THE MOWING.

The clock has struck six.
And the morning is fair.
While the cust in red splendor is glowing;
There's n dew on the grass and a song in the air—
Let us up and be off to the mowing.

Ere the sualight has crept
O'er the fields where the duisies are growing?
Why all night I've kept my own vigils, nor slept?
'Tis to-day is the day of the mowing.

This day and this hour

Maud's mother has said. And I'll never deny,

That a girl's heart there can be no knowing.

Oh, I care not to live, and I rather would die,
If Maud does not come to the mowing.

What is it I see?

'Tis a sheen of brown hair
In the lane where the poppies are blowing.
Thank God! it is Maud—she is waiting me there
And there'll be a good time at the mowing.

Six years have passed by,
And I freely declare
That I scarcely have noticed their going:
Sweet Maud is my wife, with her sheen of brow

hair,
And we had a good time at the mowing.
-S. H. M. BYERS, in Harper's Magazine for July

MOLLY BAWN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHYLLIS."

"Oh! Molly Bawn, why leave me pining, All lonely waiting here for you."—Old Song "What! Can you believe it possible a lit tle uneducated country girl, with probably a saub nose, thick boots, and no manners to speak of, can cut you out? Marcia, you grow modest. Why, even I, a man, can see her in my mind's eye, with a freckled complexion (he hates freckles) and a frickles. hates freckles), and a frightened gasp be tween each word, and a wholesome horror of

wine, and a general air of hoping the earth will open presently to swallow her up." But how if she is totally different from all

"She won't be different. Her father was "She won't be different. Her father was a wild Irishman. Besides, I have seen her sort over and over again, and it is positively cruelty to animals to drag the poor creatures from their dull homes into the very centre of the standard of t life and gayety. They never can make up their minds whether the butler that announces dinner is or is not the latest arrival; and they invariably say, 'No, thank you,' when asked to have anything. To them the fish-knife is a thing unknown and afternoon tea the wild

Well, I can only hope and trust she will turn out just what you say," says Marcia

Four days later, meeting her on his way to the stables, he throws her a letter from his

"It is all right," he says, and goes on a step or two, as though hurried, while she hastily runs her eyes over it.
"Well, and now your mind is at rest," she

calls after him, as she sees the distance widening between them.
"For the present, yes."

"Well, here, take your letter."
"Tear it up; I don't want it," he returns, and disappears round the angle of the house. Her fingers form themselves as though about to obey him and tear the note in two Then she pauses. "He may want it," she says to herself, hes

it carelessly into a drawer, where it lies for nany days forgotten It is the twentieth of August; in seven days more the "little country girl with freckles and a snub nose" will be at Herst Royal, "Be silen longing "for the earth to open and swallow

To Philip her coming is a matter of the

the reward of her devotion. There was, how-ever, another condition imposed on her before she might come to Herst and take up permanent quarters there. This was the entire for-

To this also there was open agreement in you. made; which agreement was in private broken.

She was quite clever enough to manage a clandestine correspondence without fear of distractions.

A light that means despair flashes across Marcia's face as she stands in all her dark but rather evil beauty before him; then suddenly covery; but letters, however frequent, hardly
make up for enforced absence from those we
love, and Marcia's affection for her Italian
mother was the one pure sentiment in her
in this house I am alone, a stranger in my
way lond. Do not you too turn from me

in's coldness has been on the increase. He imself, perhaps, is hardly aware of the me." But what woman loving but feels the

the oriel window that overlooks the the oriel window that overlooks the the oriel window that overlooks the the oriel window that overlooks the the orien will be only the orien with the orien will be only the orien with the orien will be only the orien will be only the orien will be orientated by the orien will be only the orientation of the orientation gravelled path leading into the gardens, the dislike to her cousin's coming burns hotly

down by a long suffering attendant, goes Mr. does so Amherst, in happy ignorance of the four eyes causes that watch his coming and going with such

Up and down, up and down he goes, his weakly head bent upon his chest, his fierce eyes roving restlessly to and fro. He is still tween us."
invalid enough to prefer the chair to the more "I do m

treacherous aid of the stick. "He reminds me of nothing so much as an Egyptian mummy," says Philip, presently "he looks so hard, and shrivelled, and unreal

"He ought to die," says Marcia, with per

fect calmness, as though she had suggested the advisability of his going for a longer

drive.
"Die!" With a slight start, turning to look at her. "Ah! yes, of course. But"— is the richer by one more inmate. Molly has with a rather forced laugh—"he won't, take arrived, has been received by Marcia, has

And Philip"—laying her hand upon his arm to insure his attention-"I understand the mother of this girl who is coming was his to shame-gazes round her in her silent ad-

"Well," surprised at her look and tone, which have both grown intense; "that is not my fault. You need not cast such an upbraiding glance on me."

of his injustice towards his dead daughter, he and all the merry, tormenting, kindly chil-

"Philip, how frail he is!" she says, almost in a whisper, as the chair goes creaking believe the window. "Yet what a hold he has with the gloomiest forebodings. neath the window. "Yet what a hold he has on life! And it is I give him that hold—I am the rope to which he clings. At night, when sleep is on him and lethargy succeeds when sleep is on him and lethargy succeeds."

Intermisters, the man, she, too, is the misters, the misters, the man, she, too, is the misters, the mis which steep is on this and technicy success, and to sleep, mine is the duty to rouse him and minister such medicines as charm him back to life. Should I chance to forget, his dreams, "Tis a tremenjous house, Miss Molly."

