YOU'LL NEVER GUESS.

I know two eyes, two soft brown eyes, Two eyes as sweet and dear As ever danced with gay surprise Or melted with a tear; In whose fair rays a heart may bask— Their shedowet rays serene. Their shadowed rays serene-But, little maid, you must not ask Whose gentle eyes I mean.

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tiously.

I know a voice of fairy tone, Like brooklet in the June, That sings to please itself alone, A little old-world tune: Whose nusic haunts the listener's ear, And will not leave it free; But I shall never tell you, dear, Whose accents they may be. I know a goldon-hearted maid For whom I built a shrine, A leafy nock of murmurous shade, Deep in this heart of mine ; And in that calm and cool recess To make her home she came-But, oh I you'd never, never gaess That little maiden's name.

-Frederick Laughridge in Good Words

MOLLY BAWN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHYLLIS."

"Oh ! Molly Bawn, why leave me pining, All lonely waiting here for you."—Old Song "I don't think I could have said quite that," Molly replies, quietly; "I told you I sang a little; it is not enstomary to laud one's own performances."

' You are a clever actress," says Marcia, s low as to be unheard by all but Molly; " with such a voice as yours, and such masterly comidence l''

mand of all emotion and expression, you should make the stage your home." "Perhaps I shall find your hint useful in the future," says Molly, with a slight shrug of her shoulders; "when one is poor it is always well to know there is something one can put one's hand to when things come to the wors!". "He worst." "The Christy Minstrels, without doubt. They never perform out of London, so I sup-pose are the only people in it now." "Wrong. There was one other person—Sir Penthony Stafford !" one's hand to when things come to the worst! but at present leed sufficiently at home where I am. I am glad," calmly, "my singing ploased you—if indeed it did."

'You sing magnificently," Marcia says Egypt. aloud, giving her meed of praise justly, but

unwillingly. "And such a charming song as that is !" breaks in Mrs. Darley; "I remember hearing it for the first time, just after my marriage, indeed while we were yet enjoying our wed-ding tour. Do you remember it, dearest?" As she marmurs the tender words, she turns upon her lord two azure eyes so limpid and fan. full of trust and love that any man ignorant hiding ?" of the truth would have sworn by all his gods her desire was with her hysband, whereas rather evaded the question." "And is that your Mr. Potts?" asks Molly, finding herself close to Tedcastle, speaking with heavy and suspicious emphasis. every inch of heart she possesses has long since been handed over to a man in the Horse

Guards Blue. "Humph," says Henry Darley, cloquontly, and without further rejoinder goes on with the game of chess he is playing with Mr. Amas he remembers the glowing terms in which he has described his friend. "Don't you—ch, herst.

don't you like him ?" "Oh! like him, I cannot answer that yet "Let us have something else, Eleanor," her grandfather says, looking up for an in-stant from his beloved queens and kings and but," laughing, " I certainly don't admire castles; "another song." This is such a wonderful request, coming him. And indeed, Mr. Potts's beauty is not of the

sort to call forth raptures at first sight. from Mr. Amherst, who is known to abhor Marcia's attempts, that every one looks surin people's hair," says Molly, "but I have never seen it rosy until now. Is it dyed? It prised. "Willingly, grandpapa," says, Molly, and,

going once more to the piano, gladly puts the obnoxious duet away, foeling sure its ap-pearance has caused Tedcastle's annoyance. There is the most curious thing I ever looked at." As indeed it is. When introduced to poor Pots, when covering him with a first dispaspearance has caused Tedcastle's annoyance. Pots, when covering him with a first dispat-"Though if he is going to be jealous so early in the game as this," thinks she, "I don't fancy I shall have an altogether festive time of it." of it.

"What shall it be?" she asked, loud. "Nothing Italian, at all events," says Mr. Amherst (all Marcia's endeavors are in that language); "I like something I understand and I hate your runs and trills."

"I will sing you my own song," says Molly, gayly, and gives them "Molly Bawn" deli-

"How pretty that is !" says Lady Stafford ;

"How pretty that is I" says Lady Statiord; "and so wild—quite Irish! But your name after all is Eleanor, is it not?" "There is, I believe, a tradition in the fam-ity to that effect," says Molly, smiling, " but it is used up, and no one now pays to it the least attention. I myself much prefer Molly. I am always called Molly Bawn at home." Her voice lingers on the word home. In an instant, amidst all the luxuries and charms of this beautiful drawing-room at Herst, her

mind goes back to the old, homely, beloved sanctum at Brooklyn, where she sees John, What a haven of rest and security is one's and Letty, and all the happy, merry, good-hearted children harmoniously mixed up to-

and very nearly makes havoc of the springs in CHAPTER XIV. doing so. "I want to tell you who I saw in town the Ob, beware my lord, of jealousy; It is the green-eyed monster who doth mock The meat it feeds on."-OTHELLO. day before I left -- a week ago," he says, cau-"A week ago ! and have you been ever since Next day at luncheon, Mr. Amherst, having

getting here?" "No, I did it by degrees. First, I went carefully mapped out one of his agreeable lit-tle surprises, and having selected a moment down to the Maplesons', and spent two days there, very slow, indeed; then I got on to the Blounts', and found it much slower there; when every one is present, says to her with a wicked gleam of anticipative amusement in his cunning old eyes :

