'Come into the garden, Maud,"
For the black bat, night, has flown, nd the cats that danced on the onion bed Have left it, at last, alone; it there isn't an onion left in the patch That I would care to own.

For the breezes of morning move, And the sun is climbing high,
And I look on the garden patch I love,
And I think I should like to die;
I could kick every cat in the neighborhood
Clear up to the azure sky.

All night the onions have heard
Brindle and Tabby and Tom;
And the truck patch looks as it had been stirred
By an eight-inch Eriesson bomb;
If you mentioned the pansy bed in a word
You would have to call it a "glom."

They have made one long, wild tear,
From the porch to the alley gate;
They are coming again, I swear,
And I collar the shotgun and wait.
And brindle cat wauls, "Is he hear? Is he her
And the grey cat yells on the gate;
And the black cat yowls at the others in fear,
And the yellow cat wails in hate.

They are coming, I hear their feet,
On the roof and the porch they tread;
They are coming to wrestle and heat
Down the earth in my onion bed.
But I hurl them back in retreat,
With a handful of powder and lea?,
And I laugh at their wails and scrambling
On the roof of my neighbor's shed.

MOLLY BAWN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHYLLIS."

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

"But, my dear, supposing I can't help it? suggests he, mildly. "Our risible faculties are not always under our control." "On an occasion such as this they should

"Letitia," says Mr. Massereene, regarding her with severity, "you are going to laugh yourself; don't deny it."

"No—no, indeed," protests Letitia, fool-ishly, considering her handsome broad face is one broad smile, and that her plump shoulders are visibly shaking.
"It is mean, it is shameful!" says Molly, from within, seeing no chance of escape.

Whichever way she rushes can be only into "All that you can say won't prevent me,"

determination in his eye.
"Perhaps a little that I can say may have
the desired effect," breaks in Mr. Massereene, advancing into the middle of the room, with Letitia, looking rather nervous, behind

Tableau. There is a sudden, rather undignified, cessation of hostilities on the part of Mr. Luttrell, who beats a hasty retreat to the wall, where he stands as though glad of the support. He bears a sneaky rather than a distinguished appearance, and altogether has the

shame.

Molly, dropping her gown, turns a rich crimson, but is, I need hardly say, by far the least upset of the two delinquents. She remains where she is, hedged in by the table, "But what is it, darling?" asks Letty, actually tingling with excitement.

"An invitation to Herst Royal!"

Determined to break the silence, which is proving oppressive, she says, demurely:
"How fortunate, John, that you happened to be on the spot! Mr. Luttrell was behaving

"I don't need to be told that."

"But how did you come here?" asks Molly, making a brave but unsuccessful effort to turn the tables upon the enemy, "And Letitia, too! I do hate people who turn up when they are least expected. What were you doing on the balcony?"
"Watching you—and—your friend," says

John, very gravely for him. He addresses himself entirely to Molly, her friend being in the last stage of confusion and utterly incapable of speech. At this, however, he can sup-

pable of spooning patterns of the situation no longer, and, oward, says, eagerly:

"John, let me explain. The fact is, I asked Miss Massereene to marry me, a little time ago, and she has promised to do so—if you—don't object." After this bit of eloquence he draws himself up, with a little unence he draws himself up, with a little unence he draws himself of some—who will be some—"Nothing, on my honor."

"Nothing, on my honor."

of air; and John says:
"Is that so?" looking at Molly for confir-

" res, if it is your wish," cries she, forsak-ing her retreat, and coming forward to lay her hand upon her brother's arm entreatingly, and with a gesture full of tenderness. "But if you do object, if it vexes you in the very slightest degree John I——"

"But you will give your consent, Massereene," interrupts her lover hostily, as though
dreading the remainder of the sentence,
flinging herself into his arms, "I will not go. to John, and stands on one side, opposite stern old tyrant, who has refused for nineteen Molly. Almost, from the troubled expression years to acknowledge me? While you, my of his face as he looks at the girl, one might imagine him trying to combat her apparent lukewarmness more than her brother's objec-

tions.
"Things seem to have progressed very favorably without my consent," says John, glancing at the unlucky table, which has come in for a most unfair share of the blame. "But before giving you my blessing I acknowledge—now we are on the subject—I would like to know on what sum you intend setting up housekeeping?" Here Letitia, who has preserved a strict neutrality throughout and anything but romantic, I know, but people must eat, and those who indulge in vio-lent exercise are generally possessed of healthy

have over five hundred a year," says Luttrell, coloring and feeling as if he had said fifty and was going to be called presumptuous. He also feels that John has by some sudden means become very many years older than he really is.
"That includes everything?"

"Everything. When my uncle—Maxwell Luttrell—hops the—that is, drops off—I mean dies," says Luttrell, whose slang is extensive and rather confusing, "I shall in for five thousand pounds more."

"How can you speak in such a cold-ooded way of your uncle's death?" says Molly, who is not so much impressed by the

There is no love lost between ns. If he could leave it away from me, he would; but that is out of his power."

"That makes it seven hundred," says Le

titia, softly, a propos of the income.
"Nearer eight," says he, brightening a

"Molly, you wish to marry Tedeastle?" John asks his sister, gaxing at her earnestly. "Ye-es; but I'm not in a hurry, you

Massereene regards her curiously for a moment or two; then he says:

"She is young, Luttrell; she has seen little of the world. You must give her time. I know no man I would prefer to you as a

the engagement; do not let us speak of marriage just yet."

