"I Canna be Fashed."

When I was a little lass, just sixteen,
Bonnie was I, but proud as a queen;
Proud and saucy, and hard to please,
And wonderfu' fond o' taking my ease.
Folks didna mind then—for I was young—
The "canna be fashed" that was aye on my tongue.

"I couldna be fashed" wi' my books at the school,
And now I am old, I am only a fool;
"I couldna be fashed" wi' the dairy and house,
And now I'm as poor as ony kirk mouse;
And when mither spak o' my needle and thread,
"I couldna be fashed" was aye what I said.

But spite o' my laziness, spite o' my pride,
Young Elliott, the pride o' the country-side,
Cam seeking my love; and oft for his sake
A wheen o' fair promises I would make;
But when the time came the gude purpose was dashed
Wi' just the auld sang, "I canna be fashed."

"I couldna be fashed," if he wanted to walk;
"I couldna be fashed," if he wanted to talk;
I thought it was fine sae indifferent to be—
Folks mustna be sure o' the getting o' me;
And thus a' his hopes and his pleasures were dashed
With thae wearisome words, "I canna be fashed."

But I said them too often. One hot summer day,
When the folks were a' busy in "saving the hay,"
My lover said, "Lassie, let's help them awhile."
"I canna be fashed," I said, wi' a smile.
"O lassie, dear lassie, thae words gie me pain;"
And I looked in his face and said them again.
Then he put on his hat, took the over-hill track,
And from that day to this he has never come back.

I've had "fashes" enou since thae happy days
Wi' losses and crosses and wearifu' ways;
I might hae been weel and happily wed
If I'd keepit a kind, ceevil tongue in my head;
But "I couldna be fashed" wi' others, you see,
And fortune and friends ceased "fashin" wi' me.
Sae, lasses, tak tent from the tale I hae told;
Dinna wait to be ceevil until you grow old.

The Story of a Life.

Say, what is life? 'Tis to be born
A helpless babe to greet the light
With a sharp wail, as if the morn
Fortell a cloudy noon and night
To weep, to sleep, and weep again,
With sunny smiles between—and then?

And then apace the infant grows
To be a laughing, sprightly boy,
Happy despite his little woes,
Were he but conscious of his joy!
To be, in short, from two to ten,
A merry, moody child—and then?

And then, in coat and trousers clad,
To learn to say a decalogue,
And break it, an unthinking lad,
With mirth and mischief all agog;
A truant oft by field and fen,
And capture butterflies—and then?

And then, increased in strength and size,
To be anon a youth full grown;
A hero in his mother's eyes,
A young Apollo in his own;
To imitate the ways of men
In fashionable sin—and then?

And then, at last, to be a man,
To fall in love, to woo and wed!
With seething brain to scheme and plan
To gather gold or toil for bread;
To sue for fame, with tongue and pen,
And gain or lose the prize. And then?

And then in gay and wrinkled eld
To mourn the speed of life's decline;
To praise the scenes our youth beheld,
And dwell in the memory of lang syne
To dream awhile with darkened ken,
To drop into the grave—and then?

PHYLLIS.

BY THE DUCHESS.

Author of "Molly Bawn," "The Baby," "Airy Fairy Lilian," etc., etc.

"Can she? But perhaps you fail in the cleverness also?"

"I think you are excessively rude and disagreeable," I say, much affronted, and getting up, move with dignity towards the door.

"If you see Ashurst tell him I want him," calls out Marmaduke as I reach it.

"Yes; and at the same time I shall tell him you said he was a dunce at college," I return, in a withering tone.

Marmaduke laughs, and dropping the precious gun, runs after me, catches and draws me back into his *sanctum*.

"I think Dora and Ashurst two of the most intellectual people it has ever been my good fortune to meet," he says, still laughing and holding me. "Will that do? Is your majesty appeased?"

"I wouldn't tell fibs, if I were you," return I, severely.

"Say lies. I hate the word 'fib.' A lie sounds much more honest. But I am really in earnest when I say I think Dora clever. I know at least twenty girls who have done their best to be made Lady Ashurst, and not one of them ever came as near success as she has."

"But he has not proposed to her yet."

"It is the same thing. Any one can see that he has Dora on the brain, and I don't think (asking your pardon humbly) his brain would stand much pressure. I'd lay any amount she has him at her feet before his visit is concluded."

"How delightful! How pleased mamma will be! Marmaduke, I forgive you. But you must not say slighting things of me again."

