

YOU'LL NEVER GUESS

I know two eyes, two soft brown eyes, two eyes as sweet as any pair...

MOLLY BAWN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHYLIS."

"Oh! Molly Bawn, why leave me pining, all lonely watching here?" Old Song "I don't think I could have said quite that," Molly replies, quietly...

"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 wedding tour..."

"Let us have something else, Eleanor," her grandfather says, looking up for an instant from his beloved queens and kings and castles; "another song."

"What shall it be?" she asked, loquaciously, "Nothing but a ballad," says Mr. Amberst (all Mr. Amberst's endeavors are in that language); "like something I understand, and I hate your runs and trills..."

"How pretty that is!" says Lady Stafford; "and so wild—quite Irish!" But your name after all is Eleanor, is it not?"

"There is, I believe, a tradition in the family to that effect," says Molly, smiling; "but it is a tradition, and no more; and you are the least attentive of any I know of..."

"How lovely a name!" says Mr. Amberst, purposefully, seeing an opening for one of his cheerful remarks, "the ever-thee about Ireland should be so wretchedly low..."

THE LITTLE GIRL WITH THE BLUE HAIR

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and very nearly makes havoc of the springs in doing so. "I want to tell you who I saw in town the day before I left—a week ago," he says, cautiously...

CHAPTER XIV. "Oh, beware my lord, of jealousy; it is the green-eyed monster who doth mock the heat it feeds on."—SHAKESPEARE.

and shook hands with him with my veil down. You may be sure I had secured a very thick one."

disappointedly. "Now let me look below; if I must be there." "Just at this delicate moment who should turn the corner but Luttrell! Oh, those unlucky corners that will occur in the way, bringing people upon the scene, without a word of warning, at the very time when they are least wanted!"

"I don't think I could have said quite that," Molly replies, quietly. "I told you I sang a little; it is not customary to laud one's own performances."

Next day at luncheon, Mr. Amberst, having carefully mapped out one of his prosaic little surprises, and having selected a moment when every one is present, says to her with a wicked gleam of anticipative amusement in his cunning old eyes:

Luttrell, coming briskly onwards in search of his lady-love, sees, marks, and comes to a dead stop. In this is what he sees. Molly in Philip's—well, if not exactly in the embrace, something very near it; Philip 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, Tablet!

"You are a clever actress," says Marcia, so low as to be unheard by all but Molly; "with such a voice as yours, and such masterly command of all emotion and expression, you should make the stage your home."

"I asked him," says Mrs. Potts, "but he rather evaded the question."

Mr. Amberst, filled in his amiable intention of drawing out his confidante, as 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 little excitement, and to have those hopes frustrated, is not very pleasant.

"Are you better now?" he asks, anxiously, yet with pardonable pride. "I am—thank you not yet assured of the relief, but I am better, quite well, I think."

"I am sorry to undeceive you, but it is indeed the truth I speak."

"I have never seen so cool and indifferent as his pretty wife."

and shook hands with him with my veil down. You may be sure I had secured a very thick one."

"You are forgetting your name," says Molly, with a rather mocking expression in them, and has a trick of shutting them slightly if puzzled or annoyed.

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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. Amberst, contrary to his usual custom, appears very early on the field, evidently desirous of enjoying the fray to its utmost. He looks quick and keen for him, and his nose is in a degree sharper than his wont.

At length the dreaded moment comes. There is a sound of falls—nearest—nearest still—then, clearer, deafening than the sound of the deep oceans, in the distance, the door opens, and in the doorway appears the threshold.

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