"You did not tell me you were going," says Molly, looking aggrieved. "How long have

'Not unless she wishes it," says the you known it?" younger man, bravely, and perhaps a little

"In a year," says John, still with his eyes marked hesitation, as though waiting for her to make some sign by which he shall know how to best forward her source wisher (2000).

we may begin to talk about it."
"Yes, then we may talk about it," echoes Molly, cheerfully.

"But a year!—it is a lifetime," says Lut-

trell, with some excitement, turning his eyes full of mute desire for help, upon Letitia. And when did Letitia ever fail any one? 'I certainly think it is too long," she says

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no matter how earnestly we may desire it; and then see how small in comparison is this one year."

Luttrell, who has grown a little pale, goes over to her and takes her hand in both his. His tace is grave, fuller of purpose than they

His face is grave, fuller of purpose than they have ever yet seen it. To him the scene is a betrothal, almost a marriage.

"You will be true to zne?" he says, with suppressed emotion. "Swear that you will, before your brother."

before your brother."
"Of course I will," with a quick, nervous laugh. "Why should I be otherwise? You frighten me with your solemn ways. Am I more to you than I was yesterday? Why, how should I be untrue to you, even if I wished it? I shall see no one from the day you leave until you come again."

til you come again."
At this moment the noise of the door handle being turned makes him drop her hand, and they all fall simultaneously into what they fondly hope is an easy attitude. And then Sarah appears upon the threshold with a letternal appears upon the threshold with a letter and a small packet between her first finger and thumb. She is a very genteel girl, is Sarah, and would scorn to take a firm grasp

of anything.

"This 'ere is for you, sir," she says, deliv ering the packet to Luttrell, who consigns it hashly to his coat pocket: "and this for you, Miss Molly," giving the letter. "The post-man says, sir, as 'ow they only came by the afternoon, but I am of the rooted opinion that

he forgot 'em this morning."

"Most improper of the postman," replie

Mr. Massereene, soothingly.

Meantime, Molly is standing staring curi ously at her missive.

ously at her missive.
"I don't know the writing," she says, in a vague tone. "I do hope it isn't a bill."
"A bill, with that monogram!" exclaims Luttrell. "Not likely. I would swear to a dunning epistle at twenty yards' distance."
"Who can it be from?" wonders Molly,
still dallying with one finger inserted beneath

the flap of the envelope.
"Perhaps if you look within you may find out," suggests John, meekly; and thus enouraged she opens the letter and reads.

At first her face betrays mere indifference,

then surprise, then a sudden awakening to intense interest, and lastly unmitigated astonishment. "It is the most extraordinary thing," she grace to betray a considerable amount of says, at last, looking up, and addressing them generally in an awe-struck whisper, "the most unexpected. After all these years, I can

> "I don't believe you," cries Luttrell, who means no rudeness at all, but is merely declaring in a modern fashion how delighted be

yond measure he is.
"Look; is not that Marcia's writing? suppose she wrote it, though it is dictated by

grandpapa."
All four heads are instantly bent over the clear, bold calligraphy to read the cold but courteous invitation it contains.
"Dear Eleanor" is given to understand that
her grandfather will be pleased to make her acquaintance, if she will be pleased to trans-fer herself and her maid to Herst Royal on the twenty-seventh of the present month. There are a few hints about suitable trains, a

request that a speedy reply to the affirmative will be sent, and then "dear Eleanor" is desired to look upon Mr. Amherst as her "affec-

ing disagreeable, and becomes once more is usual self.

Letitia puts on a "didn't I tell you?" sort Molly is silent, her eyes still fixed upon the

tter. "I think, John—she ought to go."
"Of course she shall go," returns John, a kind of savage jealousy pricking him. now that she has come to perfection he claims

remainder of the sentence, He too has come close up No, not one step. What is he to me, that

years to acknowledge me? While you, my dear, my darling, you are my all."
"Nonscree, child!" Speaking roughly, although consoled and strengthened by her caress and loving words. "It is what I have been wishing for all those years. Of course you must go. It is only right you should be recognized by your relations, even though it is so late in the day. Perhaps he will leave you a legacy; and"—smiling—"I think I know, in spite of all my uncivil remarks, there may console myself with the reflection that is a certain charm about Herst that other old Amherst will scarcely be able to cut me "You may, without flattering yourself,"

says Luttrell. "Letitia, do you want to get rid of me?" asks Molly, still half crying.

asks Molly, still half crying.

"You are a hypocrite," says Letitia; "you know you are dying to go. I should, were I in your place. Instead of lamenting, you ought to be thanking your stars for this lucky chance that has befallen you; and you should be deally contained. be doubly grateful to us for letting you go, as we shall miss you horribly."

"I shan't stay any time," says Molly, reviving. "I shall be back before you realize the fact that I have gore. I know in polite society no one is expected to outstay a month at the very longest.'

"You cover me with confusion," says Luttrell, laughing. "Consider what unmentionable form I have displayed. How long have I outstayed my time? It is uncommonly good of you, Mrs. Massereene, not to have given me my conge long ago; but my only excuse is that I have been so utterly happy. Perhaps you will forgive me when you learn that I must tear myself away on Thursday."