fore last, and stayed there until this even-ing. You know he lives only three miles from this." " Sir Penthony is in England." Although she has had neither hint nor warning of what is coming, Lady Stafford is a match for him. Mr. Potts's intelligence of "He is at home now, then ?" "Yes. He always is at home, I notice, when the evening before stands her now in good stead. -you are here !" " No !" says Cacil, with a little faint laugh. You don't say so ! What a remarkable coin-"Indeed !" she says, without betraying any former knowledge, turning eyes of the calmest upon him; "you surprise me. Tired so soon of Egyptian sphinxes! I always knew he had "An annual coincidence. But you don't ask no taste. I hope he is quite well. I suppose

you heard from him ?" "Yes. He is well, but evidently pines for home quarters and old friends. Thinking you would like to see him after so long a separa-tion, I have invited him here. You—you "Wrong. There was one other person—Sir Penthony Stafford !" don't object ?"

"Really?" says Cecil, coloring warmly, and sitting in a more upright position. "He ' says her ladyship, promptly, redden " I ? ing, but laughing too very successfully. "Now, why should I object? On the conhas returned, then ? I thought he was in trary, I shall be charmed; he will be quite an acquisition. If I remember rightly"— with a little affected drooping of the lids— "So he was, but he has come back, looking uncommon well too, as brown as a berry. To my thinking, as good a fellow to look at as there is in England, and a capital fellow all he is a very handsome man, and, I hear, amusing."

"Dear mc!" says Cocil. "What a loss Egypt has sustained! And what a partisan you have become! May I ask," suppress-ing a pretended yawn behind her perfumed Mr. Amherst, foiled in his amiable inten tion of drawing confusion on the head of somebody, subsides into a grunt and his easy-chair. To have gone to all this trouble for nothing, to have invited secretly this man, who interests him not at all, in hopes of a lit-"where your rara avis is at present tle excitement, and to have those hopes frus-"I asked him," says Mr. Potts, " but he trated, disgusts him. Yet after all there will, there must be some

amusement in store for him, in watching the meeting between this strange pair. He at least may not prove as cool and indifferent as his "Yes," Tedcastle admits, coloring slightly pretty wife.

"He will be here to dinner to day," he says, grumpishly, knowing that all around him are nwardly rejoicing at his defeat.

This is a thunderbolt, though he is too much disheartened by his first defeat to notice it. Lady Stafford grows several shades palor, and-luncheon being at an end-rises hurriedly. Going towards the door, she glances back, and draws Molly by a look to her side.

"Come with mc," she says; "I must speak to some one, and to you before any of the others.' When they have reached Cecil's pretty sitting-room off which her bedroom opens, the first thing her ladyship does is to subside into

a seat and laugh a little. "It is like a play," she says, "the idea of "He is a right good fellow," save Luttrell, rather indignantly, being scarcely in the mood his coming down here, to find me before him. It will be a surprise; for I would swear that horrible old man never told him of my being

to laugh at Molly's surcasms. "He may be," is her calm reply; "but if I were he, rather than go through life with that in the house, or he would not have come. Am I talking Greek to you, Molly ? You know my complexion and that unhappy head I would commit suicide." story, surely ?" "I have heard something of it-not much -from Mr. Luttrell," says Molly, truthfully.

Commit suicide." Then there is a little more music. Marcia plays brilliantly enough, but it is almost im-' It is a curious one, is it not ? and one no possible to forget during her playing that she has had an excellent master. It is not genu-ine or from the heart. It is clever, but it is easily matched. It all came of that horrible will. Could there be anything more stupid than for an old man to depart this life and leave behind him a document binding two acquired, and fails very fatly after Moly's perfect singing, and no one in the room feels this more acutely than Marcia herself. Then Luttrell, who has a charming voice,

"I have seen many different shades of red

young people in such a way as makes it do or die with them? I had never seen my cousin in all my life, and he had never seen sings for them something pathetic and re-proachful, you may be sure, as it is meant for Molly's ears; and then the evening is at an me; yet we were compelled at a moment's no-tice to marry each other or forfeit a dazzling fortune." "Why could you not divide it ?" "Because the lawyers said we couldn't. Lawyers are always aggressive.

and shook hands with him with my veil down. You may be sure I had secured a very thick must be there.'

RICHMOND HILL, THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1879.

"Do you mean to tell me," says Molly, ris-

"Do you mean to tell me," says Molly, ris-ing in her excitement, " that he never asked you to raise your veil?" "Never, my dear. I assure you the best man he brought down with him was by far the more curious of the two. But then, you must remember, Sir Penthony had seen my nicture." Here Ceell grees off into a beauty wanted 1 picture." Here Cecil goes off into a hearty burst of laughter. "If you had seen that maid once, my dear, you would not have been ambitious of a second view "Still I never heard of anything so cold, so

unnatural," says Miss Masscreene, in high look back disgust. "I declare I would have broken off Tableau ! with him then and there, had it been me." "Not if you lived with my cousin Amelia, feeling yourself a dependent on her bounty. She was a startling instance of how a woman can worry and torment. The very thought of her makes my heart sore in my body and chills my blood to this day. I rejoice to say she is no more."

