## AT THE GATE.

And where were you just now, Mabel ? And where have you been so long? The moon is up, and all the birds Have sung their evening song. I saw you loitering down the path, So lonely and so late, Beyend the well and like bush, And hanging by the gate.

I love to hear the birds, mother, And see the rising moon, And, oh! the summer air is sweet Boneath the sky of June. My cow is milked, my hens are cooped, And washed are cup and plate, And so I wandered out awhile To hang upon the gate.

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you ?'

riven ?"

" Үев."

"You are unkind to me."

The gate is by the road, Mubel, And idle folks go by; Nor should a maiden brook the glance Of every stranger eye. Besides, I thought I saw a cap-I'm sure you had a mate; So tell me who was with you, child, Just hanging at the gate.

Now you know just as well, mother, Twas only Harry Gray; He spoke such words to me to night I knew not what to say; And, mother, oh, for your dear sake, I only bade him wait; And mayn't I run and tell him now? He's hanging at the gate.

## MOLLY BAWN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHYLLIS"

"Oh ! Molly Bawn, why leave me pining, All lonely waiting here for you."-Old Sor

"Well, I don't think," emphasizing each word with a most solemn nod," it would come

off your moustache in a bury." "I'l risk it, anyhow," says Luttrell, stoop-ing suddenly to impress a fervent kiss upon the little powdered fingers he is holding. "Oh! how wrong, how extremely wrong of

you !" exclaims Miss Massereene, as success-fully shocked as though the thought that he might be tempted to such a deed has never occurred to her. Yet, true to her nature, she makes no faintest pretence at withdrawing from him her hand until a full minute has elapsed. Then, unable longer to restrain herself, she bursts into a merry laugh-a laugh all sweetest, clearest music. "If you could only see how funny you look,

cries she. "You are fair with a vengeance now. Ah ! do go and see for yourself." Giving him a gentle push toward an ancient glass that hangs disconsolately near the clock, and thereby leaving another betraying mark upon the shoulder of his coat.

Luttrell, having duly admired himself and given it as his opinion that though flour on the arms may be effective flour on the face is not, has barely time to wipe his moustache

free of it, when Mrs. Massereene enters. "You here," exclaims she, staring at Ted-castle, " of all places in the world ! I owe I am amazed. Oh, if your brother officers could only see you now, and your coat all over flour ! I need hardly inquire if this is Molly's doing. Poor boy !" with a laugh. "It is a shame. Molly, you are never happy unless you are tormenting some one." "But I always make it up to them after-

wards, don't I now, Letty ?" murmurs Molly, sweetly, speaking to Letitia, but directing a side-glance at Luttrell from under her long dark lashes; this side-glance is almost a promise. "Well, so you have come at last, Letty. And how did you enjoy your 'nice long, happy day in the country,' as the chil dren say?'

"Very much indeed—far more than I ex-pected. The Mitchells were there, which added a little to our liveliness." "And my poor old mummy, was he there ?

And is he still holding together ?" "Lord Rossmere? He is indeed, and was asking most tenderly for you. I never saw

him look so well." "Oh ! it grows absurd," says Molly, in dis-

gust. "How much longer does he intend keeping up the farce? He must fall to pieces

soon." "He hasn't a notion of it," says Letitia, warming to her description; "he has taken a new lease of life. He looked only too well— positively ten years younger. I think myself he was done up. I could see his coat was padded; and he has adorned his head with a years share brown wig."

very steek brown wig." "Jane," says Molly, weakly, "be so good as to stand close behind me. I feel as if I were going to faint directly."

"Law, miss !" says Jane, giving way to her usual expletive. She is a clean and worthy soul where pots and pans are concerned, but apart from them can scarcely be termed eloquent.

night I saw you here in this garden the mis-chief was done. My heart left me. You stole the very best of me; and will you give nothquent. "You are busy, Jane," says Mr. Luttrell, obligingly, "and I am not. (I see you are winding up that long-suffering pudding). Let me take a little trouble off your hands. I will atom desce babing Mire W

