THE MISTRESS OF ABBEYLANDS.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

CHAPTER I.

"Sir Robert was married yesterday, Miss Penn, and he and my lady are to be home in a fortnight. Mother's had a letter from him."

Bessie Martyn, the housekeeper's pretty, innocent daughter, told her news quite jubilantly, but her glad, dimpled smile died away as her companion turned from the window, where she had been staring moodily out at the autumn foliage and leaf-strewn glades of the park, and smiled scornfully at her.

"Many thanks for your stale news, my dear. I knew 'my lady' was coming to us in a fortnight. 'My lady,' forsooth! The poor old Manchester shop-keeper hardly thought his daughter, Miss Kitty Mansfield, would be the mistress of Abbeylands—hardly, indeed—Lady Katherine Lindesay!"

"Well, but isn't she, Miss Penn?" urged Bessie, rather timidly.

"Of course, my dear—Lady Katherine Lindesay, by all means. She will take you for her maid, Bessie, until she gets a French one; or perhaps she will keep two—such a grand lady might."

There was such a word of contempt and bitterness in those last words that Bessie glanced uneasily from Miss Penn's smiling mouth to her cold, vengeful eyes, shrank away in silence and left the room. It was rather an odd thing that this young woman's acquaintances always became nervously fearful of her anger, although they might in no way be concerned in it.

"And I say I wonder at you, to talk like that before Bessie," said Mrs. Martyn. "She'll tell on you one of those days—mark my words; she's a wilful lassie."

"And I say I don't care one pin, Mrs. Martyn," retorted Miss Penn to the housekeeper's warning; and opening the glass door, she went down the old-fashioned stone steps to the terrace.

"Ah, but you do care, my girl; and why shouldn't you?" muttered Mrs. Martyn to herself. "I am not much better pleased than yourself at the changes making, but I can keep my tongue quiet and civil, which you can't, Caroline Penn; and you'll rue it, as sure as I stand here."

Mrs. Martyn went her way to prepare for the coming of the new mistress over the household, which had owned no sway superior to her own for many a day and year; and Caroline Penn wandered up and down in the coming twilight, looking at the irregular outline of the old Abbey, the projecting gables, the clustering chimneys, the queer old mullioned windows, and the side-wings of the building, ivy-grown, crumbled and ruinous; at the broad, smooth walks beneath the ancient linden trees, along the wide terrace, past the small octagonal room with the southern aspect, which was known as "my lady's" and where "my lady's" own favorite garden-chair, with her initials carved on the woodwork, yet stood beside the darkened window.

Caroline Penn's position in Sir Robert Lindesay's household was a somewhat anomalous one. She had been old Lady Harriette Lindesay's salaried "companion," nurse, confidante, and slave for several years; and when she died, she left Caroline a small annuity—a very small annuity it was, in truth; but Sir Robert had hardly the power, if he had the will, to enlarge it. His mother's faithful attendant was a lady-like, intelligent person, who made herself very useful—oh, how useful she did make herself to Sir Robert! She had no home to go to; she spoke pitifully of her friendless state, and implored to be let live in some forgotten room of the old ruined wing of the Abbey, and never interfere with dear Sir Robert. So the result was that dear Sir Robert offered her a home in the Abbey for an indefinite term, and was very kind and courteous to her in his frigid, stately way, looking upon her merely as a sort of upper servant—he had never looked upon her as anything else. He was one of the proudest, coldest, haughtiest men in England; and Caroline Penn owned it to herself, in dire and keen mortification, as she stood beside my lady's chair; for she had hoped for something else, upper servant though he might consider her. It was for that she had striven night and day to please him, to make herself useful and agreeable to him, to constitute herself his amanuensis and account-keeper; it was for that she had labored ceaselessly to win some expressions of condescending esteem and approbation. And now, after all the splendid *chateaux en Espagne* she had built, after all the glowing hopes and ceaseless anxiety, after all the presumptuous dreams and all the wiles and efforts, Lady Katherine Lindesay was mistress of Abbeylands—mistress of Abbeylands, though her birth was of lower degree than Caroline Penn's, whose father had been "a barrister and gentleman," as Caroline was wont to say. "What a thought!" she would exclaim angrily, and with a regretful sigh, "a Manchester tradesman's daughter, because of her heavy purse, comes here as 'my lady,' and to rule over *me!*"

She repeated the words bitterly and passionately several times, as she continued pacing up and down by the rows of dark shuttered windows—more bitterly and more passionately each time. It was the climax of injuries, the acme of wrongs to Caroline Penn, with all her crushed hopes and ambitions lying at her feet, like the withered damask petals from the tall standard roses, or the sere and fallen leaves, which stirred and rustled on the terrace walk in the cold night wind.

