## THE LITTLE GRAVE ON THE HILL

- Where, in summer, the grass grows green,
  Where, beneath a rustling elm-tree shade,
  A moss-covered stone is seen.
  'Tisk quiet and unfrequented spot,
  A solitude lone and wild,
  Yet—somebody's hopes are buried there—
  'Tis the grave of a little child.

- Yes, somebody's hope lies buried there

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHYLLIS."

"Oh! Molly Bawn, why leave me pining,
All lonely waiting here for you."—Old Song
"I do not," with surprise. "What has
put such an idea into your head? If I did,

"Don't build your hopes on that," says Luttrell, grimly, with a rather sad smile. "I am not the sort of fellow likely to commit

anything on the subject I may as well say it now; and I must confess I think you are betimes prettier than I am, and—perhaps-

says Molly, offended. "I would not trouble myself to utter a word of warning. You ough to be immensely obliged to me install."

Still, it was rather hard on the first man, don't you think?" says Luttrell. There is rather less enthusiasm in his tone this time.

"One should go to the well now install." sneering and wrinkling up all your forehead would not hestate about it. Now, let us sufficient in the state about

I am not," replies he, compelled to laughter by her perturbed face. "Reassure your-self. I seldom forget myself in this way. And

"Oh, I have a fearful temper," says Molly, with a charming smile; "that is why I want to make sure of yours. Because two tyrants in one house would infallibly bring the roof about their ears. Now, Mr. Luttrell, that I sereene

castle, won't you?"

"Then alter it, and call me-

"Teddy? I think I like that best; and per

one thing more before we go in to receive our scolding; you are not to make love to me again—not even to mention the word— until a whole week has passed: promise." "I could not."

Well, then, it will be a pie-crust prom-

No. I forbid you to break it. I can endure a little of it now and again," says Molly, with intense seriousness, "but to be made love to always, every day, would kill me."

# CHAPTER VII.

"Do exert yourself," says Molly. "I never saw any one so lazy. You don't pick one to my ten."

"Tean't see how you make that out," says her companion, in an injured tone. "For the last three minutes you have sat with your hands in your lap, arguing about what you den't understand in the least, while I have been conscientiously slaving; and before that

with this umbrella," says Luttrell, still ungrateful, eyeing with much distaste the ancient article he holds aloft; "it is abominably in the way. I wouldn't mind if you wanted it, but you cannot with that gigantic hat you are wearing. May I put it down?"

Certainly not, unless you wish me to have a sunstroke. Do you?" No, but I really think——"

see what Letitia will do for her jam.'

they?" 'Yes, I do. I love it. Let that thought

cheer you on to victory. Oh! here is another fat one, such a monster. Open your mouth again, wide, and you shall have it, because you really do begin to look weak."

They are sitting on the strawberry bank.

close together, with a small square basket between them, and the pretty red-and-white artith hanging from its dainty stalks all round there who will be staying there. Do you be the staying there were the staying there.

ing ray comes through one of these impromptu air-holes and alights persistently on his face; at present it is on his nose, and makes that deature appear a good degree larger than Nature, who has been very generous to it, ever intended.

Luttrell doesn't like the umbrella; either it, or the wicked sunbeam, or the heat generally, is telling on him, slowly but surely; he has a

depressed and melancholy air.
"Is it good?" asks Molly, apropos of the strawberry. "There, you need not bite my finger. Will you have another? You really do look very badly. You don't think you are

do look very badly. You don't think you are going to faint, do you?"

"Molly," taking no notice of her graceful badinage, "why don't you get your grand-father to invite you to Herst Royal for the author to invite you to the state of the author to invite you to the state of th

I wish it could be done."

"So do I," returns she, frankly, "but there

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WHOLE NO. 1,092-NO. 1:

he does not even acknowledge me as a member of the family.'

er of the family."
"Old brute!" says Luttrell, from his heart.
"Well, it has always been rather a regret to me—his neglect. I mean," says Molly, thoughtfully; "and besides, though I know it is poor-spirited of me, I confess I have the greatest longing to see my grandfather."
"To see your grandfather?"

"Exactly. 'Do you mean to tell me," growing absoutely animated through his surprise, "that you have never been face to face with him?" "Never. I thought you knew that. Why, how amazed you look! Is there anything the matter with him? Is he without arms, or legs? Or has he had his nose shot off in any campaign? If so, break it to megently, and spare

make my curtsey to him.' "It isn't that," says Tedcastle; "there's nothing wrong with him beyond old age, and a beastly temper; but it seems so odd that, living all your life in the very next county to

me the shock I might experience if ever I

his, you should never have met."

