Fatherland and Mother Tongue.

Our fatherland! and would'st thou know
Why we should call it "fatherland?"
It is that Adam, here below,
Was made of earth by nature's hand
And He, our Father, made of earth,
Hath peopled earth on every hand,
And we, in memory of his birth,
Do call our country "fatherland."

And first in Eden's bowers, they say,
No sound of speech had Adam caught.
But whistled like a bird all day,
And may be 'twas for want of thought;
But nature, with resistless laws,
Made Adam soon surpass the birds,
She gave him lovely Eve because
If he'd a wife—they must have words.

And so the native land, I hold,
By male descent is proudly mine;
The language, as the tale hath told,
Was given in the female line.
And thus we see on either hand,
We name our blessings whence they've sprung,
We call our country fatherland,
We call our language mother tongue.

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

CHAPTER VIII.

The New Year's eve ball at Fairholme Court was always looked forward to with eager anticipation, both by the house party and by the young people of the neighborhood. This year it was to be an especially brilliant affair, for Lady Fairholme wished it to be a kind of public announcement of the engagement of Sir Gilbert's niece to Major Stuart.

The engagement was not to be a long one—there was no reason why it should be so. Major Stuart's long leave expired in April, and he wished to rejoin his regiment, then quartered at Aldershot, with his wife; so it was decided that the marriage should take place on St. Valentine's Day, and, at Shirley's own request, it was to be a quiet wedding.

Sir Hugh Glynn and Major Stuart were still Sir Gilbert's guests, and the former seemed to have renewed his flirtation with Alice, who received his attentions very favorably. The weather had become much colder, and there had been some skating; but on the 30th of December a rapid thaw set in, to Ruby Capel's horror, but to the undoubted satisfaction of all those who were to drive any distance to the ball.

Not only was Fairholme Court full from garret to basement with visitors, but Sir Hugh had placed Maxwell at Lady Fairholme's disposal; and he was to entertain there for three or four days a number of bachelor guests who were quite necessary, Alice declared, to make the ball completely successful, and who were to drive and ride over from Maxwell on New Year's eve.

"Our house is unfortunately not made of caoutchouc," Alice said laughingly—"we cannot accommodate every one, but I think you might let them entertain themselves, Sir Hugh, and not leave us to our own devices here."

"I am afraid that it would not be very courteous, Miss Fairholme," Sir Hugh answered, smiling. "So Miss Ross must forgive me for carrying off Guy to-morrow evening," he added, turning to Shirley, into whose fair pale cheeks the color came, as it usually did, greatly to her own annoyance, when he addressed her.

"I dare say Shirley will get quite enough of Major Stuart's society in the future," Alice said carelessly. "But you are not going until the afternoon, Sir Hugh? None of these tiresome men are coming till the 6 o'clock train; and you can ride over in much less than an hour."

"Oh, yes, we will put the evil hour off as long as possible!" Sir Hugh answered rather absently, for his eyes were following Shirley as she moved down the great hall where this conversation took place, and which was set apart for dancing on the following evening.

Those days which had been such happy ones to Guy and Shirley had been quite the reverse to Sir Hugh. It was impossible but that, loving Shirley as he did, selfishly perhaps, but yet passionately, he should suffer, seeing her love for and perfect trust in Guy; and once or twice he had said to himself that he could bear it no longer, that he would go away and put the wide seas between him and her, and let himself no longer be tormented by the sight of the happiness which was denied to him. But he could not leave Fairholme. It was better to see Shirley at any price than to lose sight of her altogether; besides, he always hoped, even against hope, that something would happen, and that after all Shirley would be his.

So he lingered, hating Guy, loving and hating Shirley, and despising himself most of all for the weakness which made him the slave of a girl who had no thought for him, and whose whole heart was given to another.

To a man who has been all his life unusually successful, who has never known what defeat is, and who has had his every wish fulfilled, his every desire gratified, the very idea of a repulse in anything upon which he has set his mind is quite sufficient to act as an incentive, and to urge him on to further exertion; and this was the case with Sir Hugh Glynn. It might have been, that, if Shirley had fallen a victim, Sir Hugh's passion would have wearied, and finally died a natural death; but the girl's indifference, and above all her love for Guy, excited in him an eager desire to conquer that indifference and win that love.

