

IN GOLDEN BONDS.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

"I see. Then you do not sympathize with a criminal unless he is good-looking, nicely dressed, and in love with a lady of beauty and refinement?"

"Oh, Mr. Rayner," I cried, exasperated at having my words misconstrued in this mischievous manner, "you know I don't sympathize with criminals at all! But Robin Hood and Jack Sheppard lived in different ages, when people were not so enlightened as they are now; and, besides," said I, brightening in triumph as a new idea flashed across me, "I don't know what the real Robin and Jack did; but the Robin Hood and Jack Sheppard of the novels and poems that I can't help liking and admiring robbed only rich people who could afford to lose some of their ill-gotten wealth."

"But all wealth is not ill-gotten," interposed Mr. Rayner mildly.

"It was then," I went on hastily—"at least generally. And Robin Hood didn't rob the good rich people, only the bad ones; and most of his spoil he distributed among the poor, you know," I finished triumphantly.

"It won't do, Miss Christie; I must destroy your edifice of argument at a blow," he said, shaking his head mournfully. "I happen to know something about this Lord Dalston whose house was broken into; and he is a very bad rich person indeed, much more so than the poor old abbots whom your favorite Robin Hood treated so roughly. He ill-treated his mother, stole and squandered his sisters' fortunes, neglected his wife, and tried to shut her up in the lunatic asylum, knocked out in a passion the left eye of one of his own grooms, had embezzled money before he was twenty-one, and now owes heavy debts to half the big tradesmen in London. So that he is something like a thief. Now, if you were to find out that the man who had the chief hand—for, of course, there were dozens at work over it—in planning the robbery of the wicked rich man's property was young, good-looking, well dressed, a large subscriber to charities, and in love with a pretty lady-like girl, you ought, if you were logical, to admire him as much as you do Robin Hood, and more than you do Jack Sheppard."

"Oh, Mr. Rayner," said I, joining in his laughter, "how absurd! But it is too bad of you to make fun of my logic. I can't put it properly; but what I mean is this. In these days the laws were just, so that even good men were forced into defiance of them; but now that the laws are really, upon the whole, fit, only wicked people who disobey them."

"Then you don't like wicked people, Miss Christie?"

"Oh, Mr. Rayner, of course not!" said I, aghast at such a question, which he asked quite seriously.

"Ah, you must know some before you decide too hastily that you don't like them!" said he.

"Know some wicked people, Mr. Rayner? I gaged."

"He nodded gravely; and then I saw that he was amusing himself with a horrid-struck expression."

"You won't like all of them, any more than you will like all the good people you know. But you will find those you do like beat the good people hollow."

"Indeed I am sure I shouldn't like them at all. I won't speak to a wicked person if I can help it."

"But you can't. You won't be able to tell them from good ones, except, as I said before, that they are nicer; and by the time you find out that they are wicked you will like them too much to go back."

It was too bad of Mr. Rayner to tease me like this; but, though I saw he was enjoying my indignation, I could not help getting into a rant.

"You are quite mistaken in me indeed," I said, trying to keep down my annoyance. "I can prove it to you by something that happened to me not very long ago. I knew a person against whom I had heard nothing, who always seemed to me to look good-natured and simple. And then I found out that he was really a most wicked man; and when I saw him after that his very face seemed changed to me, to look evil and cunning; and the sight of him made me shrink."

I was thinking of Tom Parkes, and the change I had seen in him that morning. Mr. Rayner looked at me keenly as I said this; but I was not afraid of him finding out whom I meant in such a cautious statement.

"And what would you do if, in the course of your career as governess, you found yourself in a family whose morals you could not approve? Would you give them lectures on the error of their ways and try to convert them all round, Miss Christie?"

"Oh, no, I couldn't do that!" said I faintly. "If I found myself among very wicked people, I should just run away back to my uncle's house, where my mother lives, and on the first opportunity, without saying anything to any one till I was gone, and without even writing to say I was coming, I set my letter should be intercepted. I should be so horrible afraid of them."

"Well, child, I hope you will never have to do anything so desperate as that; but the profession of teaching has its dangers for a beautiful woman," he said gravely.