THE YORK HERALD.

VOL XXII.

RICHMOND HILL, THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1879.

WHOLE NO. 1,094-NO. 3.

might end in death. Last night, as I sat by his hedside. I thought, were I to forget-what

"Ay, what then? Of what are you think ing?" cries her companion, in a tone of sup-pressed horror, resisting by a passionate movement the spell she had almost cast upon him by the power of her low voice and deep, dark eyes. "Would you kill the old

"Nay, it is but to forget," replies she, dreamily, her whole mind absorbed in her subject, unconscious of the effect she is producing. She has not turned her eyes upon him (else surely the terrible fear and shrinking in his must have warned her to go no further), but has her gaze fixed rather on the hills and woods and goodly plains for which she is not only willing but eager to sell all that is best of her. "To remain passive, and then"—straightening her hand in the di-

ection of the glorious view that spreads itself before them—" all this would be ours." "Murderess!" cries the young man, in a with disgust and loathing as he falls back

from her a step or two.

The words thrill her. With a start she brings herself back to the present moment turns to look at him, and, looking, slowly learns the truth. The final crash has come, her fears are realized; she has lost him for

ever. "What is it, Philip? What word have you

shrink from me."
"You have said enough"--with a shiver-"too much; and your face said more. I desire you never to speak to me on the subject

"What! you will not even hear me?" " No; I am only thankful I have found you

out in time." "Say rather you are thankful for this lucky chance I have afforded you of breaking off a detested engagement," cries she, with sudden bitterness. "Hypocrite! how long have you bitterness.

been awaiting it?"

"You are talking folly, Marcia. What reason have I ever given you that you should make me such a speech? But for what has just now happened—but for your insinu-

"Ay"-slowly-"you shrink from hearing your thoughts put into words. "Not my thoughts," protests he, vehe

mently.
"No?" Searchingly, drawing a step nearer to him. "Are you sure? Have you never wished our grandfather dead?" "I may have wished it," confesses he, re-luctantly, as though compelled to frankness,

but to compass my wish—to——"
"If you have wished it you have mur itating. "Business letters are sometimes useful afterwards. I will keep it for him."

She slips it into her pocket, and for the dered," returns she, with conviction. "You have craved his death; what is that but unutas she undresses, finding it again, she throws tered crime? There is little difference; it is but one step the more in the same direction And I—in what way am I the greater sinner

I have but said aloud what you whisper to "Be silent," cries he, fiercely. "All your sophistry fails to make me a partner in your

guilt.' "I am the honester of the two," she goes To Philip her coming is a matter of the ostperfect indifference. To Marcia it is an ...vent—and an unpleasant one.

When, some three years previously, Marcia Amherst consented to leave the mother she so sincerely leved to tend an old and odious man, she did so at his request and with her mother's full sanction, through desire of the gold that was to be (it was tacitly understood) the reward of her devotion. There was, however, we have complete coefficient with the complete coefficient with the complete coefficient with the complete coefficient with the complete coefficient with a succeptibilities. Yet hear me, Philip." Suddenly changing her tone of passionate scorn to one of entreaty as passionate. They have done no harm. Let us be as we were complete coefficient merced on her horizon.

were."
"Impossible," replies he, coldly, unloosing she might come to Herst and take up permanent quarters there. This was the entire forsaking of her mother, her people, and the loating of which he is capable compressed land of her birth.

A light that means despair flashes across

rather scheming disposition. Yet the love of riches, that is innate in all, was sufficiently strong in her to bear her through with her task.

In this souse I am alone, a stranger in my rather scheming disposition. Yet the love of own land. Do not you too turn from me, Ah! you should be the last to condemn, for if I dreamed of sin it was for your sake. And after all what did I say? The thought that But now the fear that this newcomer, this this girl's coming might upset the dream of interloper, may, after all her detested labor, by some fell chance become a recipient of the meant nothing—nothing." She drags herself spoil (no matter in how small a degree) causes on her knees near to him and attempts to take her trouble.

on her knees near to him and attempts to take his hand. "Darling, do not be so stern. Forgive me. If you cast me off, Philip, you will kill not only my body but all that is good to

"Do not touch me," returns he, harshly want of love? And at times her heart is the vein of brutality in him coming to the surface as he pushes her from him and Now, as she and her lip-lover stand side by

that accompanies it—betraying as it does ever within hor.
Outside, in his bath chair, wheeled up and does so, a spasm, a contraction near her heart causes her to place her hand involuntarily against her side, while a dull gray shade cov

rs her face.

"You mean," she says, speaking with the utmost difficulty, "that all—is at an end—be

"I do mean that," he answers, very white but determined. "Then beware!" she murmurs, in a low choked voice.

CHAPTER XI.

You stood before me like a thought,

It is five o'clock in the afternoon, and Herst "He has lived long enough," says Marcia, still in the same slow, calculating tene. "Of what use is he? Who cares for him? What good does he do in each twenty-four hours? He is merely taking up valuable room—keeping what should by right be yours and mine. And Philin"—leving here. uxuries.

Molly, standing in the centre of it—una

vare that she is putting all its other beauties miration, appreciates each pretty trifle to its fullest, and finally feels a vague surprise at the curious sense of discontent that pervade

her.

Her reception so far has not been cordial. g glance on me."

