CHAPTERXVIII "These violent delights have violent ends, And in their triumph die, like fire and pow-

-Romeo and Juliet.

"That is the way with you men; you don't un-rstand us—you cannot." —Courtship of Miles Standish.

Whether it is because of Marcia's demeanor towards Mr. Buscarlet or the unusual excellence of the weather no one can tell, but tonight Mr. Amherst is in one of his choicest

Each of his remarks outdoes the last in brilliancy of conception, whilst all tend in one direction and show a laudable desire to touch on open wounds. Even the presence of his chosen intimate, the lawyer, who remains to dinner and an uncomfortable evening afterwards, has not power to stop him, though Mr. Buscarlet does all in his knowledge to conciliate him, and fags on wearily through his gossiping conversation with an ardor and such an amount of staying power as raises

admiration even in the breast of Marcia.

All in vain. The little black dog has settled down on the old gentleman's shoulders with a vengeance and a determination to see it out with the guests not to be shaken.

Poor Mr. Potts is the victim of the hour. Though why, because he is enraged with Marcia, Mr. Amherst should expend his violence upon the wretched Plantagenet is a matter for speculation. He leaves no stone matter for speculation. He leaves no stone unturned to bring down condemnation on the head of this poor youth and destroy his peace of mind; but fortunately Plantagenet has learned the happy knack of "ducking" mentally and so letting all hostile missiles fly harmless over his rosy head.

harmless over his rosy head.

After dinner Mr. Darley good naturedly suggests a game of bezique with his host, but is snubbed, to the great grief of those assembled in the drawing-room. Thereupon Darley, with an air of relief, takes up a book and retires within himself, leaving Mr. Buscarlet to come once more to the front.

"You have heard, of course, about the Wylmpa?" he says addressing Mr. Andrewst.

burns?" he says, addressing Mr. Amherst. They are very much cut up about that second boy. He has turned out such a fail-ure! He missed his examination again last

'I see no cause for wonder. What does Wyburn expect? At sixty-five he weds a silly chit of nineteen without an earthly idea in her head, and then dreams of giving a genius to the world! When," says Mr. Amherst, turning his gaze freely upon the devoted Potts, "men marry late in life they always horst fole."

Molly in an undertone, utterly unbashed. "My father married at sixty and my mother at twenty-five. In me you behold the fatal

"My dear Buscarlet, did you ever hear of a dunce whose mother did not go about impressing upon people how idle the dear boy was? Idle! Poor! lack of intellect!" a minute later, in a terrified whisper, being unable to see whether his companions are dead or alive.

so much beneath him was also a sad blow."
"Was it? Others endure like blows and "In make no complaint. It is quite the common and regular thing for the child you have nurtured to grow up and embitter your life in every possible way by marrying against your wishes or otherwise bringing down disgrace upon your head. I have been specially blessed

my children and grandchildren."
"Just so, no doubt—no doubt," says Mr. in my children and grandchildren."

"Just so, no doubt—no doubt," says Mr.
Buscarlet, nervously. There is a meaning sneer about the old man's lips.

"Have you both your ears, Molly?" asks Cecil, with a laugh; but a sudden commotion sneer about the old man's lips. sneer about the old man's lips.

"Specially blessed," he repeats. "I had ason to be proud of them. Each child as he or she married gave me fresh cause for joy. Marcia's mother was an Italian dancer." 

" Perhaps I might do worse," Shadwell replies, with a little aggravating laugh. "At all panions into their uncertain hiding-place. ents he was beloved. "So he was-while his money lasted.

Eleanor's father--With a sudden, irrepressible start. Molly rises to her feet and, with a rather white face,

turns to her grandfather 'I will thank you, grandpapa, to say nothing against my father," she says, in tones so low, yet so full of dignity and indignation,

that the old man actually pauses. "High tragedy," says he, with a sneer.
"Why, you are all wrongly assorted. The actress should have been your mother,

Yet it is noticeable that he makes no further attempt to slight the memory of the

dead Massereene.
"I shan't be able to stand much more of this," says Mr. Potts, presently, coming behind the lounge on which sit Lady Stafford

and Molly. "I shall infallibly blow out at that obnoxious old person, or else do some thing equally reprehensible."

"He is a perfect bear," says Cecil, angrily. "He is a wicked old man," says Molly, still

trembling with indignation.
"He is a jolly old snook," says Mr. Potts. But as neither of his listeners know what he means, they do not respond.

But what? Will you sing for us, Molly? expected to find the library lighted.

Music hath charms to soothe the savage "It would take a good deal of music to soothe our bete noir," says Potts. 'Besides

-I confess it—music is not what Artemus Ward would call my forte. I don't understand it. I am like the man who said he only knew two tunes in the world, one was God save the Queen, and the other-wasn't. No, let us do something active-something unusual-some-

'If you can suggest anything likely to anto your description, you will make me your friend for life," says Cecil, with solem-nity. "I feel bad." "Did you ever see a devil?" asks Mr. Potts,

in a semilebral tone. what?" exclaim Cecil and Molly, in a breath.

