MOLLY BAWN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHYLLIS."

"Oh | Molly Bawn, why leave me pinng, All lonely waiting here for you."—Old Song

CHAPTER XX.

"Trifles light as air."--OTHELLO. When luncheon is over, Sir Penthony Stafford retires to write a letter or two, and half an hour afterwards, returning to the drawing room, finds himself in the presence of Mr Busearlet, unsupported. The little lawyer smiles benignly; Sir Pen-

thony responds, and, throwing himself into a lounging-chair, makes up his mind to be agreeable

Well, Mr. Buscarlet, and what did you think of the sermon ?" he says, briskly, being rather at a loss for a congenial topic. "Te-dious, eh? I saw you talking to Lady Elizabeth after service was over. She is a fine woman, all things considered."

"She is indeed-remarkably so, a very find presence for her time of life."

Well, there is certainly not much to choose between her and the hills in point of age," allows Sir Penthony, absently—he is inwardly wondering where Cecil can have gone to---" still, she is a nice old lady."

to—" still, she is a nice old lady." " Quite so—quite so; very elegant in man-ner, and in appearance decidedly high-bred." " Hybrid !" exclaims Sir Penthony, pur-posely misunderstanding the word. " Oh, by Jove, I didn't think you so severe. You alviction, "you are so infinitely superior to them, that they would have to be born all over

again before you could bring yourself to fall nto their ways." "What ! every woman in the known lude, of course, to her ladyship's mother, who, world ?"

if report speaks truly, was a good cook speiled by matrimouy. Hybrid ! Give you my "Every one of them, I am eternally conby matrimouy. Hybrid ! Give you my word, Buscarlet, I didn't believe you capable vinced.

"Teddy," says Molly, rubbing her cheek in of anything half so clever. I must rememher old caressing fashion against his sleeve, and slipping her fingers into his, "you may go on. Say anything you like—call me any ber to tell it at dinner to the others. is just the sort of thing to delight Mr. Am

name you choose—and I promise not to be one bit angry. There!" When Luttrell has allowed himself time to Now, this old lawyer has a passion for the aristocracy. To be noticed by a lord-to press her ladyship's hand-to hold sweet conet his own strong brown fingers close upon verse with the smallest scion of a noble house hers, and has solaced himself still further by -is as honey to his lips; therefore to b pressing his lips to them, he takes courage thought guilty of an impertinence to one of and goes on, with a slightly accelerated color this sacred community, to have uttered a word that, if repeated, would effectually close "Well, you see, Molly, you have made the subject a forbidden one, and—er—it is about to him the doors of Lady Elizabeth's house, fills him with horror. "My dear Sir Penthony, pardon me," he

our engagement I want to speak. Now, re-member your promise, darling, and don't be vexed with me if I ask you to shorten it. Many people marry and are quite comfortable says, hastily, divided between the fear of of-fending the baronet and a desire to set himon five hundred pounds a year; why should not we? I know a lot of fellows who are doself straight in his own eyes, "you quite mis-take me. Hybrid !--such a word, such a ing uncommonly well on less." "Poor fellows!" says Molly, full of sym

take me. Hybrid --such a word, such a thought, never occurred to me in connection with Lady Elizabeth Eyre, whom I hold in much reverence. Highly bred I meant. I assure you you altogether misunderstand. I pathy. "I know I am asking you a great deal"— rather nervously—"but won't you think of it,

—I—never made a joke in my life."

-I-never made a jeke in my life." "Then let me congratulate you on your maiden effert ; you have every reason to be proud of it," laughs Sir Penthony, who is highly delighted at the success of his own manceuvre. "Don't be modest. You have made a decided hit; it is as good a thing as ever I heard. But how about Lady Elizabeth, ch? should she hear it? Really you will have to suppress your wit, or it will lead you into treuble." " I am afraid I won't, just yet," replies that lady, suavely. "Be sensible, Teddy; remem-ber all we said to John, and think how foolish we should look going back of it all. Why should things not go on safely and secretly as at present, and let us put marriage out of our heads until something turns up? I am like Mr. Micawber, I have an almost religious belief in the power things have of turning

"I haven't," says Luttrell, with terse mel-"But---but---if you will only allow me to explain-I protest I-----"

"So much the worse for you. And he Ah ! here come Lady Stafford and Miss "All here come Lawy Standard and shares Massereene. Positively you must allow me to tell them——." And, refusing to listen to Mr. Buscarlet's vehement protestations, he relates to the new-comers his version of the sides, Teddy, instinct tells me you are much nicer as a lover than you will be as a hus band. Once you attain to that position. loubt I shall be able to order you about as lawyer's harmless remark, accompanying the do at present."

story with an expressive glance—that closely resembles a wink—at Lady Stafford. "I must "Try me." "Not for awhile. There, don't look so go," he says, when he has finished, moving towards the door, "though I hardly think I dismal, Ted; are we not perfectly happy as we are ?" did wisely, leaving you alone with so danger-