"Well, you got married?" "Yes, in Amelia's drawing-room. I had a little gold band on my third finger, I had a little gold band on my third finger, I had a cold shake-hands from my husband, a sym-pathetic one from his groomsman, and then found myself once more alone, with a title and

plenty of money, and—that's all." "What was his friend's name?"

ance.

think so ?"

"Talbot Lowry. He lives about three miles from here, and"—with an airy laugh—" is rather too fond of me."

"What a strange story!" says Molly, re-garding her wistfully. "Do you never wish Tedcastle, l trell," he s

"I never do," gayly. Don't look to me for sentiment, Molly, because I am utterly devoid of it. I know I suffer in your estimation by this confession, but it is the simple truth. I no further "What is the matter with you?" he asks, with odious want of sympathy. "Have you been crying?" "No," replies Molly, indignant at his tone —so unlike Shadwell's. "Why should you something ever since that old person down-stairs tried to take me aback this morning, and failed so egregiously."

"And your wish is----" "That I could make my husband fall mad-"Why? Because your eyes are red; and certainly as I came up Shadwell appeared to ly in love with me. Oh, Molly, what a re-venge that would be! And why should he be doing his utmost to console you." "Anything the matter with you, Teddy ? not indeed?" Going over to a glass and gaz-ing carnestly at herself. "I am pretty-vory pretty, J think. Speak, Molly, and encourage asks Miss Masscreene, with suspicious sweet-ness. "You seem put out." "Yes"-sternly-" and with cause. I do

me." "You know you are lowely," says Molly, in such good faith that Cecil kisses her on the spot. "But what if you should fall in love "Where?" "Well, if not exactly in his arms, very

"Perhaps I have done so long ago," her "You are forgetting yourself." Coldly. " If you are forgetting yourself." Coldly. " If you are jealous of Philip, say so, but do not disgrace yourself by using coarse language. There was a bit of bark in my eye. I suppose ladyship replies, in a tone impossible to trans-late, being still intent on the contemplation of her many charms. Then, quickly, "No, no, Molly, I am fireproof." "Yet any day you may meet some one to

whom you must give your love." "Not a bit of it. I should despise myself forever if I once found myself letting my pulse beat half a second faster for one man from you." than for another.'

"Do you mean to tell me you have never loved ? "Never, never, never. And indeed, to give myself due credit, I believe the fact that I

"That is a good thing, if the idea lasts. But won't you feel awkward in meeting him this evening?"

"I? No, but I dare say he will; and I hope so too," says her ladyship, maliciously. "For three long years he has never been to see whether I were well or ill—or pining for man.'

him," laughing. "And yet, Molly, I do feel nervous, awfully, ridiculously nervous, at the bare idea of our so soon coming face to

face." "Is he handsome ?" "Ye-es, pretty well. Lanky sort of man, "Ye good deal of nose; you know, and very not now I think of

--- There. I can do no more !" says her disappointedly. "Now let me look below ; it nowladyship, with a sigh, half pleased, half fear-ful. "If I weren't so shamefully nervous I Just at this delicate moment who should ful.

turn the corner but Luttrell! Oh, those unlucky corners that will occur in life, bringing people upon the scene, without a word of for yourself at this moment as I am for you. If I were in your shoes I should faint. It is warning, at the very time when they are leas

in i were in your shoes i should faint. It is to me an awful ordeal." "I am so white, too," says Cecil, impa-tiently. "You haven't—I suppose, Molly— but of course you haven't——" Luttrell, coming briskly onwards in search of his lady-love, sees, marks, and comes to a dead stop. And this is what he sees. Molly in Philip's—well, if not exactly in his embrace, something very near it; Philip

WHOLE NO. 1,096-NO. 5.

M Teefy

" Lady Stafford " Cecil interrupts, coming " What, dear?" " Rouge. After all, Therese was right. When leaving town she asked me should she get some; and, when I rejected the idea with scorn, said there was no knowing when one might require it. Perhaps afterwards she did put it in. Let us ring and ask hor." " Never mind it. You are on comparison prettier without it. Cecil"—doubtfully—" I hope when it comes to the last moment yeu will have nerve." " Be happy," says Cecil. " I am always of my principal charms. I never create situa-tions through vulgar excitement. I shall prob-lably astonish you (and myself also) hy my ex. looking with wild anxiety into the very depths of Molly's lovely eyes, while the lovely eyes look back at Philip full of deep entreaty. It is too much. Luttrell, stung cruelly, turns as if to withdraw, but after a step or two finds himself unable to carry out the dignified intention, and pauses irresolutely. His back being turned, however, he is not in at

the closing act, when Philip produces tri umphantly on the tip of his fingers such a mere atom of matter as makes one wonder now it could ever have caused so much annoy-

ably astonish you (and myself also) by my ex-treme coolness. In the meantime"--smiling --"I own I should like a glass of sherry. What o'clock is it, Molly?" "Are you better now ?" he asks, anxiously, vet with pardonable pride. "I-am-thank you." Blinking thought