"Slighting things of *you*, my own darling! Cannot you see when I am in fun? I only wanted to make you pout and look like the baby you are. In reality I think you the brightest, dearest, sweetest, *et cetera*."

Thus my mind is relieved, and I feel I can wait with calmness the desirable end that is evidently in store for Dora.

I am so elated by Marmaduke's concurrence with my hopes that I actually kiss him, and, re-seating myself, consent to take the but-end of the gun upon my lap and hold it carefully, while he rubs the barrels up and down with a dreadfully dirty piece of scarlet flannel soaked in oil.

"Do you think they would ever grow brighter than they are now?" I venture mildly. "If you rubbed them for years, Marmaduke, I don't believe they would be further improved; do you?"

"Well, indeed, perhaps you are right. I think they will do now," replies he, regarding his new toy with a fond eye; and then almost with regret, as though loath to part with it, he replaces it in its flannel berth.

"By the bye, Phyllis, I had a letter from a friend of mine this morning—Chandos—telling me of his return to England, and I have written inviting him here."

"Have you? I hope he is nice. Is he Mr. or Captain Chandos, or what?"

"Neither; he is Lord Chandos."

"What!" cry I; "the real live lord at last! *Now*, I suppose, we will have to be very seemly in our conduct, and forget we ever laughed. Is he very old and staid, 'Duke?"

"Very. He is a year older than I am; and I remember you once told me I was bordering on my second childhood, or something like it. However, in reality you will not find Chandos formidable. He has held his honors but a very short time. Last autumn he was only Captain Everet, with nothing to speak of beyond his pay, when fate in the shape of an unsound yacht sailed in, and, having drowned one old man and two young ones, pushed Everett into his present position."

"What a romance! I suppose one ought to feel sorry for the three drowned men, but somehow I don't. With such a story connected with him, your friend ought to be both handsome and agreeable. Is he?"

"I don't know. I would be afraid to say. You might take me to task and abuse me afterwards, if our opinions differed. You know *you* think George Ashurst a very fascinating youth. Chandos is a wonderful favorite with women, if that has anything to do with it."

"Of course it has—everything."

"I have been thinking," says 'Duke, "that as a set-off to all the hospitality we have received from the county, we ought to give a ball."

"A ball! Oh, delicious!" cry I, clapping my hands rapturously. "What has put such a glorious idea into your head? To dance to a band all down that great, big, ball-room! Oh, 'Duke! I am so glad I married you!"

'Duke laughs and colors slightly.

"Are you, really? Do you mean that? Do you never repent it?"

"Repent it? Never!—not for a single instant. How could I when you are so good to me—when you are always thinking of things to make me happy?"

"I am doubly, trebly rewarded for anything I may have done by hearing such words from your lips. To know you are 'glad you married me' is the next best thing to knowing you love me."

"And so I do love you, you silly boy; I am very, very fond of you. Marmaduke, do you think you could get Billy here for the ball?"

"I will try. I dare say I shall be able to manage it. And now run away and get Blanche Going to help you to write out a list of people. She knows every one in the county, and is a capital hand at anything of that sort."

"She seems to be a capital hand at most things," I reply, pettishly, "except at making herself agreeable to me. It is always Blanche Going can do this, and Blanche Going can do that. She is a paragon of perfection in your eyes, I do believe. I won't ask her to help me. I hate her."

"Well, ask any one else you like, then, or no one. But don't hate poor Blanche. What has she done to deserve it?"

"Nothing. But I hate her for all that. I feel like a cat with its fur rubbed up the wrong way whenever I am near her. She has the happy knack of always making me feel small and foolish. I suppose we are antagonistic to each other. And why do you call her '*poor* Blanche?' I dont see that she is in any need of your pity."

"Have you not said she has incurred your displeasure? What greater misfortune could befall her?" says 'Duke, smiling tenderly into my cross little face.

I relent and smile in turn.

"Oh, believe me, she will not die of that," I say; "at all events don't *you* be unhappy, 'Duke," patting his face softly. 'I shall never hate *you*—be sure of that."

And then catching up my train to facilitate my movements, I run through the house in search of Harriet and Bebe, to make known to them my news and discuss with them the joys and glories of a ball.

"It shall be a ball," says Bebe, enthusiastically, "such as the county never before attended. We will astonish the natives. We will get men down from London to settle everything, and the decorations and music and supper shall be beyond praise. I know exactly what to do and to order. I have helped Harriet to give balls ever so often, and I am determined, as it will be your first ball as Mrs. Carrington, it shall be a splendid success."