The last words gave a shock to me. I had never heard them applied to me before, and for a moment I was without an answer. He had been sitting on my seat, and I had been standing with my back against a young oak-tree, a few feet from him and nearer to the pond. He got up and came toward me, when a shrill little cry as from out of the ground caused him to start. It was the only sound that ever drew forth such a display of ordinary human weakness from self-possessed Mr. Rayner. It came from the lips of his little baby daughter Mona, who, ragged, dirty, and withered-looking as usual, had walked or crawled through the mud and rushes till she had silently taken her place in the long grass a little way from us, and who, now, seeing her father approach, had given vent to her extraordinary dislike of him in her usual undutiful manner.

For one moment I saw in the dusk a look pass over Mr. Rayner's face which made me catch my breath; it reminded me instantly of his tone on that Sunday night when he had caught Sarah in the garden; and, quickly as it passed and gave place to a light

laugh, it had frightened me and made me long to escape. Mona was an excuse.

"Oh, you naughty little girl to be out so late at night—and without a hat! Sarah must have forgotten you. Come—I must take you in now. Be a good girl and come with me."

Mona had somehow come to regard me with less animosity than she did most of the household. So she let me take her in my arms without much opposition, and gave only one more yell when her father, while wishing me good night, shook hands with me and accidentally touched her dirty little shoe. I took her into the house and gave her to Sarah in the hall; then I went into the schoolroom to replace the dissipated volume of Guizot that had been out all night among its more sober brethren, and then, moved by some spring of vanity, took my candle to the mantelpiece and looked at myself in the glass above it.

I suppose no girl can hear herself called a beautiful woman for the first time, no matter by whom, without a slight thrill of gratification. To be called pretty, I suppose, at some time or other, falls to the lot of most girls; but the other term implies a higher measure of attractiveness, and I certainly was not insensible to the pleasure of hearing it applied to me. I had lived such a quiet life with my mother, and had had so few acquaintances, that I had never known flattery of any kind. The thought that flashed through my mind as I looked at my dark eyes, brighter than usual, and at my cheeks, flushed with gratified vanity, was—"Does Mr. Lawrence Reade think me—beautiful?"

I was too much absorbed in my vain contemplation of myself, and in the foolish thoughts to which it gave rise, to notice that I was not alone in the room. Suddenly I was startled, as I deserved to be, by a harsh ironical voice breaking in upon the silence of the room.

"Yes, it's a pretty face enough now, and you do right to set store by it, for it won't last pretty long—not long; in a few years it will be all lines and wrinkles, and not worth looking at; and you'll turn away in disgust from the glass, thinking of how you used to look, and how the men used to look at you—the fools!"

I had turned, and was looking at Sarah's hard, cruel face as she stood, with Mona still in her arms, her eyes flashing scornfully on me as she hissed out the spiteful words. I felt ashamed of my vanity, though, after all, it seemed harmless enough; and I felt sorry for her, for she spoke so bitterly that I was sure she must be thinking of the changes a few years of anxiety and hard work had wrought in herself; so I said gently—

"I suppose we women all think more than we ought about our looks sometimes, Sarah; but, after all, they are a very important matter to every woman, and make a great deal of difference to her life. You know you must be glad not to be ugly, Sarah."

I own this was a little bit of innocent flattery, for I did think her very ugly—and I thought I had never seen her look so hideous as she did as she stood there glaring at me—but I was anxious to soothe her as all hazards, and I was thankful to see that the bait took.

"Handsome is that handsome does," she said less viciously; and, with a toss of her head she left the room.

CHAPTER VII.

Very soon after Sarah's somewhat harsh and uncalculated reproach of my vanity, I began to suffer a punishment for it. The country air, which had brought unwonted roses to my cheeks while the weather was fine and dry, affected me very differently when, in the first days of September, the rain fell daily in a steady, continuous down-pour that soon swelled the river and turned part of the marsh from a swamp into a stagnant unwholesome lake. The air round the house seemed never to be free from mist; the pond overflowed and covered the bricks that had formed the footstool of my nest; the lower part of the garden that touched the marsh was a bog; the moss grew greener and thicker on the pillars of the portico, the untrimmed ivy that clung round the house and made it so beautiful dripped all day long, and bright green stains grew broader and broader down the side of that wing of the house where Mr. and Mrs. Rayner's room was.