"Oh! must you?" says Letitia, honestly

sorry. Now that the engagement is un fait accompli, and the bridegroom-elect has declared himself not altogether so insolvent as she had feared, she drops precautionary measures and gives way to the affection with which she has begun to regard him. "You are going to Herst also. Why cannot you stay here to accompany Molly? Her going is barely three weeks distant."

"If I could I would not require much pre ing, you can readily believe that. But duty is

"For a week I could not hear to think about leaving, much less to speak of it, so full

"Well, in spite of Lindley Murray, I maintain that life is long," says Massereene, who has been silent for the last few minutes.

"Am 1? You stupid noy!" says alony; but she laughs in a little pleased way and pats his hand. Next to being praised herself, the sweetest thing to a woman is to have her And I need hardly tell you, Luttrell, you are welcome here whenever you please to

ome."
"Thank you, old boy," says Luttrell. "Come out," whispers Molly, slipping her hand into her lover's (she minds John and Letitia about as much as she minds the tauthfully and kindly.

"No," cries Molly, pettishly, "it shall be see what a beautiful sun. I have any amount as John wishes. Why, it is nothing! Think of things to ask about my detested grand-of all the long years to come afterwards, when pere. So freshen your wits. But first before

we go —misenevously, and with a fittle for full of reproof—"I really think you ought to apologize to John for your scandalous beha-vior of this morning."

"Molly, I predict this glorious future for you," says her brother; "that you will be returned to me from Herst Royal in dis-

When they have reached the summer house in the garden, whither they have wended their way, with a view to shade (as the sun, having been debarred from shining for so many hours, is now exerting itself to the utmost to make up for lost time), Luttrell draws from his pocket the identical parcel delivered to him by Sarah, and, holding it out to Molly,

"Here is somewhat shamefacedly,
"Here is something for you."
"For me?" Coloring with surprise and pleasant expectation. She is a being so unmistakably delighted with anything she receives he it was the state of th ceives, be it small or great, that it is an abso lute joy to give to her. "What is it?"
"Open it and see. I have not seen it my self vet, but I hope it will please you.

off comes the wrapper; a little leather case is disclosed, a mysterious fastener undone, and there inside, in its velvet shelter, lies an exquisite diamond ring that glistens and flashes up into her enchanted eyes.

flashes up into her enchanted eyes.

"Oh, Teddy I it cannot be for me," she says, with a little gasp that speaks volumes.

"it is too beautiful. Oh, how good of you to think of it! And how did you know that it there is one thing on earth which I love it is a ring? Aud such a ring! You wicked boy, I do believe you have spent a fortune on it."
Yet in reality she hardly guesses the full amount of the generous sum that has been so willingly expended on that glittering hoop.

so willingly expended on that gittering noop.
"I am glad you like it," he says, radiant at
her praise. "I think it is pretty."
"Pretty is a poor word. It is far too handsome. I would scold you for your extravagance, but I have lost the power just now. And do you know"—raising her soft, flushed face to her lover—" I never had a ring before in my life, except a very old-fashioned one of my mother's, an ancient square, you know, with hair in the centre, and all around it big pearls, that are anything but pearly now, a they have grown quite black. Thank you housand times.

She slips her arms around his neck and resses her lips warmly, unbashfully to his cheek. Be it ever so cold, so wanting in the it is still the very first caress she has ever given him of her own accord. A little thril runs through him, and a mad longing to catch her in his arms, as he feels the sweet cool tcuch; yet he restrains himself. Some innate sense of honor, born on the occasion a shrinking lest she should deem him capable of claiming even so natural a return for his gift, cempels him to forego his desire. It is noticeable, too, that he does not even place the ring on her engaged finger, as most mer would have done. It is a bauble meant to gratify her; why make it a fetter, be it eve

so light a one?
"I am amply repaid," he says, gently "Was there ever such luck as your getting that invitation this morning? I wonder what could have put it into the old fellow's head to invite you? Are you glad you are

"I am. I almost think it is mean of me to be so glad, but I can't help it. Is my grand father so very terrific?"

"He is all of that," says Luttrell, "and a good deal more. If I were an American I would have no scruples about calling him a darned old cuss; as it is, I will smother my

feelings, and let you discover his failings fo "If he is as bad as you say, I wonder he

gets any one to visit him."

"He does, however. We all go—generally the same lot every year; though I ha rather out of it for a time, on account of my short stay in India. He has first-class shooting; and when he is not in the way it i pretty gay. He hates old people, and never al elderly chaperons. The young ones don't count; they, as a rule, are backward in the art of talking at one and making things disagreeable all round.

"But he is old himself." "That's just it. It is all jealcusy. He finds every old person he meets, no matter how unpleasant, a decided improvement on himself: whereas he can always hone the Really, if you say much more, I shall b

afraid to go to Herst." "Oh, well"—temporizing—" perhaps I exaggerate slightly. He has a wretched temper nd he takes snuff, you know; but I dare say

there are worse."
"I have heard of damning praise," say. Molly, laughing. "You are an adept at it."
"Am I? I didn't know. Well, do you country-houses lack? We all understand our host's little weaknesses, in the first place, and are, therefore, never caught sleeping We feel as if we were at school again, united by a common cause, with all the excitement of a conspiracy on foot that has a master for its victim; though, to confess the truth, the master in our case has generally the best of it, as he has a perfect talent for hitting on one's sore point. Then, too, we know to a picety when the dear old man is in a particularly vicious mood, which is usually at dinner time, and we keep looking at each other through every course, wondering on whose devoted head the shell of his wrath will first burst; and when that is over we wonder again

whose turn it will be next."

