

MIRK ABBEY.

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued)

Of those who waited, sick at heart, for the coming of the postman every morning, Lady Lisgard, was first to lose patience. She wrote to Arthur, Haldane a few urgent lines requesting his immediate presence at Mirk upon private and particular business; and within an hour of their receipt he took the train, and appeared in person at the Abbey. My Lady had decided to consult him, in preference to his father, respecting the arrangements necessary to be made for the further maintenance of Walter and his wife, since it would be very unwise to make so much importance of the matter concerning Derrick, about whom she was in reality vastly more concerned, and burned to know the truth.

"What is the matter, ma mere?" inquired he, tenderly, when, not without the exercise of some address—for Sir Richard was always hospitable, and (especially in the absence of his brother) most gracious and attentive to all guests—Arthur and my Lady had managed to get an hour to themselves in the boudoir. "You look very pale and anxious."

"Yes, Arthur, I have enough to make me so. Walter has secretly made Rose Aynon his wife. Ah! you pity me. I see, and perhaps him also. Do not condescend with me, however. I have sent for you hither to help me to make the best—"

"Alas, you would not believe it of me, Walter, would you?" And my Lady, touched by the sympathizing look and manner of the honest young fellow, burst into the first "good-cry" which she had permitted herself since the calamity had been discovered; for when confiding the circumstance to Letty, it had been her duty to bear up, and when alone, a still more serious anxiety consumed her. "Ever now, her emotion, though violent, was soon over, and the indulgence in it seemed to have done her good. "Pardon me, Arthur," said she, with one of her old smiles; "I won't be foolish any more."

And then she laid before him, as concisely as she could, what funds at her disposal could be made available to form an income for the young couple.

"But this will pinch you," reasoned Arthur, kindly. "And may your own already somewhat scanty revenue sadly, Sir Richard will come into a fine rent-roll in June, beside thousands—"

"But can we ask him to help Walter and his wife? And could Walter take it, even if his brother was generous enough to offer it?"

"Sir Richard is quite capable of such magnanimity, unless I am much mistaken in his character. He would not like to see his brother—even were he but a Lisgard, let alone his son near kin and kin—in a position that would be discredit to the family; while if one has really loved a woman, one surely does not wish to see her poor and struggling, simply because she has preferred some one else. As for Walter's accepting the help which his brother can spare, it may be a little bitter, but in my opinion, that would be far preferable to receiving what would impoverish his mother."

"You will leave the matter in my hands. I will endeavor to be the mediator between your sons. Sir Richard has an honest regard for me, I think, and Walter also when he is himself. Although it is not an easy task, I will do my best to make your sons shake hands."

"There is none like you, Arthur, none. Heaven bless you and reward you."

"There may be none like me, but there are also. I hope, a good many better. And now that we have done with this matter for the present, may I ask why letters are directed to another person, under care to me, which I am at the same time directed by telegram to put behind the fire?"

"Oh, you got that telegram, did you?" said my Lady quietly. "Mary Forest entreated me to send it. The fact was, she accepted that person by letter—what was his name?—of whom we spoke some time ago at the Watermeet; but afterwards, persuaded by me (acting in accordance with your suggestion, you remember), she decided to refuse him. But the letter was unfortunately posted before the second was written; and the postmistress at Dalwynch positively refused to give it up, although I drove over there myself to request it."

"Well upon my life, but you're a bold woman," exclaimed the young lady laughing. "Why, of course she wouldn't give it up. She would be stealing the property of the Postmaster-general if she had done so, and you would be the receiver with the guiltiest knowledge."

"Well, at all events, she did not," pursued my Lady, simply. "She would do nothing but direct the envelope fresh to your address. I therefore telegraphed to you, knowing you would be good enough to destroy the letter."

"Yes, and I did so," returned Arthur gravely; but I feared it was not right, and now that you have told me this, I know that it was wrong. And for this reason I purposely omitted to communicate with you, to put in writing any evidence whatsoever of that transaction."

"Yes, yes," said my Lady hastily, and taking no notice of the young man's evident annoyance. "But you speak of letters. There was only one letter directed to Pump Court."

"There were two, Lady Lisgard, and both addressed in the same handwriting. The words, 'Pump Court,' were crossed out also, in each case, I remember, in red ink. It was the postmistress, who did it, I have no doubt. If you led her to imagine that that was the wrong address in the one instance, she naturally imagined it to be so in the other, and probably made the alteration in all good faith."

"Great Heaven, and so it must have been!" exclaimed my Lady, clasping her hands. "O Arthur, Arthur, you little know what bad news this is."

