

THE GARDEN.

[From the Burlington Hawkeye.]
'Come into the garden, Maud,'
For the black bat, night, has flown,
And the cats that curl on the window 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 breeze 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 do;
I could kick every cat in the neighborhood
Clear up to the azure sky.

All night the onions have heard
Bridle and Tabby and Tom;
And the truck pump, as it had been stirred
By an eight-inch Erismson bomb;
If you mentioned the panny bed in a word
You would have to call it a "glom."

They have made one long, wild war,
From the porch to the alley gate;
They are coming again, I swear,
And I could tell the mezzon and wait.
And I could tell the mezzon and wait,
And I could tell the mezzon and wait.

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 be."

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

"No—no, indeed," protests Letitia, foolishly,
considering her handsome broad face is
one broad smile, and that her plump shoulders
are richly shaking.

"It is mean, it is shameful!" says Molly,
from within, seeing no chance of escape.
Whichever way she rushes can be only into
his arms.

All that you can say won't prevent me,
says Letitia, now she towards her with full
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
him.

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 hears a sneaky rather than a distinguished
appearance, and altogether has the grace
to betray a considerable amount of 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
reins where she is, hedged in by the table,
and is conscious of feeling a wild desire
to laugh.

Determined to break the silence, which is
proving oppressive, she says, demurely,
"Have you any more of those things
happened to be on the spot? Mr. Luttrell was behaving
so badly!"

"I don't need to be told that,"
"But how did you come here?" asks Molly,
making a brave but unsuccessful effort to
take 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 indeed. 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 support
the situation no longer, and, coming forward,
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
shake, as though he had rid himself of something
disagreeable, and becomes once more
his usual self.

Letitia puts on a "didn't I tell you?" sort
of air; and John says:
"Is that so?" looking at Molly for confirmation.

"Yes, if it is your wish," cries she, forsaking
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 hoarsely, as though
dreading the remainder of the sentence,
"won't you?" He too has come close up
to John, and stands on one side, opposite
Molly. Almost from the troubled expression
of his face as he looks at the girl, one might
imagine him trying to combat her apparent
lukewarmness more than her brother's objections.

"Things seem to have progressed very favorably
without my consent," says John,
glancing at the table, where Letitia is
in for a most unfair share of the blame.
"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 her neutrality throughout,
comes more to the front. "It is inconvenient,
and anything but romantic, I know, but people
must eat, and those who indulge in violent
exercise are generally possessed of healthy
appetites."

"I 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 industry everything?"
"Everything. When my uncle—Maxwell
Luttrell—hops the—uh, drops off—mean
deeds," says Luttrell, whose slang is extensive
and rather confusing. "I shall come in
for five thousand a year, but my only
expense 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 an *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 alone? Why cannot you stay here
to accompany Molly? Her going is barely three
weeks distant."

"If I could I would not require much pressing,
you can readily believe that. But duty is
imperative, and go I must."

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

"For a week. I could not bear to think
about leaving, much less to speak of it, so full
of charms has Brooklyn proved itself!—with
a smile at Mrs. Massereene—'but it is an indisputable
fact for all that.'"

"Well, in spite of Lindley Murray, I maintain
that life is long," says Massereene,
who has been silent for the last few minutes.
"Who has been silent for the last few minutes.
And I need hardly tell you, Luttrell, you
are welcome here whenever you please to come."

"Thank you, old boys," says Luttrell.
"Come on, whippersnapper, slipping her
hand into her lover's (she minds John and
Letitia about as much as she minds the
tables and chairs); the rain has ceased, and
see what a beautiful sun. I have any amount
of things to ask about my detested grand-
pere. So fresh your wits. But first before



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we shall not be able to get rid of each other,
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 face is grave, fuller of purpose than they
have ever yet seen it. To him the scene is a
betrotal, almost a marriage.

"You will be true to me?" he says, with
sudden emotion. "I swear that you will
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 you no more from the day you leave
until 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
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 letter is for you, sir," she says,
delivering the packet to Luttrell, who consigns it
hastily 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 rofey opinion that
he forgot 'em this morning."

"Most improper of the postman," replies
Mr. Massereene, soothingly.
Meantime, Molly is standing staring curiously
at her missive.

"I don't know the writing," she says, in a
vague way. "I do hope it isn't a bill."

"A bill, with that monogram!" exclaims
Luttrell. "Not likely. I would swear to a
darning 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 this en-
couraged she opens the letter and reads.

At first her face betrays mere indifference,
then surprise, then a sudden awakening to
interest, and lastly unmitigated astonishment.

"It is the most extraordinary thing," she
says, at last, looking up, and addressing them
generally in an awe-struck whisper, "I can
scarcely believe it to be true."

"But what is it, darling?" asks Letty, ac-
tually tingling with excitement.

"An invitation to Herst Royal!"

"I don't believe you," cries Luttrell, who
means no rudeness at all, but is merely declar-
ing what he believes to be the truth. He ad-
dresses his remark to her, but she is too much
to measure by him.

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

All four heads are instantly bent over the
letter, and the envelope is read in the cold
but courteous invitation it contains.