"It must keep you very lively."

"It does; and, what is better, it prevents formality, and puts an end to the earlier stages of etiquette. We feel a sort of relationship, a clanship among us; and indeed, for the most part, we are related, as Mr. Amherst refers entertaining his family to any others —it is so much easier to be unpleasant to them than to strangers. I am connected with him very distantly through my mother; so is Cecil Stafford; so is Potts in some undefined

way."
"Now, don't tell me you are my cousin. says Molly, "because I wouldn't like it."
"I am not proud; if you will let me be your husband I won't ask anything more. Oh, Molly, how I wish this year was at an

"Do you? I don't. I am absolutely dying to go to Herst." Then, turning eyes that are rather wistful upon him, she says, earnestly, " do they-the women, I mean-wear lovely clothes? To be like them must I

-be very well dressed?"

"You always are very well dressed, are you not?" asks her lover, in return, casting a loving, satisfied glance over the fresh, inexpensive holland gown she wears, with a charming but strictly masculine disregard of the fact that muslin is not silk, nor cotton cash

"Am I? You stupid boy!" says Molly; sweetest thing to a woman is to have her dress praised. "Not I. Well, no matter; sweetest thing to a woman is to have her dress praised. "Not I. Well, no matter; they may crush me if they please with their designs by Worth, but I defy them to have a prettier ring than mine," smiling at her new toy as it still lies in the middle of her hand. "Is Herst very large, Teddy? How shall I remember my own room? It will be so awk. remember my own room? It will be so awk forever running into somebody "Your maid will manage all that for you."

"My maid?" coloring slowly, but still with

we shall not be able to get rid of each other, we go"—mischievously, and with a little nod her eyes on his. "And—supposing I have no dinner she directs swift, surreptitious smiles

"Well, then," says Tedcastle, who has been bred in the belief that a woman without her maid is as lost as a babe without its mother, why, then, I suppose you would borrow one from your nearest neighbor. Cecil Stafford would lend you hers. I know my sisters were only allowed one between each two; and when they spent the autumn in different louses they used to toss up which should have

muses independent Molly.
"I should fancy you could better answe

that than I." "No-because I never had one."
"Well, neither had I," says Luttrell; at

"Well, helher had I, says Lutter; at which they both laugh.
"I am afraid," says Molly, in a rather dispirited tone, "I shall feel rather strange at Herst. I wish you could manage to be there the very day I arrive—could you, Teddy? I would not be so lonely if I knew for certain the protection of the you would be on the spot to welcome me. It is horrible going there for-that is-to be in

"I will surely be there a day or two after, but I doubt I could be there on the twenty-seventh. You may trust me to do my best."

"I suppose it is—a very grand place," questions will be a very grand place, "questions and place is a suppose of the seventh of the tions Molly, growing more and more de pressed, "with dinner parties every day, and butlers, and footmen, and all the rest of it? And I shall be there, a stranger, with no one to care whether I enjoy myself or not."

** You forget me," says Luttrell, quietly.

"True," returns she, brightening; "and whenever you see me sitting by myself, Teddy, you are to come over to me, no matter how engaged you may be, and sit down beside me. If I have any one else with me, of course you eed not mind it." " I see." Rather dryly. "Two is company

three is trumpery."

"Have I vexed you? How foolish you are! Why, if you are jealous in imagination, how will it be in reality? There will be many men at Herst; and perhaps—who knows

"What?" "I may fall in with some of them."

"Very likely."
"Philip Shadwell, for instance?" " It may be.

"It may be."
"Or your Mr. Potts?"
"There is no accounting for tastes."
"Or any one else that may happen to please

"I see nothing to prevent it."
"And what then?"

"Why, then you will forget me, and like him—until you like some one else better." "Now, if I were a dignified young lady," says Molly, "I should feel insulted; but, boing only Molly Bawn, I don't. I forgive you; and I won't fall in love with any one; so you muy take that thunder-cloud off your brow as soon as it may please your royal high-

"What do you gain by making me un happy?" asks he, impetuously seizing the hand she has extended to him with all the air

of an offended but gracious queen.
"Everything"—laughing. "I delight in teasing you, you look so deliciously miserable it is never time thrown away upon you. Now, if you could only manage blaugh at my sallies or tease me back again dare say I should give in in a week and let you rest in peace ever after. Why don't " Perhaps because I san't. All people are

not gifted with your fertile imagination. Or "I cannot see why being engaged should spoil your fun." "But it would, for all that. Come now, Ted be candid; how often were you in love before

ou met me?"
"Never"—with all the vehemonce of a thousand oaths.
"Well, then, to put it differently, how

many girls did you like?"
"Like!"—reluctantly. "Oh, as for that, I suppose I did fancy I liked a few girls." "Just so: and I should like to like a few nen," says Miss Massercene, triumphantly. You don't know what you are talking bout," says Tedcastle, hotly.
"Indeed I do. That is just one of the great