"What if he should alter his will in her and left a little frozen spot within her favor? More unlikely things have happened. I cannot divest myself of fear when I think of her. Should he at this late hour repent him again at Brooklyn, with John, and Letty, here.

might—" She pauses. "But rather than that——" Here she pauses again; and her lids falling somewhat over her eyes, leave them small but wonderfully deep.
"What, Marcia?" asks Philip, with a sudden anxiety he would willingly suppress, were den anxiety he would willingly suppress, were farthest end of the big room close to Molly's it not for his strong desire to learn what her solitary trunk (as though suspicious of lurking thieves), and bears upon her countenance a

"Very. It is a castle, not a house."

"There's a deal of servants in it."
"Yes." Absently.
"Leastways as far as I can judge with looking through the corners of my eyes as I came along them big passages. From every door almost there popped a head hedizened with gaudy ribbons, and I suppose the bodies were

ehind 'em.' "Let us hope so, Sarah." Rising, and laughing rather hysterically. "The bare idea that those mysterious heads should lack a decent finish fills me with the living theoror." Then, in a brighter tone. "Why, what is you had fallen into the very lowest depths of

lespair."

"Not so much as lonesome, miss; they all seem so rich and grand that I feel myself out

Molly smiles a little. After all in spite of the difference in their positions, it is clear to her that she and her maid share pretty much the same fears.
"There was a very proud look about the

set of their caps," says Sarah, waxing more and more dismal. "Suppose they were to be uncivil to me, Miss Molly, on account of my being country-reared and my gowns not being, as it were, in the height of the fashion, what should I do? It is all this, miss, that is weigh

"Suppose, on the contrary," says her mistress, with a little defant ring in her tone, stopping to the glass and surveying her beautiful face with eazer scrutiny, "you were to make a sensation, and cut out all these supercilious dames in your hall, how would it be then? Come, Sarah, let me teach you your

"Shall I do your hair, Miss Molly?"
"No," with a laugh, "I think not. I had one trial of you in that respect; it was

"But all maids do their young ladies' hair. don't they, miss? I doubt they will altogether look down upon me when they find I can't do even that

"I shall ring for you every day when I come to dress for dinner. Once in my room, who shall know whether you do my hair or not? And I faithfully promise you, Sarah, to take such pains with the performance myself as shall compel every one in the house to adas shall compet every one in the house to admire it and envy me my excellent maid. 'See Miss Massereene's hair!' they will say, in tearful whispers. 'Oh, that I too could have a Sarah!' By the bye, call me Miss Massereene for the future, not Miss Molly—at least until

we get home again."
"Yes, Miss—Massereene. Law! it do sound odd," says Sarah, with a little respectful laugh, "but high-sounding too, I think. I do hope I shan't forget it, Miss Molly. Per-haps you will be good enough to remind me

when I go wrong? A knock at the door prevents reply. Molly cries out, "Come in," and, turning, finds her-self face to face with a fine old woman, who stands erect, and firm, in spite of her many years, in the doorway. She is clad in a som-bre gown of brown silk, and has an old-fash oned chain round her neck that hangs far below her waist, which is by no means the

most contemptible portion of her.
"I beg your pardon, Miss Massereene; I could not resist coming to see if you wer quite comfortable," she says, respectfully.
"Quite, thank you," replies Molly, in a de-

gree puzzled. "You are"—smiling—" the эцвекеерег. "I am. And you, my dear"—regarding her anxiously—"are every inch an Amherst, in spite of your bonny blue eyes. You will forgive the freedom of my speech," says this old dame, with an air that would not have dis-

graced a duchess, "when I tell you I nursed "Ah! did you?" says Molly, flushing a little, and coming up to her eagerly, with both hands extended, to kiss the fair old face that is smiling so kindly on her. "But how could one think it? You are yet so fresh, so good

"Tut, my dear," says the old lady, mightily pleased nevertheless. "I am old enough to have nursed your grandmother. And not

can I do anything for you?"
"You can," replies Molly, turning towards Sarah, who is regarding them with an expression that might at any moment mean eithe approval or displeasure. "This is my maid. We are both strangers here. Will you see that she is made happy?"
"Come with me, Sarah, and I will make

vou acquainted with our household," says

Mrs. Nesbitt, promptly.

As the door closes behind them, leaving her to her own society, a rather unhappy shade falls across Molly's face. A sensation of isolation—loneliness—oppresses her. Indeed her discouraging reception has wounded her more than she cares to confess even to her own heart. If they did not want her at Herst, why had they invited her? If they did want her, surely they might have met her with more civility; and on this ner first visit he grandfather at least might have been present

to bid her welcome.
Oh that this hateful day were at an end Oh for some way of making the slow hours

run hurriedly!

With careful fingers she unfastens and pulls down all her lovely hair until it falls in rip-pling masses to her waist. As carefully, as lingeringly, she rolls it up again into its usual artistic knot at the back of her head. With still loitering movements she bathes the dust of travel from her face and hands, adjusts he soft gray gown, puts straight the pale-blue ribbon at her throat, and now tells herself, better of at least half an hour of this detested

day.

Alas, alas! the little ormolu ornament that ticks with such provoking empressement upon the chimney-piece assures her that her robing has occupied exactly ten minutes from start

to finish.

This will never do. She cannot well spend her evening in her own room, no matter how eagerly she may desire to do so; so, taking heart of grace, she makes a wicked moue at her own rueful countenance in the lookingglass, and, opening her door hastily, lest her courage fail her, runs down the broad oak

staircase into the hall beneath.