'You may be, perhaps." "Don't say perhaps, "u may be certain of it," says she, gayly. "I haven't a doubt on the subject. Come, do look cheerful again. Men as fair as you should cultivate a perpetous a companion." "I assure you, my dear Lady Stafford," de-clares Mr. Buscarlet, with tears in his eyes and dew on his brow, "it is all a horrible, an unaccountable mistake—a mere connection of ideas by your husband—no more, no more, I ual amile.' "I wish I was a nigger," says Luttrell, im-

give you my most sacred honor." "Oh, sly Mr. Buscarlet !" cries her lady. patiently. "You have such an admiration for blackamoors, that then, perhaps, you might ship, lightly, "cruel Mr. Buscarlet! Who would have thought it of you? And we all earn to care for me a degree more than you

lo just now. Shadwell is dark enough for imagined you such an ally of poor dear Lady "Yes; isn't he handsome?" with much Elizabeth. To make a joke about her paren-tage, and such a good one too ! And Sir enthusiasm. "I thought last night at dinner, Penthony found you out ? Clever Sir Penwhen_ thony. "I don't in the least want to know wha "I swear, my dear lady, I---"

you thought last night of Shadwell's per-sonal appearance." Luttrell interrupts her, "Ah, ha! wait till she bears of it. How she will enjoy it ! With all her faults, she is good tempered. It will amuse her. Molly, angrily. "And I don't in the least want you to hold

good tempered. It will amuse her. Molly my dear, is not Mr. Buscarlet terribly severe? my hand a moment longer," replies Miss Mas-"Naughty Mr. Buscarlet !" says Molly. shaking a reproachful dainty-white finger at

VOL XXII.

you speak, whether or not I am really anbeating heart she runs downstairs, enters the noyed. Now go on if you dare!" "Well, look here," begine Luttrell, in a library once more with cautious steps, only to find it empty. But, search as she may, the missing paper is not to be found.

"There is not the slightest use in your What if it has fallen into her grandfather's Deating about the bush, Teddy," says Miss Massereene, calmly. "I am going to be keeping! A cold horror falls upon her. After all these weary years of hated servitude to be undone! It is impossible even fickle fortune

angry, so do not waste time in diplomacy." "Molly, how provoking you are !' "No! Am I? Because I wish to be like should play her such a deadly trick ! Yet the horror continues until she finds herself again face to face with her grandother women ?" "A hopeless wish, and a very unwise one."

father. He is more than usually gracious-indeed, almost marked in his attentions to "Hopeless? And why, pray?" With a ittle uplifting of the straight brows and a lit per-and once more Marcia breathes freely tle gleam from under the long curled lashes. "Because," says her lover, with fond con-No; probably the paper was destroyed; oven

she herself in a fit of abstraction may have orn it up before leaving the library. The evening, being Sunday, proves even duller than usual. Mr. Amherst, with an

mount of consideration not to be expected retires to rest early. The others fall insensi-bly into the silent, dozy state. Mr. Darley gives way to a gentle snore. It is the gentlest thing imaginable, but effectual. Tedcastle starts to his feet and gives the fire a vigorous ooke. He also trips very successfully over he footstool that goes far to make poor Dar ev's slumbers blest, and brings that gentleman into a sitting posture. "This will never do," Luttrell says, when

he has apologized profusely to his awakened friend. "We are all growing sleepy. Potts, exert your onergies and tell us a story." "Yes, do, Plantagenet," says Lady Staf-ford, rousing hersolf resolutely, and shutting

Mr. Potts, much aggrieved; "but I wonder, if I went to sleep in an arm-chair, which of you "Would carry on the conversation ?" "Not one of them," declares Cecil, with conviction; "we should all die of mere inaniup her fan with a lively snap. "1 will," says Potts, obligingly, without tion were it not for you." "I really think they're all jealous of me,

noment's hesitation. "Potts is always equal to the occasion," Sin Penthony remarks, admiringly. "As a penny showman he would have been invaluable and died worth any money. Such energy, such unflagging zeal is rare. That pretty gun-powder plot he showed his friends the other

night would fetch a large audience." "Don't ask me to be the audience a secon time," Lady Stafford says, unkindly. "To be blown to bits once in a lifetime is, I consider, uite sufficient." "Well, if ever I do a ky-ind action again,

says Mr. Potts-who is brimfull of odd quota says Mr. Potts — who is briminin of odd dota-tions, chiefly derived from low comedies— posing after Toole. "It is the most mistaken thing in the world to do anything for any-body. You never know where it will end. I once knew a fellow who saved another fellow from drowning, and hanged if the other fellow

didn't cling on to him ever after and make him support him for life."

