of the hills. | plighted; and whereas he was disloyal, she Duke had found an opportunity of saying, only permitted and passively countenanced his disloyalty. Zora was a creature of "Do no forget our compact of friend- impulses, not of principles. Her impulses It was but little of her own history, of impulse assailed her, there was no prin-

But under its present poor pretence, the veil was suddenly torn down and the "He said we would be friends," she mur- tattered last rags and fragments of it cast

> They were in the garden together, they two alone.

breast heaved with low and stifled sobs, while Zora was in the garden, he did not not through shrewdness of perception, but of Love with regretful but unquailing eyes.

and she wept bitterly, who had no cause to care to extend his explorations beyond the garden-paths.

> They were sitting under an acacia tree at some distance from the terrace; and it happened that some turn of the conversation on poetry led Duke to quote the wellknown lines of Lovelace's-lines applicable enough in some moods of his to himself that he might have been and ought to have been, rather than to the self he waslines which as he spoke them aloud to Zera shot through him, with a painful thrill, the sense of contrast between what he would be and what Nature or Fate had made him.

Yet this inconstancy is such As thou too shalt adore; I could not love thee, dear, so much,

Loved I not honor more! For a moment they were both silent struck with the same thought, dreaming both with a momentary impulse that they could be strong enough for honor's sake to shake hands and part, and let this delightful, dangerous friendship drop forever. But from that moment's impulse, the backwave of a stronger reaction came upon Duke and carried him away. He saw Zora's lovely lips quiver, and her dark eyes droop; he forgot all but her, and spoke impetuously his first words of open disloyalty to his betrothed.

"Zora, it is not true! I do not love honor better than you-I love you more than honor. Why did we meet so late?"

"Why did we ever meet at all?" murdistress.

better part of his nature with them.

began falteringly, agitatedly, and paused don't you like him?" with a little sobbing breath, as if tears took her voice away.

said repeating her words gloomily, and his one dark brown eye upon me, it fairly drawing back the arm which he had flung makes me shudder." round her waist. Zora's breast heaved; her look and tone that broke startlingly dear old Glencairn, Tartar as he is." through her habitual dreamy, timid softness, she said,

"I am not sorry! I can never be sorry! I have been happy come what may!"

now her levely face was upturned to his; morality, the codes of modern society, do alarm on Luli's attire, and exclaims posiher tempting, perfect lips so near to his !- not exist for him. Other men have studied | tively-In that first long kiss Luli was forgotten, such principles, and flung them aside;

Zora was all the world. would scarcely be true to say that his love | the standards of society, but has never flung ennobling than this its rival passion, had from-" reigned alone.

It must be said, not in justification, but in excuse, of Zora, that she did not attempt to induce him to dissolve, or to provoke a dissolution of his engagement to Luli. She would have shrunk from openly robbing Luli of her happiness in the present and her hopes in the future, although she daily thoughts they might have alleged to them-

and yet hovered around it, nearer and repelled her. She knew that Luli loved surface they knew their wrong to her who suffuses her cheek. nearer; and could not withdraw himself Duke, and that her own clear duty was to break off her clandestine acquaintance lutely and for ever, of the lover whom she science too, his favorite volume of "Jason," one day to part from him, and then his the words, whole heart would return to his lawful, plighted love, and they two would marry and be happy, and she would live lonely, and the passages that follow seemed full and treasure the memory of Duke, and of foreboding. And sometimes when he probably die an old maid, if she did not looked in Zora's enchanting and alluring further than parting from Duke "one day," and mourning him all her life. But that "one day"-when would it come? perhaps.

ever wished that she had Duke "all to had barely learned the rudiments. herself," and that Zora and Kate were not | The fact that constancy is not of necessity confiding and unsuspicious betrothed, was exist genuine in June. adored him even more.

than was compatible with loyalty to Luli was ignorant as a child as yet. was Luli's father. And he suspected it! She ignored these things naturally and more because Zora was her mother's simply through blind belief, and not willdaughter-because she was so like that fully through cowardice. Kate and Luli had overwalked them- mother, because he fancied he traced in Some of us are blind through cowardice;

through superstition, that he trusted his We cannot do it. We hurry Love into its own instinct, and watched and waited, but said no word. Then, too, it was not so much the present as the future that he dreaded, and dreaded in it not so much the allurements of a woman or the weakness

of a man as the workings of Fate. His was the perilous tendency to "let things drift," not through idleness or weakness, but through a gloomy, passive fatalism, to allow the waves to bear him wherever they would, to fold his hands and watch without striving to combat the brooding storm, to laugh at the efforts of yield a sullen and savagely stoical acquiescence to every decree of Fate.

He was never very equable in his moods, and did not appear more moody than usual now. Zora always felt uneasy in his presence; and being in self defence compelled to deceive, as she was, she could misrepresent and conceal and phrase falsehoods to all the world beside, more easily and serenely than she could utter the smallest evasion to Glencairn.

"You don't like Glencairn, Zora, I see," said Kate confidently one day.

" No, I do not care much for him, dear,' admitted Zora.