" A devil." repeats he, unmoved. "I don't mean our own particular old gentleman, who has been behaving so sweetly to-night, but a regular bona fide one

' Nothing half so paltry. There is no de

ception about my performance. It is sim-plicity itself. There is no rapping, but a great deal of powder. Have you never seen

'A devil? Never." 'Should you like to?"

"Shouldn't I?" says Cecil, with enthusiasm. "Then you shall." Much gratified "It Potts.

won't be much, you know, but it has a pretty effect, and anything will be less deadly than sitting here listening to the honeyed speeches of our host. I will go and prepare my work, and call you when it is read.' In twenty minutes he returns and beckons

them to come; and, rising, both girls quit the drawing-room.

With much glee Mr. Potts conducts them

across the hall into the hbrary, where they find all the chairs and the centre-table pushed into a corner, as though to make room for one soup-plate which occupies the middle of

On this plate stands a miniature hill,

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in an oven during his absence until accord-

"Good gracious! what is it?" asks Molly. "Powder!" says Potts.
"I hope it won't go off and blow us all to

bits," says Cecil, anxiously.

"It will go off, certainly; but it won't do any damage," replies their showman, with confidence; "and really it is very pretty while burning. I used to make 'em by hundreds when I was a boy, and nothing ever happened except once, when I blew the ear off my father's coachman."

This is not reassuring. Molly gets a fittle

closer to Cecil, and Cecil gets a little nearer to Molly. They both sensibly increase the distance between them and the devil.

"Now I am going to put out the lamp," says Plantagenet, suiting the action to the ord and suddenly placing them in darkness. It don't look anything if there is light to verpower its own brilliancy."
Striking a match, he applies it to the little

black mountain, and in a second it turns into a burning one. The sparks fly rapidly up-wards. It seems to be pouring its fire in little iquid streams all down its sides. Cecil and Molly are in raptures.

"It is Vesuvius," says the former.
"It is Mount Etna," says the latter, "except much better, because they don't seem to have any volcanoes nowadays. Mr. Potts, you deserve a prize medal for giving us such

treat."

a treat."
"Plantagenet, my dear, I didn't believe it
was in you," says Occil. "Permit me to compliment you on your unprecedented success."
Presently, however, they slightly alter their sentiments. Every school-boy knows how overpowering is the smell of burnt powder. What an intolerable smell!" says Molly, when the little mound is half burned down, putting her dainty handkerchief up to her nose. "Oh! what is it? Gunpowder? Brim-

stone? Sulphur?"
"An | extremely appropriate, too, dear, ays Cecil, who has also got her nose buried n her cambric: "entirely carries out the character of the entertainment. You surely didn't expect to be regaled with inceuse or attar of roses? By the bye, Plantagenet, is there going to be much more of it—the smell, I mean?"

get fools."
"That's me," says Mr. Potts, addressing olly in an undertone, utterly unbashed.
My father married at sixty and my mother with the fatal one of the fatal of the fa There is a loud report—a crash—two terri-

"Well, well," goes on Mr. Buscarlet, hastily, with a view of checking the storm. "I think in this case it was more idleness than

"I am quite safe," says Molly, "but hor-

ribly frightened. Mr. Potts are you all right?"
"I am." He is ignorant of the fact that
one of his cheeks is as black as any nigger's,
and that both his hands resemble it. "I really thought it was all up when I heard your scream. It was that wretched powder that got

in the hall outside, and the rapid advance of footsteps in their direction, check her merriment.
"I hear Mr. Amherst's voice, says Mr. Potts, tragically. "If he finds us here we are

"Probably she suppressed that fact. It hardly adds to one's respectability. Philip's father was a spendthrift. His son develops day by day a very dutiful desire to follow in his footsteps."

"Perhaps I might do worse." Shadwell re"Perhaps I might do worse." Shadwell re"Perhaps I might do worse." Shadwell re-It stands in a remote corner, rather hidden

ov a bookcase, and consists of a broad wood pedestal, hung round with curtains, that once supported a choice statue. The statue having en promoted some time since, the three con spirators now take its place, and find themselves completely concealed by its falling drap

The recess having been originally intended leave it to your imagination to consider how badly three fare for room inside it.

Mr. Potts, finding himself in the middle

pegins to wish he had been born without arms, as he now knows not how to dispose of them. He stirs the right one, and Cecil instantly declares in an agonized whisper that she is falling off the pedestal. He moves the left, and Molly murmurs frantically in another instant she will be through the curtains at her side. Driven to distraction, poor Potts, with many apologies, solves the culty by placing an arm round each complainant, and so supports them on their treacherous footing.

They have scarcely brought themselves into retainable position, when the door opens and Mr. Amherst enters the room, followed by ir Penthony Stafford and Luttrell.

Let us do something," says Plantagenet, which Sir Penthony holds, having naturally With one candlestick only are they armed. 'What is the meaning of this smell?" ex

claims Mr. Amherst, in an awful voice, that makes our three friends shiver in their shoes. Has any one been trying to blow up the nouse? I insist on learning the meaning of this disgraceful affair."

"There doesn't seem to be anything," says

Tedcastle, "except gunpowder, or rather the unpleasant remains of it. The burglar has evidently flown."

"If you intend turning the matter into a oke," retorts Mr. Amherst, " you had better

leave the room."