" I'm sure that's an edifying tale," says Sir Penthony, with a deep show of interest. "But-stop one moment, Petts. I confess 1 can't get any further for a minute or two How many fellows were there? There was your fellow, and the other fellow, and the

ther fellow's fellow ; was that three fellows on four? I can't make it out. I apologize all round for my stupidity, but would you say it all over again, Potts, and very slowly this time, please, to see if I can grasp it ?"

"Give you my honor, I thought it was conundrum," says Henry Darley. Plantagenet laughs as heartily as any on and evidently thinks it a capital joke.

"You remind me of no one so much as she will gain, yet bringing with it a little sting, as she remembers all the gay and laughing hours that she must lose. For indeed her time Sothern," goes on Sir Penthony, warming to his theme. "If you went on the stage you his theme. "If you went on the stage you would make your fortune. But don't dream of acting, you know; go in for being yourself, pure and simple—plain, unvarnished Plan-tagenet Potts—and I venture to say you will take London by storm. The British public would go down before you like corn before at Herst has proved a good time. "I have had a letter from my brother, grandpapa; he thinks it is time I should re-turn," she says, accosting the old man as he he reaver.

"Well, but your story-your story, Plan tagenet," Lady Stafford cries, impatiently. "Did you ever hear the story about my

mother and —— "Potts," interrupts Stafford, mildly but firmly, "if you are going to tell the story

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for it." says Plantagenet, naively.

very instructive tale ; it is all a moral.'

disposing an antimacassar over

Sir Penthony.

rell.

fully

nead

place here.

rising to make her a profound bow.

CHAPTER XXI.

"'Why come you dreat like a village maid That are the flower of the earth?" 'If I come dreat like a village maid I and but as my fortunes are.""

varmly.

They all laugh. Sir Penthony and Luttrell giving utterance to some thought that pines with a very suspicious mirth. "Poor Mrs. Potts," says Molly. "Oh, she didn't mind. When she had refor freedom. The old man, pausing, looks up at her, and, looking, sighs—perhaps for his dead youth—

lieved herself by blowing up the cook she laughed more than any of us. But it was a perhans long time before the governor could be brought to see the joke. You know he paid

her voice sweet and fresh as the dead and gone "Moral; never buy a new bonnet," says Eleanor's. As she speaks she drops the flower, and he, dexterously, by some fortuitous "Or keep an affectionate cook." says Lut-

and he, devicerously, by some fortunious chance, catches it. "Well done " cries she, with a gay laugh, clapping her hands, feeling half surprised, wholly amused, at his nimbleness. "Yet stay, grandpapa, do not go so soon. I—have a favor to ask of you." "Well 2" " Or go to an auction," says Philip. " It is "The reason I so much admire it. I know

no one such an adept in pointing out a moral and adorning a tale as our Plantagenet." Mr. Potts smiles superior. "I think the adornment rested with you "We have been discussing something delightful for the past five minutes—something de-downright delicious; but we can do nothing without you. Will you help us, grandpapa? will you ?" She asks all this with the prettiest and Luttrell," he says, with cutting sarcasm, answering Sir Ponthony. "Potts, you aren't half a one. Tell us another. Your splendid resources can't be yet grace, gazing down undaunted into the sour old face raised to hers.

exhausted," says Philip. "Yes, do, Potts, and wake me when you come to the point," seconds Sir Penthony, "Why are you spokeswoman ?" demands he, in a tone that makes the deeply attentive Cecil within groan aloud. "Well-because-I really don't believe I varmly, sinking into an arm-chair, and grace

know why, except that I chose to be so. But grant me this, my first request. Ah ? do, now, "A capital idea," murmurs Luttrell. " It will give us all a hint when we are expected to laugh." grandpapa ?" The sweet coaxing of the Irish '' Ah ?'' per

'Oh, you can chaff as you like," exclaims

etrates even this old withered heart. "What is this wonderful thing you would have me do?" asks he, some of the accumulated verjuice of years disappearing from his face; while Lady Stafford, from behind the curtain, looks on, trembling with fear for the success of her scheme, and Marcia listens and watches with envious rage. "We want you to-give a ball," says Molly,

goes on Plantagenet, greatly fortified. "I con-sider myself by far the most interesting of boldly, with a little gasp, keeping her large eyes fixed in eager anxiety upon his face, while her pretty parted lips seem still to enthem all, and the most-er---" " Say it, Potts; don't be shy," says Sir Penthony, raising a corner of the antimacas-sar, so as to give his friend the full encourtreat. "Say yes to me, grandpapa." How to refuse so tender a pleading? How

bring the blank that a No must cause upon her riante, lovely face ? "Suppose I say I cannot ?" asks he; but "It would, indeed. I know nobody so really interesting as Plantagenet," says Cecil, his tone has altered wonderfully, and there is an expression that is almost amiable upon

his face. The utter absence of constraint, of fear, she displays in his presence has charmed him, being so unlike the studied warmiy. "Your ladyship's judgment is always sound. I submit to it," returns Sir Penthony, manner of all those with whom he comes in contact.