"Well, now, I like him," continued Kate. "But, upon my word, I am more than half afraid of him. If he were to tell me to jump into the lake and swim across I shouldn't like to refuse him. Scratch the Russian, you scratch his surface civilization, you would the rounded shining pebbles. "Are you sorry we have met? he whis- find the savage. I hope he'll never want pered, with a sort of passionate defiance of to marry any unlucky woman who doesn't Duke, pausing by the boat with the flying control, a desperate flinging away of all like him; for I believe if he fixed his eyes flag. he felt he flung away the stronger and him, the poor thing would be bound to say thinking nevertheless, deep down in her meekly 'Yes.' Thank goodness, he'll never inmost heart, that it would be even more "Yes-I am sorry-it is only pain," she want to marry you or me, Zora. But why delightful if they two were alone.

"I never could bear people with eyes of different colors," said Zora. "When Mr. "If you are sorry—if it is only pain," he Glencairn fixes his one light gray eye and ing up with them.

"Oh, you are a funny girl, Zora! not she breathed short and brokenly, and then daring to touch a poor harmless, honest dog! turning to him with a flash of passion in and to find anything to shudder at in my Let us go."

Duke also expressed to Zora his opinion | course that whatever pleases the rest of

of Glencairn. specimen of the Noble Savage," he said. Duke had never kissed her hitherto; but "All the ordinary principles of civilized ceedings Kate suddenly turns a look of have been once bound by orthodox rules, goes on the lake at this time of day with-Friendship was never more mentioned and broken free from them. But Glen- out any shawl. I would not face the irate between Duke and Zora; that fragile cairn has never broken free, for he has father on any consideration if we let her barrier was down forever. Duke was fast never been bound; he has looked on at do it." in the nets of the enchantress now; yet it other men's codes and principles, has seen for Luli had given place to his love for them aside because he has never belonged Zora. The new love had not slain the old; to them. He lives in a world of his own, the old love strove and would not yield; a world far behind and apart from the prebut his heart was now a battle-field where sent one; a grand old fellow in some points, two loves struggled in perpetual conflict, but weaker than a civilized child in his where once one love, purer, truer, more superstitions. He is strangely different

his face. He had never mentioned Luli's name to Zora, and felt horribly guilty as to avail herself of her influence over Duke that name had nearly fallen from his lips now; and Zora, with ready tact, hastened to change the subject.

These two were not "hardened sinners' by any means. On the surface of their

stole from her some portion of the love selves-not to each other, for to each other that should have been lavished on Luli they never spoke directly of her-but in undivided. Zora was alone in the world, self communions they might have alleged and penniless; her only probable chance of that their harmless flirtation and romance happiness and independence was in mar- was no real wrong to Luli. In the selfriage; and; she loved Duke. There was defence of each heart to its own conscience, some temptation in all these circumstances | they might each have pleaded that what to lead her to endeavor to separate Duke she did not know could be no pain nor grief and Luli, and seek to become his wife her- to her, and that "it would end some day." But to the depths of their souls these light But this temptation did not assail her and hollow pleas never sank. In those daughter of easy-going, good-natured, soft. the fire burning now was one that was strongly. There was an ugly aspect of depths, below the frothy bubbles of self-

Zora hated to be alone with Luli, or to with him at once, and leave him to return | meet the clear steady look of Luli's trustful to his original allegiance, as, if left alone, confiding eyes; and Duke one day once packhe probably would do. She was not strong ed away in the most out-of-the-way corner of enough for this; but she could not coolly his baggage, in haste and anger as if he contemplate robbing Luli entirely, abso- could pack away scruples out of his consaw, with self-reproachful pain, that Luli because each time he opened it the pages, trustfully and blindly loved. She intended as if in malice and warning, would part at

> O wavering traitor! still unsatisfied! O false betrayer of the love so tried!

from Glauce, the guileless and pure.

when they were to say good by? Not yet was being enacted again. She was unsus-

silly, frivolous jealousy, alike unworthy of tender and sincere, had not been forced Duke, through this very self-reproach, and | which is sincere must be enduring, that the the consciousness that he was wronging his passion genuine at Christmas will still

by turns very affectionate to her or rather Of the innate changeability of some silent and absent. When he was affectiou- natures that yet are affectionate and sinate, she adored him. When he was silent, cere, of the self-evident truth that the first-class, ma'am?" Aged lady-"Yes, she imagined he was tired or unwell, and secret of fidelity lies less in the merit of thank you how are you, sir?" petted him unobtrusively and quietly, and the beloved than in the temperament of the loving, and that the words of love which The one person who suspected that Duke | rang so true at first may come to fall with and Zora felt more interest in each other a false and hollow jar upon the ear-she

grave, and heap the earth high over it, and pretend that it never existed; we burn all relics of it, we turn our eyes away from it, and wince if a rude hand (rude and harsh as pure maiden Truth, unwed to Mercy, must ever seem to us), bursts open the grave, and bids us look upon the coffined love, and remember that it lived.