"Just seven." "Ah! he must be here now. How I wish it fully, as though not yet assured of the rolief. "Lam so much obliged to you. And—yes, I am better. Quite well, I think. What should I have done without you ?" " Ah, that I could believe myself necessary

"And I am not yet dressed. I must run," exclaims Molly. "Good-bye, Cecil. Keep up your spirits, and remember above all things" "Yours ! Althouch you don't seem in a to you at any time !" Philip is beginning, with fluent sentime 'lity, when, catching sight of

how well your dress becomes you." Two or three minutes elapse-five-and bruptly. "Here is Lut-injured tone, and, seeing f a tete-a-tete, takes his Two or three minutes elapse—five—and still Cecil cannot bring herself to descend. She is more nervous about this inevitable Will be be Will be be "I am sorry to undeceive you, but it is in-

departure. Molly is still petting her wounded member when Luttrell reaches her side. "What is the matter with you ?" he asks,

noyed? The latter she greatly tears. With faint glimmer of the real laces browning and the should suspect her of having asked Mr. faint glimmer of the real laces browning and having asked Mr. faint glimmer of the real laces browning and have a structure is of her laughing heartily and natural structure is of her laughing to her room.

She takes up another bracelet and tries it on. Disliking the effect, she takes it off again. on. Disliking the effect, she takes it off again. So she triffes, in fond hope of cheating time, and would probably be triffing now had not the handle of her door been boldly turned, the door opened, and a young man come confi-dently forward. door opened, and a young man come confi-dently forward. His confidence comes to an untimely end

not relish coming upon you suddenly and finding you in Shadwell's arms."

His confidence comes to an untimely end as his astonished eyes rest on Cecil. "I beg your pardon, I'm sure," he says, beating a hasty retreat back to the landing outside. "I had no idea—I'm awfully sorry -but this room used to be mine." "It is mine now," says Cecil, accepting the

situation at a glance, and recognizing Sir Penthony without hesitation. He is a tall young man—lank, as she has herself expressed him—with thick brown hair,

herself expression in the has handsome dark eyes, closely cropped. He has handsome dark eyes, with a rather mocking expression in them, and has a trick of shutting them slightly if puzzled has a trick of shutting them slightly if puzzled low, whilst Mary Jane's was black—a sooty black?" "How could I see anything? Your veil was you think it would have been better for me to endure torments than allow Philip—who was very kind-to take it out? If you do, I differ "I am not speaking alone of this particular

"I am not speaking alone of this particular instance in which you seem to favor Shad-well," says the young man, moodily, his eye fixed upon the sward beneath him. "Every day it grows more palpable. Yen scarcely care to hide your sentiments now." "You mean"--impatiently--" you would wish me to speak to no one except you. You don't take into account how slow this would be for me." She says this cruelly. "I care no more for Philip than I do for any other ly be called husky or hearse) that is rather fascinating. His short upper lip is covered by a heavy brown moustache that hides a laughing mouth. He is aristocratic and good-looking, without being able to lay claim to actual beauty. Just now he is overwhelmed with confu-

to more for Philip than I do for any other

seeing mc." [TO BE CONTINUED] forward, smiling, to reassure him. "You have made a mistake; you have lost your way," she says, in a tone that trembles ever such a little in spite of her efforts to be "Just so. I am the other man, no doubt. I

"Indeed! And ——" "The Darleys. You know them ?"

"Little woman-Dolly-bizarre in manner

would change places with hor this moment.

have never been blind to the fact that you do not care for me. Why take the trouble of act-

"To my shame I confess it," he says, laughing, gazing with ill-concealed admira-tion at this charming azure vision standing before him. "Feolishly I forgot to ask for my room, and ran up the stairs, feeling or acquirement of knowledge out of their va-containt of the the section and there these who only intensify the ing a part any longer ?" "Acting a part ! Nonsense !" says Molly. "I always think that the most absurd phrase in the world. Who does not act a part? The thing is to act a good one." "Is yours a good part?" Bitterly. "You are the best judge of that," certain that the one that used to be mine cation, and there those who only intensify the

to the drawing-room, where she is followed presently by Molly, then by Luttrell; but, as these two latter refuse to converse with each other, conversation is rather one-sided.

Mr. Amherst, contrary to his usual custom, appears very early on the field, evidently desirous of enjoying the fray to its utmost. He looks quite jubilant and fresh for him, and his nose is in a degree sharper than its wont. He opens an animated discourse with Cecil; but Lady Stafford, although distrait and with her mind en the stretch, listening for every sound outside, replies brilliantly, and, womanlike, conceals her anxiety with her

tongue. At length the dreaded moment comes. There s a sound of footfalls-nearer-nearer stillthen, clearer, deadlier than be and the door opens, to d upor the threshold.

Lady Stafford is sitting within the emora-

sure of the window. "Fortune favors me," she says hurriedly to Molly, alluding to the other guests' non-ap-

pearance. "Your wife is staying with me," Mr. Am herst begins, complacently; and, pointing to Cecil, "allow me to introduce you to——" "Lady Stafford" Cecil interrupts, coming

he by her words that he even forgets to offer it.