I aiz but as my fortunes are." —LADY CLARE. escape. Keep your eyes dry as long as your heart will let you. No, you shall not fret be-cause of me. You shall have your ball, I promise you, and as soon as ever you please." So saying, and with a quick movement of as assumed its sober garb of brown; a gen aral earthiness is everywhere. The leaves are falling-not now in careful couples or one by one but in whole showers — slowly, sorrowingly, as though loth to quit the sighing branches the hand that declines all thanks, he moves away, leaving Molly to return to the boudoir their last faint rustling making their death triumphant, though somewhat struck and sad-lened by his words and manner. "Let me embrace you," cries Cecil, tragi-

would now be utterly content for an hour or two. By the bye, I left my book on the library table. If you were good-natured, Molly, I know what you would do." "So do I; I would get it for you. Well,

takes his solitary walk up and down one of the shaded paths. "Do you find it so dull here?" asks he, sharply, twrning to read her face. "Dull? No indeed. How should I? I shall licious unrest. There is a good deal of noise, but very little performance, and every one gives voice now and then to the most start-ling opinions. One might, indeed, imagine always remember my visit to you as one of that all these people—who, when in town during the season, yawn systematically "Then remain a little longer," he growls, through their two or three balls of a nighthad never seen one, so eager and anxious are

WHOLE NO. 1,098-NO. 8.

morning, noon, and night. What is the use of

M Teefy

and then ?"

because she so much resembles her ase.

mother, discound she so much resembles her mother, discound and forgotten. "Have a rose, grandpapa?" says Molly, stooping still farther over the iron railings,

" Well ?"

check to buy it ! I suppose"—quietly—" if he did, you would take it ?" Molly, still gloomy. "Yes, if he offered it I do not think I could bring myself to refuse it.

agement of one whole eye. Fascinating, 1 feel sure, will be the right word in the right

oom. trates to it. Even the very fire, in a fit of pique, has degenerated into a dull glow. Molly, with a shiver, rouses it, throws on a

"Then I shall cry my eyes out," says Molly, still lightly, though secretly her heart is inking. There is a perceptible pause. Then Mr.

Amherst says, slowly, regretfully: "Crying will come too soon, ehild. None

"This does look cosy," Cecil says, easily sinking into a lounging-chair. "Now, if those tiresome men had not gone shooting we should not be able to cuddle into our fire as we are doing at present. After all, it is a posi-tive relief to get them out of the way—some-

song. Molly's visit has drawn to an end. Her joy-ous month is over. To-day a letter from her brother reminding her of her promise to re- "Let me embrace you," cries Cecil, tragically, flinging herself into her arms. "Molly, Molly, you are a siren !"
 Without a word or a look, Marcia rises slowly and quits the room. turn is within her hand, recalling all the ten-der sweets of home life, all the calm pleasure

The invitations are issued, and unanimous the invitations are issued, and uninfinitially accepted. A ball at Herst is such a novelty that the county to a man declare their inten-tion of being present at it. It therefore prom-ises to be a great success. As for the house itself, it is in a state of detaking into consideration all things, your age and growing infirmities among them, I will accept your hint." And, rising, she goes in

search of the missing volume. Opening the library door with a little bang and a good deal of reckless unconsciousness, she finds herself in Mr. Amherst's presence. "Oh I" cries she, with a surprised start. "I beg your pardon, grandpa. If"—pausing on the threshold--"I had known you were here I would not have disturbed you.' "You don't disturb me," replies he, without looking up; and picking up the required

ittle. "You did. There is no use your denying a grandfather if it isn't to tip one every now "You didn't refuse it ? Oh, Molly, after all my trouble !" "No"-laughing, and unfolding her palm, "You forget the circumstances of my where the paper lies crushed — " but I was very near it. But that his manner was so "I do not indeed. Of course, beyond all doubt, he behaved badly; still---- I really think," says Cecil, in a highly moralizing

kind, so marvellously gentle, for him, I should have done so. Cecil, I couldn't help thinktone, "there is nothing on earth so mistaken ing that perhaps long ago, before the world hardened him, grandpapa was a nice young as pride. I am free from it. I don't know the meaning of it, and I know I am all the hapman." "Perhaps I am more angry than proud." "It is the same thing, and I wish you weren't. Oh, Molly! do ask him. What can man. "Perhaps he was, my dear—there is no knowing what any of us may come to—

though you must excuse me if I say I rather doubt it. Well, and what did he say?" it signify what he thinks ?" "Nothing; but a great deal what John doubt it. Well, and what did he say?" "Yery little indeed, and that little a fail-ure. When going about it you might have given him a few lessons in his *role*. So bung-ling a performance as the leading up to it I thinks. It would be casting a slight upon him, as though he stinted me in clothes or

money, and I will not do it.' never witnessed; and when he wound up by handing me a check ready prepared beside him on the desk I very nearly laughed." "It would be such a simple way," says Ce-cil, with a melancholy sigh—dear Molly is so obstinate and old-fashioned; then follows another pause, longer and more decided than the last. Molly, with her back turned to her "Old goose ! Never mind; they laugh who

win ; I have won." "So you have." friend, commences such a dismal tattoo upon "Well, the window-pane as would be sufficient to de