points which the defenders of women's right-lorget to expatiate upon. A man may love as often as he chooses, while a woman must only love once, or he considers himself very adly used. Why not be on an equal foot ing? Not that I want to love any one," says Molly; "only it is the injustice of the thing I abhor." "Love any one you choose," says Tedcas tle, passionately, springing to his feet, "Shadwell or any other fellow that comes in your

way ; I shan't interfere. It is hardly ne sary for you to say you don't want to love any one. Your heart is as cold as ice. It is high time this engagement—this farce—should

come to an end. "If you wish it," says Molly, quietly, in subdued tone; yet as she says it she moves one step—no more—closer to him. "But I do not wish it; that is my cruel

fate !" cries the young man, taking both her hands and laying them over his heart with a despairing tenderness. "There are none happy save those incapable of knowing a lasting affection. Oh, Molly!"—remorsefully—"forgive me. I am speaking to you as I ought not. It is all my beastly temper ought not. It is all my beastly temper though I used not to be ill-tempered," says he, with sad wonder. "At home and among our fellows I was always considered rather easy-going than otherwise. I think the know that I must part from you on Tuesday (though only for so short a time) is embitted

uestions Molly, peering up at him from under er straw hat.
"You know I am."

"But very sorry—desperately so?"
"Yes,"—gravely, and with something that almost tears in his eyes. "Why do you sk me, Molly? Is it not palpable enough?'
"It is not. You look just the same as ever quite as essy-going—with a malicious pout
—as either your home or your fellows could
desire. I quite buoyed myself up with the hope that I should see you reduced to a skel-eton as the last week crept to its close, and nere you are robust and well-to-do as usual. I call it unfeeling," says Miss Massereene, re-proachfully, "and I don't believe you care a

in about me. "Would you like to see me reduced to keleton?" asks Luttrell, reproachfully. "You talk as though you had been done out of some-thing; but a man may be horribly cut up about a thing without letting all the world know of it "

"You conceal it with great skill," say Molly, placing her hand beneath his chin inder a pretence of studying his features, but n reality to compel him to look at her; and as it is impossible for any one to gaze into nother's eyes for any length of time without showing emotion of some kind, presently he aughs.

"Ah!" cries she, well pleased, "now have made you laugh, your little attack of spleen will possibly take to itself wings and ly away."

All through the remainder of this day and the whole of the next—which is his last—she is sweetness itself to him. Whatever powers of tormenting she possesses are kept well in the background, while she betrays nothing bu

very successful desire to please. She wanders with him contentedly through garden and lawn; she sits beside him; at

at him across the flowers; later on she sings to him his favorite songs; and why she scarcely knows. Perhaps through a coquettish desire to make the parting harder; per-haps to make his chains still stronger; perhaps to soothe his evident regret; perhaps (who can say?) because she too feels that same

And surely to-night some new spirit awake within her. Never has she sung so sweetly. As her glorious voice floats through the dimly-lighted room and out into the more brilliant night beyond, Luttrell, and Letitia, and John sit entranced and wonder secretly at the great gift that has been given

"If ever words are sweet, what, what a song, When lips we love the melody prolong!"

Molly in every-day life is one thing; Molly singing divinely is another. One wonders curiously, when hearing her, how anything so gay, so debonnaire as she, can throw such passion into words, such thrilling tenderness such wild and mournful longing.

"Molly," cries John impatiently from the alcony, "I cannot bear to hear you sing like that. One would think your heart was broken Don't do it, child."

And Molly laughs lightly, and bursts into a barcarolle that utterly precludes the idea of any deep feeling; after which she gives them her own "Molly Bawn," and then, shutting

down the piano, declares she is tired, and that evidently John doesn't appreciate her, and so she will sing no more.

Then comes the last morning—the cruel

noment when farewell must be said. The dog-cart is at the door; John is good-naturedly busy about the harness; and, Letitia having suddenly and with suspicious hasts recollected important commands for the kitchen, whither she withdraws herself, the

overs find themselves alone.
"Hurry, man; you will barely catch it, cries John, from outside, meaning the train; having calculated to a nicety how long it would take him to give and receive a kiss, now that he has been married for more years than he

cares to count. Luttrell, starting at his voice, seizes both Molly's hands.
"Keep thinking of me always," he says, in a low tone; "always, lest at any moment you

Molly makes him no answer, but slowly raises to him eyes wet with unshed tears. It is more than he has hoped for.
"Molly," he cries, hurriedly, only too ready to grasp this small bud of a longed-for affec-

tion, "you will be sorry for me? There are tears in your eyes—you will miss me? You love me, surely—a little?" Once more the lovely dewy eyes meet his when the lovely dewy eyes meet his; she nods at him and smiles faintly.

