By the Author of "KATE MASSEY'S FALSEHOOD," "BEATRICE'S AMBITION," "FOR LOVE OR KINDRED ?" " A GOLDEN DREAM," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XI.

In the first-floor front of an extremely. modest London boarding-house sat Glynn Neville, late trooper in her Majesty's -th Hussars, leaning back wearily in his chair. his quiet dark eyes half thoughtfully, half sadly, fixed on the street below him.

The "top season" had just gone out, the "hoop season" had come in, and [the street was filled with children trundling them, racing with them, falling over them amid much noise, laughter, and tears; while the cries of a hawker who added a drum and set of pandean-pipes to a naturally stentorian voice burst now and again through the dim as he recommended his damaged fruit to an inattentive public. A mechanical piano tinkled dismally half through a waltz tune, jerking in a manner that would have been distracting to a musician, then ceased, and after a pause began again a few yards But, notwithstanding the noise, Glynn had opened the window for the sake of the breath of cool air that was wafted into the little room on that warm August evening.

and corded, and labelled "New York," showed that the boarding-house first-floor front would not know him much longer, and some articles of clothing-procured that ceeded in gaining possession of everything day-were scattered over the table and ugly | that he might have used against her. horse-hair chairs, or hung out of the open mouth of a small portmanteau. There was about him all the disorder of preparation for a long journey; but although he was to start for Liverpool at midnight, and his packing was not nearly completed, the extrooper was doing nothing beyond sitting still, listening to and watching the turmoil without with an indulgent ear and eye-for it would be long before ne looked upon such a scene again. He was enjoying the sense of being his own master, and resting quietly, for he had been tramping to and fro in the hot streets all day, buying what he required for the new life before him, and two severe wounds and the merciless heat of Egypt had so injured his fine constitution that he was easily fatigued now.

As he lounged back wearily in his chair, watching the swarming life outside, his thoughts, instead of being busy with the unknown country to which he was going, turned to the past—to the proud cold face, with its strange expression, half-restlesshalf-discontent, of which he had caught a glimpse now and then at Haughton. Yes-she must have seen him, in spite of all his precautions, for she had stolen his pocket-book, mistrusting him "after allafter all !" he muttered passionately, and straightway lost himself in a maze of conjecture and fruitless speculation as to how and why the apparently wanton act was

committed His heart was still faithful to the woman who had rejected him with such contempt five years before. She might have known that it was only to look upon her that he went there; she might have had so much trust—so much confidence—in his solemn word, after he had given her such procfs of his faithfulness.

The sharp rat-tat of the postman as he went from door to door down the now darkening street roused Glynn from these bitter and torturing reflections. He watched the man, half-hoping for a letter from his one friend, to whom he clung now in his lonelia child clings to a parent; and yet, when the man walked up the steps, him a hand-clasp at parting, and this letter must be an apology for disappointing him, a farewell on paper.

He sprang up, and then sat down again, drumming with his fingers on the table and biting the ends of his thick moustache, as impulsive and impatient now, for all his five years of discipline and rigid obedience, as he was when he walked away from his bride about an hour after their marriage. He did not have to wait long; in a very

few minutes a sleepy-eyed, dirty child tapped at the door and entered. "Two letters! Both for me?" inquired

Glynn, in some surprise.

"Yes, sir. An' please, sir, you're to sign your name here, sir. He said so ;" and she pointed a grimy thumb over her shoulder towards the steps, where the postman was still standing.

"What-registered! Who in the world has sent me a registered letter? Who knows of my address but Garret?"-and the extrooper, as he spoke, held the envelope with its blue crossed lines away from him, and looked at it as if it were something poi-

A horrible feeling of dread possessed him; something seemed to tell him this was from Hyacinth, and that she was sending him

"'E's waiting-postman, sir," said the says as 'ow your to put your name 'ere, an' his side. look sharp.

on the other. that bitter insult at her hands; and, with

a sigh of relief, he opened it, not much caring who was the writer.