Or else, in another and a commoner form of weakness, a weakness of more tender and amiable natures, we, still unable to face the fact that Love is dead, pretend that it has never died. We clothe the dead in garments those who struggle to avoid their destiny, of every day, we keep it "in its habit as it to deem all such struggles vain, and to lived"; and ignore its death in blindness as willful as those others who ignore that it ever existed.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Ah, take the season and have done! Love well the hour and let it go -SWINBURNE.

The four younger members of the party are rambling along the shore of the lake, Duke and Luli walking first, Kate and Zora following-Zora lingering discreetly, and engaging Kate in conversation.

Zora is so full of tact and delicacy, plays a third on occasion so beautifully, everybody

The day is wearing on toward evening: the sun declining from the zenith burns larger, brighter, intenser as he sinks down the western path.

On the yellow shore two or three boats know, and you find the Tartar. That always | are pulled up; under their keels the water mured Zora, in tremulous tones of deep reminds me of Glencairn; if you were to is lapping in tiny transparent ripples on "What say you to a row, Luli?" observes

scruples as to fidelity and loyalty, although upon her and commanded her to accept "It would be delightful!" she replies,

"What do you say, Miss Craven? Let us collect votes," continues Duke, looking back to Kate and Zora, who were now com-

"Yes, by all means!" cries Kate; "it seems the correct thing here to go for a row on every possible opportunity. What's the good of a lake if we don't row on it?

Zora gives no vote, but it is a matter of the party will please Zora. So the boat-"I regard him in some lights as a fine man is summoned, and the hire of the boat is arranged; but at this stage of the pro-

"We shall all get into hot water if Luli

Duke is not delighted at this reminder; but he disguises his impulse of impatience admirably, and it looks like only a lover's natural anxiety and reproach as he says-"Really, Luli, it is too bad of you to come

out so thinly clad these autumn days." "Nonsense! nonsense!" replies Luli, lightly, and hurriedly, bating to be made a fuss over. "I shan't be cold. Come Duke broke off, with a sudden cloud upon | along!" and she hastens to step into the

> "Will you wait five minutes for me?" exclaims Zora, eagerly. "Do, please! I'll be back in about five minutes. And it would spoil all our pleasure if you caught cold." And away Zora runs up the path toward the villa, light-footed as a deer, Luli remonstrating and endeavoring to detain her, Kate nodding approvingly after Zora and in her turn detaining Luli, who seems desirous of giving chase.

> "Zora runs about six times as fast as you do," Kate observes, philosophically, "and she will be back before you had got panting up to the terrace."

> Luli glances at Duke, and perceives intuitively that something has vexed him-she knows not what. She would rather face the bitterest northeaster that ever blew, at the risk of coughing herself into a consump-

or would you like to take our places in the boat ?" she asks, looking up at him brightly, propitiatingly, with a half-timid smile.

"Or would your Majesty graciously please to repose on that bank? or what can your humble servants do to amuse your most Imperial Highness during these tedious five minates of waiting?" exclaims Kate gaily, in her clear, high voice, clasping her hands with a burlesque humility and anxiety.

(To be continued.)

## The Regulation of Dreaming.

A French investigator, M. Delaunay, break her heart before. This was Zora's eyes, it seemed to him that the story of finds from experiments upon himself that idea; her plans for the future went no Jason was reversed, and that it was Medea the character of his dreaming may be conthe sorceress who was luring him away trolled by stimulating various portions of the brain by means of heat. By covering Luli had no suspicion of her lover's his forehead with a layer of wadding he How far off in the future was the day inconstancy, no idea that the oft told tale gets sane, intelligent dreams. He has also experimented on modes of lying, which -not just yet. Day after day she would picious, not on account either of the slug- favor the flow of blood to particular parts, say "Not yet," until it should be too late, gishness of instinct rising from lack of increasing their nutrition and functional heart, or of the dullness of perception activity. He has observed that the dreams Meanwhile their mutual love was so well springing from lukewarmness of love, but he has while lying on his back are sensorial, to love he was unselfishly devoted. The and much that was weak. Her facile, concealed that only one person entertained because she had not studied human nature variegated, luxurious. Those experienced when on the right side are mobile, full of fancied that Duke seemed absent, or cold, school where, the later we begin to learn exaggeration, absurd, and refer to old or fitful in his moods, she was far from the more bitter the fruit of the tree of matters; but those produced when on the attributing the real reason to it. If she knowledge tastes, Luli was a beginner who left side are intelligent and reasonable, and relate to recent matters; in these dreams one often speaks. These observations may so frequently drawn into their group, she a component part of a nature passionate be correct so far as M. Delaunay is conwhen he was not looking at her. Still she could not understand that it was possible probable that Zora would have risen to the crushed the thought down as a piece of and affectionate, nay, even of a nature cerned; but most people who venture to lie on their back, especially after eating, are her and her idol, who must on no account upon her knowledge. She was in the fresh apt to find their dreams anything but

Here is a good joke, original in its way, from the provinces. Stationmaster to suspicious-looking lady (aged) who has just entered a compartment-" Are you

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