ing in exchange?" "I will not listen," says Molly, covering her ears with her hands, but not so closely that she must be deaf. "Do you hear? You Letitia, with a mischievous glance at the late combatants, at which they laugh in spite of d close behind Miss Massereeve "He had quite a color, too," goes on Leti-tia, mysteriously, "a very extraordinary color. Not that of an old man, nor yet of a young one, and I am utterly certain it was paint. It are to be silent.' "Do you forbid me to speak ?" "Yes ; I am in a hurry ; I cannot listenthemselves. "Not at all, my dear; you are romancing," ys ignorant John. "Well, Molly Bawn, says ignorant John. "Well, Molly Bawn where is my tea? Have you kept me any ?' now," says this born coquette, unable to re-case hor slave so soon. "Some other time--when you know me was a vivid, uncompromising red; so that "As if I would forget you ! Is it not an extraordinary thing, Letty, that Sarah cannot I think the poor old thing's valet must have overdone his work, for fun. Wasn't it better-you will listen then ; is that what you cruel ?" be induced to bring us a tea-pot? Now, I want more, and must only wait her pleasure." "Remonstrate with her," says John. still detaining her with passionate en nean? Are you ready, Jane?" murmurs Molly, reaty both in tone and manner. " Molly, give with increasing weakness. "Quite ready, miss," returns Luttrell, with me one word of hope." "I don't know what I mcan," she says, ef-"I am tired of doing so. Only yesterday I had a very lengthened argument with her on hopeful promptness. "I asked John on the way home what he ecting her escape, and moving back to the the subject, to the effect that as it was I was obscurity of the drawing-room window, which stands open. "I never do know. And I have not got the least bit of memory in the world. Do you know I came out here to tell you tea having the tea, and not she, surely I might be allowed to have it the way I wished. When thought," goes on Letitia, with an evident in terest in her tale. " and he quite agrees with I had exhausted my eloquence, and was near-ly on the verge of tcars, I discovered that she me that it was rouge, or at all events some thing artificial. was to be brought out for us under the trees was still at the very point from which we started. 'But the tea is far more genteeller, Miss Molly, when brought up without the tea-"One more word, Letitia," faintly-" a las on the lawn; and when I saw you I forgot one. Has he had that sole remaining tooth verything. Is that a hopeful sign ?" with a playful smile. yes, the want of it does,' with much indig-nation; but I might as well have kept my "I will try to think so; and-don't go yet "No," cries Mrs. Massercene, triumphantly, "he has not. Do you too remember that awful tooth ? It is literally the only thing left Molly," seeing her about to enter the drawing " Surely, if tea is to be on the lawn, i oom. undone, and I can't imagine why. It still waggles uncomfortably when he talks, and his there we ought to go." "I am half afraid of you. If I consent to temper. "Much better," says Luttrell, placidly. "I do hate having my tea poured out for me," goes ou Molly, not deigning to notice upper lip has the same old trick of catching on it and refusing to come down again until compelled. Sir John was there, and took me bestow upon you a little more of my society, will you promise not to talk in—in—that way 'I am convinced Sarah lived with a again to me?" him. in to luncheon; and as I sat just opposite Lord Rossmere I could see distinctly. I parretired tallow-chandler or something equally horrible before she came to us. She has one But-"I will have no buts. Promise what I ask ticularly noticed that." "Yeu have saved me." cries Molly, briskly r I will hide myself from you for the rest of idol to which she sacrifices morning, noon and night, and I think she calls it style." the day. "Had your answer been other than it was, "And what is that? interposes Luttrell, "I swear, then," says he, and, so protected Miss Massereene ventures down the balcony steps and accompanies him to the shaded end would not have hesitated for a moment; anxiously. "I don't know, but I think it has somewould have gone off into a deathlike swoon. Thank you, Jane," with a backward nod at thing to do with not putting the teapor on the tray, for instauce, and taking the pretty fresh covers off the drawing-room chairs when any of the lawn. By this time it is nearly five o'clock, and as Luttrell, whom she has refused to recognize I need not detain you any longer.' vet oppressively warm. The evening is coming with a determination to rival in dull heat the early part of the day. The sheep in great white snowy patches lie panting in the distant corners of the adjoining fields; the cows, tired "Mrs. Masscreene, I shall never forgive you," says Luttrell. "And is this the way you catertain your one is coming, to convince them of the green damask beneath. And once when, during a psssing fit of insanity, I dressed my hair into a pyramid, she told me I looked stylish. It "And is this the way you chiertain your guests, Molys" asks Lettia. "Have you spent your day in the kitchen?" "The society of the upper ten is not good for you, Lettia, "says Molly, severely. "There is a faint flavor of would-be sareasm about of whisking their foolish tails in an unsuccess took me some time to recover that shock to my vanity." "I like stylish people myself," says John. ul war with the insatiable flies, are all hud lled together, and give way to mournful lows "Lady Barton, I am positive, is just what Sarah means by that, and I admire her imthat reproach the tarrying milkmaid. Above in the branches a tiny bird essays to you, and it doesn't suit you in the least; your lips have not got the correct curve. No, my ing, but stops half stifled, and, forgetting the mensely—within bounds, of course, my dear dear; although unnoticed by the nobility of our land, we, too, have had our nice, long. happy day in the country. Haven't we, Mr. uneful note, contents itself with a lazy cluck-Letitia cluck that presently degenerates still further "Dreadful vulgar woman !" says Molly, with a frown. "I'm sure I wouldn't name into a dying coo that is hardly musical, be-cause so full of sleep. Letty in the same day with her." "We all know you are notoriously jealous "Do you think he would dare say no with Molly has seated herself upon the sof your eyes upon him?" says Letitia, laughing. "By and by I shall hear the truth. Come young grass, beneath the shade of a mighty beech, against the friendly trunk of which she of her," says John. "Her meridian charms "How poetical !" laughs Molly. "But the with me"-to Tedcastle-" and have a glass eans her back. Even this short walk from of sherry befere your dinner; I am sure you must want it, after all you have gone through." thing to see is Letitia producing the children terror. he house to the six stately beeches that are the pride and glory of Brooklyn has told upor when her ladyship comes to pay a visit. She always reminds me of the Mother of the Grae her. Her usually merry eyes have subsided chi. Now confess it, Letty, don't you think Lady Barton's diamonds and rubies and emerinto a gentle languor; over them the white lids droop heavily. No little faintest tinge of CHAPTER V. alds grow pale and lustreless beside your liv color adorns her pale cheeks; upon her lap her hands lie idle, their very listlessness be-tokening the want of energy they feel.