No wonder pretty smiling Bessie Martyn, sitting at her mother's tea-table, in the housekeeper's cosey room, with its warm crimson carpet and chintz-covered sofa and chairs, its glowing fire and bright lamp, and the tempting little round table draped in white, glittering with china and burnished spoons and teapot, and a suggestive dish-cover over some hot dainties—no wonder pretty Bessie looked aghast at the figure that stalked in, who was to form a third in the social party. She was shivering with cold, her dress disordered, her hair roughened and wet with the night dews; and in Caroline Penn's pale, sharp features was an expression not good to see.

Bessie saw it no more, however, after that evening. Miss Penn's face took its usual expression all through the ensuing fortnight, amid the bustle of preparations for the advent of the bride. All through the laying down of carpets, and hanging up of drapery, and decorating, polishing and adorning of my lady's own apartments, Miss Penn made herself useful, and not disagreeable; and even on the last evening, when they were all assembling in the hall to receive the bridal-party, Miss Penn was smiling most affably, and looking almost handsome in her flowing brown-silk dress, which had been Lady Harriett's, and the jet ornaments, which had also belonged to her late mistress. And when Sir Robert and my lady at length arrived, the most courteous smile and most demonstrative welcome they received was from Miss Penn's face which was not good to see. It was the moment when my lady paused beneath the loftly-diffused radience of the great globe hall-lamp, to acknowledge the respectful greeting of her new servants.

She was a young, foreign-looking woman, of medium height, a pale-olive complexion, delicate features, large radiant eyes of cheerful hue, and a noble brow crowned by a wealth of shaded, waving, curling hair; she was dressed in a plain maize-colored silk, shading from hazel to bright gold, like her; her bonnet, of black tulle, sparkling with powdery golden scintillations and dewy Glorie de Dijon roses, of creamiest, pinkiest tint, looked like the diadem of an empress; there were diamonds glittering on her slender hands, diamonds pending from her tiny, shell-like ears. There was more than all the wealth and charms beside—there was the evidence of a lofty spirit, a strong will, and the truth, pride and honor of a noble, womanly nature apparent in face, voice and bearing.

She was proud, honorable, courageous, beautiful, and wealthy; and Caroline Penn, looking on her, hated her from her inmost heart. She was Lady Lindesay, the mistress of Abbeylands, from the highest wave of her curling hair to the hem of her gorgeous silken robe, and looking after her, as Mrs. Martyn obsequiously escorted her to her apartments, Caroline Penn muttered amazedly to herself, "The Manchester tradesman's daughter."

Yes, it was truth, that fact which Caroline Penn had had malicious triumph in discovering. Old John Mansfield had made his fortune by patenting some discovery in cotton dyes, and his daughter was Katherine Lindesay, the mistress of Abbeylands. Her mother was dead, she told Sir Robert, and her father had died only two years before. So much the better, Sir Robert thought. For this was the thorn in the flesh to him, the gall in the cup of sweetness, the cloud on the sunshine of his prosperity. This beautiful, wealthy woman whom he had married, whom he had brought to his ancestral home to share in and perpetuate its glories—she who was to take her place in the family tree amidst the high-born dames of the house of Lindesay, who was to be the mother of the heirs of Abbeylands, whose wealth was to stay its crumbling foundations and revive its fading splendor—she was a low-born woman, a plebeian, a child of uneducated, hard-handed tradesfolk. She was a blot on the stainless escutcheon, for all her money and her beauty. Robert Lindesay de Lindesay, the descendant of barons, knights and warriors, had sold himself for the Manchester tradesman's gold. Others might do this, but not a Lindesay. At the spotless lists of this pedigree none might say, "Here were honor and principles bartered," or the keenest malice whisper, "a *mesalliance*." If the fair and haughty maids and matrons of the house of Lindesay brought little else for dower, they brought fields argent and fields or, gules, supporters, and mailed hands; unfortunately, because of the degeneracy of the times, even these were inadequate to supply the place of more material aids, and the bitter truth became more and more evident to each titled generation, that the vulgar democratic, pertinacious guest, Poverty, had come to dwell in the shadow of the tattered banners and time-dimmed escutcheons—to impress its grim crest and motto on empty jewel-cases and on lean purses, and darken, by the shadow of its baleful presence, all the pride and glory of the old Abbey and its broad lands.