Quick-witted, as women of her temperaof the room she had first entered, and, passing by all the other closed doors, goes into it, to find herself once more in Marcia's pres-

"Ah! you have come," says Miss Amherst, a frozen smile that owes its one charm to its brevity. "You have made a quick toilette—"
with a supercilious glance at Molly's Quakerish gown, that somehow fits her and suits her to perfection. "You are not fa-

"Fatigued!" Smiling, with a view to conciliation. "Oh, no; it is such a little jour-

ney."
"So it is. How strange this should be our first meeting, living so close to each other as we have done! My grandfather's peculiar disposition of course accounts for it; he has

quite a morbid horror of aliens."

"Is one's granddaughter to be considered an alien?" asks Molly, with a laugh. "The suggestion opens an enormous field for reflection. If so, what are one's nephew's, and nieces, and cousins, first, second, and third Poor third-cousins! it makes one sad to think

"I think perhaps Mr. Amherst's incivility

mother's marriage. You don't mind my speak. she is expressing her thoughts aloud—" are day; that is, of course, if one spends it with ing, do you? It was more than good of you to come here at all, considering the circumstances —I don't believe I could have been so forgiv ing—but I know he felt very bitterly on the subject, and does so still."

"Does he? How very absurd! Amhersts cannot always marry Amhersts, nor would it be a good thing if they could. I suppose, how-ever, even he can be forgiving at times. Now, for instance, how did he get over your father's

marriage?"
Marcia raises her head quickly. Her color deepens. She turns a glance full of displeased suspicion upon her companion, who meets it calmly, and with such an amount of innocence in hers as might have disarmed a Machiavelli. Not a shadow of intention mars her expression; her widely-opened blue eyer contain only a desire to know; and Marcia angry, disconcerted, and puzzled, lets her gaze return to her work. A dim idea that it will not be so easy to ride roughshod over this country-bred girl as she had hoped oppresses her, while a still more unpleasant doubt that her intended snubbing has recoiled upon her own head adds to her discontent. Partly through policy and partly with a view to showing this recreant Molly the rudeness of her ways, she refuses to answer to her question and starts a different topic in a still more reezing tone.
"You found your room comfortable, I hope

nd-all that? 'Quite all that, thank nu," cordially. "And such a pretty room too!" (She is un-aware as she speaks that it is one of the plain-est the house contains). "How large every-thing seems! When coming down through all those corridors and halls I very nearly lost

all those corridors and halls I very nearly lost my way. Stupid of me was it not? But it is an enormous house, I can see."

"Is it? Perhaps so. Very much the size of most country houses, I should say. And yet, no doubt, to a stranger it would seem large. Your own home is not so?"

"Oh, no. If you could only see Brooklyn compraison! It is the pretisest little place. n comparison! It is the prettiest little place n all the world, I think; but then it is little

It would require a tremendous amount of genius to lose oneself in Brooklyn." genius to lose oneselt in Brooklyn."

"How late it grows!" says Marcia, looking at the clock and rising. "The first bell ought to ring soon. Which would you prefer, your tea here or in your own room? I always adopt he latter plan when the house is empty, and

take it while dressing. By the bye, you have not seen—Mr. Amherst?'
"My grandfather? No."
"Perhaps he had better be told you are

" Has he not yet heard of my arrival?" asks Molly, impulsively, some faint indignation stirring in her breast. "He knew you were coming, of course; I am not sure if he remembered the exact hour. If you will come with me I will take you to

he library."

Across the hall in nervous silence Molly follows her guide until they reach a small ante-room, beyond which lies the "chamber of horrors," as, in spite of all her efforts o be indifferent, Molly cannot help regarding

Marcia knocking softly at the door, a feeble but rasping voice bids them enter; and, throwing it widely open, Miss Amherst beckons her cousin to follow her into the presence of her dreaded grandfather.

Although looking old, and worn, and de-

crepit, he is still evidently in much better health than when we last saw him, trundling up and down upon the terraced walk, endeavburning sun.

His eyes are darker and fierch his nose a hade sharper, his temper evidently in an uncorked condition; although he may be safely said to be on the mend, and, with regard to his bodily strength, in a very promising con Before him is a table covered with papers,

from which he looks up ungraciously as the "I have brought you Eleanor Massereen says Marcia, without preamble, in a tone so kind and gentle as makes Molly even at this

moment marvel at the change.

If it could be possible for the old man's ghastly skin to assume a paler hue, at this announcement it certainly does so. With suppressed but apparent eagerness he fixes his eyes upon his new grandchild, and as he does so his hand closes involuntarily upon the paper beneath it: his mouth twitches: a

hrinkin gpain contracts his face. Yes, she is very like her dead mother.
"How long has she been in my house?" he asks, presently, after a pause that to Molly has been hours, still with his gaze upon her, though beyond this prolonged examination of her features he has vouchsafed her no wel-

ome. "She came by the half-past four train. Williams met her with the brougham."
"And it is now nearly six. Pray why have I been kept so long in ignorance of her ar-rival?" Not once as he speaks does he look

at Marcia, or at anything but Molly's pale, pretty, disturbed face.
"Dear grandpapa, you have forgotten. Yesterday I told you the hour we expected her. But no doubt, with so many important matters upon your mind," with a glance at the

littered table, "you forgot this one."