ly past, the innumerable voices of the summer "You are not so far gone as I feared ; you Sarah, armed with a basket piled high to the (i) plast, the infinite voice voice of the summer ery ceaselessly for Molly. "Mr. Luttreli, Mr. Luttrell," cries some one, "look up." And he does look up. Above him, on the balcony, stands Molly, a thing of beauty, fairer than any flower that can still use bad language. Now, tell me what sweet thought has held you in threll so "Sarah," calls Molly, "Sarah-Sarah !" long." "If I must confess it, I have been thinking of how untold a luxury at this moment would grows beneath. Her eyes, like twin stars, are gleaming, deepening; her happy lids are parted; ker har, drawn loosely back, shines like threads of living gold. Every feature is awake and full of life; every movement of her be an iced bath." "An iced bath !" With as much contempt

as she can summon. "How prosaic! And I quite flattered myself you were thinking of me." She says this as calmly as though she had supposed him thinking of his dinner. Tedcastle's lips part in a faint smile, a mere weet body, clad in its white gown, proclaims a very joyousness of living. With hands held high above her head, filled

glimmer—a laugh is beyond him—and he turns his head just so far round as will per-mit his eyes to fall full upon her face. with parti colored roses, she stands laughing down upon him; while he stares back at her, "I faucied such thoughts on my part ta-ooed," he says. "And, besides, would they with a heart filled too full of love for happi-ness. With a slight momentary closing of her lids she opens both her hands and fings

be of any advantage to you ?" "No material advantage, but they would the scented shower into his uplifted face. "Take your punishment," she whispers, saucily, bending over to him, " and learn your lesson. Don't look at me another time." have been only fair. I was thinking of you." "Were you? Really!" With such over-powering interest as induces him to raise him-

"It was by your own desire I did so," ex-claims he, bewildered, shaking the crimson self on his elbow, the better to see her. "You were thinking-that-"" "Don't excite yourself. I was wondering and yellow and white leaves off his head and shoulders. "How am I to understand whether, when you were a baby, your nose in proportion, of course-was as lengthy and "How do I know, when I don't even unolemn as it is now."

"How do I know, when I don't even un-derstand myself? But when I called out to you look up, of course I meant look down. Don't you remember the old game with the handkorchief?—when I say let go, hold fast; "Pshaw !" mutters Mr. Luttrell, angrily, and goes back to his original position. "If it was," pursues Molly, with a ruthless and amused laugh, "you must have been an

and when I say hold fast, let go? You must recollect it." "I have a dim idea of something idiotic, awfully funny baby to look at." She appears to find infinite amusement in this idea for a full minute, after which follows a disgusted like what you say." "It is not idiotic, but it suits only some silence that might have lasted until dinnerhour but for the sound of approaching footpeople; it suits me. There is a certain per-verseness about it, a determination to do just Looking up simultaneously, they perceive

Letitia coming towards them, with Sarah be-hind, carrying a tray, on which are cups, and what one is told not to do, that affects me most agreeably. Did I" -glancing at the rosy shower at his feet—" did I hurt you much ?" small round cakes, and plates of strawber with a smile. There is a little plank projecting from the

"I have brought you your tea at last," cries Letitia, looking like some great fair god-dess, with her large figure and stately walk woodwork of the pillars that support the bal-cony; resting his foot on this, and holding on and benign expression, as she bears down upon them. She is still a long way off, yet her voice comes to them clear and disticct, by the railings above. Luttrell draws himself up until his face is almost on a level with hers —almost, but not quite; she can still overshadow him. "If that was all the injury I had received without any suspicion of shouting. She is smiling benevolently, and has a delicious pink

"It that was all the injery I had received at your hands, how casy it would be to for-give !" says he, in a low tone. " Poor hands," says Molly, gazing at her shapely fingers, " how have they sinned ? Am I to understand, then, that I am not forcolor in her cheeks "We thought you had forgotten us," says

Molly, springing to her feet with a sudden re-turn of auimation. "But you have come in excellent time, as we were on the very brink f a quarrel that would have disgraced the

Kilkenny cats. And what have singraced the Kilkenny cats. And what have you brought us? Tea, and strawberries, and dear little hot cakes ! Oh, Letty, how I love you?" "So do I," says Luttrell. "Mrs. Masse-reene, may I sit beside you?" " Oh, Molly !" " Dreadfully unkind to me. Can you deny Now, tell me what this crime is that I

ave committed, and you cannot pardon." "I will not," says the young man, turning "For protection ?" asks she, with a laugh. In the meantime Molly has arranged the a little pale, while the smile dies out of his eyes and from round his lips. "I dread to put my injuries into words. Should they tray before herself, and is busily engaged plac-ing all the worst strawberries and the smallest cake on one plate. "Before you go any farther," says Luttrell, I won't have that plate. Nothing shall induce nger you, you might with one lock seal my

"Am I so bloodthirsty? How badly you think of me!" me. So you may spare your trouble." "Then you may go without any, as I my-"Do 1?" reading with the wistful sadness

self intend eating all the others." of uncertainty here lovely face. "You know better than that. You know too, do you not, what it is I would say—if I dared? Oh, Molly, what have you done to me, what witchery have you used, that, after escaping for twenty-"Mrs. Massereene, you are my only friend. I appeal to you; is it fair? Just look at all she is keeping for herself. If I die for it, I will get my rights," exclaims Tedcastle, goaded into activity, and, springing from his recum-bent position, makes straight for the tray. There is a short but decisive battle; and even long years, I should now fall so hopethen, victory being decided in favor of Lut-trell, he makes a successful raid upon the

seven long years, I should now fall so hope-lessly in—"" "Hush !" says Molly, quickly, and, letting her hand fall lightly on his forehead, briugs it slowly, slowly, over his eyes and down his face, until at length it rests upon his lips re-bukingly. "Not another word. You have known me but a few days—but a little short three wecks—and you would—"" fruit, and retires covered with glory and a good deal of juice. " Coward, thief ! won't I pay you out for

this ?" cries Molly, viciously. "I wouldn't use school-boy slang if I were you," returns Luttrell, with provoking cool-