"Dear Eleanor," is given to understand that
her grandfater 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 trunks,
a request that a speedy reply to the affirmative
will be sent, and then "dear Eleanor" is de-
signed to look upon Mr. Amherst as her "affec-
tionate grandfater." Not one word about all
the good that has been showered upon her
for nineteen years.

"Well?" says Luttrell, who is naturally
the first to recover himself.

"Had you anything to do with this?" asks
John, turning almost fiercely to him.

"He does honor to me," says Letitia.
"His name is near death," says Letitia.
Molly is silent, her eyes still fixed upon the
letter. "I think, John—she ought to go."

"Of course she shall go," returns John, a
kind of savage jealousy peaking him. "I
don't care how she goes, but she shall go.
That old man may be softened by her face or
terrified by the near approach of dissolution
into doing her justice. He has neither watched
her, nor tended her, nor loved her; but
now that she has come to perfection he claims
her."

"John," cries Molly, with sudden passion,
fingering her fist in his arms. "I will not, go.
No, not one step. What is he to me, that
stern old tyrant, who has refused for nineteen
years to acknowledge me? While you, who
are my darling, you for the last few minutes."

"Nonsense, child!" Spoken roughly, al-
though consoled and strengthened by her
caress and loving words. "It is what I have
been wishing for all these years. Of course
you must go. It is only right that you should
be given to the world, which has done so much
for you, and you should be able to do the same
for the world."

"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 any more leave ago, but my only
expense is that I have been so utterly happy.
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that I must tear myself away on Thursday."

"Oh! must you?" says Letitia, honestly
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and gives way to the affection with which
she has begun to regard him. "You are going
to Herst alone? Why cannot you stay here
to accompany Molly? Her going is barely three
weeks distant."

"If I could I would not require much pressing,
you can readily believe that. But duty is
imperative, and go I must."

we go"—mischievously, and with a little nod
full of reproof—"I really think you ought
to apologise to John for your scandalous behav-
ior 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-
grace."

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

"Here is something for you."

"For me?" Coloring with surprise and
pleasant expectation. She is a being so un-
mistakably delighted with anything she re-
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 yet, but I hope it will please you."

Off comes the wrapper; a little leather case
is disclosed, a mysterious fastener undone,
and there stands, in its velvet sheath, lies an
exquisite diamond ring, which glitters and
flashes up into her enchanted eyes.

"Oh, Teddy! 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
there is one thing which I love more than
a ring? And 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.

"I had a sick like," says Letitia, radiant at
her praise. "I think it is pretty."

"Pretty is a poor word. It is far too hand-
some. I would soild you for your extrava-
gance, but I have lost the power just now.
And you know—raising her soft, flushed
face to her lover—"I was had a ring before
in my life, except a very old-fashioned one of
my mother's, an ancient squire, you know,
with hair in the centre, and all around it big
pearls, that are anything but nearly now,
as they have grown quite black. Thank you
a thousand times."

She slips her arms around his neck and
presses her lips warmly, unashfully to his
cheek. Be it ever so cold, so wanting in the
shyness that belongs to conscious tenderness,
it is still the first kiss an American has
given him of her own accord. A little thrill
runs through him, and a mad longing to
catch her in his arms, as he feels the sweet,
cool touch; yet he restrains himself. Some
innate sense of honor, born on the occasion,
is a strong, but she should deem him capable
of claiming even so natural a return for his
gift, compels him to forego his desire. It is
noticeable, too, that he does not even place
the ring on her engaged finger, as most men
would have done. It is a bauble meant to
gladden her heart, to make it fatter, but it
ever 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
going?"

"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 that," says Luttrell, "and a
good deal more. He is a very old-fashioned
old fellow, but he has no scruples about calling him
a damned old cuss; as it is, I will smother my
feelings, and let you discover his failings for
yourself."

"If he is as bad as you say, I wonder he
gets any one to visit him. We all go—generally
the same lot every year; though I have been
rather out of it for a time, on account of my
short stay in India. He has first-class shoot-
ing; and when he is not in the way it is
pretty gay. He hates old people, and never al-
lows a young man to enter his doors. I mean
elderly chaperons. The young ones don't
count; they, as a rule, are backward in the
art of talking at one and making things dis-
agreeable all round."

"But he is old himself,"

"That is just one of all jealousy. He
finds every old person he meets, no matter
how unpleasant, a decided improvement on
himself; whereas he can always hope the
younger ones may turn out his counterparts."

"Really, if you say much more, I shall be
afraid to go to Herst," says Letitia.

"Oh, well!—temporizing—'perhaps I ex-
aggerate slightly. He has a wretched temper,
and he takes snuff, you know; but I dare say
there are worse."

"I have heard of damning praise," says
Molly laughing. "You are an adept at it."

"Am I? didn't know. Well, do you
know, in spite of all my uncivil remarks, there
is a certain charm about Herst that other
country-houses lack? We all understand
our host's little weaknesses, in the first place,
and, in the second, we are all so much
used to it, that we feel a sort of relation-
ship, a clanishness among us; and indeed,
for the most part, we are related, as Mr. Amherst
prefers entertaining his family to any other
thing—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
Ceil 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
end!"