"It is not so odd, after all, when you come to think of it," says Molly, "considering he never goes anywhere, as I have heard, and that I lead quite as lively an existence. But is he not a stern old thing, to keep up a quar-rel for so many years, especially as it wasn't my fault, you know? I didn't insist on being born. Poor mother! I think she was quite right to run away with papa, when she loved

"Quite right," enthusiastically.
"What made her crime so unpardonable was the fact that she was engaged to another

man at the time, some rich parti chosen by her father, whom she thought she liked well enough until she saw papa, and then she ly think," winds up Molly, growing positively melancholy over his lack of sense, "it is the most absurd thing I ever heard in my love; and she did well," says Molly, with more excitement than would be expected from her "I wish I could argue with your admirable on a sentimental subject.
"Still, it was rather hard on the first man,

myself to utter a word of warning. You ough to be immensely obliged to me, instead o sneering and wrinkling up all your forehead would not hesitate about it. Now, let us supto my engagement with you an hour! Here that wicked sunbeam, with a depravity unlooked for, falling straight through the

chink of the umbrella into Mr. Luttrell's eye maddens him to such a degree that he rises precipitately, shuts the cause of his misforprecipitately, shuts the cause of his histortunes with a bang, and turns on Molly.
"I won't hold it up another instant," he says; "you needn't think it. I wonder Massereene wouldn't keep a decent umbrella in

"What's the matter with it? I see nothing indecent about it; I think it a very charming umbrella," says Molly, examining the article

in question with a critical eye.
"Well, at all events, this orchard is oppres-If you don't want to kill me, you will leave it, and come to the wood, where we may

know what shade means!"

\*\* Nonsense!" returns Molly, unmoved. "It haps I shall have it all to myself."

"I am afraid not," laughing. "All the fellows in the regiment christened me Teddy before I had been in a week."

"I am afraid not," laughing. "All the fellows in the regiment christened me Teddy before I had been in a week."

"Nonemes I returns and I won't stir. How can you talk in that wild way about no shade, when you have this beautiful apple-tree right over your head? Come and sit at this side; "Did they? Well, never mind; it only perhaps," with a smile, "you will feel more shows what good taste they had. The name comfortable—next to me?" Thus beguiled, he yields, and seats himself

beside her—very much beside her—and re-conciles himself to his fate. "I wish you would remember," she says. presently, "that you have nothing on your head. I would not be rash if I were you. Take my advice and open the umbrella again, or you will assuredly be having a sun-

This is one for him and two for herself; and -need I say ?—the family friend is once more unfurled, and waves to and fro majestically in the soft wind.

"Now, don't you feel better?" asks Molly placing her two fingers beneath his chin, and turning his still rather angry face towards

into his eyes slays the chagrin that still lingers there, but half perdu.

"And—are you happy?"

"Intensely happy?"

So much so that you could not be more "Yes," replies he again, laughing, and slip ping his arm round her waist. " And you?

tenderly.
"On, I'm all right!" says Miss Massereene with much graciousness, but rather disheart-ening vivacity. "And now begin, Teddy, and tell me all about Herst Royal and its inmates.

First, is it a pretty place?"

"It is a magnificent place. But for its attractions, and his twenty thousand pounds a year, I don't believe your grandfather would

be known by any one; he is such a regular old bear. Yet he is fond of society, and is never content until he has the house crammed with people, from garret to basement, to whom he makes himself odiously disagreeable whenever occasion offers. I have an invitation there for September and October." "Will you go?"
"I don't know. I have hardly made up my

mind. I have been asked to the Careys, and the Brownes also; and I rather fancy the Brownes. They are the most affording people I ever met; one always puts in such a good time at their place. But for one reason, I would

go there." "What reason?" "That Herst is so much nearer to Brooklyn," with a fond smile. "And perhaps, if I came over once or twice, you would be glad to

see me ?" Oh, would I not!" cries Molly, her faultless face lighting up at his words. "You may be sure of it. You won't forget, will you? And you will come early, so as to spend the entire day here, and tell me all about the

know my cousin Marcia?"
"Miss Amherst? Yes. She is very hand-some, but too statuesque to please me."

"Am I better-looking?"

"Ten thousand times. "And Philip Shadwell: he is my cousin also Do you know him?"
"Very intimately. He is handsome also, but of a dark Moorish sort of beauty. Not a

cold—I don't know what it is. Have you any other cousins?" "Not on my mother's side. Grandpapa had but three children, you know—my mother, and Philip's mother, and Marcia's father; he

been a terrible mesalliance, and yet Marcia i made much of, while I am not even recognized Does it not sound unfair?"
"Unaccountable. Especially as I have

often heard your mother was his favorite "Perhaps that explains his harshness.

be deceived by one we love engenders the bit-terest hatred of all. And yet how could he hate poor mamma? John says she had the

"She and Philip will divide everything, is not the remotest chance of it. It would be quite as likely that the skies should fall. Why, Philip. Lucky he! Any one might envy him.

"Marcia is the girl you ought to have fallen in love with, Ted."

cousin. Besides, I should have no chance, as she and Philip are engaged to each other; they thought it a pity to divide the twenty thousand pounds a year. Do you know, Mol-ly, I never knew what it was to covet my eighbor's goods until I met you? So you he that to answer for; but it does seem hard that

"Very. Will that make you like me less?"
"Probably it will make me like you more," replies she, with a bewitching smile, stroking down the hand that supports the obnoxious umbrella (the other is supporting herself) almost tenderly. "It is only the very nicest men that haven't a farthing in the world. I have no money either, and if I had I could not keep it, so we are well met."

ing," says he, regarding her curiously. "Did you never ask yourself whether I was well off, or otherwise?"