"Yes, I would," eagerly, devouring with fond kisses the snowflake that would stay his ness, and an evident, irritating, appreciation words. "Three weeks—a year—ten years— what does it matter? I think the very first of the fruit. Fortunately for all parties, at this moment

John appears upon the scene. "It is warm," says he, sinking on the grass, faith. under the weak impression that he is impart-

ng information. "I think thore is thunder in the air," says

Now, Sarah, though an undeniably good ervant, and a cleanly one, striking the be-

servant, and a cleanly one, striking the be-holder as a creature born to unlimited caps and spotless aprons, is undoubtedly obtuse. She presents her back hair and heels—that would not have disgraced an elephant—to Miss Massercene's call, and goes on calmly with her occupation of shaking out and hanging up to dry the garments she has just brought.

RICHMOND HILL, THURSDAY, JUNE 5, 1879.

"Shall I go and call her ?" asks Luttrell, with some remains of grace and an air of in-"Not worth your while," says John, with

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all a man's delicious consideration for a man : she must turn in a moment, and then she will see us." For two whole minutes, therefore, they gaze

n rapt silence upon the unconscious Sarah Presently Mr. Massereene breaks the eloquent stillness.

"There is nothing," says he, mildly, "that so clearly declares the sociability—the bon camaraderie, so to speak—that ought to exist in every well-brought-up family as the sight of washing done at home. There is such a happy mingling and yet such a thorough dis-regard of sex about it. ~It is 'Hail, fellow' well met I' all through. If you will follow Sarah's movements for a minute onger you will better understand what I mean. There ! now she is spreading out Molly's pale-green muslin in which she looked so irresistible last week. And there goes Daisy's pinafore, and

Bobby's pantaloons; and now she is pausing to remove a defunct grasshopper from Rence's bonnet. What a chaiming picture it all makes, so full of life ! There go Molly's stock

"John," interrupts Molly, indignantly, who has been frowning heavily at him for some time without the smallest result.

" If you say another word," puts in Luttrell burying his face in the grass, with a deep groan, " if you go one degree farther, I shall faint."

"And now comes my shirt," goes on John. n the same even tone, totally unabashed. "My dear John !" exclaims Letitia, much candalized, speaking in a very superior tone, which she fondly but erroneously believes to be stern and commanding, "I beg you will pursue the subject no further. We have no

lesire whatever to learn any particulars about your shirts." "And why not, my dear?" demands Mr.

Massereene, his manner full of mild but firm expostulation. "What theme so worthy of prolonged discussion as a clean shirt? Think of the horrors that encompass all the 'great unwashed,' and then porhaps you will feel as I do. In my opinion it is a topic on which volumes might be written; if I had time I would write them myself. And if you will give yourself the trouble to think, my dear Letitia. you will doubtless be able to bring to mind the fact that once a very distinguished and reasonable person called Hood wrote a song about it. Besides which ——" "She is looking now!" criss Molly, tri

She is looking now !" cries Molly, triumphantly. "Sarah—Sa—rah !" "The 'bells they go ringing for Sarah,'" quotes Mr. Luttrell, irreverently. But Sarah has heard, and is hastening towards them, and wrath is for the present averted from his un-

ucky head. Smiling, panting, rubicund, comes Sarah,

ready for anything. "Some more tea, Sarah," says Molly, with a smile that would corrupt an archbishop.

Molly is a person adored by servants. " That's 

his upside down on his saucer. "I am particular about getting my own cup, Sarah, and hope you will not mistake mine for Miss Masereene's. Fill it, and bring it back to me just like this. "Yes, sir," says Sarah, in perfect good

"And, Sarah—next time we would like the teapot," puts in Mr. Massereene, mildly.

CHAPTER VI.

you know; think of that! He was very much saken.' I'm positive I would have sold well.' attached to me; and so was the Lefroy's eld-est son, and James Warder, and the organist, "I don't doubt it." "Then I grew enraged, and determined to throuble my head no more about you; and then— It was lucky I came here, wasn't convinced, would cut his throat to oblige me convinced. would cut his throat to oblige me to-morrow morning, if I asked him."

"Well, don't ask him," says Luttrell, im-ploringly. "He might do it on the door-step, and then think of the horrid mess! Promise "Very lucky-for me. But you never told me you won't even hint at it until after I am

me you had a boat on the lake." "Because I hadn't—at least not for the last two months—until yesterday. It got broken in the spring, and they have been ever since mending it. They are so slow down here. I gone. kent the news of its return from you a secret

Onward glides the boat; the oars rise and fall with a tuneful splash. Miss Massereene, throwing her hat with reckless extravagance all yesterday, meaning to bring you here and show it you as a surprise; and this is how my into the bottom of the punt, bares her white "But are you allowed? I thought you did arm to the elbow and essays to catch the

not know the owners of this place." "Neither do we. He is a retired butcher

fancy (he doesn't look anything like as respectable as a grocer), with a fine disregard for the Queen's English. We called there one day, Letitia and I (nothing would induce John to accompany us), but Mrs. Butcher was too much for Letitia-too much even for me.' cries Molly, with a laugh, "and I'm not par-ticular; so we never called again. They don't

bear malice, however, and rather affect our having our boat here than otherwise. Jump in and row me for a little while." Over the water, under the hanging branches

they glide to the sweet music of the wooing wind, and scarcely care to speak, so perfect is the motion and the stillness. Luttrell, with his hat off and a cigar be-

ween his lips, is far happier than he himself is at all aware. Being of necessity opposite her, he is calmly feasting himself upon the sweet scenery of Molly's face, or else letting s eyes wander to where her slender fingers drag their way through the cool water, leav-ing small bubbles in their track.