Together they go down-stairs and into the

The apartment is deserted. No sound pene

fresh log, and amuses herself trying to induce the tardy flames to climb and lick it until

Lady Stafford returns. So busy has she been,

t seems to her as though only a minute has

"You don't seem very hearty about that

"I am, for all that. With a good novel I

but look, Molly, look. I want to see how far his unwonted gentleness has car-ried him. I am dying of curiosity. I do hope the window-pane as would be sumcleft to de-press any one without further cause. Her friend is pondering deeply. "Molly, she says, presently, with a fine amount of indifference in her tone-rather suspicious, to say the least of it..." I feel sure he has not been shabby.

In the nas not been shabby."
Unfolding the paper, they find the check has been drawn for a hundred pounds.
"Very good," says Oecil, with a relieved sigh. "He is not such a bad old thing, when all is told." you are right—quite right. I like you all the better for -your pride, or whatever you may wish to call it. But what a pity it is your grandfather would not offer you a dress or a

"It is too much," says Molly, aghast, "I can't take it indeed. I would have thought twenty pounds a great deal, but a hundred "What a chance there is of that !" says pounds ! I must take it back to him."

the room sits staring vaguely before him out

of the dreary window on to the still more of the areary window on to the still more dreary landscape outside, thinking of vanished days and haunting actions that will not be laid, but carry with them their sure and keen revenge, in the knowledge that to the dead no

Molly, going back to the drawing-room, finds Ceoil there, serene as usual. "Well, and where is my book?" asks that innocent. "I thought you were never com-

"Cecil, why did you tell grandpapa to offer

me a dress?" demands Molly, abruptly. " My dearest girl !——" exclaims Cecil, and then has the grace to stop and blush a

" Are you mad," exclaims Cecil, " to insult him? He thinks nothing of a hundred pounds. And to give back money-that I am not adamant. You see"--with a faint laugh---" my pride would not carry me very scarce commodity—how could you bring your-self to do it?" In tones of the liveliest refar." "Far enough. Let us go down to the proach. "Be reasonable, dear, and let us see how we can spend it fast enough." Thus adjured, Molly succumbs, and sink-

others," says Cecil, rising and yawning slightly. "They will think we are planning high treason if we absent ourselves any ing into a chair, is soon deep in the unfath-omable mysteries of silks and satins, tulle and flowers. * And, Cecil, I should like to buy Letitia a

drawing-room, which they find empty. As they reach the centre of it, Cecil stops silk dress like that one of yours up-stairs I adabruptly, and saying carelessly, "I will be back in one moment," turns and leaves the mire so much." "The navy-blue ?"

" No, the olive-green ; it would just suit her She has a lovely complexion, clear and tinted like your own." "Thank you, dear. It is to be regretted you

are of the weaker sex. So delicately veiled a compliment would not have disgraced a Ches-

"Was it too glaring? Well, I will do away

with it. I was thinking entirely of Letty. I was comparing her skin very favorably with yours. That reminds me I must write home

to-day. I hope John won't be offended with

me about this money. Though, after all, there

can't be much harm in accepting a present from one's grandfather." I should think not, indeed. I only wish

I had a grandfather ; and wouldn't I utilize

Even as she speaks, the door in the next

drawing-roem opens, and through the folding-doors, which stand apart, she sees her hus-

band enter and make his way to a davenport.

"That destroys your argument," says Mol-ly, with a low laugh, as she runs away to her

wn room to write her letters. For a few minutes Cecil sits silently enjoy-

ing a distant view of her husband's back. But she is far too much of a coquette to let him

long remain in ignorance of her near proxim-

ity. Coing softly up to him, and leaning light ly over his shoulder, she says, in a half-whis-

He starts a little, not having expected to

see so fair an apparition, and lays one of his

hands over hers as it rests upon his shoulder. "Is it you ?" he says. "I did not hear you

"No? That was because I was farthest

from your thoughts. You are writing ? To

fact, that sooner or later one's taile

"Is your life spoiled ?"

"My tailor for one. It is a sad but certain

"So must one's modiste." With a sigh.