"I did," slowly, "so effectually as to make me doubt having ever heard it. No, Marcia, no more excuses, no more lies; you need not explain. Be satisfied that whatever plans you formed to prevent my bidding your cousin welcome to my house were highly successful. At intrigue you are a proficient. I admire proficiency in all things, but—for the future be so good as to remember that I never for-

Dear grandpapa," with a pathetic but very distinct sigh, judged !"

"Granted. Though at times one must own it has its advantages. Now, if for instance lecould only bring myself, now and again, to misjudge you, how very much more conducive to the accomplishment of your aims it would be! Leave the room. I wish to speak to your cousin."

Reluctant, but not daring to disobey, and always with the same aggrieved expression upon her face, Marcia withdraws.

As the door closes behind her, Mr. Amherst

rises, and holds out one hand to Molly.
"You are welcome," he says, quietly, but coldly, and evidently speaking with an effort. Molly, coming slewly up to him, lays her hands in his, while entertaining an earnest hope that she will not be called upon to seal the interview with a kiss. "Thank you," she says, faintly, not know

ing what else to say, and feeling thoroughly embarrassed by the fixity and duration of his regard. 'Yes," speaking again, slowly, and absently. "You are welcome—Eleanor. I am glad I have seen you before—my death. Yes—you are very like—Go!" with sudden vehemence,

leave me: I wish to be alone." Sinking back heavily into his arm-chair, he motions her from him, and Molly, finding herself a moment later once more in the ante-room, breathes a sigh of thankfulness that this her first strange interview with her host " Dress me quickly, Sarah," she says, as

she gains her own room about half an hour later, and finds that damsel awaiting her 'And make me look as beautiful as possible I have yet another cousin to investigate, and

certainly a decided improvement on young women. If, however, there is really any understanding between Philip and Marcia, it will rather spoil my amusement and— still I need not torment myself beforehand, as that is a matter I shall learn in five min-

utes."
"There's a very nice young man downstairs, miss," breaks in Sarah at this juncture, with a simper that has the pleasing effect of making one side of her face quite an inch shorter than the other. "What! you have seen him, then?" cries

Molly, full of her own idea, and oblivious of dignity. "Is he handsome, Sarah? Young? Describe him to me."
"He is short, miss, and stoutish, and—and

"Yes! Do go on, Sarah, and take that

smile off your face; it makes you look down-right imbecile. Short! Stout! Good gracious! of what on earth could Teddy have been think-"His manners is most agreeable, miss, and

altogether he is a most gentlemanlike young nan."
"Well, of course he is all that, or he isn't nything; but stout!——"
"Not a bit stiflish, or uppish, as one might expect, considering where he come from. And indeed, Miss Molly," with an irrepressible

giggle, "he did sav as how-"What?" icily.
"As how I had a very bewidging look about the eyes."
" Sarah," exclaims Miss Massercene, sink ing weakly into a chair, "do you mean to tell me my Cousin Philip—Captain Shadwell—

told you—had the impertinence to speak to ou about——"

"Law, Miss Molly, whatever are you think ing about?—Captain Shadwell! why, I haven't so much as laid eyes on him! I was only speaking of his young man, what goes by the

ame of Peters."
"Ridiculous!" cries Molly, impatiently then bursting into a merry laugh, she laughs so heartily and so long that the somewhat puzzled Sarah feels compelled to join.

"Short, and stout, and gentlemanly—ha, ha, ha! And so Peters said you were bewidg-

ing, Sarah? Ah | take care, and do not let him turn your head; if you do, you will lose all your fun, and gain little for it. Is that a Oh, Sarah! come, despatch, despatch, or I shall be late, and eternally disgraced."

The robing proceeds, and when finished leaves Molly standing before her maid with (it must be confessed) a very self-satisfied smirk upon her countenance.
"How am I looking, Sarah? I want a candid opinion; but on no account say anything

disparaging."

"Lovely!" says Sarah, with comfortable haste. "There's no denying it, Miss Molly, Miss Amherst below, for all her dark hair and eyes (and I don't say but that she is hand-some), could not hold a candle to you, as the saying is—and that's a fact." 'Is there anything in all the world," says Miss Massereene, " so sweet as sincere praise? Sarah, you are a charming creature. Goodbye; I go—let us hope—to victory. But if not—if I find the amiable relatives refuse to acknowledge my charms—I shall at least know

where to come to receive the admiration I feel so justly deserve!" So saying, with a little tragic flourish, she once more wends her way down-stairs, trailing behind her her pretty white muslin gown, with its flecks of coloring, blue as her eyes, into

the drawing-room.

The close of autumn brings to us a breath of winter. Already the daylight has taken to itself wings and flown partially away; and though, as yet, a good deal of it through compassion lingers, it is but a half-hearted dally-ing, that speaks of hurry to be gone. The footman, a young person of a highly morbid and sensitive disposition, abhorrent

of twilights, has pulled down all the blinds in the sitting rooms, and drawn the curtains closely, has lit the lamps, and poked into a blaze the fire that Mr. Amherst has the wisdom to keep burning all the year round in the long, chilly room.