"It is a pity the country is so stupid, is i

not?" says Molly, breaking the silence at length, and speaking in a regretful tone. "Be-cause otherwise there is no place like it." his feelings a little.

"Some country places are not at all stupid. There are generally too many people about. I think Brooklyn's principal charm is its re

"Well, for my own part," seriously, "I think I would excuse the repose and the sep-aration from the world, by which, I suppose you mean society. I have no admiration for cloisters and convents myself; I like amuse-ment, excitement. If I could I would live in London all the year round," concludes Molly, with growing animation. "Oh, horror!" exclaims Luttrell, who,

even years before, thought exactly as he does now, and who occasionally thinks so still. "Who that ever lived for six months among have set your heart on them." Here, standing up, he strips off his coat all its grime and smoke and turmoil but would

pine for this calmer life ?"

pine for this calmer hit?" "I lived there for more than six months," says Molly, "and I didn't pine for anything. I thought it charming. It is all very well for you"—dejectedly—" who are tired of gayety, to go into raptures over calmness and tran-quillity, and that; but if you lived in Brooklyn from summer until winter and frem winter from summer until winter and from winter back again to summer, and if you could count your balls on one hand"-holding up five wet

water head-foremost to please you?" With impatient wrath. "They used to call that chivalry long ago. I call it folly. You should be reasonable." went to Canada with her husband's regiment afterwards. But I didn't go out much; she " Oh, don't lose your temper about it," says Molly. "Now, to have a person implore you at any temper is simply thought me too young, though I was quite as tall as I am now. She heard me sing once, and insisted on carrying me up with her to get me lessons from Marigny. He took great time not to lose your temper is simply abominable; but to be so implored when you

get me lessons from Marigny. He took great nairs with me; that he may I he so well, says Molly, modestly. I confess soften wondered where your ere have lost it is about the most aggravating thing that son poour to any one. Bo Luttrell inde it finds it. "I never loss my temper about trifles," he cellent voice received its cultivation, its finish. Now I know. You were fortunate in securing says, loftily. "Well, I don't know what you call it, but Marigny. I have known him refuse dozens through want of time; or so he said. More when one puts on a frown, and drags down the corners of one's mouth, and looks as if

through want of time; or so he said. Ince probably he would not trouble himself to teach where there was no certainty of success. Well, and so you dislike the country?" "No, no. Not so much that. What I dis-like is having no one to speak to. When John I'w would you like to return home?" asks Mr. Luttrell, with prompt solicitude. "You are tired. I think." is away and Letty on the treadmill-that is.

know where to begin. There were the curates

are tired, I think.' n the nursery-I am rather thrown on my

compelling the antagonists to be attentive to each other.

m see

WHOLE NO. 1,091-NO. 52.

"I promise," says Molly, laughing.

For instance : "Luttrell, my dear fellow, what is the matter with you this evening? How remiss you are! Why don't you break some walnuts for Molly? I would, but I don't wish Letitia to

feel slighted." "No, thank you, John"-with a touch of asperity from Molly-" I don't care for wal-

"Oh, Molly Bawn | what a taradiddle ! Only last night I quite shuddered at the amount of shells you left upon your plate. 'How can that wretched child play such pranks with her di-gestion l' thought I, and indeed felt thankful it had not occurred to you to swallow the shells

reene ?" asks Luttrell, very coldly. "No, thank you." Ungraciously.

"Luttrell, did you see that apple tree in the orchard? I never beheld such a show of fruit in my life. The branches will hardly bear the weight when it comes to perfection. It is very worthy of admiration. Molly will show it Molly?' it to you to morrow; won't you,

Molly ?" Luttrell, hastily : "I will go around there myself after breakfast and have a look at it."

John: "You will never find it by yourself, Molly will take you; eh, Molly ?" Molly, cruelly: "I fear I shall be busy all the morning; and in the afternoon I intend going with Letitia to spend the day with the Laytons."

grasses as she sweeps by them. "Look at those lilies," she says, eagerly ; "how exquisite, in their broad green frames Laytons." Letitia, agreeably surprised: "Oh! will you, dear? That is very good of you. I thought this morning you said nothing would induce you to come with me. I shall be so glad to Water sprites ! how they elude one !" as she makes a vigorous but unsuccessful grab at some on her right hand. have you; they are so intensely dull and diffi-cult."