I often wondered why they slept there. I knew by the doors and windows that the ground floor of that wing contained two rooms, a large and a small one. My own was in the same wing, but on the storey above; and over mine was a turret that looked out high above the trees, but which was not used, so far as I knew. Haidee slept on the ground-floor in a cot in the dressing-room next to her parents' bedroom, I knew, while the nursery and servants' rooms and several spare-rooms were on the upper storey besides my own. Why did not Mr. and Mrs. Rayner make one of these their own, and lit themselves out of the reeking damp which must be poisonous to delicate Mrs. Rayner? Even I, who slept in the upper storey, soon began to lose my color and my appetite, and to feel at first languid, and then really ill. I showed the change more quickly than any one, being less used to the place; but little fragile Haidee soon followed suit, and grew more wan and listless than ever, until the lustre of her large blue eyes and the unhealthy flush that began to burn in her thin little cheeks frightened me and drew me to the child as her strange reserve had prevented my being drawn before. She answered to the change in my manner as sensitive children do, and one day, putting her little dry hand in mine, she said—

"You are getting thin and white too, like mamma and me. We'll all go away and be angels together, Miss Christie, now you have begun to love me."

I burst into tears; I had begun to love the fairy-like little creature long before, if she had only known it. Now I took her up in my arms and rested her flaxen head on my breast, and she said her lessons there that day. And after that, without any more explanations or comment, the sympathy between the child and me was perfect.

But, as, on the one hand, the little one's friendship was a great solace to me, so, on the other, it brought me fresh trouble. For in Mrs. Rayner's indifferent eyes I could see now a dull flame of jealousy whenever Haidee put her languid little head upon my knee, or came up and said, "Tell me a story, Miss Christie—about fairies and good Prince Carmel." I began from merely pitying, al-

most to dislike Mrs. Rayner. Why, if she was so fond of Haidee, did she not come into the schoolroom to see her, or take her out during her play-hours, instead of leaving her the whole day with me, without coming to see her until bedtime, when the child was put to bed in the room next to hers, while she herself went into the drawing-room? It was unreasonable to expect to keep the child's undivided love like that; and yet at meals, when we all met together, she seemed to look at Haidee with strained wistful eyes, as if she loved the child, yet dared not show it. But what was there to prevent her, except the shroud of reserve she seemed to have wrapped round herself?

The weather had been so bad that for two Sundays we had not been able to go to church at all, for which I was very sorry, more sorry than I can tell; one misses church dreadfully in the country. So we knew nothing of what was going on in the parish for two whole weeks. We did not have to wait until the church-porch gathering on the following Sunday, though; for on the second day after the weather had at last grown fine again, when we were all in the drawing-room reading the morning papers over our coffee, as we always did after our early dinner, we heard the sound of a horse's hoofs coming down the drive. Mr. Rayner threw open the window and stepped out on to the broad space of gravel before the front of the house.

"Hallo, Laurence, you are as welcome as the dove was to the ark! Come in, come in; the ladies will make even more of you than usual. We have had no visitors lately, but an occasional mermaid came up the river from the sea and overflowed into our garden."

"Can't come in, thanks, Mr. Rayner—I'm too much splashed; the roads are awful still. I've only come with a note from Mrs. Manners to Mrs. Rayner."

"Nonsense! Come in, mud and all."

So he tied up his horse and came in. Mrs. Manners was the clergyman's wife, and generally sent her notes by one of her half-dozen boys; and I confess I thought, when I heard what a flimsy sort of errand had brought Mr. Reade, that perhaps—that perhaps some other silly motive had helped to bring him too. But my only half-acknowledged fancy was disappointed. Not only did Mr. Reade devote all his conversation to Mr. and Mrs. Rayner, with an occasional word to Haidee, but, when I made a remark, he did not even look at me. I confess I was piqued; I certainly did not want Mr. Reade to look at me or speak to me, but surely common courtesy, especially to a dependent, demanded that he should not ignore my presence altogether. So I thought I would take a small and impotent revenge by ignoring his, and when Haidee got up and slipped out of the window to look at Mr. Reade's horse, I followed her. She was not a bit afraid of him, but ran into the house for some sugar, and then, flattening out her small hand with a piece of it, fed him, and talked to him in a language which he seemed to understand, though I could not.