"Nothing shall induce me to quit the post of danger," replies Luttrell, unruffled.

Meantime, Sir Penthony, who is of a more

suspicious nature, is making a more elaborate search. Slowly, methodically he commences a tour round the room, until presently he omes to a stand-still before the curtains that conceal the trembling trio.

Mr. Amherst, in the middle of the floor, is

busily engaged examining the chips of chine that remain after their flasco—and that ought Are you a spiritualist?" Cecil asks, with to tell the tale of a soup-plate.

Tedeastle comes to Sir Penthony's side. Together they withdraw the curtains : tothey view what rests behind them.

Grand tableau! Mr. Potts, with half his face blackened beyond recognition, glares out at them with the ourage of despair. On one side of him is Lady Stafford, on the other Miss Massereene from behind each of their waists protrudes a

huge and sooty hand. That hand belongs to Three pairs of eyes gleam at the discoverers, silently, entreatingly, yet with what different expressions! Molly is frightened, but evidently braced for action; Mr. Potts is defiant; Lady Stafford is absolutely convulsed with laughter. Already filled with a keen sense of the comicality of the situation, it only wanted her husband's face of indignant surprise to utterly unsettle her. Therefore it

that the one embarrassment she suffers

from is a difficulty in refraining from an out-

burst of merriment.

There is a dead silence. Only the grating of Mr. Amherst's bits of china mars the still broad at the base and tapering at the summit, composed of blended powder and water,
retreat. The judges—although angry—stare In her hair which she wears low on her neck

RICHMOND HILL, THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1879.

covers them. Luttrell scrapes a heavy chair along the waxed borders of the floor; there is with pearls, that make her arms seem even some faint confusion, a rustle of petticoats, a few more footsteps than ought to be in the room, an uncivil remark from old Amherst about some people's fingers being all thumbs,

When, after a pause, Sir Penthony relights his candle, the search is at an end. Now that they are well out of the library, though still in the gloomy little ante-room that leads to it, Molly and Cecil pause to re-cover breath. For a few moments they keep an unbroken quiet. Lady Stafford is the first

and then once more silence.

an unbroken quet. Dady Stahord is the first to speak—as might be expected.

"I am bitterly disappointed," she says, in a tone of intense disgust. "It is a downright swindle. In spite of a belief that has lasted for years, that nose of his is a failure. I think nothing of it. With all its length and all its sharpness, it never found us out!"

"Let us be thankful for that same," returns Molly, devoutly.

By this time they have reached the outer hall, where the lamps are shining vigorously. They now shine down with unkind brilliancy on Mr. Potts' disfigured countenance. A heavy veil of black spreads from his nose to glance and smile, flits away from him up the heavy veil of black spreads from his nose to his left ear, rather spoiling the effect of his ınique ugliness.

It is impossible to resist; Lady Stafford instantly breaks down, and gives way to the laughter that has been oppressing her for the last half-hour, Molly chimes in, and together they laugh with such hearty delight that Mr. Potts burns to know the cause of their mirth,

normance of the real reason only characteristics are absurdity of his appearance and prolongs at the moment would have been quite as fatched delight of his companions.

In a superscription of the real reason only prolongs at the moment would have been quite as fatched and still vored—nay, beyond doubt more so. I will not

the delight of his companions.

When two minutes have elapsed, and still neither of them offers any information, he grows grave, and whispers, rather to himself han them the one word, "Hysterics!" "You are right," cries Cecil; "I was never earer hysterics in my life. Oh, Plantagenet!

"Your late is as office as—as——
"Your hat!" supplies Molly, as well as she can speak. "And your hands—you look demoniacal. Do run away and wash yourself and—— I hear somebody coming." Whereupon Potts scampers up-stairs, while he other two gain the drawing-room just as

our face is as black as—as—

Mr. Amherst appears in the hall.

Seeing them, half an hour later, seated in all quietude and sobriety, discussing the war and the last new marvel in bonnets, who would have supposed them guilty of their im-

promptu game of hide and seek?
"Tedcastle and Sir Penthony, indeed, look nuch more like the real culprits, being justly nnoyed, and consequently rather cloudy about the brows. Yet, with a sense of dignified pride, the two gentlemen abstain from giving voice to their disapprobation, and nake no comment on the event of the even-

ng. Mr. Potts is serenity itself, and is apparently ignorant of having given offence to any one. His face has regained its pristine fairness, and is scrupulously clean; so is his onscience. He looks incapable of harm.

Bed-hour arrives, and Tedcastle retires to nis pipe without betraying his inmost feel-ngs. Sir Penthony is determined to follow is lead; Cecil is equally determined he shall not. To have it out with him without further loss of time is her fixed intention,

nd with that design she says, a little impeiously "Sir Penthony, get me my candle." She has lingered, before saying this, until almost all the others have disappeared. The last of the men is vanishing round the corner that leads to the smoking-room; the last of the women has gone beyond sight of the staircase in search of her bedroom fire. Cecil and her husband stand alone in the vast

"I fear you are annoyed about something." ne says, in a maddening tone of commiseration, regarding him keenly, while he gravely