Drawing him into a recess of the window she says, reproachfully, "Why do you look so astanished ? Do you not know that you are gratifying that abominable old man ? And "And he must be here how. How I wish it was over!" says Lady Stafford, with a little sinking of the heart. "And I am not yet dressed. I must run." I don't understand," Sir Penthony says,

"Yours! Although you don't seem in a hurry to claim me," she says, with a rarely

She is more nervous about this ineviation "I am sorry to undeceive you, but it is meeting than she cares to own. Will he be openly cold, or anxious to conciliate, or annoyed? The latter she greatly fears. What faint glimmer of the real facts breaking in faint glimmer of the real facts breaking in

strain is off her, laughing heartily and natur ally-so much so that the other occupants of the room turn to wonder enviously what is

I meant to send you my real photo, but some-how I didn't. I waited until we should meet;

and now we have met, and — Why do you look so disconsolate? Surely, surely I am an improvement on Mary Jane?" " It isn't that," he says, " but what a fool I have been !"

"You have indeed," quickly. "The idea of letting that odious old man see your dis comfiture 1 By the bye, does my ugliness go

to the bone, Sir Penthony?" "Don't. When I realize my position I hate

so thick ; and, besides, I never doubted the truth of-

truth of ——" "Oh, that veil! What trouble I had with it!" laughs Cecil. "First I doubled it, and then nearly died with fright lest you should imagine me the Pig-faced Lady, and insist on seeing me.'

About the only thing to be said is that every

gether. "It is a pity," says Mr. Amherst, purpose-by, seeing an opening for one of his cheerful remarks, "that everything about Ireland should be so wretchedly low."

"It is swampy," replies Miss Molly,

promptly. At this dangerous moment the door is thrown ing on the cruelty of her fate, while the un-sympathetic moon pours its white rays upon open, and a servant announces " Mr.

"The effect is electric. Everybody looks up, and pleased and glad; while the owner of this euphonicus name comes forward, and having the skies above hor. "Already. In two short the skies above hor. "Already. In two short? how months. And how have I fallen short ? how herst. "How d'ye do, sir?" he says, heartily. "I have I lost him? By over-loving, perhaps.

Rope you are better."

Rope you are better." "O you?" says Mr. Amherst, unamiably, feeling still a keen regret that the near retort intended for Molly must wait another ocea-sion. "I would believe you if I could, but it with the snew who does not value it, has gained my all." A little groan oscapes her, and she lets her dark head sink upon her ontstretched arms. For there is something in Philip's cyse as they would believe you if I could, but it isn't in human nature. Yes, I am better, thank you, much better; I dare say with care I shall last this winter, and probably the next. A shall last this winter, and probably the next, chart to ensure the line of the himself is and perhaps outlive a good many of you." He chuckles odiously as he winds up this pleasing speech. Mr. Potts, rather taken aback, mutters by a smile from the liquid eyes, can draw him semething in and there to be saide. And mine a sure of the works with the second se

Mr. Potts, rather taken aback, mutters by a bank the hard of the solution of t

something inautic, and taking to a served nature truly loves, be such that the served nature truly loves, be such that will last him his life. The is a young man of about twenty four, be any age to be such that will last him his life. The bar wight in appearance, be any age to be such that will last him his life. (though he might, in appearance, be any age from that to forty-four), and is short rather than tall. His eyes are gray, small, and sharp by love's conflict, has seen through bright, and full of fun, bespeaking impertur Philip's infatuation, and over his last cigar bable good humor. His hair is red. It is hair that admits of somehow lost half its soothing properties)

no compromise; it is neither auburn, golden, nor light-brown, it is a distinct and fiery red. His nose is poor but honest, and he has a He thinks, too, yet upbraids himsolf for so the rough and most apparent appreciation of thirking, that Miss Massereene must see that thinking.

As I said before, Lady Stafford greets him thousand pounds a year, is a better catch than Teddy Luttrell, with only his great love warmly; he is one of her special pets. "How are you getting on ?" he asks, mys-

for her, and a paltry six hundred pounds a teriously, when the first questions and an-swers have been gone through. "Old boy evi-dently worse than ever. The wine theory would not snit his case; age does anything but improve him. He has gone to the bad albut improve him. He has gone to the bad al-together. I suppose you've been putting in an awfully bad time of it."

"We have, indeed," says Lady Stafford ; "he has been unbearable all through dinner, though he was pretty well vesterday. I think myself it must be gout; every twinge brings forth a caustic speech.'

rth a caustic speech." By this time every one had shaken hands into the grate, "never won fair lady; she is into the grate, "never won fair lady; she is into the fairest darling that ever with the new-comer, and welcomed him heartily. He seems specially pleased to see Ted. broathed, and, be it selfish or otherwise, keep her I will if I can." castle.

castle. "Luttrell ! you here? Never had a hint of it. So glad to see you, old man ! Why, you're looking as fit as even your best friend could wish you." her I will it I can." But he sighs as he utters the word can, and finds his couch, when at length he does seek it, by no means a bed of roses. While Molly, the pretty cause of all this wish you.

wish you." "Meaning yourself," says Luttrell, "Now, let's have a look at you. Why, Planty, what an exquisite get-up ! New coat and -etc., lat-est tie, and diamonds ad lib. Quite coquet-list is a sailing, her breathing pure and regular as a little child's, and all her "nut-her the sailing is a sailing of the sa tish, upon my word. Who gave you the dia brown" hair like a silken garment around monds, Potts ? Your mother ?"

her. Cecil Stafford, walking leisurely up and "No, I got tired of hinting there," says Potts, ingenuously, "so gave it up, and bought 'em myself. They are fetching, I take it. Luttrell, who is the girl at the New et lest after these three there is the maximum of the set after these three there was piano ? never saw anything so lovely in all my Now at last after these three years she may life."