Before this fire, with one arm on the mantel-piece and one foot upon the fender, stands

a young man, in an attitude suggestive of melancholy. Hearing the rustling of a woman's garments, he looks up, and, seeing Molly, stares at her, first lazily, then curious ly, then amazedly, then ---She is quite close to him; she can almost touch him; indeed, no farther can sne go without putting him to one side; and still he has not stirred. The situation grows embarrassing, so embarrassing that, what with the ludicrous silence and Philip Shadwell's eves which betray a charmed astonishment, Molly

compromises matters by smiling, and lowering her eyelids just half an inch. 'You do not want all the fire, do you?" she asks, demurely, in a low tone.
"I beg your pardon," exclaims Philip, in his abstraction moving in a direction closer to the fire, rather than from it. "I had no idea was, I'- doubtfully-" am I speaking to

feels an overpowering desire to laugh. She

Miss Massereene? "You are. And I—I know I am speaking to Captain Shadwell."
"Yes," slowly. "That is my name—Philip Shadwell." "We are cousins, then," says Miss Molly,

kindly, as though desirous of putting him at his ease. "I hope we shall be, what is far better, friends." "We must be; we are friends." returns he. hastily, so full of surprise and self-reproach as to be almost unconscious of his words. Is this the country cousin full of freckles and mauvaise honte, who was to be pitied, and lectured, and taught generally how to be have?—whose ignorance was to draw forth groans from pit and gallery and boxes? A bot blush at his own unmeant impertinence

ever, by any chance, to hear what he had said! Oh, perish the thought !—it is too hor-A little laugh from Molly somewhat restores his senses.

thrills him from head to foot.

"You should not stare so," she says, seerely, with an adorable attempt at a frown.
And you need not look at me all at once, you know, because, as I am going to stay here whole month, you will have plenty of time to do it by degrees, without fatiguing yourself. By the bye," reproachfully, "I have come a journey to day, and am dreadfully tired, and you have never even offered me a chair; must get one for myself?

ewildered me ; you came upon me like an apparition; more especially as people in is house never get to the drawing-room until exactly one minute before dinner is an-"Lest we should bore each other past forgiveness. Being together as we are every day, and all day long, one can easily imagine how a very little more pressure would smash the chains of politeness. You may have heard

"You have driven any manners I may pos-

sees out of my head," replies he, laughing too, and pushing towards her the cosiest chair

the room contains. "Your sudden entrance

"I have. I am sorry I frightened you. To morrow night I shall know better, and shall leave you to your silent musings in peace.

of the last straw and its disastrons conse-

"No : don't do that !" save her companion something tells me the third will be the charm, and that I shall get on with him. Young men"—ingeniously, and forgetting alone, as we are now, the best of the whole not be detected."

congenial companion "Are you a congenial companion?"
"I don't know," smiling. "If you will let
me, I can at least try to be."

"Try, then, by all means." In a moment or two—"I should like to fathom your thoughts," says Molly. "When I came in there was more than bewilderment in your face; it showed—how shall I express it? You

"Will you forgive me if I say I did?" "What, then? A creature tall, gaunt,

weird---

"Fat. red. uncomfortable?"

The door opens, and Mr. Amberst enters, member in its behalf. then Marcia. Philip straightens himself, and puts on his usual bored, rather sulky expreson his usual bored, rather surky expres-Molly smiles upon her grumpy old He offers her his arm, Philip does the to Marcia, and together they gain the perform.

The preservation of neutring underline the preservation of neutring underline the control of the strength of the preservation of neutring underline.

It is by Sir Sherston Baker, a well-known writer on international law.

A memoir of James Dodgs, of Dunbar, author of the "Fifty Years" Struggle of the same to Marcia, and together they gain the

ost in its vast centre. Marcia in an evening toilette of black and

strikes but fails to subdue Molly. It has a contrary effect, making her spirits rise, and has in press two volumes with the title of the subdue Molly. strikes but fails to subdue Molly.

Never does she raise her eyes without entask so sharply respecting the Canadian countering Philip's dark ones regarding her with the friendliest attention. This also helps to reassure her. A friend in need is a triend indeed, and this friend is handsome as well as kind, although there is a little someabout his expression, that repels her.

She compares him unfavorably with Lut-

lady with distrust.
"Is any one coming to morrow? asks Mr.

Amherst, apropos of Molly's reverie.
"Tedcastle and Maud Darley." "Her husband?" "I suppose so. Though she did not mention him when writing."
"Poor Darley!" with a sneer; "she never loes mention him. Any one else?"

"Not to-morrow."
"I wonder if Luttrell will be much altered," says Philip; "browned, I suppose, by India, although his stay there was of the shortost."

"He is not at all browned," breaks in Molly, quietly.
"You know him?" Morais alter this to hear Macaulay say: "Brougham's absurdities are merely pitiable while be confines himself to his pen." Again, Brougham expressed surprise that Macaulay had praised Lord Clive, "for," he said, "I have his own letters in his own hand to the contrary." y, quietly.
"You know him?" Marcia asks, in a rather

distinct tone. Philip smiles at Molly, and of the author of so many works which have Molly, unconscious of offence, is about to redicted world-wide praise to be spoken of in turn to the charge, and give a lengthened action in the charge, and give a lengthened action in the charge and give a lengthened action in the charge. she is prevented by a voice from behind her

Loftray writing to No.

chair, which says:
"Champagne, or Moselle?" her brother for the moment.