"Never!" with a gay laugh. "If I were

"But think what a bad match you are mak-

My own darling. Oh, Molly, how you differ from most girls one meets. Now, in London, once they find out I am only the third son, they throw me over without warning, and generally manage to forget the extra dance they had promised, while their mothers ook upon me, and such as me, as a pestilence

me how much a year I had!"
"You have your pay, I suppose?" says
Molly, doubtfully. "Is that much?"
"Very handsome," replied he, laughing;
"a lieutenant's pay generally is. But I have
something besides that; about as much as most fellows would spend on their stabling. I have precisely five hundred and fifty pounds a year, neither more nor less, and I owe two

count, because the governor will pay up that; he always does in the long run; and I haven't asked him for anything out of the way now for fully eight months." He says this with a full consciousness of his own vir-"I call five hundred and fifty pounds a

year a great deal," says Molly, with a faint ring of disappointment in her tone. "I fancied you downright poor from what you said Why, you might marry to-morrow morning on

matter; as far as I am concerned it doesn't admit of argument." Then recurring to the former topic; "why, John has only seven hundred pounds, and he has all the children and Letitia and me to provide for, and he keeps Lovat—that is the eldest boy— at a very good school as well. How could you call

"It ought to be six hundred and fifty pounds; but I thought it a pity to burden myself with superfluous wealth in my palmy days, so I got rid of it," says he, laughing.
"Gambling?"

severely. "You are always talking of him, and he is my idea of a ne'er-do-well. Your Mr. Potts seems never to be out of mischief He is the head and front of every offence."

"Are you talking of Potts?" says her lover, in grieved amazement. "A better fellow never stepped. Nothing underhand about Potts. When you see him you will agree with

"I will not. I can see him in my mind's eye already. I know he is tall, and dark, and insinuating, and, in fact, a Mephisto-

"Oh, if you could but see Potts!" he says.
"He is the best fellow in the world, but—— He ought to be called Rufus; his hair is red finishes Tedcastle, with a keen enjoyment of his friend's misfortunes.
"Poor man," kindly; "I forgive him hi

small sins; he must be sufficiently punished by his ugliness. Did you like being in India?" 'Pretty well. At times it was rather slow and our regiment has somehow gone to the dogs of late. No end of underbred fellows have joined with quite too much the linen-draper about them to be tolerated."

"How sad! Your candor amazes me. I thought every soldier made it a point to be enthusiastic over his brother soldiers, whether by being so, he lied or not."

"Then look upon me as an exception. The fact is, I grew rather discontented about three years ago, when my greatest chum sold out and got married. You have no idea how lost

was generally called Mrs. Luttrell, we were so much together; so his own didn't matter. But

I missed Penthony Stafford awfully."

"And Mrs. Penthony; did you like her?"

"Lady Stafford you mean? Penthony is a baronet. Yes, I like her immensely, and the whole affair was so peculiar. You won't believe me when I tell you, that though they have been married for three years, her hus band has never seen her."

"But that would be impossible."
"It is a fact for all that. Shall I tell you the story? Most people know it by this, I think; so I am breaking no faith by telling it "Never mind whether you are or not," say

Have you mastered that fact?"
"Though not particularly gifted, I think have. I rather flatter myself I could master more than that," says Molly, significantly,

she was only Cecil Hargrave, and extremely poor, an uncle of theirs died, leaving his entire property, which was very considerable, between them, on the condition that they should marry each other. If they refused, it was to go to a lunatic asylum, or a refuge for dogs, or something equally uninter-

esting."
"He would have made a very successful lu natic himself, it seems to me. What a terrible

"Now, up to this they had been utter strangers to each other, had never even been face to face, and being told they must marry indeed——but, as it is, it is admit of any endearments." whether they liked it or not, or lose the

money, they of course on the spot conceived Luttrell, with suspicious amiability," being an undying hatred for each other. Penthony even refused to see his possible wife, when urged to do so, and Cecil on her part quite as strenuously opposed a meeting. Still, they could not make up their minds to let such a good property slip through their fingers."

'It was hard." "Things dragged on so for three months, and then Cecil, being a woman, was naturally the one to see a way out of it. She wrote to Sir Penthony saying, if he would sign a deed giving her a third of the money, and promis-ing never to claim her as his wife, or interfere with her in any way, beyond having the mar-riage ceremony read between them, she would

forward in her excitement.

"Why, he agreed, of course. What was it to him? he had never seen her, and had no wish to make her acquaintance. The document was signed, the license was procured. On the morning of the wedding, he looked up a best man, and went down to the country saw nothing of his bride until a few minute before the service began, when she entered the room covered with so thick a veil that he saw quite as little of her then, was married, made his best bow to the new Lady Stafford, and immediately returning to town, set out few days later for a foreign tour which has

The 'Polite Story-teller' sinks into insignificance beside you; such a flow of language descrees a better audience. But really, Teddy, I never heard so extraordinary a story. To marry a woman and never have the euriosity to raise her veil to see whether she was ugly or pretty! It is inconceivable! He must be made of ice."

"He is warm-hearted, and one of the jolliest tellows you could meet. Curiously enough, from a letter he wrote me just before starting he gave me the impression that he believed his wife to be not only plain, but vulgar in appearance."

perhaps, but exquisitely fair, with large laugh-ng blue eyes, and the most fetching manner. If he had raised her veil. I don't believe he would ever have gone abroad to cultivate the dusky nigger."
"What became of her—poor maid for-

orn ?"
"She got up milking the cow with the crumpled norn, and the country generally, and came up to London, where she took a

When Greek meets Greek, we know what "When Greek meets Greek, we know what happens," says Molly. "I think their meeting will be awkward."