"Why should you suppose so?" "Because of your gravity and unusual si-

"I was never a great talker, and I do not think I am in the habit of laughing more than other people.' "But you have not laughed at all-all this

evening, at least"—with a smile—" not since you discovered us in durance vile." 'Did you find the situation so unpleasant? I fancied it rather amused you—so much so hat you even appeared to forget the dignity that, as a married woman, ought to belong to

"Well, but"—provokingly—" you forget how very little married I am "At all events you are my wife"—rather angrily; "I must beg you to remember that. And for the future I shall ask you to refrain from such amusements as call for conceal-

nent and necessitate the support of a young man's arm.' "I really do not see by what right you interfere with either me or my amusements, avs Cecil, hotly, after a decided pause, Never She raises her eyes to his and colors richly all hrough her creamy skin. "Recollect our

bargain. "I do. I recollect also that you have my "And you have my money. That makes

"I do not see how you intend carrying out that argument. The money was quite as much

mine as yours." "But you could not have had it without " Nor you without me."

"Which is to be regretted. At least I should have had a clear half, which I haven't

you have the best of it. And—I will of be followed about, and pried after, and made generally uncomfortable by any

one."
"Who is prying after you?"

"You are."
"What do you mean, Cecil?" Haughtily. "Just what I say. And, as I never so far orget myself as to call you by your Christian name without its prefix, I think you might ave the courtesy to address me as Lady Staf-

"Certainly, if you wish it." "I do. Have you anything more to say "Yes, more than-"Then pray defer it until to-morrow, as"-

with a barefaced attempt at a yawn—" I realcannot sit up any longer. Good-night, Sir enthony,' Sir Penthony puts the end of his long moustache into his mouth—a sure sign of ir-

itation—and declines to answer.

'Good-night," repeats her ladyship, blandy, going up the staircase, with a suspicion of smile at the corners of her lips, and feeling no surprise that her polite little adieu receives

ingry in the hall beneath. Sir Penthony," murmurs she ; " Sir—

Mere she hesitates for so long a time that when at last the Penthony does come it sounds when at Herst people always d more familiar and almost unconnected with Stafford turns, and glances quickly up at her. She is dressed in some soft-flowing gown of black, caught here and there with

neavy bows and bands of cream-color, that Plantagenet, staring at his judges, contrast admirably with her fair, soft skin, before her in the hall, ready to start.

which Mr. Potts has been carefully heating in an oven during his absence until according to his lights it has reached a proper dry-

rounder and whiter than they are. "Good-night," she says, for the third time odding at him in a slow, sweet fashion that has some grace or charm about it all its own, and makes her at the instant ten times love-

lier than she was before.
Stafford, coming forward until he stands right under her, gazes up at her entranced like some modern Romeo. Indeed, there is ke some modern something almost theatrical about them as they linger, each waiting for the other to speak—he fond and impassioned, yet half ingry too, she calm and smiling, yet muti-

For a full minute they thus hesitate, look ing into each ot er's eyes; then the anger fades from Stafferd's face, and he whispers, eagerly, tenderly:

Good-night, my-" "Friend," murmurs back her ladyship, decisively, leaning yet a little farther over the banisters. Then she kisses her hand to him and drops

at his feet the rose that has lain on her bosom darkened staircase and vanishes.

"I shall positively lose my heart to her if I don't take care," thinks the young man, ruefully, and very foolishly, considering how

long ago it is since that misfortune has befallen him. But we are ever slow to acknowledge our own defeats. His eyes are fixed upon the flower at his feet.
"No, I do not want her flower," he says that he may join in.

He grins, however, in sympathy, whilst waiting impatiently an explanation. His utter ignorance of the real reason only enhances my getting it. Any other fellow in my place my getting it. Any other fellow in my place

> stoop for it." With his dignity thus forced to the front he walks the entire length of the hall, his arms folded determinedly behind him, until

> he reaches a door at the upper end.
>
> Here he pauses and glances back almost guiltily. Yes, it is still there, the poor, pretty yellow blossom that has been so close to her, now sending forth its neglected perfume to an ungrateful world. It is cruel to leave it there alone all night,

> to be trodden on, perhaps, in the morning by an unappreciative John or Thomas, or, worse be worn by an appreciative James still, to Desecration! "'Who hesitates is lost,'" quotes Stafford. loud, with an angry laugh at his own folly,

and, walking deliberately back again, picks up the flower and presses it to his lips.
"I thought that little speech applied only to us poor women," says a soft voice above him, as, to his everlasting chagrin, Cecil's mischievous, lovable face peers down at him from the gallery overhead. "Have another from the gallery overhead. "Have another flower, Sir Penthony? You seem fond of

She throws a twin blossom to the one he holds on to his shoulder as she speaks with very accurate aim. "It was yours," stammers Sir Penthony,

utterly taken aback.
"So it was"—with an accent of affected surprise—"which makes your behavior all the more astonishing. Well, do not stand there kissing it all night, or you will catch cold, and then—what should I do?" " What?" "Die of grief, most probably." With a little

mocking laugh.

"Very probably. Yet you should pity me, too, in that I have fallen so low as to have nothing better given me to kiss. I am wasting my sweetness on——"

"Is it sweetness?" asks she, wickedly.