"My first ball in every way," I say, feeling rather ashamed of myself. "I was at several small dances before my marriage, and at a number of dinner-parties since, but I never in my life was at a real large ball."

"What!" cries Bebe, literally struck dumb by this revelation; then, with a little lady-like shout of laughter, "I never heard of anything half so ludicrous. Why Phyllis, I am a venerable grandmother next to you. Harriet," to Lady Handcock, who had just entered, "just fancy! Phyllis tells me she was never at a ball!"

"I dare say she is all the better for it," says Harriet, kindly, seeing my color is a little high. "If you had gone to fewer you would be a better girl. How did it happen, Phyllis?"

"No one in our immediate neighborhood ever gave a ball," I hasten to explain, "and we did not visit people who lived far away." I suppress the fact of our having no respectable vehicle to convey us to those distant ball-givers, had we been ever so inclined to go. "I suppose it appears very odd to you."

"Odd!" cries Bebe; "it is abominable! I am so envious I can scarcely bring myself to speak to you. I know exactly what I may expect, while *you* can indulge in the most delightful anticipations. I can remember even now the raptures of *my* first ball; the reality far exceeded even my wildest flights of fancy, and that is a rare thing. Positively I can smell the flowers and hear the music this moment. And then I had so many partners—more, I think, than I can get now; I could have filled twenty cards instead of one. Why, Phyllis, I am but two years older than you, and yet if I had a pound for every ball I have been at, I would have enough money to tide me over my next season without fear of debt."

I sit down, and running over all my dresses in my mind, cannot convince myself that any of them, if worn, would have the desired effect of adding years to my face and form. My *trousseau*, to be just, was desirable every way. How she managed it no one could tell, but mother *did* contrive to screw sufficient money out of papa to set me creditably before the world. Still all my evening robes seem youthful and girlish in the extreme as I call them up one by one.

After a full half-hour of earnest cogitation, I make up my mind to a grand purpose, and, stealing downstairs, move rather sneakily to Marmaduke's study. I devoutly trust he will be alone, and as I open the door I find I have my wish.

He is busily writing; but, as he is never too busy to attend to me, he lays down his pen and smiles kindly as he sees me.

"Come in, little woman. What am I to do for you?"

"Marmaduke," I say, nervously, "I have come to ask you a great favor."

"That is something refreshingly new. Do you know it will be the first favor you have asked of me, though we have been married more than three months? Say on and I swear it shall be yours, whatever it is—to the half of my kingdom."

"You are quite sure you will not think it queer of me, or—or shabby?"

"Quite certain."

"Well, then—with an effort—"for this ball, I think, Marmaduke, I would like a new dress; may I send to London for it?"

When I have said it, it seems to me so disgracefully soon to ask for new clothes that I blush crimson, and am to the last degree shamefaced.

Marmaduke laughs heartily.

"Is that all?" he says. "Are you really wasting a blush on such a slight request? What an odd little girl you are! I believe you are the only wife alive who would feel modest about asking such a question. How much do you want, darling? You will require some other things too, I suppose. Shall I give you a hundred pounds, to see how far it will go? Will that be enough?"

"Oh, 'Duke! a great deal too much."

"Not a bit too much. I don't know what dresses cost, but I have always heard a considerable sum. And now, as we are on the subject of money, Phyllis, what would you prefer—an allowance, or money whenever you want it, or what?"

"If you would pay my bills, Marmaduke, I would like it best." I have never felt so thoroughly married as at this moment, when I know myself to be dependent on him for every shilling I may spend.

"Very well. Whatever you like. Any time you tire of this arrangement you can say so. But at all events you will require some pocket-money," rising from the table and going over to a small safe in the wall.

"No, thank you, 'Duke; I have some."

"How much?"

"Enough, thank you."

"Nonsense, Phyllis!" almost angrily. "How absurd you are! One would think I was not your husband. I wish you to try to remember you have a perfect right to everything I possess. Come here directly, take this," holding out to me a roll of notes and a handful of gold. "Promise me," he says, "when you want more you will come to me for it. It would make me positively wretched if I thought you were without money to buy whatever you fancy."

"But I never had fifty—I never had ten pounds in my life," I say, half amused. "I won't know what to do with it."