"Rather. She is to be at Herst this autumn; she was a ward of your grand-following."

father's.' "Don't fall in love with her, Teddy." yourself poor, with five hundred pounds a

for any one but Molly Bawn. Besides, it would be energy wasted, as she is encased in steel. A woman in her equivocal position, and possessed of so much beauty, might be supposed to find it difficult to steer her bark safely through all the temptations of a London season; yet the flattery she received, and all the devotion that was laid at her feet, touched her no more than if she was ninety, instead of twenty-three." 'Yet what a risk it is! How will it be some

day if she falls in love? as they say all people "Why, then she will have her mauvail quart d'heure, like the rest of us. Up to the present she has enjoyed her life to the utmest, and finds everything couleur de rose."

both fall in love with each other?" wo other people, and be unhappy ever after. "Oh, cease such raven's croaking," says Molly, laying her hand upon his lips. not listen to it. Whatever the Fates may be. Love, I know, is kind."
"Is it?" asks he, wistfully. "You are my

ove-are you kind?' "And you are my lover," returns Mollv. And you most certainly are not kind, for that is the third time you have all but run because you hold it up for your own personal convenience is no reason why you should make it an instrument of torture to every one else. Now you may finish picking those straw-berries without me, for I shall not stay here

With this speech -so flagrantly unjust a to render her companion dumb—she rises, and catching up her gown, runs swiftly away from him down the garden-path, and under the wealthy trees, until at last the garden-gate receives her in its embrace and hides her from

# CHAPTER VIII.

"Thine eyes I leve, and they as pitying me
Knowing thy heart torment me with disdain."
—SHARESPEARE.
All round one side of Brooklyn, and edging

on to the retired butcher's country residence or rather what he is pleased to term, with a knowing jerk of the thumb over his right shoulder, his "little villar in the south," stretches a belt of trees, named by courtesy the wood. It is a charming spot, widening and thickening towards one corner, which has been well named the "Fairies' Glen. where crowd together all the living grasses and wild flowers that thrive and bloom so bravely when nursed on the earth's bosom.

On one side rise gray rocks, cold and dead,

save for the little happy life that, springing up above, flows over them, leaping, laughing from crag to crag, bedewing leaf and blossom, and dashing its gem-like spray over all the lichens and velvet mosses and feathery ferns that grow here luxuriantly to hide the rugged

bats go whirring past, the moonbeams surely cast their kindest rays; by day the pigeons coo from the topmost boughs their tale of love, while squirrels sit blinking merrily, or run their Silvios on their Derby days.

Just now it is neither night nor garish day, but a soft early twilight, and on the sward that glows as green as Erin's sit Molly and her

attendant slave.

"The reason I like you," says Molly, re verting to something that has gone before, and tilting back her hat so that all her pretty face is laid bare to the envious sunshine, while the soft rippling locks on her forehead make advances to each other through the breeze, " the reason I like you-noing a tendency on his part to creep nearer, "no, stay where you are. I only said I liked you. If I had mentioned the word love, then indeed—but, as it is, it is far too warm to

"You interrupted me," says Miss Masse-reene, leaning back comfortably and raising her exquisite eyes in lazy admiration of the green and leafy tangle far above her. "I was going to say that the reason I like you so much is because you look so young—quite as young as I do—more so, indeed, I think.

wenty-seven."
"That is not the way to put it. It is charming and novel case when a man of twenty-seven looks younger than a girl of

"How much younger?" asks Luttrell, who is still sufficiently youthful to have a hankering after mature age. "Five years? Ten?

Am I fourteen or nine years old in your estimation ?"

"Don't let us dispute the point," says Molly, "and don't get cross. I see you are on for a hot argument, and I never could follow even a mild one. I think you young, and you should be glad of it, as it is the one good thing I see about you. As a rule I prefer dark men—but for their unhappy knack of looking old from their cradles—and have a perfect passion for black eyes, black skin, black latter and a committee or the state of the black locks, and a general appearance of fierceness! Indeed, I have always thought up to this, that there was something about fair man almost ridiculous. Have not Here she brings her eyes back to the earth

again, and fastens them upon him with the nost engaging frankness.

"No. I confess it never occurred to me before,"

Silence. If there is any silent moment in the throbbing summer. Above them the faint music of the leaves, below the breathing of the flowers, the hum of insects. All the air is full of the sweet warblings of innumer

able songsters. Mingling with these in the pleasant drip, drip of the falling water. A great lazy bee falls, as though no longer able to sustain its mighty frame, right into Miss Massereene's lap, and lies there humming. With a little start she shakes it off, almost fearing to touch it with her dainty

" Yes, almost, and dreaming." "Dreams are the children of an idle brain,

you might have spared me. Teddy !" bending forward, and casting upon him a bewitching, tormenting, adorable glance from under her dark lashes, " if you bite your moustache any harder it will come off, and then what will become of me?"