some on her right hand. "Very beautiful," says Luttrell, dreamily, with his eyes on Molly, not on the lilies. "I want some," says Molly, revengefully; "I always do want what don't want me, and vice versa. Oh 1 look at those beauties near you. Catch them." "I don't think I can; they are too far off." "I don't think I can; they are too far off." Molly, still more cruelly : "Well, I have been thinking it over, and it seems, do you know, rather rule my not going. Besides, I hear their brother Maxwell (afew more straw-berries, if you please, John), is home from India, and—he used to be so good-looking." John, with much unction: "Oh, has he come at last? I am glad to hear it. (Lutrell, give Multe some extended on the strategies). You make "Not if you stoop very much for them. I think if you went to bend over a good deal

think if you went to bend over a good deal you might do it." "I might; I might do something else, too," says Luttrell, calmly, seeing it would be as easy for him to grasp the lilies in question as last night's moon; "I might fall in." "Oh, never mind that," responds Molly, with charming though premeditated uncon-cern, a little wicked desire to tease getting the bettor of her contability.

her how. I have a presentation that for the is going to favor you in the end, Molly. He must inherit a considerable property." "Rich and handsome," says Luttrell, with exemplary composure and a growing convic-tion that he will soon hate with an undying better of her amiability. Luttrell, hardly sure whether she jests or is in sober earnest, opens his large eyes to their fullest, the better to judge, but seeing no signs of merriment in his companion, gives way to hatred his whilom friend John Massereene. "He must be a favorite of the gods; let us

"Well, you are cool," he says, slowly. "I am not, indeed," replies innocent Molly. How I wish I were cool, on such a day as hope he will not die young." "He can't," says Letitia, comfortably ; "he must be forty if he is a day."

"No," shortly. "Perhaps that is the rea-son you recommended me a plunge; or is it "And a good, sensible age, too," remarks John ; whereupon Molly, who is too much akin to him in spirit not to fully understand his for your amusement?" "You are afraid," asserts Molly, with a lit-

to him in spirit not to fully understand his manœuvering, laughs outright. Then Letitia rises, and the two women move towards the door; and Molly, coming last, pauses a moment on the threshold, while Lut-trell holds the door open for her. His heart beats high. Is she going to speak to him, to throw him green one near word, to aladden the mischievous, scornful laugh, not to be en-dured for a moment. "Afraid!" angrily. "Nonsense! I don't care about wetting my clothes, certainly, and I don't want to put out my cigar; but". throw him even one poor word, to gladden him with a smile, however frozen? Alas! no. Miss Massereene, with a little 

curve of her neck, glances back expressive to where an unkind nail has caught the tail of her long soft gown. That miserable nail—not he—has caused her delay. Stooping, he ex-tricates the dress. She bows coldly, without raising her eyes to his. A moment later she is free; still another moment, and she is gone; and Luttrell, with a suppressed but naughty word upon his lips, returns to his despondency and John; while Molly, who, though she has never once looked at him, has read correctly his fond hope and final disap-

pointment, allows a covert smile of pleased malevolence to cross her face as she walks

Mr. Massereene is holding a long and very one-sided argument on the subject of the bar-

barous Mussulman. As Luttrell evinees not the faintest desire to disagree with him in his

opinions, the subject wears itself out in due

course of time; and John, winding up with an amiable wish that every Turk that has seen

the light or is likely to see the light may be blown into fine dust, finishes his claret and

blown into inte dust, inishes his claret and rises, with a yawn. "I must leave you for a while," he says; "so get out your eigars, and don't wait for me. I'll join you later on. I have had the writing of a letter on my conscience for a week, and I must write it now or never. I really do haligue I have gragned my own

really do believe I have grasped my own meaning at last. Did you notice my unusual

"I can't say I did. I imagined you talking

"My dear fellow, of what were you think-

taciturnity between the fish and the joint?"

- Fell

into the drawing-room.

"Gather the roses while ye may; Old time is still a-flying; And the same flower that smiles to-day To-morrow will be dying "-HERMICK. It is four o'clock, and a hush, a great still

ness, born of oppressive heat, is over all the land. Again the sun is smiting with hot wrath the unoffending earth ; the flowers nod drows-ily or lie half dead of languor, their gay leaves touching the ground. above him. "Are you quite used up ?" asks Molly, in the slow, indifferent tone that belongs to heat

" The sky was blue as the summer sea

Long Barris

The depths were cloudes overhead; The air was calm as it could be; There was no sight or sound of dread." quotes Luttrell, dreamily, as he strays idly as the crisp, gay voice belongs to cold. "I never heard you silent for so long before. Do you think you are likely to die? Becausealong the garden-path, through scented shrubs and all the many-hued children of light and lon't do it here, please ; it would give me such a shock. dew. His revery is lengthened, yet not dif-"I am far more afraid I shall live," replies fuse. One little word explains it all. It seems to him that word is everywhere; the birds her companion. " Oh, how I loathe the sum sing it, the wind whistles it as it rushes faintmer!

ing jewels?" "Indeed I do," returns Letitia, with the eadiest, most unexpected simplicity. "Letitia," cries Molly, touched. giving her

At about two yards distance from her re-lines her guest, full length, his fingers interlittle hug, "I do think you are the dearest, aced behind his head, looking longer, slighter than usual, as with eyes upturned he gazes weetest, truest old goose in the world." "Nonsense, my dear !" says Letitia, with a slow pleased blush that is at once so youthful in silence upon the far-off, never-changing blue showing through the network of the leaves

and so lovely. "Oh ! why won't Sarah come ?" says Molly, recurring suddenly to her woes. "I know, even if I went on my knees to Mr. Luttrell, he would not so far trouble himself as to go

in and find her; but I think she might re-member my weakness for tea." "There she is !" exclaims John.