piece of paper, and the penmanship was newspaper, would not connect it with her. evidently that of an uneducated person. Having a faint idea that he had seen some- over and over again to himself through his ing? he asked himself wildly as he pressed thing like this unsteady hand on bills for clenched teeth. The girl who had knelt by horses' food and other things pertaining to his side and vowed to be true to him until Captain Haughton's establishment, he turn. | death, was deliberately planning and maned the leaf to look at the signature, and, as couvring to blind him, to get him out of the he did so, a Bank of England note for fifty | country in order that she might marry anpounds and some other papers fluttered other man! softly to the ground. Glynn glanced at "I don't believe it-I can't believe it he was too impatient to read the letter.

find you in good helth as it leves me at him an honourable discharge and a small present thank God for it and seeing as how pension, began to smart and throb. you were sacked pretty suddent, and might I won't believe it! She would not-oh, she think I had a finger in it which I had not I would not! Her conscience may not be very made interest with the Captain for you and clear concerning money-matters-a woman's he sent you this stiff and passage intermedi- sense of honour never is so keen on that ate for Sidney by Occedentel her name on point as a man's-but her unsullied purity, ticket if I haven't spelt right being a poor her fair name she would not risk those of men whose loud voices and bold eyes led with emotion. hand at the pen going to-morrow 17th from no, not even if her heart were really touched seemed to alarm her.

Liverpool or Pacific name on ticket to start ing this day weak you telling me New York was your game because Australia to deer

"JAMES KELLY, Your frend "I got your address out of Mr. Croft's room it's wrote up on the wall over the fire-

"Now," thought Glynn, when he had ill-written, ill-spelt, and unpunctuated quite inflamed. words, "what is this? Is her hand in it ! Is it part of the same game that began with the stealing of my pocket-book, which doubtless was accomplished with this man's assistance? If it is not Miss Verschoyle, who else can it be?"

Pale with emotion he sat, holding the letter in his hand and looking down blankly at the papers on the floor. Unreasoning and impulsive as a woman in all that concerned the affections, he leaped to the conclusion that this letter from his fellow servant-who had never been on good terms with him, and was about the last person in the world to befriend him-had been written A traveling-trunk standing near, packed at the instigation of the girl who had blighted his life; that the money was her money, and that she was trying to tempt him to go to Australia, after having suc-

> Why was she so terrified at this whim of self, laying down premises of which at least her and put her to open shame, after she ever. had so long enjoyed Mark Verschoyle's money? Surely not! What then could have induced her to employ this groom of Captain Haughton's to rob him first and bribe him afterwards? Why was she so anxious for him to leave England?

To these torturing questions-which his sober judgment could not answer—his heart replied with a forboding that blanched his brown cheeks even while he dared not put it

He rose from his chair and began walking aimlessly about the room, a hundred disjointed ideas, thoughts, and resolves passing through his mind; while Hyacinth's pale eyes seemed to meet I im at every turn.

Why had she done this thing? Why had she compromised herself so with a man who was as crafty and insolent as he was deceitful and fawning? What necessity had driven her to such a desperate act as this? Must there not have been some reason for it? She must surely be going to do something that she feared would force him to break his oath and claim from her the fulfilment of the vows that she had uttered in Herby parish church five years before !

When his thoughts had reached this point, and he was filled with the fear of the inevitable conc usion to which they were bringing him, his eyes fell upon his friend's unopened letter. In that perhaps, which would doubtless have some scraps of gossip concerning the guests at Haughton Abbey, would be an answer to all his questions, or a confirmation of what his heart was repeating to him more loudly every moment.

He sat down by the table, and, tearing open the envelope with shaking hands, read