Hitherto Sir Hugh Glynn's life, although not a useful or noble one, had been comparatively harmless, and his faults had been negative ones; but now the latent cruelty and passion of his nature had sprung suddenly into life, and the death-blow of his friendship for Guy was struck. Who was Guy Stuart, he thought passionately, that he should win without an effort a love for which he would have given his life? Had it not been for him, Shirley would have loved him. Other women had done so, why should not she? He was handsome and pleasing and wealthy, while Guy Stuart was any thing but an eligible. And yet he had won Shirley Ross!

Must he give her up? Must he leave Guy in undisturbed possession of this treasure he coveted so greatly? Must he stand by and see their happiness, and smile and congratulate them, unmoved and indifferent? He could not do it—it was impossible. He would have her yet. If fair means failed, he would try foul! There was no baseness to which he would not stoop to win the woman he loved with so fatal a passion! There was no treachery too great to practice, if by it he could gain her for his own!

He was thinking thus in the solitude of his own room on the day on which he and Guy were to leave the Court. Luncheon was over, and he had left the rest of the party in the oak parlor, where they were busy with some of the preparations for the morrow. The girls had been unpacking the dainty little programmes which had just arrived from Edinburgh, and they had been chatting merrily about them with Guy, Mr. Rivers, and some of the other gentlemen at the Court. Lady Fairholme and the older ladies had taken refuge in one of the smaller drawing-rooms, leaving the young people to their own devices; and Sir Hugh had left the oak-parlor, unable any longer to bear the misery and unrest and wild longing which burned in his heart and brain. He was in just the state of mind to succumb to temptation, and to him at that moment and in that mood the temptation came.

The rooms which Sir Hugh occupied at Fairholme Court were a bedroom and dressing room on the first floor, opening on to a long picture gallery; and, as he paced restlessly up and down, he could hear his servant moving about in the dressing-room adjoining, busied with his master's packing. But Sir Hugh was too irritable just then to bear any disturbance, noiseless as the man's movements were; and he called out sharply—

"Latreille!"

The man appeared on the threshold of the door between the two rooms, calm and quiet as usual.

"I am here, Sir Hugh," he said, in his even voice, his keen eye noting the disquiet on his master's haggard face.

"What the deuce are you doing in there?" demanded Sir Hugh irritably.

"I was packing up, Sir Hugh."

"Let the packing wait—I want to be alone," said Sir Hugh, in the same impatient manner, but the man lingered.

"Can I get you anything, Sir Hugh?" he asked respectfully. "I am afraid you are ill, sir."

"Ill? What put that in your head?" returned the baronet, as he walked over to the looking-glass. But the pale, haggard face he saw there startled himself, and he laughed a little bitter laugh. "By Jove, I don't wonder at your thinking so!" he said carelessly. "I am afraid Scotland, and especially Fairholme Court, does not agree with me."

"You look as if you needed a change of some kind, Sir Hugh. May I get you some brandy?"

"So you think brandy is the universal panacea?" Sir Hugh said, with another little laugh.

"I have found it very efficacious, Sir Hugh," Latreille answered, with the same unmoved impassive countenance.

"Have you? Then bring me some, and some soda-water; or make me one of your 'pick-me-ups,' if you like. That is one of your accomplishments, and you have several."

"I have knocked about the world a good deal, Sir Hugh, and I have acquired some knowledge everywhere," was the quiet answer, as the man left the room to fetch the required restorative.

When he returned, he found that Sir Hugh had thrown himself into an arm-chair and was lying back, with his eyes closed wearily. As the baronet took the glass from the man's hand their eyes met, Sir Hugh's keen and questioning, the servant's meaning and significant.

"I don't suppose you are more honest than your fellows, Latreille," Sir Hugh said coolly.

"I don't suppose I am, Sir Hugh. I do not profess to be so. I only deem myself equally honest," was the unmoved answer.

"Oh, you profess so much rectitude then!" said the baronet, with a laugh. "I wonder if there is anything in the world you would not do for money, Latreille?"

"Very little, Sir Hugh, except what would give me into the hands of the law. I have a wholesome fear of that."

Sir Hugh laughed.

"Short of what is punishable by law then," he said calmly, "there is no treachery you would not commit, no lie too great for you to utter to serve your own ends?"

"Or yours, Sir Hugh," replied Latreille promptly, with a slight emphasis on the words. "You always may count upon my devotion, sir."

"I suppose you think I would pay well for it," said his master, with a slight sneer.

"Just so, Sir Hugh," the man answered, with a fleeting smile, which his master did not see.