"Miss Massereene." Indeed. Been received, and all that? Well, there's been nothing this season to touch on her. Introduce me. Ted. do !" "Well," thinks Cecil, a

Well, there's been nothing this beauon to touch on her. Introduce me, Ted, do !" He is introduced. And Molly, smiling up at the second borown brightest, kindliest smiles, "Nell," thinks Cecil, as she sears interest while her maid binds up her long fair hair, "no use troubling about it beforehand. What makes him then and there her slave forever. On the spot, without a second's delay, he falls dreaded interview cannot be too soon, as until On the spot, without a second is delay, 25 million from him here." By degrees he gets back to Lady Stafford, from him here." But in saying this she reekons without her

and sinks upon the sofa beside her. I say sinks unadvisedly; he drops upon the sofa, host in every sease of the word.

uncle had particularly declared it should not be divided. It was to be all or none, and whichever of us refused to marry the other To-night there are two sad hearts at Herst; got nothing. And there was so much !" says Marcia's, perhaps, the saddest, for it is full of that most maddening, most intelerable of er ladyship, with an expressive sigh. all pains, jealousy. For hours she sits by her casement, ponder-"It was a hard case," Molly says, with deep

It was. Yet, as I managed it, it wasn't half so bad. Now, I dare say many women would have gone into violent hysterics, would

have driven their relations to the verge of despair, and the shivering bridegroom to the brink of delirious joy, and then given inmiserable ever after. But not L." Here she pauses, charmed at her own supe rior wisdom, and, leaning back in her chair.

My great-

While she, who does not value it, has gained with a contented smile, puts the tips of her fingers together daintily. "Well, and you ?" says Molly, feeling inensely interested.

"I? I just reviewed the case calmly. I saw it was a great deal of money—too much to hesitate about—too much also to make it likely a man would dream of resigning it for the sake of a woman more or less. So I wrote to my cousin explaining that, as we had never known each other, there could be very little love lost between us, and that I saw no necessity why we ever should know each other-and that I was quite willing to marry him. and take a third of the money, if he would allow me to be as little to him in the future as I was in the present, by drawing up a formal deed of separation, to be put in force

at the church-door or the door of any room there the marriage ceremony should be performed. " Well ?" "Well, I don't know how it would have

been but that, to aid my request, I enclosed a photograph of our parlor-maid (one of the ugliest women it has ever been my misfortune to see), got up in her best black silk, minus the cap, and with a flaming gold chain round her neck—you knew the sort of thing—and I never said who it was."

"Oh, Cecil, how could you ?" "How couldn't I? you mean. And after all my crime was of the passive order; I merely sent the picture, without saying anything. How could I help it if he mistook me for Mary Jane ? Besides, I was fighting for dear life heroic frame of mind. The more he tries, the more obnoxious grows the idea. He cannot, he and all is fair in love and war. I could not put up with the whims and caprices of a man will not give her up. "Faint heart," says Teddy, flinging the

to whom I was indifferent." "Did you know he had whims and ca-

prices ?" "Molly," says Lady Stafford, slewly, with a fine show of pity, " you are disgracefully young; cure yourself, my dear, as fast as ever you can, and as a first lesson take this to heart; if ever there was a mortal man born upon this earth without caprices it must have en in the year one, because no one that

have met knows anything about him.' "Well, for the matter of that," says Molly, laughing, "I don't suppose I should like perfect man, even if I did chance to meet him. By all accounts they are stilted, disa-

greeable people, with a talent for making everybody else seem small. But go on with your story. What was his reply?" "He agreed cordially to all my suggestions, named a very handsome sum as my portion, swore by all that was honorable he would over interfere with me in any way, was evidently ready to promise anything, and -sent me back my parlor-maid. Was not that in-

sulting ?' "But when he came to marry you he must have seen you?" "Scarcely. I decided on having the wedding in our drawing-room, and wrote again to

say it would greatly convenience my cousin you can see anything." and myself (I lived with an old cousin) if he "Poor eye!" pathetic would not come down until the very morning f the wedding. Need I say he grasped at

little whisker. On my word, now I think of it, I don't think he had any at all." ' Nose ?"

" No, whisker. He was clean-shaven, all but the moustache. I suppose you know he was in Ted's regiment for some time ?" "So he told me." house.

" I wonder what he hasn't told you ? Shall confess, Molly, that I know your secret, and that it was I chose that diamond ring upou your finger ? There, do not grudge me your confidence : I have given you mine ; and any thing I have heard is safe with me. Oh, what a lovely blush, and what a shame to waste such a charming bit of color upon me! Keep

it for dessert." "How will Sir Penthony like Mr. Lowry's close proximity ?" Molly asks, presently, when she has confessed a few interesting little facts to her friend.