"Dear Glynn-Although I hope to clasp from dropping a line to you now, to prepare and he saw the word "Gannon" scrawled you for the fact that you will find the very across one of the envelopes, the young man's happiest fellow in the three kingdoms wait- possibly obtain an answer for many hours. heart sank within him; for Garret Croft | ing for you at Liverpool. Lily Verschoyle was to have met him at Liverpool on the has accepted me. Her parents have not of himself. One of the greet excursion trains following morning, to see him off and give said me nay, and we are to be married some that in July and August bring "country ting to her embrace but not returning it, son for expecting him to grow up a monster three months from this. And it is all your cousins" up to the city from every part of spoke to her in a low stern voice. doing. My soldering turned her gentle the kingdom had just labored slowly in; heart to me first, and my soldiering I owe to the platform was filled with a mass of peoyou. I took courage on the night of the ple, swarming, hurrying. crowding hither Earl's breaking up ball, asked her, and received my answer, so that I am really and knowing whither they were to go next, but truly the very happiest fellow breathing, rejoicing in the fact that this was London and must gush to you on paper like a school- and they were going to have ten days of en- your cruel and sinful words to me five years girl. I have one crumpled leaf among my joyment for their money-others looking ago, you love me as I never dared to hope roses however—I suppose one must not be anxiously for "town" friends or rela- you would—Hyacinth, I will not ask you altogether blessed in this life, it would be tives to pilot them to a place of safety, aggravating to other folk. It is Miss Vers- or encumbered by baggage, or wives and choyle's evident dissatisfaction and disap- daughters, seeking assistance at the hands pointment at her sister's choice of a mere of some official, while the turmoil and connobody like me. She is not trying to pre- fusion seemed unending. vent our union certainly, but she utters many things with those sneering lips of hers which put one into a white fury even to recall afterwards, and which are impossible to to me that we are to have none of her money -most of it will go, I suppose, to pay ed slowly towards the main entrance. Haughton's debts. That is the last and most puzzling bit of news here—the Refuser has refused for the last time, and the Soudan! What has induced——"

cheeks, he bore the agony of this revelation

Here was the explanation clearly and Glynn hastily signed the paper, and, plainly set down in this gay, triumphant along; here was the one possible reason for who she was; and as he did so her marriage, and so, even if he saw the loved wife, alone, unattended, at night, in The letter was written on a rather dirty name "The Hon. Mrs. Haughton" in a London.

them, but did not stop to pick them up, as he cried out, finding some slight solace in omnibuses carrying off the greater portion ishment to love you—to long all those five the sound of his own voice : while the spear-"Deer Gannon—This comes hopping to wound just below his heart, which had won restless life of the streets. He saw that she relief to me to say it to you—to me, who

and she loved. Loved? Bah! She could not love Haughton—she could not turn from No-a thousand times, no! I have beenand shall be all my life true to the words that I vowed that morning, and Do I not remember how she said, 'It is nothing to me how pass your life, but I shall live mine in purity and honour all my days? No-again no! Wife to me she has never been; but we are bound together by the most solemn of ties. She would not dare to do this wicked thing !"

small stifling room while these words fell from his lips. He paused now and sat down by the table again, pressing his hand to his side-for the searred flesh felt as if it were being torn with red hot pincers. succeeded in mastering the meaning of the long sword cut on his face also had become

> "If it were to bleed now until I died. he thought, writhing in his chair with pain, what a blessing it would be for her! But I shall not die yet; I lived, I who sought death when men who had wives and little ones in England poured out their life-blood on the hot sand-men whose death broke the hearts of many a mother, wife, or betrothed. A broken heart ! Oh, do I not know what a broken heart is?"

He started up and began walking about again, in a tumult of doubt and apprehension, at one moment believing Hyacinth guilty, at another that there was some nefarious plot against her, the first step in which required his removal to the other side of the world. Slowly he came to the resolution that it was his duty, having regard to the chain that bound them both, to go to Haughton, see her, and, if this were a plot, conwarn her that she must abide, even as he his to look on her once more? he asked him- did. by the conditions of their separation.

The sun had now set; the lamplighter was he had no proof, and then reasoning from hurrying down the street, and the swarming them, Did she fear that he would claim children were more noisy and energetic than

> Glynn went to the window, and stood there for some minutes staring, seeing nothing however but Hyacinth's fair face set between him and all the world. Then, without waiting to gather up the money or letters, he took his hat and hurriedly left the house, walking with a step so weak and uncertain, a demeanor so wild and excited, that he was conscious of the passers-by staring at him. A policeman even turned and followed him for a few paces, wondering if he were drunk

In the course of his walk Glynn Neville stopped opposite to a looking-glass in a hairdresser's shop, and pulled the travelling-cap proud face, contemptuous lips, and unhappy he wore a little more over his forehead, scarcely recognizing as he did so the wild haggard face—ashy white but for the angry scar on one cheek-the drawn mouth and burning eyes that he saw there.