"I thought all women were prejudiced in

"I am hardly in a position to judge," frankchampagne only once. Have I shocked you? s that a very lowering admission?"

amused tone, "more especially in these de-generate days when most young ladies can

ever there? I persuaded my brother to take me there the spring before last, and we went." "We were there that year, with a large

party," says Marcia. I do not remember seeing you on the stand." [TO BE CONTINUED]

horoughly softens up the fibre, and com-letely saturates it. The whole is then polished, and then comes out of the other end of the machine hard, dry lumber, ready for aged and invalid persons. It surmounts a use. The inventor claims that the chemical floral decoration on the table in front of the properties hardening in the fibre entirely pre- open platform, where it is hardly seen. vents water-soaking, and renders the lumber speaker pays no attention whatever to it, yet combustible only in a very hot fire. The every word uttered in the auditorium is hardened finish on the outside also makes it easily heard in the rooms of the dwellings impervious to water. The samples on exhi-which the wires reach. The first message bition could hardly be told from hardwood from the minister was from Scripture: "The lumber, and in sawing it the difference could word is nigh unto thee." "His words runneth

OUR SPECIAL COLUMN.

LITERARY.

Henry James, jr., has a story called "The Diary of a Man of Fifty," in the July Harper. It has been hinted that the story is not about himself, as he is too young for that by nearly one-half.

We see that many of the literary men of America have gone abroad this summer. Is it not strange that so many should be seekers after health and pleasure at the same time? Mrs. Craig, better known as Dinah Muloch, author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," and other works such as " Felix Holt, the Radieal," has been writing fiction for more than

wenty years.

With the exception of the venerable Mr. Collier, now verging on his hundredth year, no one has done so much to elucidate the great English dramatist as Mr. Cowden Clarke, who has just issued "The Shake-spearcan Key." It is republished in this country. Swinburne is meditating on the Shakes-

pearean age and literature. What he will bring out of it is a question hard to answer. looked as though you had expected something Poets of his class should confine themselves else."

The principle of the strength dard. His voluptuous style is not in accordance with the unapproachable manner of

the poet of all time.

Biography is now the rage. No books take This touches so nearly on the truth as to be sayings and doings of those of lesser note.

A parody on Stanley's "Through the Park npleasant. He winces.
"I will tell you what I did not expect," he ys, hastily, coloring a little. "How should It is so seldom one has the good luck It is so seldom one has the good luck It is so seldom one has the good luck It will be looked for with ays, hastily, coloring a little. "How should title of "Through the Light Continent," a little of solution of the light Continent, and the look written by Mr. W. Saunders on the light continent, and the light continent, an

"Am I one?" asks she, looking with dangerous frankness into the dark eyes above her, that are telling her silently, eloquently, she is the fairest, freshest, sweetest quantity of a second form the pen of the late Mr. Joseph Kar. the fairest, freshest, sweetest queen of flowers the title was enough to enlist the Quaker

A very useful work is announced in Eng-

ining-room.

It is an old, heavily wainscoted apartment, gloomy beyond words, so immense that the four who dine in it to-night appear utterly

A memor of sames Pours, of Danca, author of the "Fifty Years" Struggle of the Scottish Covenanters," is soon to appear. It will be a work of great interest.

One and All is the title of a new weekly penny paper about to be started in London. England. The editor is Mr. George R. Sims.

A Scottish writer of considerable note, Mr. ivory sits at the head of the table, her grand-father opposite to her; Philip and Molly are vis-a-vis at the sides. Behind stand the footmen, as sleek and well-to-do, and imbecile, as one can desire.

There is a solemnity about the repast that strikes but fails to subdue Molly. It has a strikes but fails to subdue Molly. It has a

contrary enect, making net spirits had also has in press two volumes with the creating in her a very mistaken desire for "Representative Statesmen," commencing laughter. She is hungry, too, and succeeds with the great Strafford and coming down to in eating a good dinner, while altogether she comes to the conclusion that it may not be wholly impossible to put in a very good time of a book by Sir George Campbell—the mem-

well as kind, although there is a little some-thing or other, a suppressed vindictiveness, about his expression, that repels her. sayings and doings of the great master minds in the literature of the past, and a volume She compares him unfavorably with Luttrell, and presently lets her thoughts wander on to the glad fact that to-morrow will see the steepest. The book comprises the latter by her side when indeed the milk to selected correspondence of the latter by her side when indeed the milk to selected correspondence of the latter by her side when indeed the milk to selected correspondence of the latter by her side when indeed the milk to be selected correspondence of the latter by her side when indeed the milk to be selected correspondence of the latter by her side when indeed the milk to be selected correspondence of the latter by her side when indeed the milk to be selected correspondence of the latter by her side when indeed the milk to be selected correspondence of the latter by the s latter by her side, when indeed she will be in a position to dely fate—and Marcia. Already Napier, who, while editor of the "Encycloa position to defy fate—and Marcia. Already has she learned to regard that dark-browed lady with distrust.

"Is any one coming to morrow? asks Mr. Amherst, apropos of Molly's reverie.

"Tedeastle and Maud Darley."

Indication, who, while datter of the Edinburgh Review, necessarily held correspondence with most of the literary men of the day. Those letters are remarkable as bringing out in the freest manner the expressions of the various writers. Here is an instance. Lord Brougham, speaking of Macaulay, says:
"Why will Macaulay fancy that a luscious style is fine writing? and why will he disgust one with talking of men's blue eyes, etc."
How amusing after this to hear Macaulay

"You know him?" Marcia asks, in a rather surprised tone, turning towards her.
"Oh, yes, very well," coloring a little. "That is, he was staying with us for a short time at Brooklyn."