"A little," he repeats, wistfully. (Perhaps he has been assuring himself of some more open encouragement—has dreamed of spoken enderness, and feels the disappointment)
'Some men," he goes on, softly, "can laj

"Some men," he goes on, softly, "can la claim to all the great treasure of their love because it would give me no pleasure to se you deliciously miserable." "Oh, you wouldn't see that," says Molly. "All you could say would not suffice to bring even the faintest touch of misery into

my face. Angry I might be, but miserable "Be assured, Molly, I shall never put you vords to the test. Your happiness mean

"See how the diamonds flash!" says Molly resently, recurring to her treasure. "Is this the engagement finger? But I will not let it stay there, lest it might betray me." But every one knows it now. "Are John and Letty every one? At Herst they are still in blissful ignorance. Let them

remain so. I insist on our engagement being

"But why?" "Because if it was known it would spoil all my fun. I have noticed that men avoid a fancee as they would a—a rattle-snake. heart, while I—see how cagerly I accept the bare crumbs. Yet, darling, believe me, your sweet coldness is dearer to me than another

voman's warmest assertion. And later—who knows?—perhaps.—"
"Yes, perhaps," says Molly, stirred by his emotion or by some other stronger sentiment lying deep at the bottom of her heart, "by and by I may perhaps bore you to death b the violence of my devotion. Meantime," standing on tiptoe, and blushing just enough to make her even more adorable than before, and placing two white hands on his shoulders

weet accord her lips do verily meet his; and then, catching her in his arms, he strains her to him, forgetful for the moment of the great fact that neither time nor tide waits for any

carry away with you."

Half in doubt he waits until of her own

"You are not going, I suppose? cans com, his voice breaking in rudely upon the harrowing scene. "Shall I send the horse back to the stables? Here, James,"—to the stable-boy—"take round Rufus; Mr. Luttrell is going "Remember," says Luttrell, earnestly. still holding her, as though loth to let her go.
"You remind me of Charles the First," murmurs she, smiling through her tears.
"Yes, I will remember you, and all you have

said, and—everything. And more, I shall be onging to see you again. Now go." Giving him a little push.

Presently—he hardly knows how—he finds himself in the dog-cart, with John, oppressively cheerful, beside him, and, looking back as they drive briskly up the avenue, takes a last glance at Brooklyn, with Molly on the steps, waving her hand to him, and watching his retreating form with such a regret-

ful countenance as gives him renewed courage. In an upper window is Letitia, more than equal to the occasion, armed with one of John's largest handkerchiefs, that bears a strong resemblance to a young sheet as i flutters frantically hither and thither in the breeze; while below the two children, Daisy and Renee—under a mistaken impression that the hour is festive-throw after him a choice collection of old boots much the worse for wear, which they have purloined with praise

nose.
"Oh, Letty, I do feel so honestly lonely."
says Molly, half an hour later, meeting her

says mony, that an nour facer, meeting her sister-in-law on the stairs.

"Do you, dearest?"—admiringly. "That is very nice of you. Never mind; you know you will soon see him again. And let us come and consult about the dresses you ought to Yes, do let us," returns Miss Massereene brightening with suspicious alacrity, and drawing herself up as straight as a young tree

earing. "That will pass the time better than anything.' Whereupon Letitia chuckles with ill-suppressed amusement and gives it as her opin-on that "dear Molly isn't as bad as she

out of the despondent attitude she has been

thinks herself.' John has done his duty, has driven the melncholy young man to the station, and very nearly out of his wits-by insisting on carry ng on a long and tedious argument that lasts the entire way, waiting pertinaciously for a reply to every one of his questions.

This has taken some time, more especial

as the train was late and the back drive hilly yet when at length he reaches his home he finds his wife and Molly still deep in the mys-

teries of the toilette. "Well?" says his sister, as he stands in the doorway regarding them silently. As she speaks she allows the dejected expression of two hours ago to return to her features, her lids droop a little over her cycs, her forehead goes up, the corners of her mouth go down. She is in one instant a very afflicted Molly. Well?" she says.
"He isn't well at all," replies John, with a

dismal shake of the head and as near an imi-tation of Molly's rueful countenance as he can manage at so short a notice; " he is very bad. never saw a worse case in my life. I if he will last out the day. I don't know how you regard it, but I call it cruelty to ani-

"You need not be unfeeling," says Molly, reproachfully, "and I won't listen to you mak-ing fun of him behind his back. You wouldn't

"How do you know?"-as though weighing the point. "I never saw him funny until to-day. He was on the verge of tears the entire way. It was lucky I was beside him, or he would have drenched the new cushions. For shame's sake he refrained before me, but

For shame's sake he refrained before me, but I know he is in floods by this."

"He is not," says Molly, indignantly.

"Crying, indeed! What an idea! He is far too much of a man for that."

"I am a man too," says John, who seems to find a rich harvest of delight in the contemplation of Luttrell's misery. "And once, before we were married, when Letitia treated me with disdain, I gave way to my feelings to such an extent that——" such an extent that——' "Really, John," interposes his wife, "I

things? Ah! poor little Molly! her last nice

things? Ah! poor name and the poor name one is gone."

"Letty, I hope you don't mind, dear," says Molly, lifting a dainty china bowl from the table near her. "Let us trust it won't break; but, whether it does or not, I must and will throw it at John."