'It is that sort of person who spoils one's

"Oh, yes, in many ways." "Poor little soul!" says he, with a half

laugh, tightening his fingers over hers. " Is your dressmaker hard-hearted ?"

per: "What are you doing ?"

him ! But I am an unfortunate-alone in the

terfield."

world."

whom ?

paid.

ereene, with saucy retalistion, drawing he ingers from his with a sudden movement, and running away from him up the stone m. And I believed you so harmless!" At this they both laugh so immoderately

steps of the balcony into the house. All through the night, both when waking that presently the lawyer loses all patience and, taking up his hat, rushes from the roor and in dreams, the remembrance of the sligh in a greater rage than he could have though ast upon her absent mother by Mr. Amherst le, considering that one of his provoca and her own silent acceptance of it, have dis tors bears a title. They are still laughing when the others enurbed the mind of Marcia. " A dancer!" the

ter the room and insist on learning the seword enrages her. Molly's little passionate movement and out cret of their mirth. Tedcastle alone fails to spoken determination to hear no ill spoken of her dead father showed Marcia even more for He is distrait and evidently openjoy it. pressed with care. Seeing this, Molly takes heart of grace, and, crossing to his side, says, eibly her own cowardice and mean policy of action. And be sure she likes Molly none th mweetly:

nore in that she was the one to show it. Yet "Do you see how the day has cleared? Molly cannot possibly entertain the same af That lovely sun is tempting me to go out Will you take me for a walk ?" fection for a mere memory that she feels for the mother on whom she has expended all the Certainly-if you want to go." Very coldly. really pure and true love of which she is ca

"But of course I do : and nobody has asked ahl

me to accompany them; so I am perforce obliged to thrust myself on you. It"—with a bewitching smile—" you won't mind the trouble just this once, I will promise not to It is not, therefore, towards her grandather, whose evil tongue has ever been her own undoing, she cherishes the greatest bit terness, but towards herself, together with s certain scorn that, through moneyed motives, she has tutored herself to sit by and hear the torment you again." Through the gardens, and out into the

you will be with me.

shrubberies beyond, they go in silence, until they reach the open ; then Molly says, laughone she loves lightly mentioned Now, looking back upon it, it appears to her grossest treachery to the mother whose

"I know you are going to scold me about Mr. Potts. Begin at once, and let us get it in her foreign home. lives waiting, hoping, for the word that shall restore her to he over. Her manner is so sweet, and she looks so arms.

A kind of anxiety to communicate with the

gay, so fresh, so harmless, that his anger melts as the dew beneath the sun. njured one, and to pour out on paper the love she bears her, but dares not breathe at Herst, "You need not have let him place his arm

round you," he says, jealously.

lent on this Sunday afternoon—when all the others have wandered into the open air—she "If I hadn't I should have slipped off the pedestal; and what did his arm signify in comparison with that? Think of my grand-father's face; think of mine; think of all the nakes her way to the library, and, sitting lown, commences one of the lengthy, secret orbidden missives that always find their way horrible consequences. I should have been to Italy in spite of prying eyes and al isgrace, perhaps-who knows i the untold evils that so surely wait upon dis put in prison, and you might never, never see covery. your darling any more." To any one acquainted with Marcia her

She laughs.

"What a jealous fellow you are, Ted !"" "Am I?" Ruefully. "I don't think I used to be. I never remember being jealous be-tore." "No? I am glad to hear it." lowed ; yet this is how she begins :

" Why ?"

"Because"----with an adorable glance and a faint pressure of his arm—" it proves to me you have never loved before."

This tender insinuation blots out all remaining vapors, leaving the atmosphere clear last I wrote to you, now three weeks ago. At and free of clouds for the rest of their walk. times I feel dispirited, almost despairing, and which lasts till almost evening. Just before they reach the house Luttrell says, with hesiwonder if the day will ever come when we two shall be reunited—when I shall be able to welcome you to my English home, where, in

" I have something to say to you : but I am afraid if I do say it you will be angry."

"Then don't say it," says Miss Massereene her fingers, a large spot of ink falls heavily from her pen upon the half-written page beequably. "That is about the most foolish thing one can do. To make a person angry thing one can do. To make a person angry unintentionally is bad enough, but to know you are going to do it, and to say so, has neath, destroying it. With an exclamation expressive of impasomething about it rash, not to say impertitience Marcia pushes the sheet to one side nent. If you are fortunate enough to know and hastily commences again upon another. the point in the conversation that is sure to This time she is more successful, and has reached almost the last word in her final tenrouse me to wrath, why not carefully skirt round it ?"

der message, when a footstep approaching disturbs her. Gathering up her papers, she "Because I lose a chance if I leave it unsaid; and you differ so widely from most girls quits the library by its second door, and, gaining her own room, finishes and seals her packet.

Not until than does she perceive that the blotted sheet is no longer in her possessionsible. No one likes to be thought odd or ec-centric except rich old men, and Bohemians, that by some untoward accident she must have forgotten it behind her in her flight. Consternation seizes her. Whose were the and poets; therefore I insist on following closely in my sisters' footsteps, and warn you footsteps that broke in upon her quietude? I shall be in a farious passion the moment Why had she not stood her ground? With a

about your mother and the auctioneer, I shall leave the room. It will be the twenty-fifth time I have heard it already, and human pa-tience has a limit. One must draw the line omewhere."