At this they both laugh—a low, soft laugh, ourn of the hour and a fear of interruption, and perhaps a dread of being so discovered that adds a certain zest to their meeting. Then he says, still laughing, in answer to her words, "Try."
"No, thank you." With a little moue.

could not resist seeing how you would treat my parting gift a moment ago. Ah!"—with a little suppressed laugh of the very fullest enjoyment-" you cannot think what an ineresting picture you made-almost tragic. First von stalked away from my unoffending ose with all the dignity of a thousand Span ards; and then, when you had gone sufficiently far to make your return effective, you re-lented, and, seizing upon the flower as though it were—let us say, for convenience sake—myself, devoured it with kisses. I assure you it was better than a play. Well"—with a sigh -" I won't detain you any longer. I'm off to my slumbers."

"Don't you go yet, Cecil. Wait one moment. I—have something to say to you." "No doubt. A short time since you said the same thing. might, perhaps, finish that scolding; instinct old me it was hanging over me ; and —I hate

being taken to the task. "I will not. I swear I will never again attempt to scold you about anything, experience laugh. having taught me the futility of such a course

ecil, stay. "Lady Stafford, if you please, Sir Penony." With a tormenting smile.
"Lady Stafford—then, anything, if you will

only stay."
"I can't stay, then. Where should I b without my beauty sleep? The bare idea fills me with horror. Why, I should lose my empire. Sweet as parting is, I protest I, for one then-farewell. And-Sir Penthony-be sure you dream of me. I like being dreamed of by my---

By whom?" " My slaves," returns this coquette of all coquettes, with a last lingering glance and smile. After which she finally disappears. "There is no use disguising the fact any longer—I have lost my heart," groans Sir Penthony, in despair, and straightway carries

off both himself and his cherished flowers to

CHAPTER XIX.

" I'll tell thee a part Of the thoughts that start To being when thou art n

The next day is Sunday, and a very muggy, disagreeable one it proves. There is an in-decision about it truly irritating. A few drops of rain here and there, a threatening of storm ut nothing positive. Finally, at eleven o'clock, just as they have given up all hope of seeing any improvement, it clears up in a degree—against its will—and allews two or three depressed and tearful sunbeams to straggle forth, rather with a view to dishearten the

world than to brighten it.

Sunday at Herst is much the same as any other day. There are no rules, no restric-tions. In the library may be found volumes when she has reached the centre of the broad staircase she pauses, and, leaning her white arms upon the banisters, looks down upon her husband, standing irrecents and fresh to-day as when the arms upon the banisters. placed on their shelves, now many years showing how amiably they have waited. may play billiards if you like; you need not go to church if you don't like. Yet somehow when at Herst people always do go—perhaps because they needn't or perhaps because there is such a dearth of amusements.

> Molly, who as yet has escaped all explanation with Tedcastle, coming down-stairs dressed for church, and looking unusually lovely, finds almost all the others assembled

well move towards the books. Shadwell, reaching them first, lays his hand upon them. "You will carry them for me?" says Molly with a bright smile to him; and Luttrel with a slight contraction of the brow, falls back again, and takes his place beside Lady Stafford.

As the church lies at the end of a pleasant pathway through the woods, they elect to walk it, and so in twos and threes they make their way under the still beautiful trees. "It is cold, is it not?" Molly says to Mrs. Parley once, when they come to an open part

of the wood, where they can travel in a body. Wonderfully so for September."
"Is it? I never mind the cold, or—or anything," rejoins Mrs. Darley, affectedly, talking for the benefit of the devoted Mottie, who

"A lover, you mean?" asks uncompromising Molly. "Well, I don't know: I think that is about the time, of all others, when I should and with avidity each and all turn over the leaves of their Bibles, to see if it be really in the identical spot mentioned, or whether their pastor has been lying. This action may not be altogether suspicion; it may be alt troi in the way of redness; and to feel that one's cheeks are pinched and one's lips blue is maddening. At such times I like my own society best."

"And at other times, too," says Philip,

disagreeably; "this morning, for instance." He and Molly have been having a passage of arms, and he has come off second best.

"I won't contradict you," says Molly, calm-ly; "it would be rude, and considering how ear we are to church, unchristian." 'A pity you cannot recollect your Christianity on other occasions," says he, sneeringly.
"You speak with feeling. How have I

failed towards you in a christian charity?"

"Is it charitable, is it kind, to scorn a felow-creature as you do, only because he loves you?" Philip says, in a low tone. Miss Masserene is first honestly surprised, then angry. That Philip has made love to her now and again when opportunity occurred, is a fact she does not seek to deny; but it has been hitherto in the careless, half-

earnest manner young men of the present day affect when in the society of a pretty woman, and has caused her no annovance. That he should now, without a word of warning (beyond the slight sparring-match during their walk, and which is one of a series), break forth with so much vehemence and apparent sense of injury, not only alarms ut displeases her; whilst some faint idea of treachery on her own part towards her betrothed in listening to such words fills her with

distress.

There is a depth, an earnestness about Philip not to be mistaken. His sombre face has paled, his eyes do not meet hers, his thin nostrils are dilated, as though breathing were matter of difficulty; all prove him genuinely listurbed.