"Would you like to give him a piece, Miss Christie?" she asked.

But I would not have bestowed such an attention on a horse of Mr. Reade's for worlds; and leaving the child and her four-footed friend to continue their conversation, I walked away to gather some flowers for the tea-table, as it was the day for renewing them.

I had my hands full by the time I heard the voices of the gentlemen at the window and the grinding of soft gravel under the horse's hoofs as Mr. Reade mounted him. I was near the bottom of the drive, pulling off small branches of copper beech to put among the flowers, when I heard Mr. Reade ride by behind me. I did not even look round until he called out, "Good afternoon, Miss Christie;" and then I just turned my head over my shoulder, and said stiffly "Good afternoon," and went on with my task. He had half pulled up his horse. I dare say he thought I wanted to talk to him. I was not going to let him make such an absurd mistake as that. So he rode on to the gate, and then he stopped, and presently I heard him utter impatient ejaculations, and I looked and saw that he was fumbling with his whip at the fastening of the gate.

"How stupid he is not to get off and open it with his fingers!" I thought contemptuously. "It is quite an easy fastening too. I believe I could do it on horseback directly."

However, he still continued to make ineffectual efforts to raise the heavy latch, but each time the restive horse swerved or the whip slipped, until I stood watching the struggle intently, and grew quite excited and half inclined to call out to him "Now!" when the horse stood still for a moment. It seemed to me that he deliberately missed all the best opportunities, and I was growing with impatience, when he suddenly looked up and his eyes met mine. There was nothing for it then but in common civility to go and open the gate for him myself; so I walked up the drive very reluctantly and opened it wide without a smile.

"Thank you, thank you—so much obliged to you! I wouldn't have given you so much trouble for worlds, if only this brute would stand still!"

"Pray don't mention it. It is no trouble at all," I said icily, occupied in keeping my armful of flowers together.

And he raised his hat and rode off at a walking pace, while I shut the gate and turned to go down the drive again. I had such a curiously hurt and disappointed feeling—I could not tell why; but I supposed that, being a dependent, I was naturally very sensitive, and it was surely a slight on Mr. Reade's part not even to speak to me when we were all in the drawing-room.

"I dare say he wouldn't have let me open the gate for him if I hadn't been a governess," I thought as a lump came into my throat. "I wish I hadn't—oh, I wish I hadn't! I wish I had let him get off his horse, or jump over it, or anything rather than let me play groom for him."

And the flowers I was looking at began to grow misty, when again I heard hoofs behind me and the latch of the gate go, and, glancing round, I saw Mr. Reade on horseback inside the gate. He had opened it without any difficulty this time. He seemed to look a little embarrassed, "ashamed of his own clumsiness the first time," I thought severely; and, jumping off his horse, he led him towards me, saying—

"I must apologise for returning so soon,

but I found I have lost a stone from my ring, and I think it must have dropped out while I was fumbling at the gate just now. It is much easier to open from the outside."

"Do you think so? We don't find any difference," I said simply.

He gave me a quick, inquisitive glance and a half smile, as if to see what I meant, and then, finding that I returned his look quite gravely, he turned back to the gate and began searching about in the gravel. Politeness obliged me to help him. He fastened his horse's rein round the gate-post and showed me the ring, and I saw the hole where there was a stone missing. Suddenly it flashed through my mind that, while we stood under the shed on that Sunday in the rain, I had noticed the very same hole in the very same ring, and I was just going to tell him that it was of no use for him to look for, he had lost the stone much longer than he fancied, when another thought, which brought the color swiftly to my face and made my lips quiver and my heart beat faster, flashed into my mind and stopped me. And the thought was that Mr. Reade must know how long ago he had lost that stone, at least as well as I did. And from that moment a spirit of daring mischief came into me—I don't know how—and I would not condescend to pretend to look about any longer; but I patted the horse's neck and glanced every now and then at his master, and though how foolish he looked hunting about so carefully for what he knew he should not find. Then he looked up, red with stooping, and caught me smiling, and he had to bite his lips in order not to smile himself as he walked up to me.

"I can't find it. It isn't of any consequence; I shan't look any longer," he said.