He was an hour too soon for the train that he intended to travel by ; but he walked straight towards the station. It was a relief to walk, to be in motion; the time passed more quickly amid the life and noise of the busy streets, which in a manner harmonized with the agitation and tumult in his heart, than in the close little room that he had left. And so, long before he had expected it, he found himself opposite to St. Pancras Railway Station with fully an hour

He went inside the terminus, and leaned against a railing on one of the platforms, trying to calm himself and to control the tumult of emotions that was making his heart beat against his side and his wound throb as if the flesh would burst. He endeavored to interest himself in the confusion, excitement, and general disorder of the scene on which he looked with such unseeing eyes, and so force himself to pause hands with you to-morrow, I cannot refrain for a little in the torturing incessant thinking, conjecturing, questioning, that was bewildering him, and to which he could not The scenedid for a few minutes take him out

and thither, most of them not in the least But the excitement and noise were wel-

come to Glynn Neville-anything but ailence and the agony of his own thoughts years ago and to listen to your own heart." them from the schedule of his effects. was welcome to him during the hour he had answer at the time. It is a satisfaction to wait. He pushed into the middle of the crowd, and, one among five hundred, driftwas not watching anyone in particular. when, in a strange, senseless, mechanical way, while a curious dreamlike, unreal senhappy man is the bully and roue whom you sation took possession of him, his eyes fixed and I had such a long experience of in the themselves upon a tall slim lady dressed in dark gray, wearing a thick veil, and carry-The letter tell from Glynn's hand, and his ing a small bag or dressing-case in her head sank forward on the table; silent, gloved hand, who was walking immediately motionless, with clenched teeth and ashen in front of him. Her back was towards felon's dock unless I married him. But, amusing editorial, in which he made a good him; a little tweed cap, pressed down on much as he had borne the lancet and probe her flaxen plaits and tied with a double fold girl, offering him a slip of paper; "an' he when the spar-head was being removed from of black lace, hid all but half an inch of her neck. Her long gray mantle was loose, and

concealed her tall, slender figure. Gradually he awoke from the trance of throwing Garret Croft's letter upon the letter before him-the explanation towards amazement into which he had fallen table, looked closely at the written address which his thoughts had been tending all to a sure and certain knowledge of It was not from Hyacinth—he was spared robbing him, for bribing him to leave the told himself that only sudden death or some country at once, doubtless calculating that frightful accident would force him to lose he would be on the high seas at the time of sight of her again, his wife, his young be-

> "Her marriage!" He repeated the words risk her reputation? Whither was she go. you were not his wife! Oh, Hyacinth, he forward until he touched her dress; and, in dust; and I-what could I have done spite of all his suspicions and of the reason then?" that he had to execrate the day that her false face came into his life, he felt intoxicated with pleasure and delight to be so near

her, to watch over and guard her unawares. of them, the rest being swallowed up in the years for the heart I had despised. It is a was nervous, undecided, timid, evidently thought to say it over your grave. Let me not quite equal to the task before her, what, tell you this once that to look upon your ever it was. Although she walked fast she face, to hold you in my arms as I do now, stopped often, looking up at the names on is worth all the riches in the world to me, the street corners, also about her, as if she and that I would die-oh, I would willingly dreaded something or some one; and once die so !" or twice she stepped saide to avoid a group His clasp tightened about her he tremb- Gentleman (to those inside) - "Can you

Why should he not speak to her now he asked himself, when the first passionate an unsullied and honest affection to him, delight of merely following and watching her was past. He had been waiting impatiently for the train that was to carry him to her, in order that he might save her or warn her-he scarcely knew whichand, now that, by some mysterious arrangement of events of which he knew nothing, you—oh, willingly—gladly—through she was here, within a few yards of him, world !" pacing the lamp-lighted streets alone, surely this was the time to speak to her !