"Do you? I don't. I am absolutely dy-
ing to go to Herst." Then, turning eyes that
are rather wistful upon him, she says, ear-
nestly, "I don't like you, I mean—wear
very lovely clothes? To be like them must
—be very well dressed?"

"You always are very well dressed, are you
not? says her lover, in return, casting a lov-
ing, satisfied glance over the fresh, inexpen-
sive holland gown she wears, with a charm-
ing but strictly masculine disregard of the
fact that muslin is not silk, nor cotton cash-
mere."

"Am I? You stupid boy!" says Molly;
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
dress praised. "Not I. Well, no matter;
they may crush me if they please with their
despises 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-
ward for me forever running into somebody
else's, won't it?"

"Your maid will manage all that for you,"
"Your maid?" coloring slowly, but still with

her eyes on his. "And—supposing I have no
maid?"

"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. Ceil Stafford
would lend you hers. I know my sisters
were only allowed one between each two; and
when they spent the autumn in different
houses they used to toss up which should have
her."

"What does a maid do for one, I wonder?"
muses independent Molly.

"I should fancy you could better answer
that than I."

"No—because I never had one."

"Or your Mr. Potts?"

"I am afraid," says Molly, in a rather dis-
pirited 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
forget to tell you, I know for certain you
would be on the spot to welcome me. It is
horrible going there for—that is—to be in-
spected."

"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," ques-
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 to tell 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 see any one else with me, of course you
need not mind it."

"I see. Rather dry. 'Tis no 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?"

"Or your Mr. Potts?"

"There is no accounting for tastes."

"Or any one else that may happen to please
me?"

"I see nothing to prevent it."

"And what then?"

"I don't know. I 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, be-
ing only Molly Bawn, I don't. I forgive you;
and I won't fall in love with any one; so
nothing to do with that sort of thing. I can
brow as soon as it may please your royal high-
ness."

"What do you gain by making me un-
happy?" asks he, impatiently 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
all through; it is never time thrown away
upon you. Now, if you could only manage
to laugh at my sallies or tease me back again,
I dare say I should give in a week and
let you rest in peace ever after."

"Perhaps because I can't. All people are
not gifted with your fertile imagination. Or
if I could see why being engaged should
spoil you?"

"But it would, for all that. Come now, Ted,
be candid; how often were you in love before
you met me?"

"Never"—with all the vehemence of a
thousand oaths.

"Well, then, to put it differently, how
many girls did you like?"

dinner she directs swift, surreptitious smiles
at him across the lowers; later on she
sings to him his favorite songs; and why she
scarcely knows. Perhaps through a coquet-
sical desire to make the parting harder; per-
haps to make his chains still stronger; per-
haps to soothe his evident regret; perhaps
(who can say?) because she too feels that some
regret will be hers.

And surely to-night some new spirit is
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
her.

"I ever words are sweet, what, what a song,
When lips give life 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," says Letitia, implacably from the
balcony, "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
barcarole that utterly precludes the idea of
any deep feeling; after which she sings 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
morning when Molly would keep her story to
yourself, or else go away. We are very busy
getting about Molly's things."

"What things? Her tea-things—her play-
things? Ah! poor little Molly! her last nice
new 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
new one to wear, says Letitia, vaguely,
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 in-
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, Letitia, you would not speak to
me like that," says Molly, almost angrily,
though there are tears in her eyes. "You
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 care in the least how I look. It is very
unkind of you to say such things."

"You are the kindest soul in the world,
Letty," says John, from the doorway; "but
keep your silk. Molly shall have one too."

After which he decamps.

"That is very good of John," says Molly.
"The fact is, I have a pony of my own, and
I never have a week after I receive my allow-
ance—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 me, 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. The more the merrier."

"You are determined I shall make my ab-
sence felt," says Molly, with a half-smile.

"Really, Letty, don't like it." "I don't choose
you to be one wait behind any one else at
Herst. Without doubt, they will want 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. "In-
deed, were I a man, possessed with a desire
to be mistaken for a lord, I would go to the
meanest old clo' shop and purchase there the
seddest garments and the most dilapidated
kind (with a nod to the ladies towards greenness),
and a pair of boots with a patch on the left side,
and, having equipped myself in them, sun-
ner down the 'shady side of Pall Mall' with a
sure and certain conviction that I was quite
the thing. Should my ambitious longings
be as high as a deacon's, I would add
that I should assume a price on the right boot
as well as—and questionable linen."

"Well," says Letitia, with a sigh, "I hope
Marcia is a nice girl, and that she will be kind
to you."

"Do do!"—with a shrug—"but from her
writing I am almost sure she isn't."

series of the toilet.

"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
forehead droop a little over her eyes, her forehead
goes up, the corners of a very alliged Molly.

"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.
I never saw a worse case in my life. I doubt
if he will last out the day. I don't know
how you regard it, but I call it cruel to ani-
mals."

"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
before his face."

"How do you know?"—as though weigh-
ing the point. "I never saw him funny un-
til 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, don't you remember me, but
I know he is in floods by this."

"He is not," says Molly, indignantly.
"Crying, indeed! What an idea