With a laugh Luttrell flings away the ferr he has been reducing to ruin, and rising throws himself upon the grass at her feet.

'She is cold, heartless, unfeeling,' and then a word, a look——Molly," seizing her cool, slim little hand as it lies passive in her lap, "tell me, do you think you will ever, I do not mean to-morrow or in a week, or a month; but in all the long years to come, do you think you will ever love me?" As he finishes speaking, he presses his lips with passionate tenderness to her hand.

Now, who gave you leave to do that asks Molly, apropos of the kissing.
"Never mind; answer me." "But I do mind very much indeed. I mind dreadfully."
"Well, then, I apologize, and I am very

"I think—you had better—take it back again," says she, the pretended pout dissolving into an icresistible smile. as she slins he fingers with a sudden unexpected movement into his; after which she breaks into a merry

"And now tell me," he persists, holding on't know myself? Perhaps at the very end I may be sure. When I lie dying you must come to me, and bend over me, and say, Molly Bawn, do you love me? And I shall whisper back with my last breath, yes—or no,

as the case may be."
"Don't talk of dying," he says, with shudder, tightening his clasp.
"Why not? as we must die."

not matter."

"To me, that is the horror of it," with a quick, distasteful shiver, leaning forward in her earnestness, "to feel that sooner or later there will be no hope; that we must go, whether with or without our own will—and it is never with it—is it?"

"Never, I suppose."
"It does not frighten me so much to think that in a month, or perhaps next year, or at any moment, I may die—there is a blessed uncertainty about that—but to know that no matter how long I linger, the time will surely come when no prayers, or entreaties will avail. They say of one who has cheated death for

self a still fascinating person of middle age, and look upon all these thoughts of to-day as the sickly fancies of an infant. Do not let us talk about it any more. Your face is "Yes," says Molly, recovering herself with

"It is the one thing that horrifies a sigh. me. John is religious, so is Letty, while I—oh that I could find pleasure in it! You see," peaking after a slight pause, with a smile, 'I am at heart a rebel, and hate to obey. Mind you never give me an order! How good it would be to be young, and gay, and full of easy laughter, always—to have lovers at mmand, to have some one at my feet for

Oh, Molly, can you not be satisfied with

running her fingers lightly down the earnest, handsome face upraised to hers, apparently quite forgetful of her late emotion. "Well, at all events," says the young man, with the air of one who is determined to make the best of a bad bargain, "there is no man

life," exclaims he, with sudden anger.
"Who? I?"

"Yes -you," vehemently.

A pause. They are much farther apart by this time, and are looking anywhere but at each other. Molly has her lap full of daisies, and is stringing them into a chain in rather an absent fashion; while Luttrell, who is too angry to pretend indifference, is sitting with a gloom on his brow, and a straw in his mouth, which latter he is biting vindic-

tively.
"I don't believe I quite understand you,"

says Molly, at length.
"Do you not? I cannot remember saying "Do you not? I cannot remember saying anything very difficult of comprehension.
"I must be growing stupid then. You have accused me of flirting; and how am I to understand that, I who never flirted? How should I? I would not know how."

"You must allow me to differ with you; or at all owners, let me say your juitation of

"But," with anxious hesitation, "what is

"Pshaw!" wrathfully, "have you been waiting for me to tell you? It is trying to make a fool of a fellow, neither more nor from him, with her petticoats caught together less. You are pretending to love me, when you know in your heart you don't care that for me." The "that" is both forcible and expressive, and has reference to an indig-nant sound made by his thumb and his second

love you," replies Molly, in a tone that makes low ince.

"Well, let us say no more about it," eries strong, be merciful. Do forgive me this

he, springing to his feet, as though unable longer to endure his enforced quietude. "If you don't care for me, you don't, you know, and that is all about it. I dare say I shall get

looking a perfect picture of injured innocence; although in truth she is honestly sorry for her cruel speech.
"I don't believe you know how unkin! you

"Do not let us speak about unkindness, or anything else," says the young man, impatiently. "Of what use is it? It is the same thing always; I am obnoxious to you; we cannot put together two sentences without

"But whose fault was it this time? Think

of what you accuse me! I did not believe you could be so rude to me!" with reproachful ners again; which is, of all others, the surest hers again; which is, of all others, the surest symptom of a coming rout. There are some eyes that can do almost anything with a man. Molly's eyes are of this order. They are her strongest point; and were they her sole charm, where he and Molly have been yawning and strongest point; and were they her sole charm, where he and Molly have been yawning and were she deaf and dumb, I believe it would be "Do you? I love it," replies she, out of a cheer spirit of contradiction: as, if there is

"Did you mean what you said just now that you had no love for me?" he asks, with verse," says he, laughing, not feeling equal to a last vain effort to be stern and unforgiving.
"Am I to believe that I am no more to you

her keeping.

"my very own? Nev m that, Molly, you are my all, my world, my life; if ever you forget me, or give me up for another, you will kill me; remember that."

minds to it."