"She should at all events have one pretty "Yet they tell us money is the root of all events have one pretty "Not money, but the love of it," replies "Not money, but the love of Philip: he whose thoughts " are with her heart, and that whose thoughts " are with her heart, and that is far away," literally buried, so to speak, in the depths of her wardrobe. " She could not well do without it. Molly"—with sudden inspiration—" you shall have mine. That dove-

me like that," says Molly, almost angrily, find that out—" though there are tears in her eyes. "Do you though there are tears in her eyes. "Do you though the are tears in her eyes." suppose I want to rob you? I have no doubt you would give me every gown you possess, if I so willed it, and leave yourself nothing. Do remember I am going to Herst more out of spite and curiosity than anything else, and don't ear in the least how I look. It is very leave to the leave to we have to fear, Philip, don't ear in the least how I look. It is very leave to the leave to t suppose I want to rob you? I have no doubt Do remember I am going to Herst more one of spite and curiosity than anything else, and don't care in the least how I look. It is very you are a happy man. And when you have got the two thousand pounds will you be unkind of you to say such things."

"You are the kindest soul in the world,
Letty," says John, from the doorway; " but

eep your silk. Molly shall have one too." After which he decamps.

"That is very good of John," says Molly.
"The fact is, I haven't a penny of my own—
I never have a week after I receive my allow. uce—so I must only do the best I can. If I don't like it, you know, I can come home. It is a great thing to know, Letty, that you will

be glad to have me, whether I am well-dressed or very much the reverse." "Exactly. And there is this one comfort also, that you look well in anything. By the bye, you must have a maid. You shall take Sarah, and we can get some one in until you come back to us. That"—with a smile will prevent your leaving us too long to our own devices. You will understand without telling what a loss the fair Sarsh will be."

"You are determined I shall make my absence felt," says Molly, with a half-smile.
"Really, Letty, I don't like——" "But I do," says Letty. "I don't choose you to be one whit behind any one clse at Herst. Without doubt, they will beat you in the matter of clothes; but what of that? I have known many titled people have a fine

disregard of apparel."

"So have I," returns Molly, gayly. "Indeed, were I a man, possessed with a desire to be mistaken for a lord, I would go to the peanest 'old clo' shop and purchase there the seediest garments and the most dilapidated hat (with a tendency towards greenness), and a pair of boots with a patch on the left side, and, having equipped myself in them, saunter down the 'shady side of Pall Mall' with a sure and certain conviction that 1 was quite

Marcia is a nice girl, and that she will be kind to you."
"So do I"—with a shrug—" but from her

writing I am almost sure she isn't.

CHAPTER X. "What a dream was here!

-MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

dripping, sobbing fountain; great masses of glaring flowers that mix their reds and yellows in hideous contrast and sicken the beholder with a desire for change; emerald lawns that grow and widen as the eye endeavors vainly to grasp them, thrown into bold re vailing expression. Raising a hand fragile and white as a woman's he beckons her to his and red, and bronze-tinged, that spreads behind them; while beyond all these, as far as sight can reach, great swelling parks show here and there, alive with deer, that toss and fret their antlered heads, throwing yet another charm into the already glorious scene.

Such is Herst Royal, as it stands. a very castle in its pride of birth. On one side the new wing holds preminence, so called al though fully a century has passed since ma son's hand has touched it; on the other is suspicion of heavy Gothic art. Behind, the taste of the Elizabethan era holds full sway: in front (forgetful of time) uprears itsel the ancient tower that holds the first stones in all its strength and stately dignity; while round it the sympathetic ivy clings, and, pressing in its long arms, whispers Upon the balcony the sleepy percocks

stand, too indolent to unfurl their gorgeous plumage, looking in their quict like statues placed at intervals between the stone vases of carlet geraniums and drooping ferns that go There is a dead calm over all the house; no

sound of life beyond the indistinct hum of ir-repressible nature greets the ear; all is profoundly still. click of high-heeled shoes, the unmistakable rustle of silk, and the peacocks, with a quick flutter, raise their heads, as though to acknowledge the approach of their

Stepping from one of the windows, thereby displaying to the unobservant air an instep large but exquisitely arched, Marcia Amherst comes slowly up to where the lazy fowl are dreaming. Almost unconsciously (because her face is full of troubled thought), or perhaps a little vengefully, she flicks the one nearest to her with the handkerchief she carries loosely in her hand, until, with a discordant scream, it rouses itself, and, spreading its tail to its fullest, glances round with con-

"That is all you are good for," says Mar-

cia, out loud, contemptuously.

Her voice is singularly clear, but low and trainante. She is tall and very dark, with rich, wavy black hair, and eyes of the same hue, deep and soft as velvet. Her nose is Grecian; her lips a trifle thin. She is distinctly handsome, but does not so much as border on

the beautiful. As she turns from the showy bird with a little shrug of disdain at its vanity, or of disgust at its odious cry, she finds herself face to face with a young man who has followed

almost in her footsteps.