As he debated this question with himself still keeping her in sight, it was decided He had been walking up and down the for him in a way that he half expected it would be, leaving him no choice in the

She passed before a brilliantly-illuminated public-house to look for the name of the street, and, while doing so, her beautiful face and pale golden hair, only half hidden by her veil, attracted the attention of two well-dressed half-intoxicated One of them advanced towards her

"Ah-pardon me-want name of street my deah? Can't I assist you? Pretty gir -all alone-so late-ver' wrong-ah ! and he tried to place his arm round her

What brought Glynn Neville's name to Hyrcinth's lips in a wild despairing cry as trembling with nervous terror and disgust. she tore herself from the fellow, crying, Glynn-oh, Glynn!" while the lights danced before her eyes and she almost fell? And yet that appeal, that sobbing cry for help and protection, made in her imagination to a little heap of sand in a desert place by the Nile, was answered at once.

He whom she had thought of as dead, for whose memory she wasflying from the world vince her that he still lived and solemnly that she had once preferred to him, to cast hen elf down where she thought the poor remains of what she loved lay-he sprang forward at her call and flung the drunken wretch who had molested her headlong from the pavement; then he turned, looked at her, and she, with a sudden and passionate movement, clasped him in her arms.

So husband and wife met again, after five years, under the flaming lights of a giu-palace, amid the hurrying life of the London

Hyacinth gave no heed to the looks or comments of the passers by, caring for nothing but the fact that he was alive, that she held him fast in her arms, pressed close to her heart, and knowing that, before he cast her from him forever, he must listen to her, he must hear her say-

"I am punished more than you, for I love you—have loved you since the night I sent you from me!'

She tried to say this, fearing that he would break from her, and that her opportunity would be gone, looking up into his face and feeling the beating of his heart against her side. But what she saw in his face—love and forgivenness—choked the words in her throat; and she could only cling to him in mute ecstasy of happiness, one moment of which was worth all her five | ing long ages, compassion was unknown. years of wealth.

"What's the matter with the lady?" asked a policeman, approaching them. Glynn started, roused to the exigencies of life by the man's question.

"She is my wife—taken ill; could you emotion with all the strength of his will. The policeman signalled to a "growler."

Then Glynn addressed Hyacinth. "Hyacinth-my wife," he said-" will

you come home ?' "Home," she whispered, in a strange dazed way-"home?"-and, turning slightly, she kissed the sleeve of his coat.

in the cab.

She was still clinging to him convulsive. ing ourselves with observing that because a ly, as if she never meant to release him boy shows no compunction at giving pain to from the clasp of her slender arms. With a captive bird, or calmly lacerates the feela calmness that surprised even Glynn him- ings of a family of squirrels, merely to give self, he placed her beside him, and, submit-

"Hyacinth, my wife-my loved and unforgotten wife-given to my arms thus by somestrange chance, telling me by yoursweet scent, as a corollary of which follows the eyes fixed on mine, by your dear arms clasped about me, by the utterance of my name is diseased." when you were in danger, that, in spite of why you are here—why you, through a reporter that after Miss Van Zandt's father's servant, robbed me and tried to bribe me to failure in business in Philadelphia the go away into exile-why you allowed it to be family moved to Chicago. All that remainsaid that you were about to marry Cyril ed of their former affluence were five pug Haughton! I trust you, I believe in you dogs, the property of Nina, and, as she in spite of everything, and I ask you to give stubbornly refused to give them up, the up all—all that you gave me up for five appraisers of her father's assets had omitted His voice faltered and he stopped, unable The girl was wonderfully attached to the

to control his emotion; and she, her hand pets, and as time elapsed and she felt more creeping a little further round his bowed and more the pinch of poverty, her affection neck, her cheek pressed a little closer to his for the dogs increased. One day the favorite broad shoulder, an ineffable delight filling of the lot was lost. Dilligent search, offers her heart, whispered so low he could scarce- of reward, and advertising were all ineffecly hear her-

after you were dead, he said. In that way the Arbeiter-Zeitung, recounting her sorrow he discovered my secret, he declared. He and bewailing the loss of her greatest pet. told me you lay beneath the sands of the August Spies, who was then editor of the desert; and he threatened to put me in the paper, published the letter, and wrote an Glynn, I could not-no, I could not! In deal of fun of the young girl's love for the life or death I am yours; and I believed you pug dog. The editorial gave the incident dead; so I said 'Yes' to gain time, and I so much notoriety that it lead to the discocame away secretly; and of all the money I very and restoration of the dog. brought only enough to take me to-to that Zandt was so grateful that she went in place-oh, I should have found it !- where person to thank the editor, and that was I thought you lay."