"I wonder if you will have the same story to relate this time next year?" answers 'Duke, laughing. "The very simplest thing to learn is how to spend money. And now tell me—I confess I have a little curiosity on the subject—what are you going to wear on the twenty-fourth? You will make yourself look your most charming, will you not, Phyllis?"

"I shall never be able to look dignified or imposing, if you mean that," say I, gloomily. "All the old women about the farms who don't know me think I am a visitor here, and call me 'Miss,' just as though I were never married."

"That is very sad, especially as you will have to wait so many years for those wrinkles you covet. I dare say a dealer in cosmetics, however, would lay you on a few for the occasion, if you paid him well; and, with one of your grandmother's gowns, we might perhaps be able to persuade our guests that I had married a woman old enough to be my mother."

"I know what I should *like* to wear," I say, shyly.

"What?"

"Black velvet and the diamonds," I say, boldly.

Marmaduke roars.

"What are you laughing at?" I ask, testily, somewhat vexed.

"At the picture you have drawn. At the idea of velvet and diamonds in conjunction with your baby face. Why did you not think of adding on the ermine? Then, indeed, with your height you would be quite majestic?"

"But may I wear it? May I—may I?" ask I, impatiently. "All my life I have been wanting to wear velvet, and now when I have so good an opportunity do let me."

"Is that your highest ambition? By all means, my dear child, gratify it. Why not? Probably in such an effective get-up you will take the house by storm."

"I really think I shall look very nice and—*old*," I return, reflectively. Then, "'Duke, have you written about Billy?"

"Yes; I said we wished to have him on the 19th for a week; that will bring him in time for the slaughter on the 20th. I thought perhaps he might enjoy that."

"You think of everything. I know no one so kind or good-natured. 'Duke, don't make a joke about that velvet. Don't tell any one what I said, please."

"Never fear. I will be silent as the grave. You shall burst upon them as an aparition in all your ancient bravery."

That evening we dress early, Bebe and I, for no particular reason, that I can remember, and, coming downstairs together, seat ourselves before the drawing-room fire to ruin our complexions and have a cozy chat until the others break in upon us. As we pause, the door at the end of the room is flung wide, and a tall young man coming in walks straight towards me.

The lamps have not yet been lit, and only the crimson flashes from the blazing fire reveal to us his features. He is dark, rather more distinguished-looking than handsome, and has wonderful deep, kind, gray eyes.

"Lord Chandos," announces Tynon, in the background, speaking from out the darkness, after which, having played his part, he vanishes.

I rise and go to meet the new-comer, with extended hand.

"This is a surprise, but a pleasant one. I am very glad to bid you welcome," I say, in a shy, old-fashioned manner; but my hand-clasp is warm and genial, and he smiles and looks pleased.

"Thank you; Mrs. Carrington, I suppose?" he says, with some faint hesitation, his eyes travelling over my dreadfully youthful form, that looks even more than usually childish to-night in its clothing of white cashmere and blue ribbons.

"Yes," I return, laughing and blushing. "Marmaduke should have been here to give us a formal introduction to each other, though indeed it is hardly necessary; I seem to know you quite well from all I have heard about you."

A slight rustling near the fire, a faint pause, and then Bebe comes forward.

"How d'ye do, Lord Chandos?" she says. "I hope you have not quite forgotten me."

She holds out her hand and for an instant her eyes look fairly into his—*only* for an instant.

She is dressed in some filmy black gown, that clings close to her, and has nothing to relieve its gloom save one spot of blood-red color that rests upon her bosom. Her arms shine fair and white to the elbow; in her hair is another fleck of blood-red ribbon. Is it the flickering uncertain light or my own fancy that makes her face appear so pale?

Her eyes gleam large and dark, and the curious little black mole lying so close to her ear looks blacker than usual in contrast to her white cheek. But her tone rings gay and steady as ever. A smile quivers round her lips.

I am puzzled, I scarcely know why. I glance at Lord Chandos, and—surely the firelight to-night is playing fantastic tricks—*his* face appears flushed and anxious. I draw conclusions, but cannot make them satisfactory.

"I had no idea I should meet you here," he says in a low tone that is studiously polite.

Bebe laughs musically.

"No! Then we are mutually astonished. I thought you safe in Italy. Certainly it is on my mind that some one told me you were there."

"I returned home last week." Then, turning to me, he says, hurriedly, "I hope Carrington is well?"

"Quite well, thank you. Will you come with me to find him? He would have been the first to welcome you, had he known you were coming, but we did not hope to see you until next week."