"You are honest so far," said the baronet lightly; then, after a pause, he added, in the same careless manner, "What do they say in the servant's hall about Miss Ross's engagement, Latreille?"

"They say, Sir Hugh, that the young lady might have gone further and not fared worse," was the prompt reply; and a dark flush rose slowly in the handsome haggard face of the man who listened.

"And they say too, Sir Hugh," the man continued, noting his master's emotion, "that Miss Ross has come to the same conclusion herself."

"Indeed! How is that?"

"Miss Fairholme's maid, Sir Hugh, is a countrywoman of mine," answered the valet coolly, "and she has overheard her mistress talking of the engagement; and, from what she heard, Mademoiselle Delphine is of opinion that Miss Ross would not be sorry to undo what she has done."

"What grounds has Delphine for such an opinion?" Sir Hugh asked, in the same careless manner, but with a swift eager gleam in his blue eyes which did not escape the valet's notice.

"Miss Ross has always wished for wealth, Sir Hugh. She has no fortune herself, I understand, and she has a brother to whom she is tenderly attached. Major Stuart is not wealthy, Sir Hugh."

"Still Miss Ross has accepted him."

"Miss Ross, I need hardly tell you, Sir Hugh, is rather unhappily situated. She is dependent on Sir Gilbert, and she is so extremely beautiful that"—the mam smiled slightly—"it is quite possible her beauty might interfere with her ladyship's plans for Miss Fairholme's establishment. Miss Ross's life may not have been such a happy one, Sir Hugh, that, unless she were sure of a better offer, she would feel justified in refusing Major Stuart's."

"A very prudent young lady," Sir Hugh remarked, trying to keep up the affectation of indifference, yet not succeeding so as to escape Latreille's notice.

"Besides," continued Latreille meaningly, "Miss Ross is a very enthusiastic admirer of beauty, and Major Stuart is not an Adonis."

"You speak as if you had college education, Latreille," Sir Hugh remarked.

"I had good opportunities," the man replied modestly.

"Then Delphine thinks that it is very likely Miss Ross wearies of her engagement?"

"Mademoiselle Delphine thinks she will do so, Sir Hugh."

"And what is your opinion, most sagacious of valets?"

"I think, Sir Hugh, that before very long Miss Ross, if she is as sensible as she is beautiful, will be greatly obliged to any one who will release her from her engagement; and—"

"Well?" said Sir Hugh, as the man hesitated.

"And I think," Latreille continued slowly and meaningly, "that if I cared for a young lady in Scotland I should put it out of her power to throw me over."

"How?" Sir Hugh asked quickly, betraying his eagerness, as he sat up in his chair and faced his servant.

"By marrying her out of hand, Sir Hugh."

"That is easier said than done, Latrielle," Sir Hugh rejoined, a disappointed shadow flitting over his face.

"Not in this country, Sir Hugh."

"Not in this country?" interrogated Sir Hugh, in a puzzled tone; and then, as he looked up he found Latreille's blue eyes with an intense significance in their earnest gaze fixed upon his face.

For a moment master and man looked at each other in silence; then Sir Hugh said quietly—

"I am very dense, I am afraid, but I don't understand. Just explain, will you, Latrielle, how it is easier in this country than in any other to put it out of a lady's power to jilt you?"

"It is very easy, Sir Hugh, seeing that we are neither in France, where it is as difficult to get married as to undo that marriage, nor in England, where it is rather easier to undo than to do; but," he added slowly, "we are in Scotland."

"What difference does that make?"

"Just all the difference, Sir Hugh."

There was another pause, and then Sir Hugh said, with some irritation—

"Just explain yourself, Latreille. What are you beating about the bush for?"

"I will explain myself willingly, Sir Hugh, if you will spare me half-an-hour. I could not undertake in less time to tell you the story of Miss Ross's mother, which will be the best explanation I can give you."

"The story of Miss Ross's mother!" Sir Hugh repeated slowly.

"Yes, Sir Hugh. Can you spare me so much time? Half-an-hour will suffice."

"Take an hour then," Sir Hugh said hurriedly. "But come to the point."

There was a pretty French *pendule* on the mantel-piece in Sir Hugh's room, and, as he glanced at it impatiently, he saw that it marked the half hour after three. At 5 o'clock, when a servant came up to say that the carriage was waiting to take Sir Hugh and Major Stuart to Maxwell, the baronet was still in earnest conference with his valet; but Latreille had finished his explanation, and they were busy with the application of Mrs. Ross's story—that story which her daughter had never heard.