"Oh, but it would be such a pity to lose such a large stone, Mr. Reade!" I said boldly. "I'll tell the gardener to hunt for it, and Sam the boy, and—"

"No, no—indeed it doesn't matter."

"And Jane the kitchen maid. She has sharp eyes; she might spend an hour or two hunting," I murmured confidentially, while he protested.

And I think he began to suspect my good faith; and we both got into such a giggling excited state that it was very difficult to go on talking, and I was glad when some of my flowers fell down and Mr. Reade had to pick them up, and we had time to gain a little of our lost composure.

"You are fond of flowers, Miss Christie?"

"Oh, yes! But the best of them are over now; the rain has spoiled them all."

"The rain spoils a good many things here," he said with sudden gravity. "You don't look nearly so well as you did a fortnight ago, Miss Christie, and I expect it is the damp of this place. You might as well live in a cave, you know, as in that house in a rainy season," he added, dropping his voice. "Don't you find yourself that your health is affected by it?"

I hesitated.

"It is damp, I know; but it isn't half so bad for me, who am strong, as it is for Mrs. Rayner or little Haidee."

"But they can't help themselves, poor things, while it lies in your own power whether you will put up with it or not."

"You mean that I ought to go away?"

"No, no, I don't mean that," said he hastily.

"But that is what you advised me to do," said I locking up, surprised.

"Did I? Ah, yes? But now that you have grown attached to—to the place, and—"

"and Mrs. Rayner—"

"No, indeed, I haven't," I interrupted.

"I don't like her at all."

"Well, to Haidee, or the baby. You must have grown attached to something or to somebody, or you wouldn't talk as if you didn't want to leave the place," he said, with such abrupt earnestness as to be almost rude.

"I like the house, in spite of the damp, and I love the garden even when it is a swamp, and I like Haidee, and Jane the kitchen-maid, and Mr. Rayner," I said quietly.

With nervous fingers Mr. Reade began playing with his horse's bridle.

"You like Mr. Rayner, you say? Then I suppose our sympathies must be as far apart as the poles. For he seems to me the most intolerable snob that ever existed, and so selfish and heartless as to be almost outside the pale of humanity."

This tirade amazed me; but it also made me angry. I could not let him abuse a person whom I liked, and who had been consistently kind to me, without protest.

"You surely cannot judge him so well as I, a member of the household," said I coolly.

"Whether he is a snob or not I cannot tell, because I don't quite know what it means. But I do know that he is kind to his wife, and his children, and servants, and dependants, and—"

"Kind to his wife, do you say? I should not call it kindness to shut up my wife in the darkest, dampest corner of a dark, damp house, until she is as spiritless and silent as a spectre, and then invent absurd lies to account for the very natural change in her looks and spirits."

"What do you mean? What lies?"

"The stories he told you about her when you first came. He would never have tried them on any one but an unsuspecting girl, and of course he never thought you would repeat them to me."

"I wish I hadn't!" said I indignantly.

"You have known Mr. and Mrs. Rayner only during the three years they have lived here. What proof have you that the things he told me were not true?"

"No proof, Miss Christie, but a man's common sense," said he excitedly—"no more proof than of another fact of which I am equally certain, that he is as surely killing his wife as if he were making her drink poison."

"How dare you say such a thing?" I cried.

"You have no right to utter it even if you think it. You are giving way to the most cruel prejudice against a man whose only fault is that he cannot contentedly lead the dull life his neighbors do. I suppose you think, like the villagers, that to play the violin is an impious action, and that it is a shocking thing for him to go to races."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Fishery Bounty of 1883 has been completely distributed by the Department of Marine and Fisheries on the basis already announced, and the department have under consideration the bounty of 1884 amounting to \$150,000.

ERRORS OF THE PRESS.

How a Newspaper Forman Enlightened the Professor.

Professor Hindersey, has given up the idea of publishing a reform newspaper and has returned to the college, where he will resume for a time, the work of teaching the language to young men who contemplate journalism. The professor's newspaper experience was not pleasant and he only issued one edition of the *Weekly Iniad*. He took the proof sheets, after his elaborate article had been set up, and read them carefully. He did not demand a "revise," and of course the foreman did not insist upon the extra precaution. When the paper came out, the professor discovered with horror that he had been made to use many expressions not at all consistent with grammar. In a rage he called the foreman.