"Oh, we fell out-I know not why-And kissed again with tears."-TENNYSON They are now drawing towards the close

July. To Luttrell it appears as though the moments are taking to themselves wings to fly away; to more prosaic mortals they drag. To Luttrell it appears as though the Ever since that first day in the garden when he betrayed his love to Molly, he has been silent on the subject, fearful lest he gain a more

decided repulse. Yet this enforced silence is to him a lingering torture; and as a school-boy with money in his pocket burns till he spend it, so he, with his heart brimful of love, is in torment antil he can fling its rich treasures at his mis tress's feet. Only a very agony of doubt regiven you !"

strains him. Not that this doubt contains all pain ; there is blended with it a deep ecstasy of joy, made to be felt, not spoken; and all the graze and -lover ?" "A lover? Oh, yes, I have had any amount poetry and sweetness of a first great passion -that thing that in all the after-years never of them," says Molly, with an alacrity that makes his heart sink. "I don't believe I could wholly dies-the earliest, purest dew that falls from the awakening heart. count my adorers; it quite puzzles me to

"O love! young love? Let saints and cynics cavil as they will, One throb of yours is worth whole years of ill." So think Luttrell; so think I.

-our rector is not sweet-tempered, so we have a fresh one every year—and they never fail me. Three months after they come, as regu-lar as clock-work, they ask mo to be their if. New Lorge temperature is a fresh the their second temperature is the seco To-day Molly has deserted him, and left im to follow his own devices. John has gone wife. Now, I appeal to you"-clasping her hands and wrinkling up all her pretty fore-head -- " do I look like a curate's wife ?" into the next town on some important errand connected with the farm; so perforce our war-"You do not," replies Luttrell, emphati-cally regarding with interest the debonnaire, rior shoulders his gun and sallies forth sav-agely, bent on slaying aught that comes in his way. As two crows, a dejected rabbit, and

spirituelle face before him; "no, you most an intelligent squirrel are all that present themselves to his notice, he wearies toward certainly do not." "Well, I thought not myself; yet each of

those deluled young men saw something an-gelic about me, and would insist on asking three o'clock, and thinks with affection of ome. For so far has his air-castle mounted me to share his lot. They kept themselves that were Molly to inhabit a hovel that hovel to him would be home. sternly blind to the fact that I detest with

Crossing a stile and a high wall, he finds equal vigor broth and old women.' himself in the middle of the grounds that ad-join the more modest Brooklyn. The shimmer "Intolerable presumption !" says Luttrell, parenthetically.

of a small lake makes itself seen through the "Was it? I don't think I looked at it in branches to the right, and as he gains its bank a boat shoots forth from behind the willows, that light. They were all very estimable men, and Mr. Rochefort was positively handsome. Yes, you may well stare, but some curates, and a gay voice sings :

"There was a little man, And he had a little gun, And his bullets they were made of lead, lead

He went to a brook, "Oh, Mr. Luttrell, please, please don't shoot me," cries Molly, breaking down in the

They are always in the act of budding-they never bloom ; and they are so afraid of the song with an exaggerated show of feigned "Do you call yourself a duck ?" demands bishop." "I thank my stars I'm not a curate," says Luttrell, with much scorn. "Is there any limit to a woman's conceit? Duck, indeed !

say rather \_\_\_\_\_\_\_, "source," Loca, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ say rather \_\_\_\_\_\_, "source," Loca, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ "Swan? Well, yes, I will, if you wish it ; I don't mind," says Molly amiably. "And now tell me, are you not surprised to see me makes it impossible for this year. There was positively nothing to which to look forward.

"I am. indeed. Are you ubiquitous? I thought I left you safe at home." your coming.' "So you did. But I never counted on your

staying so long away. I was tired of waiting for you. I thought you would never come.

So in despair I came out here by myself." "So you absolutely missed me?" says Luttrell, quietly, although his heart is beating Too well he knows her words are rapidly

from the lips alone. "Oh, didn't I!" exclaims she, heartily. 'You should have seen me standing at the

gate peering up and down for you and be-moaning my fate, like that silly Mariana in To their right right right and the set of th

here ?"

"Tired? Not in the least, thank you. I should like to stay out here for the noxt two own resources ; and they are not much. Your coming was the greatest blessing that ever be-fell me. When I actually beheld you in your hours, if ----' " Yes ?"

own proper person on the garden-path that night, I could have hugged you in the exuber-"If you think you could find amusement for yourself-elsewhere !" ance of my joy." "Then why on earth didn't you?" says Luttrell, reproachfully, as though he had been "I'll try," says Tedcastle, quietly taking

up the oars and proceeding to row with much a lost man." By the time they reached it, Miss Masse-

with an air that means business.

wouldn't have them if you do."

Why?"

"I don't want them now," says Molly, in a degree frightened; "at least not those. See, there are others close beyond you. But I will

pluck them myself, thank you; I hate giving prouble. No, don't put your hands near them.

"Because you are cross, and I detest cross cople."