"Drop a life; he migl "I will remember it. I will never do it." re

front as she sees his agitation. "Why when you are such a dear old boy? Now come and sit down again, and be reasonable. See, I will tie you up with my flowery chain as punishment for your behavior, and"—with a demure smile—" the kiss you stole in the nelee without my permission."
"This is the chain by which I hold you,

Sweetheart," turning his handsome, singular-y youthful face to hers, and speaking with n entreaty that savors strongly of despair, do not let your beauty be my curse !" "Why, who is fanciful now?" says Molly making a little grimace at him. "And truly, to hear you speak, one must believe love is blind. Is it Venus," saucily, " or Helen of Troy, I most closely resemble? or am I something more exquisite still? It puzzles me why you

should think so very highly of my persona charms. Ted," leaning forward to look into her lover's eyes, " tell me this. Have you been Abroad, I mean, on the Conti nent and that?"

"Well, yes, pretty much so."
"Have you been to Paris?" "Oh, yes, several times."
"Brussels?" " Yes.'

"Vienna ?" "No. I wait to go there with you." "Rome ?" Yes, twice. The governor was fond ending us abroad between the ages of seveneen and twenty-five—to enlarge our minds

"Are there many of you?"

"An awful lot. I would be ashamed to say how many. Ours was indeed a numerous father." "He isn't dead?" asks Molly in the low

"And I hope he will keep on so for years to come. He is about the best friend I have, or am likely to have."

"I hope he won't keep up the kicking part of it," says Molly, with a delicious laugh that ripples through the air and shows her utter enjoyment of her own wit. Not to laugh, when Molly laughs, is impossible; so Luttrell joins her, and they both make merry over his vulgarity. In all the world what is there sweeter than the happy, penetrating, satisfy—

"And I hope he will keep on so for years to diag me ignominiously to the ground, I got such a flogging as made a chair for some time assume the character of a rack."

"And you deserved it, too," says Letitia, with unwonted severity.

"I did indeed, my dear," John confesses, heartily, "richly. I am glad to see that at last you begin to take a sensible view of the subject. If I deserved a flogging because I once shirked my tasks, what does not Lovat deserve for a long course of such con-

"Oh, no: he is alive and kicking," replies

Mr. Luttrell, with more force than eloquence.

sweeter than the happy, penetrating, satisfying laughter of unburt youth? "Lucky you, to have seen so much al-

met."
"What I" cries Molly, the most naive de-

light and satisfaction animating her tone; confidence. after going through France, Germany, Italy, and India, you can honestly say I am the lov-

say more. You are ten thousand times the

levilest woman I ever met."

Molly smiles, nay more, she fairly dimples.

Try as she will and does, she cannot conceal
the pleasure it gives her to hear her praises

sung.
"Why, then I am a belle, a toast," she says, endeavoring unsuccessfully to see her image in the little basin of water that has gathered at the foot of the rocks; "while you," turning to run five white fingers over his hair caressingly, and then all down his face, "you are the most delightful person I ever met. It is so easy to believe what you tell one, and so pleasant. I have half a mind to -kiss you!"

"Don't stop there; have a whole mind,"

says Luttrell, eagerly. "Kiss me at once be-fore the fancy evaporates."
"No," holding him back with one lazy fin-

ger (he is easy to be repulsed), "on second thoughts I will reserve my caress. Some other time, when you are good—perhaps. By the bye, Ted, did you really mean you would take me to Vienna?

"Yes, if you would care to go there."
"Care I that the question I the question. It will cost a great deal of money to get there, won't it? Shall we be able to afford it?"

"No doubt the governor will stand to me, and give a check for the occasion," says Luttrell, warming to the subject. " Anyhow, you shall go, if you wish it."

wedded a pauper, and then you will see what a check you will get," says Miss Massereene, "You must allow me to differ with you; with a contemptible attempt at a joke.

"A pun!" says Luttrell, springing to his feet with a groan; "that means a pinch. So

Wait until your father hears you have

"I forbid you," cries she, inwardly quak-

in one hand ready for flight. "I won't allow you. Den't attempt to touch me."
"It is the law of the land," declares he, advancing on her, while she as steadily re-

treats. "Dear Teddy, good Teddy," cries she,
"spare me this time, and I will never do it

" Impossible." "Then I defy you," retorts Miss Masse-reene, who, having manœuvred until she has over it; and if not why, I shall not be the placed a good distance between herself and only man in the world made miserable for a woman's amusement."

Molly has also risen, and, with her long daisy chain hanging from both her hands, is looking a perfect picture of injuvad inneres. with her. And then the presence of John sunning himself on the hall-door step, sur-

## CAAPTER IX.

rounded by his family, effectually prevents her ever obtaining that richly-deserved pun-

"After long years."
It is raining, not only raining, but pouring.
All the gracious sunshine of yesterday is obliterated, forgotten, while in its place the sullen raindrops dash themselves with suppressed fury against the window-panes. Huge drops they are, swollen with the hidden rage of many days, that fall, and burst heavily, and make the casements tremble.

Outside, the flowers droop and hang their

pretty heads in sad wonder at this undeserved Nemesis that has evertaken them. Along the sides of the graveled paths small rivulets run emphasis.