"I can see, ma mere, that it vexes you," answered the young man, kindly; "and that is a evil enough for me to know. Some sorrows are best kept to one's self. Now, look you, this Mr. Derrick, being a sporting-man, will be in town to-morrow night. He will not have left his hotel before the Derby is over. Now, I will go and seek him out to-morrow with the letter in my hand that Mary shall re-write. We have only but a very little time, remember."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Countess of Yarborough laid the foundation stone of the District Hospital at Grimsby. The building is of the Elizabethan order of architecture, and will cost £4600, of which £4100 is already subscribed, and it will take £4000 additional for furniture.

A WOMEN'S POCKET.

The most difficult thing to reach is a woman's pocket. This is especially the case if the dress is hung up in a cupboard, and the man in a hurry.

We think you are safe in saying that he is always in a hurry on such occasions. The owner of the dress is in the sitting-room, serenely engrossed in a book.

Having told him that the article he is in quest of is in her dress-pocket in the cupboard, she has discharged her whole duty in the matter, and can afford to feel serene.

He goes to the task with a dim consciousness that he has been there before, but says nothing.

On opening the cupboard door, and finding himself confronted with a number of dresses all turned inside out, and presenting a most formidable front, he hastens back to ask "Which Dress?" and being told the brown one and also being asked if she had so many dresses that there need be any great effort to find the right one, he returns to the cupboard with alacrity, and soon has his hands on the brown dress.

It is inside out like the rest—a fact he does not notice, however, till he has made several ineffectual attempts to get his hand into it.

Then he turns it around very carefully and passes over the pocket several times without being aware of it.

A nervous movement of his hands, and an appearance of perspiration on his forehead are perceptible.

He now dives his hand in at the back, and feeling around, finds a place and proceeds to explore it, when he discovers that he is following up the inside of a lining. The nervousness increases, also the perspiration.

He twitches the dress on the hook, when the pocket plump and exasperating, comes to view. There is the pocket in plain view—not only the inside, but the outside—and all he has to do is to put his hand right around in the inside, and take out the article. That is all. He can't help but smile to think how near he was getting mad.

Then he puts his hand around to the other side. He does not feel the opening. He pushes a little further—now he has got it. He allows the hand down, and is very much surprised to find it appear opposite his knees. He has made a mistake.

He tries again: he feels the entrance, and glides down it only to appear again as before. This makes him open his eyes and straighten his face.

He feels of the outside of the pocket, pinches it, and then, with a gasp, he finds it, and after peering closely about the roots of it, he says, "By Gracious!" and he commences again.

He does it calmly this time, because hurrying only makes matters worse. He hauls up breath after breath; goes over them carefully; gets his hand first into the lining, then into the air again (where it surprises him when it appears) and finally into a pocket, and is about to cry out in triumph, when he discovers that it is the pocket of another dress!

He is wild now! The cupboard air almost stifles him. He is so nervous he can hardly contain himself, and the pocket looks at him so exasperatingly that he cannot help but "plug" it with his clenched fist, and immediately does it. Being somewhat relieved by this performance, he has a chance to look about him, and sees that he has put his foot through a hand box, and into the crown of his wife's bonnet; has broken the brim of his summer hat, which was hanging in the cupboard, and torn about a yard of bugle trimming from a new jacket.

As all this trouble is due directly to his wife's infatuation in hanging up her dress inside out, he immediately starts after her and impetuously urges her to the cupboard, excitedly and almost profanely intimating his doubts of there being a pocket in the dress anyway.

In the course of the unhappy disaster, quietly inserts her hand inside the robe, and directly brings it forth, with the sought for article in her grasp.

He doesn't know why, but this makes him wilder than anything else.

A Serious Predicament.

A story, illustrating the crushing force of mere circumstantial evidence, has for its hero a Russian gentleman of distinction, who, provided with strong and flattering recommendations, visited the coin and medal room of a certain national institution. The coins and medals in this collection being, to all intents and purposes, priceless, the curators are compelled to use the utmost caution as to the admission of strangers, and to keep a sharp look-out on the visitors while they are inspecting the rarest of the numismatic treasures.

The Russian gentleman wished to see a medal—say of Constantine Chlorus—which was of gold, of large size, and reputed to be unique. Suddenly, while he was bending over it, the medal disappeared, and the forger declared that it had slipped from his hand and fallen to the floor.

After a scrupulous examination of every chink and cranny in the room, the officials began to doubt the stranger's integrity, and intimated that it would be necessary to call in a detective, and to have him searched, whereupon the gentleman evinced great mental disturbance.

As this agitation only confirmed the suspicions of his guilt, a policeman was actually summoned; but, just as the half-resisting stranger was about to be expelled to his personal indignity, an attendant cried out that he had found the medal. The effigy had indeed fallen to the ground and rolled under one of the presses. The curators of the collection, of course, overwhelmed the Russian gentleman with apologies; but they could not refrain from asking him why he had exhibited so great reluctance to be searched.