"I hope he won't like it. If I thought I Table hie wont inte it. If i though i could make him jealous I would first with eaor Tablet under his nose," says Cecil, with elo-quent vulgarity. "I feel spitefully towards him somehow, although our separation was my own contrivance."

" Have you a headache, dear ?" Seeing her put her hand to her head.

"A slight one—I suppose from the nerves. I think I will lie down for an hour or two before commencing the important task of arm-ing for conquest. And —are you going out, Molly? Will you gather me a few fresh flowers-anything white-for my hair and the bosom of my dress ?"

"I will," says Molly, and, having made her comfortable with pillows and perfumes, leaves her to her siesta. Anything white. Molly travels the gardens

up and down in search of all there is of the loveliest. Little roschuds, fresh though late, and dainty bells, with sweet scented gerani-ams and drooping heaths — a pure and innocent bouquet. Yet surely it lacks something---a little fleck

green, to throw out its virgin fairness. Above, high over her head, a creeping rose-bush grows, bedecked with palest, juciest leaves

Reaching up her hand to gather one of the taller branches, a mote, a bit of bark-some hateful thing-falls into Molly's right eye. Instant agony is the result. Tears stream from the offended pupil ; the other eye joins in the general tribulation ; and Molly, the centre of the grass plot, with her handkerchief pressed frantically to her face, and her lithe body swaying slightly to and fro through force of pain, looks the very personification of woe.

So thinks Philip Shadwell as, coming round the corner, he unperceived approaches. "What is it?" he asks, trying to see her

face, his tones absolutely trembling from agi-tation on her behalf. "Molly, you are in trouble. Can I do anything for you ?"

"You can," replies Miss Massereene, in lugubrious voice; though in spite of her pain. she can with difficulty repress an inclination

to laugh, so dismal is his manner. " Oh ! you can." "Tell me what. There is nothing-speak,

Molly." "Well, I'm not exactly weeping," says Miss Massercene, slowly withdrawing one hand from her face, so as to let the best eye rest upon him "it is hardly mental anguish I'm enduring. But if you can get this awful thing that is in my eye out of it, I shall be intense ly grateful."

" Is that all ?" asks Philip, much relieved "And plenty too, I think. Here, do try if

" Poor eye !" pathetically-" how inflamed it is! Let me see-there-don't blink-I of the wedding. Need I say he grasped at won't be able to get at it if you do. Now, turn altogether, and a real grievance, if, being like housemaid, I had sent him a photo of ready for my wedding by the time he arrived, Yes, there it is," excitedly. "No, it isn't,"

forgiv returns ne i

and dress ?'

so fondly.'

she, haughtily. "If you do not think so, why keep to our engagement? If you wish to Penthony Stafford, your room lies there." break it you need fear no opposition from me. So saying, she sweeps past him and enters the

Yet, in spite of her anger and offended pride, her eyes are wet and her hands trembling as she reaches Cecil's room and lavs the kindness ?" now-white flowers upon her table.

Cecil is still lying comfortably ensconced among her pillows, but has sufficient wakefulness about her to notice Molly's agitation. "You have been quarreling ma belle," sho says, raising herself on her elbow; "don't

deny it. Was it with Marcia or Tedcastle ?" "Tedcastle," Molly replies, laughing against her will at the other's shrewdness, and in consequence wiping away a few tears directly af-terwards. "It is nothing; but he is really

ntolerably jealous, and I can't and won't put up with it. " Oh, that some one was jealous about me !" says Cecil, with a prolonged sigh. " Go

on.' "It was nothing, I tell you. All because Philip kindly picked a little bit of dust out of

my eye." "How good of Philip! considering all the dust you have thrown into his of late. And Ted objected ?"

"Yes, and was very rude into the bargain wouldn't have believed it of him." " Well, you know yourself you have been

going on anyhow with Philip during the past few days." " Oh, Cecil, how can you say so? Am I to

turn my back on him when he comes to speak to me? And even supposing I had flirted egregiously with him (which is not the case), is that a reason why one is to be scolded and abused, and have all sorts of the most dread ful things said to one ?" (I leave my readers to deplore the glaring exaggeration of this speech). "He looked, too, as if he could have

eaten me then and there. I know this, I shan't forgive him in a hurry."

" Poor Ted ! I expect he doesn't have much of a time with you," says Cecil, shaking her head.

" Are you laughing at me?" cries Molly, wrathfully. " Then make ready for death." And, taking the smaller Cecil in her arms, she most unkindly lifts her from among all her cosy cushions and deposits her upon the floor. "There ! Now will you repent ? But come, Cecil, get up, and prepare for your husband's reception. I will be your maid to-night, if you will let me. What will you wear ?

"Pale blue. It suits me best. See, that is my dress," pointing to a light-blue silk, trimmed with white lace, that lies upon the bed. "Will you really help me to dress? But you cannot do my hair."

She does try, and proves so highly satisfac tory that Cecil is tempted to offer splendid

wages if she will consent to come and live with The hair is a marvel of artistic softness.

Every fresh jewel lends a grace; and when at length Cecil is attired in her blue gown she is

all that any one could possibly desire. "Now, honestly, how do I look?" she asks, turning round to face Molly. "Anything like a housemaid ?" With a faint laugh that has something tremulous about it.