To a man of his jealous, passionate nature to love is a calamity. No return, how perfect, can quite compensate him for all the pains and fears his passion must afford. Already hilip's torture has begun, already the pang of unrequited love have seized upon him. "I wish you would not speak to me like—as—in such a tone," Molly says, pettishly and

uneasily. "Latterly I hate going anywhere else with you, you are so ill-tempered; and now to-day— Why cannot you be pleasant and friendly, as you used to be when first I came to Herst?" "Ay, why indeed?" returns he, bitterly.
At this inauspicious moment a small rough terrier of Luttrell's rushes across their path almost under their feet, bent on some chase after a mocking squirrel; and Philip, maddened just then by doubts and the cold-ness of her he loves, with the stick he carries

strikes him a quick and sudden blow; not heavy, perhaps, but so unexpected as to draw from the pretty brute a sharp cry of Hearing a sound of distress from his favor-"Curiosity is not a besetting sin, although I ite, Luttrell turns, and, seeing him shrinking away from Molly's side, casts upon her a glance full of the liveliest reproach, that reduces her very nearly to the verge of tears. To be so misunderstood, and all through this iresome Philip, it is too bad! As, under the circumstances, she cannot well indulge her grief, she does the next best thing, and gives way to temper. 'Don't do that again." she says, with eyes

> "Why?" Surprised in his turn at her vehemence. "It isn't your dog; it's Luttrell's " No matter whose dog it is; don't do it again. I detest seeing a poor brute hurt, and for no cause, but merely as a means to try and rid yourself of some of your ill-temper. "There is more ill-temper going than mine I beg your pardon, however. I had no idea ou were a member of the Humane Society. You should study the bearing-rein question and vivisection, and-that," With a sullen

that flash a little through their forbidden

tears.

"Nothing annoys me so much as wanton "There are other—perhaps mistakenly termed—superior animals on whom even you can inflict torture," he says, with a sneer. "All your tenderness must be reserved for the lower creation. You talk of brutality; what is there in all the earth so cruel as a

woman? A lover's pain is her joy."

"You are getting out of your depth—I can not follow you," says Molly, coldly. "Why should you and I discuss such a subject as lovers? What have we in common with them? And it is a pity, Philip, you should allow your anger to get so much the better of you. When you look savage, as you do now you remindme of no one somuch as grandpapa. And do recollect what an odious old man h

makes.' This finishes the conversation. He youch afes her no reply. To be considered like Mr. Amherst, no matter in how far-off a degree, is a bitter insult. In silence they continue their walk, in silence reach the church and

enter it. It is a gloomy, antiquated building, primitive in size, and form, and service. The rector is well-meaning, but decidedly low. The curate is unmeaning, and abominably slow. The clerk does a great part of the duty He is an old man, and regarded rather i the light of an institution in this part of the county. Being stone deaf, he puts in the re-

monses anyhow, always in the wrong place,

nd never finds out his mistake until the clergyman's lips set firm, and on his face look of patient expectation, when he oughs apologetically and says them all over There is an "Ameu" in the middle of every orayer, and then one at the end. This gives im double trouble, and makes him draw his salary with a clear conscience. It also creates a lively time for the school-children, who once

at least on every Sunday give way to a loud burst of merriment, and are only restored to sense of duty by a severe blow administered by the sandy-haired teacher. It is a good old-fashioned church, too, where the sides of the pews are so high that one can rith difficulty look over them, and where the affluent man can have a real fire-place all to imself, with a real poker and tongs and shovel to incite it to a blaze every now and

Here, too, without rebuke the neighbors car eize the opportunity of conversing with each Laying her prayer-books upon a table, while when occasion offers during the service, as, with one hand she gathers up the tail of her for instance, when the poorbox is going round.

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wery one instantly blows his or her nose and soughs his or her loudest before the text is given out, under a mistaken impression that given out, under a mistaken impression that

It is an attentive congregation—dangerously so, for what man but blunders in his ser-mon now and then? And who likes being twitted on weekdays for opinions expressed on Sundays, more especially if he has not altogether acted up to them? It is a suspicious congregation too (though perhaps not singuwalks beside her laden with golden grain in the shape of prayer-books and hymnals of all same), because whenever their priest names the shape of prayer-books and hymnals of all same), because whenever their priest names sorts and sizes, "if I have one with me that a chapter and verse for any text he may choose to insert in his discourse, instantly and with avidity each and all turn over the

doctrine.

All the Herst party conduct themselves with due discretion save Mr. Potts, who, being overcome by the novelty of the situation and the length of the sermon, falls fast asleep, and presently, at some denunciatory passage, pronounced in a rather distinct tone by the rector, rousing himself with a precipitatejerk, sends all the fire-irons with a fine clatter to the ground, he having been most unhappily placed nearest the grate.

Taylor book. One looks for one's prayer at the top of the page, where it always used to be in one's own particular edition, and, lo! one finds it at the bottom. Whatever you may do for the future, Lady Stafford, don't lend me your prayer-book. But for the incessant trouble it caused me, between losing my place and finding it again, I don't believe I should have dropped into that gentle doze."

"Had you ever a prayer-book of your

stand for a few minutes interchanging greet- next we meet—such care shall it receive ngs with such of the county families as come even you will be unable to discover a scratch within their knowledge.