"Look here!" he exclaimed, "You make me say, 'have took,' and 'had saw.' I marked all of those errors and told you to see that they were corrected."

The foreman looked at the paper for a moment and replied:

"It is enough to make a man swear."

"It is enough to make an angel swear!" snorted the professor.

"I'd sue 'em," mused the foreman, much concerned and deeply grieved.

"Sue whom?"

"The parties that sold you the press."

"What have they to do with it?"

"Why, sir, they sold you an incorrect press. No matter how your paper is set up, its correctness depends on the way the press makes the impression. You might go along for a year and not have a single error; and again, you might have a dozen in a paragraph."

"I never heard of such a thing," said the professor in astonishment, inquiring in that indefatigable credulity, the inseparable companion of impractical education.

"Oh, yes," continued the foreman, "it's something that catches the best of 'em. Walter, the great English newspaper man, was for years trying to get at some rule by which all presses might be corrected, but his efforts only received the purple robe of partial success. He could correct the Webster presses, but could do nothing with the machines of other make. He had a great deal of trouble, for once, just as he was congratulating himself, the press slipped a cog and called the king a fool and the lion chancellor a rap scallion."

"This is most extraordinary information," said the professor, thoroughly convinced of the artful foreman. "I think that I shall prepare a lecture on the errors of the press."

"A good idea, sir, the newspaper men are loth to let the public into their confidence."

"Do you think that our press can be corrected?"

"Not without great expense. You would have to get a man from New York and pay him largely."

"I am sorry that I went into this thing. Don't you think you could take the proof and after awhile pay me what you think it is worth?"

"The responsibility would be great, sir."

"I know that, but you are willing to try are you not?"

"Oh, yes. I'll try."

"You have shed a great deal of light on my hitherto darkened pathway, and have given me a new insight into mechanical philosophy. Assist me further in getting up data for my lecture, and I will make you a present of the office."

"It will require a deal of research among books and manuscripts stored in the archives of typographical secrecy, but I'll undertake the arduous labor."

"My enlightening friend, here is my hand, and in after years, when I become famous as a great lecturer, remember that to you my latch string cover hangs on the outside!"—*Arkansas Traveller.*

A Rejected Lover's Revenge.

A singular tragedy is just reported from Morehouse Parish, Louisiana, just beyond the state line. Two colored men, Simsen Rowell and Samuel Adams, were rivals for the affections of Ida Lewis, a beautiful octogenarian, of a decidedly coquettish disposition. One day last week Ida went to the cabin of an aged negro living near her own house for the purpose of having her fortune told. The girl had had a little quarrel with Rowell, one of her lovers, a day or two prior to the visit, and he bribed the old woman to reveal certain things to Ida, chief among which was the fact that she was destined to marry him (Rowell); and that if she refused or objected, she was to be induced to drink a mixture of love philter, with which he had supplied the negro. This programme was carried out when the girl reached the hut; and, sullenly protesting when told that Rowell was to be her future husband; whereupon the woman coaxed her to drink the preparation. Having swallowed it, Ida was suddenly seized with convulsions and died in about twenty minutes. Rowell fled to the swamps, and is not likely to be apprehended. The evidence against him is clear and convincing. It is claimed he paid the negro a silver trade dollar to aid him in carrying out his revenge.

Rich Wives.

It is quite a mistake, say *The London World*, to suppose that most Americans who marry Englishmen are rich. A few are well-to-do, some half a dozen are rich. Lady Harcourt has a large life income, a jointure; but her sister, Mrs. Sheridan, had no considerable fortune. Mrs. Arthur Paget will probably some day have £10,000 a year. The son of Lord Augustus Loftus is married to the daughter of a very rich Philadelphia lady. Lady Hesketh will have a very large fortune. Mrs. Edward Blount probably has £100,000. Lady Mandeville and Lady Lister Kays assuredly were not married for money. On the other hand, many French and Germans have rich American wives. The daughters of American Irishmen who residents in Paris have married French nobles. The daughters of Mr. Fisher, a dry-goods man, married Italian nobles. Some ladies named Lee, the daughters of a New York wholesale grocer, have married into the creme de la creme of Germany. One is the wife of Von Miltke's aliatas, who is, in fact, the second in command of the army.