" What auctioneer ?' demands Potts. indignant. "I am going to tell them about my mother and the auction ; I never said a word about an auctioneer ; there mighn't have been one, for all I know."

"There generally is at an auction," ven-tures Luttrell, mildly. "Go on, Potts; I like your stories immensely, they are so full of wit this one, about you nd spirit. I know mother's bonnet, well ; it is an old favoriteuite an heirloom-the story, I mean, not the onnet. I remember so distinctly the firs ime you told it to us at mess; how we did

augh, to be sure ! Don't forget any of the de tails. The last time but four you made the bonnot pink, and it must have been so awfully inbecoming to your mother! Make it blue to night.' " Now do go on, Mr. Potts ; I am dying t

hear all about it," declares Molly. "Well, when my uncle died," begins Potts all his furniture was sold by auction. And here was a mirror in the drawing-room my nother had always had a tremendous fancy

"And my mother was always in the habit of wearing a black bonnet," quotes Sir Pen-thony, gravely. "I know it by heart."

you do you may as well tell it your-says Potts, much offended. says Potts, much elf.'

"Never mind him, Plantagenet; do go on,' "Well, she was in the habit of wearing

fills Marcia. So that when the house is si black bonnet, as it happens," says Mr. Pots, with suppressed ire; "but just before the auction she bought a new one, and it was pink.' "Oh, why on earth don't you say blue?"

expostulates Luttrell, with a groan. "Because it was pink. I suppose I know

"But my dear fellow, think of her com plexion 1 Ånd at first I assure you, you al manner of commencing her letter would be a revelation. To one so cold, so self-contained

ways used to make it blue." "I differ with you," puts in Sir Penthony, politely. "I always understood it was a seathe weaker symptoms of affection are disalpolitely. green. " My Own BELOVED - As yet I have no good

"It was pink," reiterates Plantagenet, firm news to send you, and little that I can say— though even as I write to you my beart is full. ly. ' Well, we had a cook who was very fond f my mother-

The old man grows daily more wearisome, more detestable, more inhuman, yet shows no was a footman, you know," says Luttrell, resigns of death. He is even, as it seems to me, stronger and more full of life than when

> Sir Penthony, with exaggerated astonishment at his friend's want of memory. "And she, having most unluckily heard my mother say she feared she could not attend

the auction, made up her mind to go herself and at all hazards secure the coveted mirror spite of prejudices, you will be happy, becaus for her-Here, unluckily, because of the trembling of

"And she didn't know my mother had on the new sea-green bonnet," Sir Penthony breaks in, with growing excitement.

"No, she didn't," says Mr. Potts, growing excited too. "So she started for my uncle's —the cook, I mean—and as soon as the mir-ror was put up began bidding away for it like a steam-engine. And presently some one in a pink bonnet began bidding too, and there they were bidding away against each other, the cook not knowing the bonnet, and my mother not being able to see the cook, she was so hemmed in by the crowd, until presently it was knocked down to my mother —who is a sort of person who would rather die than give in—and would you believe it ?"

Mr. Potts, nearly choking with dewinds up light over the misfortunes of his maternal relative, "she had given exactly five pounds more for that mirror than she need have

ungraciously. "The others have consented to prolong their stay, why should not you? Write to your-to Mr. Massereene to that effect. I cannot breathe in an empty house. It is my wish, my desire that you shall stay," he inishes, irritably, this being one of his pain-

the happy events of my life."

ful days. So it is settled. She will obey this crabbed veteran's behest and enjoy a little more of the good the gods have provided for her before returning to her quiet home. "You will not desert us in our increased

calamities, Molly, will you?" asks Cecil, half an hour later, as Molly enters the common boudoir, where Lady Stafford and Marcia ait alone, the men being absent with their guns, and Mrs. Darley consequently in the blues. "Where have you been ? We quite fancied you had taken a lesson out of poor dear Maudie's book and retired to your couch. Do you stay on at Herst ?" She glances up anxiously from her painting as she speaks. "Yes. Grandpapa has asked me to put of mised thereon.

my departure for a while. So I shall. I have ust written to John to say so, and to ask him if I may accept this second invitation." "Do you think it likely he will refuse?

Marcia asks, unpleasantly. "He may. But when I represent to him

"He may. But when I represent to him how terribly his obduracy will distress you all, should he insist on my return, I feel sure he will relent," rotorts Molly, nonchalantly.

"Now that Mr. Amherst has induced us al to stay, don't you think he might do some-thing to vary the entertainment ?" says Cecil n a faintly injured tone. "Shooting is al very well, of course, for those who like it; and to is tennis; and so are early hours ; but tou jours perdrix. I confess I hate my bed until the small hours are upon me. he would only give a ball, for Now, i instance Do you think he would, Marcia, if he was asked

"How can I say?"