With a few others, too, who scarcely come within that aristocratic pale, notably Mrs. Cecil.

"I thought the choir rather good," Molly why must a man read the Buscarlet. She is a tremendously stout, distressingly healthy woman, quite capable of putting her husband in a corner of her capacious pocket, which, by the bye, she insists on wearing outside her gown, in a fashion besure. "I thought the choir rather good," Molly its saying; "but why must a man read the service in a long, slow, tearful tone? Surely, there is no good to be gained by it; and to wearing outside her gown, in a fashion besure.

ected by our own generation.

This alarming personage greets Marcia This alarming personage greets Marcia with the utmost bonhommic, being apparently blind to the coldness of her reception. She greets Lady Stafford also, who is likewise at freezing-point, and then gets introduced to Molly. Mrs. Darley, who even to the uninitiated Mrs. Buscarlet appears a person unsorthy of notice, she lets go free, for which says a leading consistency." Interturbation with the greatest pleasure. The person Hiked best was the lint-white locks who said 'Yamen' so persistency duite interested at last, and knew the exact spot where it was likely to come in. I must say I admit you?"

tation, as he has something particular to say to him; whereupon Molly, who is nearest to him; whereupon Molly, who is nearest to a little sigh or two? I hope it isn't a sigh him, laughs, and tells him she had no idea such luck was in store for her.

"You are the greatest hypocrite I ever met "Still studying poor human nature," ex-

moved on.

"I am not, indeed; you altogether mistake me," Molly answers. "If you only know his anxiety to please, and Marcia's determination not to be pleased, amuse me, you would understand how thoroughly I enjoy his conducted; hardly any music, and not a flower to great of."

study me, Miss Massereene, or it will unfit you for further exertions; I am a living mass

"I ask your partoin. I had no local will a super tit? Only fancy that curate intoning!" says Cecil, with a laugh.

"I couldn't," declares Sir Penthony; " so f errors.' 'Alas that I cannot contradict you !" says

near them. Mr. Amherst, who never by any chance in the drawing-room on their return. He is in an amiable mood and pleased to be gracious. Seizing upon Mr. Buscarlet, he carries him off with him to his private den, so that for the time being there is an end of them.

"Oh, what a malicious remark!" says Molty, much disgusted.

Here the scene is further enlivened by the recoverage of Mr. Amberst and the law-

them.

"For all small mercies," begins Mr. Potts, solemnly, when the door has closed on them; yer, which effectually ends the conversation, yer, which effectually ends the conversation, and the lawsolemply, when the door has closed on them; but he is interrupted by Lady Stafford. "Small, indeed," grumbles she. "What o you mean? I shan't be able to eat my unch if that odious little man remains, with an't be able to eat my is, 'Yes, Lady Stafford ;' 'No, Lady Stafford ; I quite agree with your ladyship; and so on.

That I could drop my title! "—this with a glance at Sir Penthony—"at all events while he is present." This with another and more gracious glance at Stafford. " Positively feel my appetite is going already, and that is pity, as it was an uncommonly good one.

Cheer up, dear," says Molly; " and re

group with me, because I cannot bring myelf to think so disparagingly of him as you all do. "I am sorry for you. Not to know Mr. rgues yourself unknown," Marcia says, with a good deal of intention. "And I presume they cannot have struck you, or you would

Mr. Buscarlet!

carcely be so tolerant." "He certainly sneezes very incessantly and ery objectionably," Molly says, thoughtfully. I hate a man who sneezes publicly. And his sneeze is so unpleasant—so exactly like that of a cat. A little wriggle of the entire body, and then a little soft—splash!

'My dear Molly!" expostulates Lady Staf-But is it not?" protests she. "Is it not n accurate description?"

"Yes, its accuracy is its fault; I almost.

nought the man was in the room."
"And then there is Mrs. Buscarlet; I never saw any one like Mrs. Buscarlet," Maud Darley says, plaintively; "did you? There is so of drudgery. They live in crowded and often ev-hole."

eye of an artist," Sir Penthony says, rather mill day is over, their duties become terribly

has had too much stout, and perhaps we shall looked out for over night. Dinner is to be define her," remarks Tedcastle. "I hate a taken to the mill, and its substantial material oman who shows her food."

amused me," Molly says, laughing. "I cerling, or the oven baking, or all together are tainly thought her opinion of her neighbors sending out their heats, the washing of the very pronounced. She shouldn't have any opinion," says may be performed, the old

poholy knows where or cares to know should wife and mother toils thus for her family when occasion offers during the service, as,

" How can you be so illiberal?" exclaims Molly, aghast at so much misplaced vehemence. "Why should they not rise with the rest of the world?"
"Eleanor has quite a penchant for the Bus-

carlets," says Marcia, with a sneer; "she has quite adopted them, and either will not, or perhaps does not, see their enormities."

Nobody cares to notice this impertinence, and Mr. Potts says, gravely:

"Lady Stafford has never forgiven Mrs. Buscarlet because once, at a ball here, she told her she was looking very distangy. Is

And it is a poor-box, and no mistake—flat, broad, and undeniable pewter, at which the dainty bags of a city chapel would have blushed with shame.