"I never saw you half so charming," Molly answers, deliberately. "Oh, Cecil ! what will he say when he finds out-when he discovers

how you have deceived him ?" "Anything he likes, my dear !" exclaims Cecil, gayly, giving a last touch to the little

soft fair locks near the temples. " He ought to be pleased. It would be a different thing

"I think I can. Meantime, if you are Sir enthony Stafford, your room lies there." Pointing to the last door opening on the cor- vacation, and to avoid the idea that the reridor. creation of another is a guarantee that the "Thank you." Yet making no haste to same place and things will give pleasure to reach the discovered shelter. "May I not the imitator. Means, tastes, habits, sex, know to whom I am indebted for so much time of life are all factors, and where these habits, sex. coincide the fact of no or, hasty and limited "I dare say you will be introduced in proper acquaintanceship, is sufficient with many to form by and by," says Cecil, demurely, mak-ing a movement as though to leave him, riety is as universal as any other law. It is When you are dressed you shall be formally as beneficial as pleasant to get occasionally out of the ruts. But it is not "At least," he asks, hastily, with a view to the change show detaining her, "do me one more service be-fore you go. If you know me so well, perhaps you can tell me if any of my friends are stay-ing here at present?" ing here at present?" "Several. Teddy Luttrell for one."

such excursions as do not break up the home life; or in many cases the habit of turning daily, for an hour or to, wholly aside from ordinary routine, and in indulging in reading, study or work of a different character, will be "A most accurate description. And there is another friend—one who ought to be your dearest; I allude to Lady Stafford." "Lady Stafford !" " Yos, your wife. You don't seem over and above pleased at mp news." " Is a man always pleased at his wife's un-" Stafford !!" expected appearance?" ask Sir Penthony, re-covering himself, with rather a forced laugh. move its cause. The formal, fashionable and 'I had no idea she was here. I —— Is she a legal vacation onght to be the occasion for the renewal of strength of body and mind.

great

"The dearest friend I have. I know no How far it is so, fortunately, perhaps, we one," declares her ladyship, fervently, "I love have no statistics to show. "Happy Lady Stafford ! I almost think I

NORTH-WEST ROUGHING

Hardships in Manitoba Lake Sailing.

At all events, whatever faults she may pos-sess, she has rare tasto in friends." Captain Hugh Black, owner of the schoon-

Sees, she has pare taste in friends." "You speak disparagingly. Has she a fault?" "The greatest a woman can have; she lacks that one quality that would make her a joy "Your severity makes you unkind. And yet, do you know, she is greatly liked. Nay, who was in charge at the time, but who suc-she has hear lowad. Parkens when you come

she has been loved. Perhaps when you come ceeded in reaching Winnipeg overland. Mr. to know her a little better (I do not conceal Hugh Black left Selkirk on April 8th last, on from you that I have heard something of your an ice-boat, for the imprisoned vessel, taking story) you will think more tenderly of her. with him a small supply of provisions. On with him a small supply of provisions. On April 24th he reached Drunken River, where Remember, beauty is only skin-deep. "Yes," with a light laugh, "but ugliness the melting ice compelled him to abandon the ice-hoat. At this point he delayed for three

"Yes, with a near magin, and in the contract of the bone." "That is the retort discourteous. I see it weeks. He improved the time in making a is time wasted to plead my friend's cause. Al-is time wasted to plead my friend's cause. Although, perhaps," reproachfully, " not blessed his journey. On Saturday, May 10th, he left with actual beauty, still—..." Drunken River, and after about half a dozen

"No, there's not much beauty about her," narrow escapes from being swamped in crosssays Sir Penthony, with something akin to a groan. Then, "I beg your pardon," he mur. ing the bays, he reached his goal, the Venture, on May 25th. The provisions had now run Why should I out and he was compelled to subsist for near 7 affairs ?" He ly two weeks on gull eggs only, of which he murs; "pray excuse me. murs; "pray excuse me. Why should I out and he was compelled to subsist for near-trouble a stranger with my affairs?" He I two weeks on gull eggs only, of which he stands aside, with a slight bow, to let her was fortunate enough to obtain about 400 pass. "And you won't tell me your name?" dozen, some not very fresh. The Venture he cannot resist saying before losing sight of

"Make haste with your dressing; you shall know then." (Hancing back at him with a be-witching smile.

"Be sure I shall waste no time. If, in my for June 7th, and reached Selkirk on the 11th to-night, you must not be the one to blame me."

"A very fair beginning," says Cecil, as she ables off the table. The canoe in which slips away. "Now, I must be firm. But, oh undertook the perilous journey was only 13 dear, oh dear! he is much handsomer even inches wide, and it took him 45 days from the time he left Selkirk to reach his schooner.

-This is a bill which was extensively placarded in the English provinces by a re-The minutes, selfishly thoughtless of all but hemselves fit rendue Long and Markalan Morth Street, Ashton-under-Lyne, on Sunday, May 25, 1879. Tickets free. No luggage

themselves, fly rapidly. Cecil makes her way allowed."

- Winnipeg Times.

CHAPTER XV.

"If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning."

-MILES STANDISH.

than I thought."