Lord Jeffrey, the giant of the Edinburgh Review, speaking of Tom Carlyle, remarked in reference to a paper Napier wanted for the Review:—"I fear Carlyle will not do, that is, if you do not take the liberties and the pains "Staying with you?" her grandfather repeats, curiously. It is evidently a matter of wonder with them, her friendship with Tedcastle.

"Yes, he and John, my brother, are old to abet and applaud him to intercept the friends. They were at school together, although John is much older, and he says——"
Mr. Amherst coughs, which means he is
displeased, and turns his head away. Marcia
gives an order to one of the servants in a very
elegant and impressive writer." Only think

Jeffrey, writing to Napier, said of the late Mr. W. C. Bryant, the American poet, a re-"Champagne, or Moselle?"
"Champagne," replies Molly, and forgets have done nothing with Bryant. He is a Felicia Hemans in brocches." Writing of Brougham, whose political works he declined to review, he said:—"The books are not firstatvor of Moselle," says Philip, addressing her hastily, more from a view to hinder a recurrence to the forbidden topic than from any not admirable." Strange he should thus not admirable." ence to the forbidden topic than from any processing curiosity to learn her taste in have written of the man who did more to wines. "Are not you?"

assist him in writing up the Edinburgh than her taste in have writing up the Edinburgh than her taste in have writing up the Edinburgh than her taste in have writing up the Edinburgh than her taste in have writing up the Edinburgh than her taste in have writing up the Edinburgh than her taste in have writing up the Edinburgh than her taste in have writing up the Edinburgh than her taste in have writing up the Edinburgh than her taste in have writing up the Edinburgh than her taste in have written of the man who did more to assist him in writing up the Edinburgh than her taste in have written of the man who did more to assist him in writing up the Edinburgh than her taste in have written of the man who did more to assist him in writing up the Edinburgh than her taste in have written of the man who did more to assist him in writing up the Edinburgh than her taste in have written of the man who did more to assist him in writing up the Edinburgh than her taste in have written of the man who did more to assist him in writing up the Edinburgh than her taste in have written of the man who did more to assist him in writing up the Edinburgh than her taste in have written as the hard writing I am hardly in a position to judge," frank"as I have never tasted Moselle, and letters this singular incident is mentioned:— "When Princess Charlotte died, the Whigs, s that a very lowering admission?"

Mr. Amberst coughs again. The corners of Kent, got me to write and urge his losing no Marcia's mouth take a disgusted droop. Philip time in taking a wife, to keep out the Duko of Cumberland, whom they then disliked and "On the contrary, it is a very refreshing feared far more than they have since done. he says, in an interested and deeply I have his answer, according to our request, ad tone, "more especially in these destating his difficulties, chiefly pecuniary, but when he came over he presented tell one to a turn the precise age, price, and Duchess, and good humordly observed that retailer of one's wines. May I ask when was I had a hand in the match." Her Majesty Queen Victoria was the only child of is memorable once?"
"At the races at Loaminster. Were you the Duke of Kent. How admirably the arto rangoment was carried out.

Macaulay being asked to review 'American Notes," the book Dickens wrote after visiting the United States the first time, he thus unbosomed himself " It was impossible for me to review it: nor I cannot praise it and I will not cut it up. I Cannot praise it, though it contains a few lively dialogues and descriptions; for it We read in the Oshkosk, (Wis.,) Northwest-We read in the Oshkosk, (Wis.,) Northwestern: "A gentleman of Busnell, Ill., recently exhibited some samples of lumber that have attracted much attention among the lumbermen, and which, if it possesses great deal too fine for me, as the description of the Falls of Niagara. A reader who wants are claimed for it, is a particular and the most important inventions and the most important inventions are considered as a property of the first two pages. What is meant to be fine is a great deal too fine for me, as the description of the Falls of Niagara. A reader who wants all the virtues that are claimed for it, is certainly one of the most important inventions of its kind ever brought to notice. If it is a success it will form a new era in the art of building. To make hardwood lumber out of common wheat straw, with all effects. out of common wheat straw, with all effects of polish and finish which are obtainable on the hardest of black walnut and mahogany, at as little cost as clear pine lumber can be made up for, is the claim of the inventor, and the samples which he produces would go it—first, because I have eaten salt with the samples which he produces would go it—first, because I have eaten salt with the samples which he produces would go it—first, because I have eaten salt with the produces would go it—first, because I have eaten salt with the produces would go it—first, because I have eaten salt with the produces would go it—first, because I have eaten salt with the produces would go it—first, because I have eaten salt with the produces would go it—first, because I have eaten salt with the produces would go it—first because I have eaten salt with the produces would go it—fi out of common wheat straw, with all effects literature had better go even to so poor a the samples which he produces would go it—first, because 1 have eaten such as its usually manufactured at any paper such as its usually manufactured at any paper, mill is used for the purpose. As many sheets are taken as are required to make the thick-blue and spling and a man of real talent; third, because he hates slavery as heartily as I do, and fourth, because I wish to see him enrolled in our are taken as are required to make the thick-blue and yellow corps, where he may do the same taken as a simulative and sharpness of lumber desired. These sheets are excellent work as a skirmisher and sharp-passed through a chemical solution which shooter."

-The telephone is speeding on the good passed through a succession of rollers, dried work. A telephone has been placed in the and hardened during the passage, as well as Congregational church at Mansfield, Ohio,