"Good heavens," he interrupted, involuntarily clasping her waist, "I see it all now! to become his "widow." How could I ever have doubted your innocence? He would have forced you into marrying him, and then told you-when he had paid his debts with your money, and when you would not have dared to speak Why was she here? How could she so for fear of the law - that I was alive, that would have lowered your pride to the very

"But there was never any fear of that-never," she answered firmly. "Did I not tell you that I was going away —to hide from the law—to hide from him? The crowd was rapidly thinning, cabs and For, Glynn, I loved you! It was my pun-

"Will you give up all ?

hide you from the law ? Will you come my poor home now, and across the me to-morrow ?"

She raised her head from his shoulde be a moment, looked into his eyes, and anse.

"Yes—for better for worse, for richer for poorer, your home is mine, and I will follow

"Glynn, I have something to tell yea." "Tell it then, Hyacinth; news is no and precious on the banks of Red Rive Creek;" and the speaker, who was half way up a ladder, training a great bush of "bitter. sweet" about the doorway of an extremely new wooden house, turned a sunburnt bearded face over a rolled up red shirt sleeve, and looked down with happy con. tented eyes at a very beautiful, if somewhat untidy, young woman who was standing be neath, a newspaper and an open letter in her slim white hand.

"No-come down, please. I want to be close to you while I tell you. This"-hold. ing up the letter-"is from Lily. Something in her face showed him that

this news, whatever it was, was serious He dropped the branch of "bitter-sweet" eame down, put his brown hand about his wife's neck, and touching her soft cheek

"Well, Bluebell, tell me your news." "It is a letter from Lily; and she says that Haughton, our enemy, whom we fear even here on the borders of the Indian territory, is-is dead;" and she turned her face against his true heart and began to sob like

He gave a quick sigh, half of surprise, half of profound relief, and, with his arm still about her, took the newspaper and opened it, a bold heading-"Suicide of an Officer," meeting his eyes at once.

"A fit ending for him. Bah, child-why do you cry?" said the ex-trooper a little sternly, when he had read the paragraph. "I cry not for him, but for Heaven's mercy to me," she answered. "He i taken; I am shown my sin, granted time to repent, pardoned, given you!" "I understand you," he said, kissing her.

"And now, when we get rich enough, we can go to Ireland in safety and see Lily and her husband in that ivied house by the Nore of which she is always writing.

"Yes,"-dreamily. Do you know, Giynn in spite of what she says about her happy life, I think I an happier-for I have sinned and been forgiven, tried you and found you true; while Lily- Ah, well, we both know that there is NOTHING LIKE LOVE in all the world !"

[THE END.]

The Savage Stage of Childhood.

Like the savages of to-day, those fierce progenitors of ours must have delighted in the torture of captured enemies. Thus durand it appears to have been lately, acquired by the now dominant races. Indeed, even among so highly cultivated a people as the Romans, it remained almost unknown until comparatively recent times -say fifteen hundred years ago—in proof of which may get me a cab?" he said, keeping down his be noted their heartless fondness for the bloody sports of the arena.

The emotion of pity appeared late in the history of the race; and, in view of the law of our development, which carries us along the path our ancestors have trod, how can we expect our boys to be anything else but cruel? How far is it judicious to go, in trying to alter the natural course of a child's He took her in his arms and placed her mental growth by imposing upon him ideas which in due course he will not share until "Drive on-anywhere !" he cried to the later? This last question is inviting, but we will not go into its solution at present, contenthimself a few soon-neglected pets, is no reaof cruelity. And we will further venture to suggest that much of the immorality of boys is a necessary consequence of their deaphorism of my witty friend, "A good boy

> Anarchist Spies and Nina Van Zandt. A girl friend of Nina Van Zandt tells a

tual in restoring the animal to its bereaved "I did not rob you; Haughton did- owner. Miss Van Zandt wrote a letter to the first meeting between the doomed Anarchist and the woman who is destined

Photographing Wheels in Motion. Instantaneous photography has just been

employed by Mr. S. W. Gardner to demonstrate by optical proof the fact that the upper part of the wheel of a vehicle in mo-tion travels more quickly than its lower part. Mr. Gardner has taken an omnibus wheel en route, and in this photograph, while the lower ends of the spokes immed ately adjacent to the ground are not perceptibly unsharpened by the motion, the tops of the upper spokes show an angular motion corresponding to about 10 degrees. The photograph also most successfully expresses the fact that the wheel it represents is in rapid motion. Instantaneous photography, at the rate it is going on, will soon have no more worlds to conquer.