"For this reason," said the forger, still pallid and trembling with agitation: "It has been generally asserted and believed that the fellow to your Constantine Chlorus medal is not to be found in the whole world. You told me so, half a dozen times, this morning. Now, I happen to possess a counterpart of this very medal"—he produced it, as he spoke, from his waistcoat pocket—"and it was my wish to enjoy your discomfiture when I proved to you that your world was not unique. But what would have been my position if your medal had not come to light, and mine had been found in my pocket? Who would have believed in my story about the counterpart?"

This incident is strange, but true.

THEN AND NOW.

They lingered at the gate until he could finish that last remark, and she toyed with her fan, while her eyes were looking down from beneath a jaunty hat that only partly shaded her face from the light of the silvery moon.

He stood gracefully on the outside, with one hand resting on the gate-post, and the other tracing unintelligible hieroglyphics on the panels.

They were looking very sentimentally, and neither spoke for some minutes, until she broke the silence in a sweet, musical voice: "And you will always think as you do now, George?"

"Ever, dearest! Your image is impressed so indelibly that nothing can ever efface it! Tell me Julia, loveliest of your sex, that I have a right to wear it there!"

"Oh, you men are so deceitful!" she answered, coquettishly. "True, men are deceitful," he said, drawing a little nearer to her, and at the same time climbing the gate; "but who, darling, could deceive you?"

"And if I were to die, George, wouldn't you find somebody else who could love as well?"

"Never—never! No one could ever fill your place in my heart."

"Oh, that's not true! That ain't right," she murmured as she made a large step to remove her arm from about his waist. "Let me hold you to my heart," he whispered passionately, "until you have consented to be mine!"

And he drew her nearer to him, and held her tightly until he obtained the coveted boon.

It seems but yesterday, since our weary footsteps interrupted that scene, but when we passed by the same locality at an early hour yesterday morning, ere the moon and stars had faded, we heard a gentle voice exclaim: "No, sir; you stayed out this long, and you may just as well make a night of it! I'll teach you to stay at the lodge until three o'clock in the morning, and then come fooling around my door, to worry me and wake the baby. Now, take that, and sleep on it!"

It seemed but yesterday, that little scene at the gate; but when we accidentally became a witness to the latter scene, we remembered it had been longer.

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS.

No man who has once heartily and fully laughed can be altogether and irremediably bad. The man who cannot laugh is only fit for treason, stratagems and spoils; and his whole life is already a treason and a conspiracy against the Deity, that "the wicked man is never come," is truly wise, as also is the converse, "that a truly witty man is never wicked." A laugh, therefore, to be genuine, must flow from a joyous heart and a clear, unfettered conscience. Archdeacon Hare observes that "some of those who have been among the simplest and kindest-hearted of men," and he instances Fuller, Bishop, Earle, Lafontaine, Claudius, and Charles Lamb. This life would be out a dull and monotonous existence were not the ordinary and every day intercourse of society uninvolved by smiles of wit and good-humor, and there is probably no enjoyment so innocent out of which we derive the same amount of gratification and pleasure as a good, hearty laugh. There is wisdom, then, in a laugh. Philosophers and wise men may exercise their risible muscles without fear of being accounted as fools. Laughter and smiles have been favorite themes of the poets, who invariably use the metaphor when describing nature in her most beautiful and varied aspects. Beauty is so lovely as when adorned with a smile, and conversation sits easier upon us than when we now and then discharge ourselves in a symphony of laughter. It is difficult at first to feel "at home" with a comparative stranger, however brilliant and learned his conversation may be, until we strike some mutually sympathetic chord. We then know him to be human; he possesses one vulnerable point through which to reach his heart; and if he be capable of appreciating wit, we may not unreasonably conclude that he is also sensitive to other and better influences.

A Bloodless Combat.

Eudocia von Amaburg was young, was a beauty, was an orphan, was professor of great wealth, and was a ward of the Emperor Joseph II. of Germany. Of course there were many suitors for her hand; but among them all were only two upon whom the fair Eudocia looked with any degree of favor. These two were barons, comparatively young, and had served with her father in the war against the Turks. They were the Baron von Oberdorf and the Baron von Froebach. The Emperor, entertaining a respect for both these suitors, knew not how to decide between them, and the maiden could not give him the benefit of her decision. In this dilemma, Joseph told the two barons that they stood upon equal terms in his confidence and esteem, he could give neither the preference over the other, and they must decide the matter by their own prowess; but as he did not wish this matter to be the cause of bloodshed, and, perhaps of death, as might be the case if offensive weapons were used, he had ordered a large sack to be provided, and he who should be successful enough to put his rival into it, should have his fair ward for a wife.

The suitors agreed to the proposition, and this strange and ludicrous combat between the two noblemen took place in the presence of the whole Imperial court. It lasted almost an hour. At length Froebach, utterly exhausted, was forced to yield, and the triumphant Oberdorf, having forced him into the sack, took him upon his back, and laid him at the feet of the Emperor; and within a week the fair Eudocia became Baroness von Oberdorf.

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