When the clergyman goes into the pulpit therefore why should they not assert them. Cecil laughs.

they can get it all over at once, and not have intermediate stage," says Cecil, with an uncompriment to do it at intervals farther on. This is a compromising nod of hier blonde head. "I their intention of hearing him undisturbed to the end, and I suppose, is received as agreeable to me—me!—I shall insult him that's all! No use arguing with me, Molly— I shall indeed," She softens this awfu threat by a merry, sweet-tempered little

"Let us forget the little lawyer and talk of something we all enjoy—to-day's sermon, for instance. You admired it, Potts, didn't you? I never saw any one so attentive in my life,"

says Sir Penthony.

Potts tries to look as if he had never suc cumbed during service to Nature's sweet restorer; and Molly says, apologetically:
"How could be help it? The sermon was

also thought of as a safety-valve for the ennul, the rector never letting them off until they have had sixty good minutes of his valuable doctrine.

the ground, he having been most unhappily placed nearest the grate.

"The ruling passion strong in death," says
Luttrell, with a despairing glance at the culprit; whereupon Molly nearly laughs outright, while the school-children do so quite.

"Had you ever a prayer-book of your own?" asks Cecil, unkindly. "Because if so it is a pity you don't air it now and again. I have known you a great many years—more than I care to count—and never, never have Beyond this small contre-temps, however, seen you with the vestige of one. I shall send you a pocket edition as a Christmas-box."

"Thanks awfully. I shall value it for the giver's sake. And I promise you that when

loved of our great-grandmothers, and which, in a modified form, last year was much afbly irritating about it. I could have shaken that curate.'

spot where it was likely to come in. I must spot where it was likely to come in. I must worthy of notice, she lets go free, for which favor Mrs. Darley is devoutly grateful.

Little Buscarlet himself, who has a weakness for birth, in that he lacks it, comes rambling up to them at this juncture, and tells them, with many a smirk, he hopes to have the pleasure of lunching with them at Herst, and relation as he has something particular to say ladar means the relation as he has something particular to say labor means the massless and give way.

in my life," Sir Penthony says in her ear, claims Sir Penthony. "Miss Massereene, I when Buscarlet, smiling, bowing, radiant, has begin to think you a terrible person, and to

isits."
"I ask your pardon. I had no idea we had ""My dear! High Church! How could you

much exertion would kill me."
"That's why he isn't High Church," says las that I cannot contradict you: says with a woeful sigh, who is standing them.

Amherst, who never by any chance them.

That's why he list ingh of the curate, speaking with a rather sweeping air of criticism." He ain't musical; he can't intone. Take my word for it, arkens the door of a church, receives them half the clergy are Anglicans merely because n the drawing-room on their return. He is they think they have voices, and feel what

and turns their thoughts towards the dining

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IMPORTANT MARINE INVENTION An Englishman has invented a mariner's compass which enables the captain or officer in charge to hear, by the ringing of a bell. when the vessel is out of the ordered course. The apparatus is easily carried about and is intended to be placed in the captain's cabin. pember there will be dinner later on. Poor Over the card are two index hands, which There must be something can be adjusted to any angle, allowing of greater or less deviation in steering to either the port or starboard side. The captain, on quitting the deck, sets the index hands to a certain angle, allowing the steersman a given Buscarlet's little poculiarities of behavior latitude for deviation either to port or star board of that course. Instead of having to "And I presume be constantly watching the compass, as at present, to see that the orders are carried out, the capiain leaves the instrument to tell its silence if they are, and by its sounds if they are not obeyed. Should the shire be steered out of her course beyond the limit al lowed on either side an electric alarm-bell rings instantaneously, and, moreover, continues ringing until the right course is resumed. The index hands can be raised away from the card, when the bell becomes disconnected

and the compasss can be used like an ordi-

nary one.

-Life among the Fall River mill operatives uch of her, and it is all so nasty. And, oh! cheerless tenements, although the common er voice! it is like wind whistling through a laws of health are not generally disregarded, and some of the homes are beautified with 'Poor woman," says Luttrell, regretfully, pictures, carpets and flowers. Men, women I think I could have forgiven her, had she of tworn that very verdant gown."

| Add think I could have forgiven her, had she the home is little more than a lodging in 'My dear fellow, I thought the contrast be- most cases. The wives and mothers are tween it and her cheeks the most perfect thing bound to a perpetual slavery. They work as I ever saw. It is evident you have not got the hard as anybody in the mill, and, when the Upon reaching home supper is to onerous. or I never saw any one so distressingly be swallowed, and then, while the rest of the nealthy," says Maud, still plaintively. "Fat family find rest or recreation, all there is of people are my aversion. I don't mind a com- housekeeping is performed by the wife, occaortable-looking body, but she is much too sionally assisted by her children, if they are out."
old enough. There will be no time the next
"Let us alter that last remark and say she
morning for cooking breakfast, and it must be man who shows her food."

"The way she traduced those Sedleys rather the kettle is bubbling, or the fryingpan sizzbed and personal clothing for the household Lady Stafford, with decision. "You, my mended, or the children's clothes made or redear Molly, take an entirely wrong view of it. Such people as the Buscarlets, sprung from also receive attention at the same time. The commonly adds its sorrows to the rest.