CHAPTER IX.

Goldenheart sat in the dropping of leaves
That fell like a shower of gold,
And thought "When a lover his song of love weaves,
Pray how shall his merit be told?
Him will I put to some desperate test,
And so shall I gather who loveth me best.
Goldenheart dear, Goldenheart dear
Thus pondered of lovers who yet should appear.

Shirley Ross's rich sweet voice rang gayly through the oak parlor, and Ruby Capel looked up laughingly from her crewel as she listened to the song.

Half a dozen girls were grouped about the room in various attitudes of rest and ease, and the fire was blazing up cheerily, casting a pleasant red glow over the polished oaken paneling and wainscoting, and the graceful figures lounging about on sofas and arm chairs; and Ruby herself looking like some bright foreign bird in her quaint tea-gown of some gay Eastern-looking material, was sitting on the hearth-rug *a la Turque*, making a pretty little picture.

It was the afternoon of the last day of the year and a cold, blustering December day. All the preparations for the evening were completed. Lady Fairholme and the chaperons were retiring in their respective bed-rooms, and the male portion of the visitors had been summarily sent off to the billiard-room by Miss Capel, who asserted that if they worried them all the afternoon they would have nothing left to say for the evening, so that the girls were alone, and were making the most of their solitude—a noisy, merry, chatty solitude.

"We want to be fresh for this evening," Ruby had declared merrily; "and we shall not be if we have to amuse you all the afternoon."

So the lords of creation had made a virtue of necessity, and taken themselves away to the billiard-room, where they consoled themselves with billiards and pool, while the girls assembled round the fire in the oak parlor and gossiped over their afternoon tea, and dreamed of past, present, and future conquests, while Shirley's white fingers ran swiftly over the black and the white keys, filling the room with melody.

Gayly and sweetly—Shirley's voice had lost its pathetic thrill now, but it had not lost its sweetness—the rich tones rang out—

"Goldenheart dear, Goldenheart dear
Thus pondered of lovers who yet should appear."

"Who yet shall appear!" laughed Ruby Capel. "Not like yours, Shirley!"

A pretty rose flush—which it was a pity Guy could not see—mounted slowly over the soft creamy pallor of Shirley's face as she glanced for a moment as the white fingers, on one of which—the fourth finger on the left hand—there gleamed a thick gold band with the word "Guy" studded in diamonds. Major Stuart had been royally generous in his selection of an engagement-ring.

"Not like Shirley's," echoed Alice, who leaned back in a low American chair, looking as pretty as possible in a dress of pale blue cashmere. "Her admirer is big enough to be distinctly visible even at a distance."

"Yes, it would be difficult to overlook Shirley's *beau sabreur*," said Ruby gayly; "I always feel as if I had gone back to my infancy when I am anywhere in his neighborhood."

"So do I," remarked Rhoda Montolieu laughing, "although I am not a pocket Venus like you, Ruby. By the by, Shirley, I don't think you had better do much flirting to-night; if one may judge by Major Stuart's gray eyes, he would not like it."

"Never judge by appearances," said Alice, carelessly. "Is it not Oliver Goldsmith who says that a reserved lover makes a jealous husband? One can not accuse Major Stuart of being a reserved lover."

"No," agreed Ruby. "Altogether they are a very well-behaved pair of engaged people—not nearly so objectionable as some couples are in the circumstances. Shirley, my dear," she added, raising her voice a little, "we have quite done—for the present, at any rate—discussing your *fiance* and your engagement, so will you give us the next verse of the song that we were rude enough to interrupt?"

Shirley, who had been letting her fingers wander aimlessly over the ivory keys, the color flickering in her cheeks as she listened, started slightly as Ruby's voice fell on her ear, and in a voice a little less assured, perhaps, but equally sweet, she went on singing—

Goldenheart said, "If a soldier should come,
A province for spoil he shall bring,
Or, if a rich man, he shall lay down a sum
Sufficient to ransom a king.
Or, if my lover a poet should be,
I'd ask him in song to immortalize me."
Goldenheart fair, Goldenheart fair
Dreamt many a project of fantasy there.

"I am afraid your soldier does not bring a province, Shirley dear," whispered Ruby Capel, softly—she had left her seat on the rug and come up softly behind Shirley.

Miss Ross laughed, but a quick shadow passed over her face.

"No," she replied, lightly; "Guy's province consists of four hundred a year and his pay."