"I had no idea myself I could have been here so soon. But business, luckily, there was none to detain me, so I came straight on to throw myself on your tender mercies."

We have now reached the library door.

"Marmaduke," I call out, opening it and entering, "I have brought you Lord Chandos. Now, are you not surprised and pleased?"

"Oh! more pleased than I can say," exclaims 'Duke, heartily, coming eagerly forward to greet his friend. "My dear fellow, what good wind blew you to us so soon?"

When I return to the drawing-room I find the lamps burning cheerily, and most of our party assembled.

Lady Blanche, reclining on a low *fauteuil*, is conversing earnestly with Sir Mark Gore, who stands beside her. Seeing me, she smiles softly at him and motions him to a chair near her.

Dora, in her favorite white muslin and sweet demure smile, is holding Mr. Powell and Sir George Ashurst in thrall. She is bestowing the greater part of her attention upon the former, to the disgust and bewilderment of honest George, who looks with moody dislike upon his rival. Both men are intent upon taking her down to dinner. There is little need for you to torture yourself with jealous fears, Sir George. When the time comes it is without doubt upon your arm she will lay that little white pink-tinged hand.

Bebe is sitting upon the sofa, with the infatuated Chips beside her, and is no longer pale; two crimson spots adorn her cheeks and add brilliancy to her eyes. As I watch her wonderingly she slowly raises her head, and, meeting my gaze, bestows upon me a glance so full of the liveliest reproach, not unmixed with indignation, that I am filled with consternation. What *have* I done to deserve so withering a look?

"I would give something to know of whom you are thinking just now," says a voice at my elbow. "Not of *me*, I trust?"

I turn to find Sir Mark is regarding me earnestly. Instinctively I glance at the vacant chair beside Lady Blanche and in doing so encounter her dark eyes bent on mine. Verily, I am not in good odor with my guests to-night.

All through dinner I try to attract Bebe's attention, but cannot. I address her only to receive the coldest of replies. Even afterwards, when we get back once more to the drawing-room, I cannot manage an explanation, as she escapes to her own room, and does not appear again until the gentlemen have joined us.

Neither she nor Lord Chandos exchange one word with each other throughout the entire evening. With a sort of feverish gayety she chatters to young Thornton, to Captain Jenkins, to any one who may chance to be near her, as though she fears a silence.

Nevertheless the minutes drag. It is the stupidest night we have known, and I begin to wish I had learned whist or chess or something of that sort. I am out of spirits, and, though innocent of what it may be, feel myself guilty of some hideous blunder.

Presently the dreaded quiet falls. The whist-players are happy, the rest of us are not. Sir Mark, with grave politeness, comes to the rescue.

"Perhaps Mr. Thornton will kindly favor us with a song?" he says, without a smile.

And Mr. Thornton, with a face even more than usually benign, willingly consents, and gives us "What will you do, love, when I am going?"—*apropos* of his approaching departure for India—with much sentimental fervor, and many tender glances directed openly to Miss Beatoun.

"Thank you," murmurs that young lady, when the doleful ditty is finished, having listened to it all through with an air of saddened admiration impossible to describe, and unmistakably flattering. "I know no song that touches me so deeply as that."

"I know you are laughing at me," says Chips, frankly, seating himself again beside her, and sinking his voice to a whisper that he fondly but erroneously believes to be inaudible; "but I don't care. I would rather have you to make fun of me than any other girl to love me!"

Could infatuation further go?

"Pehaps one might find it possible to do both," insinuates Miss Beatoun, wickedly; but this piece of flagrant hypocrisy proving too much even for her, she raises her fan to a level with her lips and subsides with an irrepressible smile behind it, while poor little Chips murmurs:

"Oh, come, now. That is more than any fellow would believe, you know," and grins a pleased and radiant grin.

Bebe, being asked to sing, refuses, gently but firmly; and when I have delighted my audience with one or two old English ballads, we give in, and think with animation of our beds.

In the corridor above I seize hold of Bebe.

"What has vexed you?" I ask, anxiously. "Why are you not friends with me? You *must* come to my room before you go to bed. Promise."

"Very good. I will come," quietly disengaging my hand. Then before closing the door, "Indeed, Phyllis, I think you might have told me," she says, in a tone of deep reproach.

So that is it! But surely she must have seen his coming so unexpectedly was a great surprise. And is there a romance connected with her and Lord Chandos?