"Because I didn't throw myself into the

"A lingering sense of maiden modesty and a faint idea that perhaps you might not like it alone restrained me. But for that I must have given way to my feelings. Just think, if hough still a very handsome allowance re-nains. As he steps ashore, with the evident I had," says Molly, breaking into a merry laugh, " what a horrible fright I would have ntention of not addressing her again, she feels

Not a horrible one, at all events, Molly, bending to examine some imaginary thing in the side of the boat, "have you never-had a the worst of the two. "Are you going home ?" asks she, with cold

liteness

"NO"-IIIS events are expression half nonchalant wholly rears an expression half nonchalant wholly tenderly. "Thanks-I want nothing more," replies Now Grantham is nine miles distant. He must be very angry if he has decided on going to Grantham. It will take him a long, long time to get there, and a long, long time to get pack; and in the meantime what is to become stars that light the world in a cold, sweet "That is a long way, is it not?" she says, All is

her manner a degree more frigid, lest he mis take the meaning of her words. "The longer the better." Ungraciously. " And on so hot a day !"

"There are worse things than heat." Get ting himself into his coat in such a violent fashion as would make his tailor shed bitter tears over the cruel straining of that gar

"You will be glad to get away fromhesitates Molly, who has also stepped ashore speaking in a tone that would freeze a sala mander.

" Very glad." With much unnecessary em phasis.

"Go, then," cries she, with sudden passion, throwing down the oar she still holds with a decided bang, "and I hope you will never come back. There !"

you know, are good-looking, and he was de-cidedly High Church. In fact, he wasn't half so bad as the generality of them," says Molly, relentingly. "Only-it may be wrong, but the truth is I hate curates. I think nothing

of them. They are a mixture of tea and small jokes, and are ever at a stand-still. ness, and obstinacy is always at the heels of pride, and out of this trivial cause see what a pretty quarrel has been sprung.

but energetic.

The long and weary day at length has passed away. The dinner has come to an un-successful end, leaving both Luttrell and his

nent.

Luttrell, devoutly. "However"-regretfully-""they were something; a proposal is always an excitement livinity still at daggers drawn. There are no But the present man is married; so that signs of relenting about Molly, no symptoms f weakness about Tedcastle, the war is civil

So you may tancy with what rapture I hailed

"You are vory good," says Luttrell, in an uncertain tone, not being quite sure whether he is intensely amused or outrageously angry, or both. "Had you-any other lovers? "Yes. There was the last doctor. He pois-

oned a poor man afterwards by mistake, and had to go away." "After what ?"

"After I declined to assist him in the sur-

the least of it, embarrassing. gery," says Molly, demurely. "It was a dread-ful thing—the poisoning, I mean—and caused Letitia-dear soul-who, though the most sharming of women, could hardly be thought

a great deal of scandal. I don't believe it was to endanger the Thames, understands noth-anybody's fault, but I certainly did pity the ing; John, on the contrary, comprehends fulman he killed. And—it might have been me. ly, and takes a low but exquisite delight in

erely trust you are not going be ill; but altogether your whole manner this evening — Well, just at that moment a sudden inspiration seized me, and then and there my letters rose up before me, couched

in such eloquent language as astonished even myself. If I don't write it down at once I am

satisfaction why not leave the writing of it until to-morrow?" expostulates Luttrell, tryeene's bad temper—not being at any time a engthened affair—had cooled considerably, ical desire for his society.

ical desire for his society. "I always remark," says John, " that sleeping on those treacherous flights of fancy has the effect of taking the gilt off them. When I tincumbent on her to speak just a word or o, if only to convince him that his ill humor they did overnight. Something within warns me if I don't do it now I won't do it at all.

There is more claret on the sideboard-or "No"-his eyebrows are raised, and he brandy, if you preferit," says Mr. Massereene,

Il is \* Clear, and bright, and deep; Soft as love, and calm as death: Sweet as a summer night without a breath. Lighting a cigar (by the bye, can any one tell me at what stage of suffering it is a man abandons this unfailing friend as being pow-

erless to soothe ?) he walks down the balcony steps, and still grim and unhappy, makes up

his mind to a solitary promenade. Perhaps he bimself is scarcely conscious of the direction he takes, but his footsteps guide him straight over the lawn and down to the very end of it, where a broad stream runs babling in one corner. It is a veritable leve-re-treat, hedged in by larches and low-lying ever-greens, ao as to be completely concealed from view, and a favorite haunt of Molly's-indeed. such a favorite that now as he enters it he

finds himself face to face with her. An impromptu tableau follows. For a full minute they regard each other unwillingly,

And—will you believe it?—even after this there is no deluge. So she goes to the right, and he goes to the loft, and when too laterepent their haste. But pride is ever at hand to tread down tender. away, until a shoulder and half a face alon are visible.

Now, Luttrell has the best of it, because he is the happy possessor of the cigar; this gives him something to do, and he smokes on persistently, not to say viciously. Miss Masse-reene, being without occupation beyond what one's thumbs may afford, is conscious of being at a disadvantage, and wishes she had earlier in life cultivated a passion for to

acco. Meanwhile, the noisy brook flows on merri-They glower at each other through each They glower at each other through each course, and are positively devoted in their at-tention to John and Letitia. Indeed, they seem bent on bestowing all their conversa-tional outbreaks on these two worthies, to the water they lie, quivering, changing, gleaming, while the stream whispers their lullaby and dashes its cool sides against the banks. A solitary bird drops down to crave heir unmitigated astonishment. As a rule. Mr. and Mrs. Masscreene have been accusthey are brought to the front with a vehemence that takes away their breath, and is, to say frog creeps in with a dull splash; to all the they are brought to the front with a vehemence stream makes kind response; while on its

bosom

osom "Broad water lilies lay tremulously, And starry river-buds glimmored by; And around them the soft stream did glide and dance, With a motion of sweet sound and radiance."

(Continued on 4th Page