Here she directs a slow lingering glance at him from her violet eyes. There are visible signs of relenting about her companion. He colers, and persistently refuses, after the first involuntary glance, to allow his gaze to meet him from her violet eyes. There are visible the air. Only the young short grass uprears itself, and, drinking in with eager greediness the welcome but angry shower, refuses to head its neck beneath the yoke.

possible to her, by the power of their expressive beauty alone, to draw most hearts into one thing she utterly abhors, it is the idea of "If I sald I loved it, you would say the re-

the excitement of a quarrel.
"Without doubt," replies she, laughing too; so that a very successful opening is rashly neglected. "Surely it cannot keep on like "Am I to believe that I am no that than any other man?"

"Believe nothing," murmurs she, coming ly neglected. "Surely it cannot keep on like nearer to lay a timid hand upon his arm, and raising her face to his, "except this, that I am tone, betraying by her manner the falsity of her former admiration; "we shall have a dry winter if it continues much longer. Has any your own Molly."

"Are you?" cries he, in a subdued tone, straining her to his heart, and speaking with an emotional indrawing of the breath that betrays more than his words how deeply he is it would be such a blessing if they had; then than we might know the worst, and r

fice; he might make it his business to find out if you asked him."
"Is that a joke?" with languid disgust. plies she, soothingly, the touch of mother-hood that is in all good women coming to the g to the should me yesterday when I perpetrated a really superior one! You ought to be ashamed of your-self. I would not condescend to anything so

"Drop a line to the clerk of the weather of-

"That reminds me I have never yet paid

you off for that misdemeanor. Now when time s hanging so heavily on my hands, is a most favorable opportunity to pay the debt. I embrace it. And you too. So prepare for cay he says, rather sadly, sruveying his wrists, round which the daisies cling. "The links alry."

"A fig for all the hussars in Europe," cries that bind me to you are made of sterner stuff. Molly, with indomitable courage.

Meantime, Le and John in the morn-

ing-room—that in a gameler house would have been designated a boudoir—are holding a hot Lovat, the eldest son, being the handsomest and by far the most scampish of her children. and by far the most scampish of her children, is of course his mother's idol. His master, however, having written to say that up to this, in spite of all the trouble that has been taken with him, he has evinced a far greater disposition for cricket and punching his com-panions' heads than for his Greek and Latin, Lovat's father has given it as his opinion that Lovat deserves a right good flogging; while Loyat's mother maintains that all poble high-spirited boys are just like that, and asks Mr. Massereene, with the air of a Q. C., whether he never felt a distaste for the dead

anguages.

Mr. Massereene replying that he never did, that he was always a model bey, and never anywhere but at the head of his class, his wife instantly declares that she doesn't believe a word of it, and most unfairly rakes up a dead-and-gone story, in which Mr. Massereene figures as the principal feature, and is discov-ered during school-hours on the top of a neighbor's apple-tree, with a long-suffering but irate usher at the foot of it, armed with his indignation and a hirch rod.

"And for three mortal hours he stood there, while I sat up aloft and grinned at him," says Mr. Massereene, with (considering his years) a disgraceful appreciation of his past immoral conduct : " and when at last the Mr. Luttrell, with more force than eloquence.
And I hope he will keep on so for years to come. He is about the best friend I have, or mikely to have."

And I hope he will keep on so for years to drag me ignominiously to the ground, I got such a flogging as made a chair for some time

"He is not accused of stealing apples at all ready," says Molly, presently, with an envious sigh; "and yet," with a view to self-support, "what good has it done you? Not one atom. her her heart is running away with her head, After all your travelling you can do nothing and that her partiality is so apparent that he greater than fall absurdly in love with a village maiden. Will your father call that enlarging your mind?"

"I hope so," concealing his misgivings on the room, stands over her watching her white

larging your mind?"

"I hope so," concealing his misgivings on the point. "But why put it so badly? Instead of village maiden, say the lovliest girl I ever in the little socks that lie in the basket beside her. She is so far en rapport with him as to know that his manner betokens a desire for

connence.

"Have you anything to say to me, dear?"
she asks, looking up and suspending her employment for the time being.

"Letitia," begins he, thoughtfully, not to liest woman you ever met?"

"You put it too mildly," says Luttrell, raising himself on his elbow to gaze with admirsay solemnly, "it is quite two months since

[CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.]

There's a spot on the hillside far away,

In white, alsa! that mossy stone
Is hid neath a shroud of snow;
But around it, in springtime, fresh and sweet
The daisies and violets grow;
And o'er it the summer breezes blow,
With a fragrance soft and mild,
And the autumn's dead leaves thickly strew
That grave of a little child.

That grave of a little child.

And every year there's k red-breast comes,
When the month of May is nigh,
And builds her nest in this quiet spot,
'Mid the elm-tree's branches high;
While her'melody sweet by the hour she trills,
As if by the scene beguiled.

Perhaps—who knows? 'tis an angel comes
To the grave of that little child.

Yes, somebody's hope hes buried there,
Some mother is weeping in vain,
Fox, though years may come and years may go,
Twill never come back again.
Yet, blessed are those who die in youth,
The pure and the undefiled;
Some road to heaven, perchance, runs through
The grave of a little child.

MOLLY BAWN.

why be engaged to you at any time? It is a great deal more likely, when you come to know me better, that you will throw me

suicide; and to resign you would be to resign having very foolishly. I may be—I probably am—good to look at; but what is the use of that? You, who have seen so much of the world, have, of course, known people ten fonder of you. And still you come all the way down here to this stupid place to fall in love with me, a girl without a penny! I real-

about their cars. Now, Mr. Luttrell, that I have made this confession, will you still tell his hall."