He, too, is tall and dark, and not altogether unlike her. But his face shows the passion that hers rather conceals than lacks, and though sufficiently firm, is hardly as determined as hers. There is also a certain dis-content about the lower part of the jaw in which she is wanting, and there are two or three wrinkles on his forehead, of which her

broad, low brow is innocent. "Well, Philip?" she says, anxiously, as he

reaches her side. "Oh, it is of no use," he replies, with a quick frown; "I could not get up my courage to the sticking-point; and if I had I firmly believe it would only have smashed my cause the more completely. Debt is his one abborrence, or rather—he has so many—his deepest. To ask for that two thousand pounds

would be my ruin." "I wish I had it to give you," she says,

gently, laying her hand—a very beautiful hand, but not small—upon his arm. "Thank you, my dear," replies he, lightly, but your good wishes do not get me out of my hobble. Moncy I must have within seven days, and money I have not. And if our grandfather discovers my delinquencies it will be all U P with mo. By the bye, Marcia, I can hardly expect you to sympathize with me, as that would be so much the better for you,

"Nothing the better," says Marcia, calmly; 'it would be always the same thing. I should

share with you."
"What a stake it is to play for !" says the young man, wearily, with a distasteful gesture. "Is even twenty thousand pounds a

year worth it?—the perpetual paying court, every day, and all day long? Sometimes I doubt it." "It is well worth it," says Marcia, firmly. "Really, John," interposes his wife, "I wish you would keep your stupid stories to yourself, or else go away. We are very busy testling about Molly's things."

"What things? Her tea-things—her playout it."

"It is well worth it," says Marcia, firmly.
"How can you doubt it? All the good this world contains might be written under the name of money. There is no happiness without it." name of money. There is no happiness without it."

"There is love, however, and content

"Not money, but the love of it," replies he, quickly. "Do not lose heart, Philip; he she, quickly. "Do not lose heart, Philip; he cannot last forever; and this week how ill he

"So he has, poor old wretch," her compan-

spiration—" you shall have mine. That dove color always looks pretty on a girl, and I have only worn it once. It can easily be made to fit you."

"I wish, Lettia, you would not speak to like, it is a ready to the first of the speak to like, it is a ready to like, under the circumstances. Should he

"No, but comparatively easy for a while. And who knows, by that time-"He may die?" "Or something may turn up," exclaims he, hurriedly, not looking at her, and therefore unable to wonder at the stolidity and utter

comes to them from the inner room. "Marcia, Marcia!" it calls, with trembling impatience; and, with a last flick at the unoffending peacock, she turns to go, yet lingers, as though loath to leave her companion.

inconcern of her expression.

At this moment a querulous, broken voice

"Good-bye—for a while," she says.
"Good-bye," replies he, and, clasping her lightly round the waist, presses a kiss upon her cheek—not upon her lips.

"You will be here when I return?" asks she, turning a face slightly flushed by his caress towards him as she stands with one foot

placed upon the bow-window-sill preparatory to entering the room beyond. There is hope fully expressed in her tone. "No, I think not," replies he, carelessly. The afternoon is fine. Longley, for——" But to the peacecks alone is the excuse made known, as Marcia has dis-

appeared.

mental suffering.

Close to a fire, although the day is oppressively warm, and wrapped in a flannel dressing-gown, sits an old man—old, and full of the snarling captiousness that makes some white hairs hideous. A tall man, with all the sively warm, and wrapped in a flannel remains of great beauty, but a singularly long nose (as a rule one should avoid a person with a long nose), that perhaps once might have added a charm to the bold, aristocratic face it adorned, but now in its last days is the thing. Should my ambitious longings soar as high as a dukedom, I would add to the above costume a patch on the right boot as well, and—questionable linen.

"Well," says Lettia, with a sigh, "I hope Marcia is a nice girl, and that she will be kind! to put a stop to its growth. And yet it matches well with the lips, which, curving downwards, and thin to a fault, either from pain or temper, denote only ill will towards fellow-man, together with a certain cruelty that takes its keenest pleasure in another's

> wrongly directed, it may be, yet of no mean them; while the disappointment, the terrible self-accusing sadness that must belong to the closing of such a life as comes of such a temperament as his, lingers round his mouth. He is meagre, shrunken—altogether unlovely. Now as he glances up at Marcia a pettishness, born of the sickness that has been consuming him for the past week, is his all-pre-

> mental suffering.
>
> Great piercing eyes gleam out from under heavy brows, and looking straight at one, still withhold their innermost thoughts. Intellect

"How you dawdle!" he says, fretfully. "Do you forget there are other people in the world besides yourself? Where have you een ?"
"Have I been long, dear ?" says Marcia, evasively, with the tenderest air of solicitude, shaking up his pillows and smoothing the crumpled dressing-gown with careful fingers.
"Have you missed me? And yet only a few

minutes have really passed."
"Where have you been?" reiterates he, irritably, taking no notice of her comfortable nats and shakes. " With Philip." "Ay, with Philip. Always Philip. I doubt

me the course of your love runs too smoothly to be true. And yet it was a happy thought to keep the old man's money well together. With a sneer.
"Dear grandpapa, we did not think of

noney, but that we love each other."
"Love—pish! do not talk to me of it. I thought you too shrewd. Marcia, to be misled by a mirage. It is a myth—no more—a sick-ening, mawkish tale. Had he no prospects, and were you penniless, I wonder how far love would guide you?"
"To the end," says Marcia, quickly. "What

has money to do with it? It can neither be bought nor sold. It is a poor affection that

yould wither under poverty; at least it would "Us—us," returns this detestable old pagan, with a malicious chuckle. "How sure we are I how positive! ready to risk all upon our lover's truth! Yet, where I to question this faithful lover upon the same subject, I fear me that I should receive a widely differ-

ent answer."
"I hope not, dear," says Marcia, gently, speaking in her usual soft, low tone. Yet a small cold finger has been laid upon her heart. (Continued on 4th Page