I confess to an overpowering feeling of curiosity. I dismiss my maid with more haste than usual, and, sitting in my dressing-gown and slippers, long for Bebe's coming. I am convinced I shall not sleep one wink if she fails to keep this appointment.

I am not doomed to a sleepless night, however, as presently she comes in—all her beautiful hair loose about her shoulders.

"Now, Bebe," I exclaim, jumping up to give her a good shake, "how could you be so cross all about nothing? I did not know myself he was coming so soon. You made me miserable the entire evening, and spoiled everything?"

"But you knew he was coming some time; why did you not say so?"

"I forgot all about him. I knew no reason why I should attach importance to his presence here. I don't know now either. I was quite ignorant of your previous acquaintance with him. Probably had he waited in London until next week, as he originally intended, it might have occurred to me to mention his coming, and so I would have spared myself all the cruelty and neglect and wicked looks so lavishly bestowed upon me this evening."

"You have yet to learn," says Miss Beatoun, who *is*, I think, a little ashamed of her pettishness, "that of all things I most detest being taken by surprise. It puts me out dreadfully; I don't recover myself for ever so long; and to see Lord Chandos here, of all people, when I believed him safe in Italy, took away my breath. Phyllis, I don't know how it is, but I feel I must tell you all about it."

"Yes, do. I am so anxious to hear. Yet I half guess he is, or was, a lover of yours. Is it not so? And something has gone wrong?"

"Very much wrong, indeed," with a rather bitter laugh. "It will be a slight come-down to my pride to tell you this story; but I can trust you, can I not? I am not fond of women friends as a rule—indeed, Harriet is my only one—but you, Phyllis, have exercised upon me some charm, I do believe, as when I am near you I forget to be reserved."

"That is because you know how well I like you."

"Is it? Perhaps so. Well, about Lord Chandos. My story is a short one, you will say, and to the point. I met him first two years ago. He fell in love with me, and last year asked me to marry him. That is all; but you will understand by it how little ambitious I was of meeting him again."

"And you——"

"Refused him, dear. How could I do otherwise? He was only Captain Everett then, without a prospect on earth; and I am no heiress. It would have meant poverty—scarcely even what is called 'genteel poverty'—had I consented to be his wife; and"—with a quick shudder of disgust—"I would rather be dead, I think, than endure such a life as that."

"Did you love him, Bebe?"

"I liked him well enough to marry him, certainly," she admits, slowly, "had circumstances been different."

We are silent for a little time; then Bebe says, in a low tone.

"He was so good about it, and I deserved so little mercy at his hands. I don't deny I had flirted with him horribly, with cruel heartlessness, considering I knew all along, when it came to the final move, I would say 'No.' I liked him so well that I could not make up my mind to be brave in time and let him go, never counting the pain I would afterwards have to inflict—and bear."

Her voice sinks to a whisper. Without turning my head, I lay my hand on hers.

"It all happened one morning," she goes on, presently, making a faint pause between each sentence, "quite early. There was nothing poetic or sentimental about it in the way of conservatories or flowers or music. He had come to pay me his usual visit. It was July, and mamma and I were leaving town the next day. We are not to see each other again for a long time. Perhaps that hastened it. It was a wet day, I remember—I can hear the sad drip, drip, of the raindrops now—and we felt silent and depressed. Somehow then—I hardly know how—it all was said—and over."

"How sad it was!" I murmur, stroking the hand I hold with quiet sympathy. "And then——"

"Then I let him see how utterly false and worthless was the woman he loved. I let him know that even if I adored him his want of money would be an insurmountable barrier between us. I think I *told* him so. I am not quite sure of that. I do not recollect distinctly one word I said that day. I only know that he went away impressed with the belief that I was a mere contemptible money-worshipper."

"Did he say anything—reproachful, I mean?"

"That was the hardest part of it. He would not reproach me. He only sat there, looking distinctly miserable, without an unkind word on his lips."

"What? Did he say nothing?"

"Very little. Unless to tell me I had treated him disgracefully, I don't know that there was anything *to be* said. He declared that he had expected just such an answer; that he felt he had no right to hope for a happier one. He did not blame me, of course I was acting wisely—and so on. He never once asked me to reconsider my words. Then he got up and said he must bid me a long farewell. He knew a man who would gladly exchange with him and give him a chance of seeing a little Indian life; he was tired of England. You can imagine the kind of thing."

"Poor fellow, how did he look?"

(To be continued

It is one proof of a good education and of true refinement of feeling to respect antiquity.—*Sigourney*.