"Poor Shirley, who always wanted to be rich!" said Ruby, regretfully; and again the dark swift shadow crossed Shirley's face.

"But, you see, dear, it is not to be," she returned, smiling.

"If you had waited a little, you would have had a chance of Sir Hugh," said outspoken Ruby; and an angry color sprung into Alice Fairholme's cheeks as she caught the words.

"Should I?" Shirley answered, carelessly. "Sir Hugh might not have given me the chance."

"I believe he would—I think he admires you immensely."

Shirley laughed as she turned over the last page of her song, and Ruby smiled to herself at the proud tender intonations which came into the soft rich voice as she sung—

Never a soldier, or rich man, or bard
Came wooing in Goldenheart's bower,
But only a poor youth who pleaded full hard,
And brought but his love for a dower.
She, silly maiden, forgetting her test,
Saw merely the lover who loved her the best;
Goldenheart sweet, Goldenheart sweet
Thinks now that love's triumph is wholly complete.

The sweet voice ceased; Shirley left the piano and came out of the recess, and then she went to the table, and began pouring herself out some tea.

"I suppose you share Goldenheart's conviction," said Alice, rather contemptuously; Ruby's careless words had vexed her, and she could not refrain from making her vexation felt by the innocent cause of them.

"What conviction?" Shirley asked, laughingly, glancing back at her cousin from where she stood at the table.

"That 'love's triumph is wholly complete,'" Alice answered, looking a little disconcerted under Shirley's steady, inquiring look. "As Major Stuart did not bring a province for spoil, and you accepted him, we must either conclude that love's triumph is complete, or—"

"Or what, Alice?" asked Shirley, calmly.

"Or that you accepted him *faute de mieux*," replied Miss Fairholme; and the slight, disdainful, contemptuous laugh with which the words were spoken made Shirley's cheeks burn.

"Nonsense, Alice," said Ruby, quickly. "I dare say Shirley has had lots of offers."

"I have never heard of them, then," declared Alice, disdainfully.

"You are wrong, Ruby," said Shirley, quickly. "Your friendship is generous enough to give me credit for refusing a duke, I dare say; but Alice will tell you that it is conclusive evidence in favor of my never having received a better offer since I accepted Major Stuart's—and I will acknowledge that his was the first I received."

"But you don't mean to say that you would throw Guy over if you got a better offer?" questioned Ruby, quickly. I should not believe you if you did so, Shirley."

Shirley's faint blush faded slowly, and she hesitated a moment before answering; then, catching sight of her cousin's face, she replied, carelessly—

"I am not at all sure that I could resist temptation, Ruby, if it came in my way. It is not likely to do so, however, so you need not be at all anxious, Alice."

As she spoke Shirley moved away with her charming grace of movement, and sat down in one of the low chairs near the window, her heart beating more quickly than usual in her vexation and anger against herself for the false words she had spoken. Ah, if she could have guessed with what tears of bitter anguish she would regret them in the future, when no tears could blot them out, no anguish make them unsaid!

"You see, after all, it was *faute de mieux*," said Alice, contemptuously; and even as she spoke the door opened, and Sir Hugh in his heavy fur-trimmed coat came quickly in.

"May I come in?" he said, smiling. "I hear that you have shut us all out, and that there is no admittance except on business. Well, I have come on business."

"Sir Hugh," Alice exclaimed, sitting up upon her cushions, flushed and rosy, "are you a deserter or an *avant courier*?"

"Something of both," he answered, smiling at her. "Lady Fairholme said that we might all come over to dinner; and, as Stuart was obliged to come now, I could not resist the tempation of driving him across. He has had a telegram, Miss Ross, but he will be here in a moment to tell you himself. Meanwhile, will any of you fair ladies take pity on me and give me a cup of tea?"

"So you are converted!" Alice said, with a laugh, as she went to the table. "I thought we should convert you, Sir Hugh."

"Anything poured out by you would be nectar," he answered, bending his handsome head over her as he stood by her side. "Have you missed us a little?" he added, softly.

"Not at all," Alice said, with smiling lips, but her eyes told a very different tale. "You men are so conceited that you would quite believe me if I were to say that we had been victims of *ennui* ever since you left us."

"You would have been if you had had no substitutes," laughed Sir Hugh, audaciously. "That half hour after dinner before the men put in an appearance must be a regular pennance, if we may judge from the faces of the ladies! What have you been doing with yourselves?

"Oh, we have read a little, worked a little, and talked—"

"A great deal, I suppose," he laughed.