It was left to Robert Lindesay to save the stately barque which had floated so gallantly through four centuries of time, or to sand by in inert despair and see it go down in a whirlpool of cruel debt and mortgage. For it would go down; nothing could save it, except the yawning gulf were bridged, the raging whirlpool appeased. Vampire claws, with the dread fiat "Foreclosure" held threateningly aloft, were stretching out over the ancient woods, the broad smooth glades with their herds of quiet deer, the grey turrets, and escutcheons carved in stone; and they must be restrained, else they would never draw back until they had seized all the substance and glory of the house of Lindesay, the titles and dignities and heirlooms—all its past, present and future.

Robert Lindesay restrained them, bridged the yawning gulf, brightened the tarnished splendors, and placed the crumbling foundations of his ancestral home on a surer basis than they had had for many a day and year. He accomplished it all with old John Mansfield's money. The tradesman's gold, earned in dingy shops and factories, was the means of rescuing all the knights and barons and titled dames from oblivion. To know this was bitter enough, but it was still bitterer to Robert Lindesay's sensitive pride and honor to feel that it was, in truth, Katherine Mansfield who bestowed home and lands and titles on him—not he on her. He knew it, and the knowledge irritated him into justice; for he did not love her, this beautiful young woman, whom he had married for her money. His pride had been too deeply humbled before her and her vulgar Manchester trustees; the poverty of the Lindesays had been in the dust before the coarse tread of those purse-proud cotton-lords. He had been false to all the traditions of his race, for the sake of the golden dross which she possessed abundantly, and which he so sorely lacked. He hated her money, and there were times when he felt that he might come to hate herself. It might be all very well for the "Lord of Burleigh" to point to his stately castle and liveried retainers, and say to the village maiden whom he had wedded, "All of this is mine and thine;" but it would not be quite so pleasant for the "Lord of Burleigh" to feel that it was the village maiden who owned the stately castle and retainers in reality, and that he was to be a mere pensioner on her bounty.

Besides, a deeper feeling was at work in Sir Robert Lindesay's heart, which was that of a good and true man, beneath all the haughty coldness. There were times when he felt that he might have wronged Katherine Mansfield, even when he made her mistress of Abbeylands. If the woman he had married had been unloveable in mind or person, a stolid, elderly, money-loving spinster, the mercenary barter would have been more evenly balanced; but each day brought the knowledge more fully home to him, that the preponderance of obligation was cruelly on his side, do what he would, since she had cast into the scale, besides her splendid gift of wealth, her youth, her high spirits, her native talents, her fresh, gay, girlish heart, and her winning, peculiar beauty. Not that he believed this clever, quick-tempered, frank-spoken, handsome girl felt one particle of real love for him. He soothed his uneasy heart with the miserable assurance that in this matter, at least, he had not accepted at her hands that which he could not repay.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Danbury's Boy.

When a boy can carry every thing at one load, he will not go twice after it. This was the case of a boy who was working his way through Elm street the other day, with twenty bean poles on his shoulder. Now one bean pole is about all an ordinary mortal can carry, and nobody but a boy would attempt to carry twenty of them. He had tied them together at the middle, leaving the ends loose, and had thought on starting, without doubt, that he was a boy of remarkable promise. Bean poles are naturally uneasy. When they can't move one way they will another; but they will move and in spite of all precautions. These did. He had them on his shoulder at first, but some of them got to dropping down behind, and striking against people, and others fell down in front, and stuck into the sidewalk and made him stumble. Then again some of them lay horizontally. Not but they preferred to drop as the others did, but lying horizontally while the others were in opposite positions, gave a pleasing variety to the performance. When the boy stopped, as he was frequently obliged to do, some one in the rear would step on the poles or in among them, and swear at him. Finally, he turned round to see what the matter was, and knocked out the face of a clock a man was carrying in his arms. This so excited him that he dropped the poles entirely. The owner of the clock cuffed him over the head, and then took down his father's name and swore he would have damages. The unfortunate youth then took the awful things up in his arms, but they would not lie still. They kept together at the middle but were demoralized at the ends, and whirled about so rapidly as to scare him. He looked like a windmill, and presented such an awful spectacle that people precipitately took to the street, and several horses attempted to climb up into their wagons. He had to drop his load again or be shot down in his tracks by the infuriated drivers. Finally he made two bundles of them, and took one under each arm. Some of the ends commenced to tangle with the opposites, and get in front of his eyes and shut out his vision. Others dropped down in front and behind, and one of those which went down in front caught so firmly in the walk as to completely upset the unhappy youth, and he came down on his back—having turned a complete summersault—with poles under him, and over him, and on all sides of him, while just back of where he went down stood a woman picking the wrecks of a bonnet out of her hair, and looking in the pile, for the largest pole was a middle-aged man with a cut nose and ruptured shirt. The boy jumped up and fled.—*Danbury News.*