Violent rain storm—crowded street car handsome lady and gentleman on platform. squeeze a lady in there?" Chorus of Male Will you let me Voices-"Yes, certainly; two of 'em.

Net so very many weeks ago the in the ancient anburb of Camfor parrow, minded individus

The name was not an inappro The young man was much addic habit of gaping at people ; indeed, ally went bout -generally, did I always !- with his mouth pretty Some people called him the fi because of this unfortunate habit. He was not by any means an looking person, this Joseph Gap contrary, he was about as stupidindividual as one is likely to meet

day's march. Fortunately, perhaps, for him, the most remote notion that he w pitiable object than otherwise. trary, he considered himself a veing, fascinating, intelligent, and "I have but to look at a girl

will, metaphorically, and in many not metaphorically, but in reali herself into my arms." Such was the opinion Joseph of himself as regarded his influence

He followed the occupation of lived at home with his father, a

spectable and unassuming old ma established the business in whi now shared. It was very amusing to see the ed Joseph Gaper make his way t Camford streets, dressed all in hi with the air of one who believed

place belonged to him. Poor fellow! A good many pe ed in their sleeves at him, but he, found ignorance, felt convinced admired and envied him.

Now, as is very natural in time of manhood, he had seriou of finding out some gentle cre would suit his taste when he inclined to " settle down and ge as the saying goes.

Of course he knew a good m ladies of his own class of life; th ably, if you had dared to sugg shop-girl was his equal, he would highly indignant. However, w sume, and if we are wrong he m us, that they were his equals. B ed up his nose at the mere notion ing anyone in that position—a tradesman's daughter was the lov to which he could dream of stoop There happened to stand, no from his father's premises, a tave the name of The Sceptre.

Now The Sceptre was. withou ception, the best conducted ho kind that ever was seen. The landl rl, a hearty, genial-Bull, conducted his business in exemplary manner possible.

No drunkenness or rioting w ted at The Sceptre. The landlady, a delicate, ladyperson, was universally respec name of the worthy couple was were blessed with an only child-At the period of our story she

twenty years of age. Now Miss Bilfil was a remark some looking young lady. We lady advisedly, and not in the g of the word, which now is applied thing feminine in human shape

She had been educated at excell and educated thoroughly. This of her possessing a natural re mind, emanating most probabl genile mother, rendered her a ble wife for any man who shou good fortune to win her.

In spite of the respectability of tre, the life she was compelled barmaid was not, or at any rat be acceptable to one possessing She, however, made the best her chief delight was in render ents happy, no one ever heard

It will easily be understood i respect Miss Bilfil was held. poorest frequenters of the ho wealthiest, from the humblest born, she was respected and lil

It was currently believed that were very wall to do. They des and doubtless they were. Th ference drawn was, that Miss an only child, would one day ! well off, and consequently, pecuniary way, she would prove But Miss Bilfil was not the k

ady to throw herself away u fool who had the impertinence t She knew how to put a man place as well as any one. Of course there were many w and some imaginative gentler lieved they only had to ask h

and she would consent-concei Amongst those who free Sceptre was the hero of our s Gaper. He came very often an long at pretty Miss Bilfil. Min Bilfil was courteous a wards him, as she was tows conducted themselves properly

Joseph Gaper, however, he inion about Miss Bilfil as h and felt convinced he had only and she would jump d

He thought the matter ov be would prove a good mate in Camford—a He's proud of his much affection bis money is sur I think I mig She's a nice girl, rench and all that de girl I abouldn't fee I have prospects, and mercality of mar

I think I shall style of reason d. For mar larly at The her?' perha

at how coul thing love a