"Of course, a great deal," answered Alice. "A lot of women are sure to talk a great deal."

"Don't you remember the old Persian creed," said Shirley Ross, turning her fair face towards them for a moment, "that Providence sent down ten measures of talk for the use of the whole of mankind, and that women took nine of them?"

"Shirley, for shame!" laughed Ruby Capel. "How can you try to promulgate such a libel on our sex?"

"I did not say it was my creed," Shirley said laughingly. "I said it was a doctrine held by the Persians. They held some very queer notions with regard to our sex, you know, Ruby."

"I know! Horrid old heretics! They ought to have been ashamed of themselves," Ruby answered, laughing. "I am sure Mohammed must have been jilted by somebody to have made him exclude us from Paradise."

"Perhaps she threw him over for a richer suitor," put in Sir Hugh laughing; "although one would have thought that the old prophet would have been a very good catch."

"But Shirley argues that throwing over one suitor for another more blessed with this world's goods is quite legitimate," said Alice Fairholme, eagerly; and Sir Hugh glanced across at her cousin with a swift eager glance.

"Shirley said nothing of the kind," interposed Ruby, hastily. "Alice quite misunderstood what Shirley did say."

"I do not think I did," said Alice, quietly. "Shirley is there to corroborate my statement or contradict it, as she likes. Did you not say so, Shirley."

Shirley's hazel eyes, which had been fixed dreamily on the uncurtained window, came back slowly and went to Alice's face in the same absent manner.

"What did I say, Alice?" she asked, carelessly and indifferently; and, as she spoke, Guy's voice was distinctly audible outside speaking to Sir Gilbert. The color mounted slowly in Shirley's beautiful face as she caught the sound of the rich deep tones.

"You said," Alice replied, quickly, "that there was conclusive evidence in favor of your never having received a better offer, since you had accepted Major Stuart's."

"I believe I did say something to that effect," Shirley replied, indifferently. "But surely, Alice dear, you have something more entertaining for Sir Hugh than a recital of the afternoon's chatter? It cannot possibly interest him."

"There could be nothing in the world so interesting to me," Sir Hugh said promptly. "So," he added, slowly and distinctly, "Miss Ross holds it as a part of her creed that there is no harm in throwing over one lover for another, so long as that other is rich enough to make jilting a prudent proceeding?"

"Exactly," said Alice, vindictively.

But Shirley did not heed, for Guy Stuart had entered the room, and was greeting Miss Montolieu, who was nearest him, as he came in. Then he passed on quietly to Alice's side.

"I am sorry to say that I have come to bid you good-bye, Miss Fairholme," he said. "I have had a telegram from my uncle's doctor, desiring me to go to him at once, if I wish to see him alive.

"Oh, Major Stuart, I am indeed grieved!" Alice returned, with ready courtesy. "Poor Shirley! How disappointed she will be!"

Guy glanced across the room to where Shirley stood talking to Sir Gilbert, who had followed Major Stuart into the oak parlor; she was very pale, but she was listening to and answering her uncle with perfect composure.

I am very disappointed myself," he said, quietly. "I had no wish to pass New Year's day in a railway carriage; but, you see, it cannot be helped—and I have no time to lose, Miss Fairholme," he added, quickly, seeing that Shirley had already escaped, from the room. "I must catch the 7 p. m. train from Dumfife."

"It is not a pleasant time of the year for travelling," remarked Alice, with a graceful little shiver. "I don't envy you, Major Stuart. But I hope you will find your uncle better than you expect. Medical men are not infallible, you know."

"Thank you; I hope so," said Guy absently. "Good-bye, Miss Fairholme. You will, I hope, allow me to thank you for your kindness during my visit at the Court?"

"You must at least carry away one pleasant reminiscence with you," she responded, smiling, as she gave him her hand. "Good-bye, Major Stuart. We will take good care of Shirley during your absence. I hope you will not be snowed up on your way."

"I hope not," Guy said, as he spoke his farewells and hurried out of the room.

"Poor Shirley! Hard lines for her!" remarked Ruby, regretfully. "Her pleasure is spoiled."

"Yes, poor child," said Alice, in her soft voice, mindful as she spoke what a quick, half-angry, half-triumphant light shone in Sir Hugh's blue eyes. "But what can't be cured must be endured, you know, Ruby; so she must bear it as philosophically as she can."

To be continued.)

It's a warm day for a man when he makes a cool thousand.