WEIGHT OF RAIN.—Some idea of the weight of water may be gained from the fact that a fall of rain one inch in depth makes one hundred and sixty tons to the acre.

Wm. McGill and Donald Ferguson, of East River, are both offering themselves as candidates for the vacant seat in the Legislative Council of Prince Edward Island, vacated by Hon. Edward Palmer's acceptance of Judgeship of Queen's County Court.

How do They Find the Way?

Two weeks ago an account was given of a dog that had been carried seven hundred miles somewhere at the West, but not liking the place, alone, guided by a faculty quite unknown to man, he footed his way to his own loved home without making inquiries, consulting a guidebooard, or traveling out of the way, at the rate of nearly a hundred miles each day.

An old horse, purchased of a farmer in Vermont many years since, was shipped at Seabrook, Conn., with others, to the West Indies, for grinding cane. A storm occurring in Long Island Sound, the deck horses were washed overboard and supposed to have been lost. The old Vermonter, however, reached land in the darkness of a stormy night, and finally was found standing at the barn-door of his old home. The horse had never been far from the town till sold, therefore could not have been familiar with the way.

Carrier pigeons perform feats as swift messengers through the air, because they are in a hurry to reach home. However far they may be carried confined in baskets, they invariably speed their way without ever resting on the voyage till they reach the place dear to their affections. In 1819, with a view to ascertain their speed, a pigeon was carried from Antwerp to London, and there liberated. The bird was at its cote, having flown one hundred and eighty miles, in a straight line, in just six hours.

Horses, mules, dogs, cats, and all the migrating birds, find their way as unerringly as the carrier pigeon does; but how they do it is beyond our ken. Some imagine birds see telescopically one or two hundred miles when high in the air, and over the tops of mountains. But the theory throws no light upon the movements of a mule that found his home in Brazil, hundreds of miles over a region where man could hardly move, having neither a path to follow nor a companion to lead the way. Science, therefore, has something more to do to clear up this mystery.

A writer in the *Quarterly Review* advances the theory that "they have a certain sense of the magnetic currents, sufficing to afford them a sort of internal mariner's compass, marking the direction in which they travel. We know that the magnetic currents affect the needle, and the hypothesis that they may also affect living frames with special organizations seems in no way incredible; while the fact that a dog, who can find his own way for a hundred miles in the open country, may lose it in five hundred yards in a town, seems to point to the multitude of streets turning at right angles as the cause of confusion to a sense which simply indicates a straight direction."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

The true Christian gentleman may be known in these days by the alacrity with which he leaves his seat on the sunny side of a car when a lady enters, and goes and stands on the platform in the shade.

ANY ONE WHO SUFFERS FROM DYSPEPSIA undergoes slow starvation, for it matters not how much food is taken, nor how good it may be, if it is not completely digested and assimilated, depraved nutrition and impoverished blood, with degeneration of the tissues, will result. It is this condition of insufficient nourishment that excites hereditary influences, and developes in the system that class of Chronic Wasting Diseases of the Consumptive and Scrofulous type. Tubercle of the Lungs, Enlargement of the Glands of the Neck, Eruptions of the Skin, Spinal Disease, Torpid Liver, Irritation of the Kidneys and Bladder, and Constipation, with headache and nervous irritability, all have their origin in the one common cause—Indigestion. Any remedy that radically cures these diseases must reach their primary source—the Stomach. DR. WHEELER'S COMPOUND ELIXIR OF PHOSPHATES AND CALISAYA was especially devised to cure Dyspepsia, improve Nutrition, and promote the formation of healthy blood. No remedy in existence acts so promptly and so permanently in invigorating all the organs of the body.

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