"What indecent a me you are not frightened?"

"What indecent a me to his heart and pressing his lips to her fair, cool cheek, "since you are my own —my sweat—my beloved. But call me Tedsette won't won't won't."

"Well, sive. It won't won't won't.

just suits you. you are so fair, and young, and handsome," says Molly, patting his cheek with considerable condescension. "Now,

"Then they sat down and talked—
Of their friends at home—
And related the wondrous adventure."

you ate two to every one you put in the basket." "I never heard any one talk so much as you do, when once fairly started," says Molly.
"Here, open your mouth, until I put in this trawberry; perhaps it will stop you."

Mand I find it impossible to do anything

"Don't think," says Molly; "it is too fatiguing; and if you get used up now, I don't "Why do people make jam?" asks Luttrell. despairingly; "they wouldn't if they had the picking of it; and nobody ever eats it, do

Molly, in a huge hat that only partially conceals her face and throws a shadow over her glorious eyes, is intent upon her task, while Luttrell, sitting opposite to her, holds over her head the very largest family umbrella ever built. It is evidently an old and es-teemed friend, that has worn itself out in the Massereenes's service, and now shows daylight here and there through its covering popular man, by any means. Too reservedwhere it should not. A troublesome scorch-

It might strike a keen observer that Mr

pose ?"

You know they both live there entirely, although Marcia's mother is alive and resides somewhere abroad. Philip was in some dra-goon regiment, but sold out about two years ago ; debt, I fancy, was the cause, or something

No, thank you; I very much prefer her

one man should be so rich, and another so "Are you poor, Teddy?"

going to marry you next week or so, it might occur to me to ask the question; but everything is so far away, what does it signify? If you had the mines of Golconda, I should not like you a bit better than I do."

And you, sweetheart, you never once asked me how much a year I had!"

hundred pounds. Does not that sound tempting? The two hundred pounds I owe don't

"So I might," agrees he, cagerly; " I will. That is, not to-morrow exactly, but as soon as ever I can."

"Perhaps you will," says Molly, slowly;
"but, if so, it will not be me you will marry.
Bear that in mind. No, we won't argue the

"Well, yes, I suppose so." "No, horses. It was in India—stupid part, you know; and nothing to do. Potts suggested military races, and we all caught at it. And-and I didn't have much luck, you know," winds up Luttrell, ingenuously.
"I don't like that young man," says Molly,

Luttrell roars.

a fellow feels when that happens. But for Potts I might have succumbed." "Potts! what a sweet name it is!" says Molly, mischievously.
"What's in a name?" with a laugh. "He

Molly; "I must and will hear it now."
"Well, to begin with, you must understand that she and her husband are first cousins.

giving his ear a pinch, short but sharp.

"She is also a cousin of mine, though not so near. Well, about three years ago, when

"And he?" asks Molly, eagerly, bending

lasted ever since. Now, is not that a thrilling romance, and have I not described in graphically?

"She is positively lovely. Rather small,

"Why did you not tell him how pretty she was?" impatiently.
"Because I was in Ireland at that time on leave, and heard nothing of it until I received that letter telling of the marriage and his departure. I was thunderstruck, you may be sure, but it was too late then to interfere. Some one told me the other day he is on his

"How can I, when you have put it out of my power? There is no room in my heart

"Would it not be charming," says Molly with much empressement, "if when Sir Penthony comes home and sees her, they should "Charming, but highly improbable. The fates are seldom so propitious. It is far more likely they will fall madly in love with

another instant in deadly fear of being blinded

jags of stone.

Here, at night, the owls delight to hoot, the

"You are right—as you always are," says

"It is a poor case," says Luttrell, "when a girl of nineteen looks older than a man of

"Don't let us dispute the point," says Mol-

returns Luttrell, coloring slightly

rose-white fingers.
Thus rudely roused, she speaks.
"Are you asleep?" she asks, not turning her head in her companion's direction.
"No," coldly; "are you?"

quotes he, somewhat maliciously.
"Yes?" sweetly. "And so you really have read your Shakespeare? And can actually apply it every now and then with effect, to the utter confusion of your friends? But I think

"Why don't I hate you?" he says, vehemently. "Why cannot I feel even decently angry with you? You torment and charm me in the same breath. At times I say to myself,

"No. the fact still remains," gazing at her hand with a little pout, as though the offend-ing kiss were distinctly visible; " and I don't "But what can be done?"

them close prisoners, and bestowing a loving caress upon each separately. "Whether I love you? How can I, when I

"But not now, not while we are young and happy. Afterwards, when old age creeps on us and we look on love as weariness, it will

They say of one who has cheated death for seventy years, that he has had a good long life; taking that, then, as an average, I have just fifty-one years to live, only half that to enjoy. Next year it will be fifty, then fortynine, and so on until it comes down to one. What shall I do then?"

"My own darling, how fanciful you are! your hands have grown cold as ice. Probably when you are seventy you will consider your

"Some one," sadly. "Would any one do?

'At present-no," says the incorrigible Molly.
"You are the greatest flirt I ever met in my

ation at the charming face above him, "I can