"Would you ask him, dear?" "Well, I don't think I would," replies says abruptly : "What about your dress, Molly ?" Marcia, with a rather forced laugh ; " for this reason, that it would not be of the slightest "I don't know that there is anything to say about it," says Molly, who is in low spir use. I might as well ask him for the moon If there is one thing he distinctly abhors, it its. is a ball.'' muelin, and that will scarcely astonish the

"But he might go to bed early, if he natives.' wished," persists Cecil; " none of us would interfere or find fault with that arrangement. We would try and spare him, dear old thing I don't see why our enjoyment should put him out in the least, if he would only be reasonable. I declare I have a great mind to ask him myself." " But I'm afraid it must."

"Do," says Molly, eagerly, who is struck "What a pity it is I am so much shorter with admiration at the entire idea, having than you !" says Cecil, regretfully. " Now, if I was taller we might make one of my dresses never yet been to a really nice ball.

"I would rather somebody else tried if first," confesses Cecil, with a frank laugh "A hundred times I have made up my mind to ask a favor of him, but when I found my self face to face with him, and he fixed m with his eagle eye, I quailed. Molly, you ar Molly, you are

a new importation ; try your luck." "Well, I don't mind if I do," says Molly,

valiantly. "He can't say worse than no And here he is, coming slowly along under the balcony. Shall I seize the present oppor tunity and storm the citadel out of hand? am sure if I wait I shall be like Bob Acres and find my courage oozing out through my fingers." "Then don't." says Cecil. "If he molests

you badly, I promise to interfere." Molly steps on to the balcony, and, looking down awaits the slow and languid approach

of her grandfather. Just as he arrives beneath her she bends over until he, attracted by her

presence, looks up. She is laughing down upon him, bent upon conquest, and has a blood-red rose in one hand. She waves it slightly to and fro, as though uncertain, as though dallying about

they for the success of this solitary bit of di book. Molly commences a hasty retreat. But just as she gains the door her grandsipation. Lady Stafford is in great form, and be

ather's voice once more arrests her. comes even more *debonnaire* and saucy than is her wont. Even Marcia seems to take "Wait," he says. "I want to ask you a question that—that has been on my mind for considerable time.' some interest in it, and lets a little vein of

To the commonest observer it would occur excitement crop up here and there through all the frozen placidity of her manner; while that from the break to the finish of this little Molly, who has never yet been at a really large sentence is one clumsy invention. affair of the kind, loses her head, and finds

onger

times.'

sentenco."

"Yes?" says Molly. "Have you a dress for this ball—this sense herself unable to think or converse on any other subject. Yet in all this beautiful but unhappy world ess rout that is coming off ?" says Mr. Am-

herst, without looking at her. "Yes, grandpapa." In a tone a degree where is the pleasure that contains no sting harder, "You are my granddaughter. I desire to of pain? Molly's is a sharp little sting that

pricks her constantly and brings an uneasy sigh to her lips. Perhaps in a man's eyes the ee you dressed as such. Is"-with an effort -" your gown a handsome one?" "Well, that greatly depends upon taste,"

cause would be considered small, but surely in a woman's overwhelming. It is a question of dress, and poor Molly's mind is much exercturns Molly, who, though angry, finds a rim amusement in watching the flounderings When all the others sit and talk complaof this tactless old person. " If we are to be-lieve that beauty unadorned is adorned the cently of their silks and satins, floating tulles most, I may certainly flatter myself I shall be the best dressed woman in the room. But and laces, she, with a pang, remembers that all she has to wear is a plain white muslin. It

is hard. No doubt she will look pretty-per there may be some who will not call white muslin handsome." "White muslin up to sixteen is very haps prettier and fairer than mostdespised muslin : but as surely she will look poorly attired, and the thought is not inspir charming," Mr. Amherst says, in a slow tone

No one but a woman can know what of a connoisseur in such matters, "but not beyond. And you are, I thinkwoman thinks on such a subject ; and al "Nineteen." "Quite so. Then in your case I should

though she faces the situation philosophically enough, and by no means despises herself for condemn the muslin. You will permit me to give you a dress, Eleanor, more in accordance with your age and—position." the pange of envy she endures when listening

to Maud Darley's account of the triumph in robes to be sent by Worth for the Herst ball "Thank you very much, grandpapa," says she still shrinks from the cross-examination she will surely have to undergo at the hands Molly, with a little ominous gleam in her blue eyes. "You are too good. I am deeply of Cecil Stafford as to her costume for the sensible of all your kindness, but I really cannot see how my position has altered of soming event. One day, a fortnight before the ball, Cecil late. As you have just discovered, I am now nineteen, and for so many years I have loes seize on her, and, carrying her off to her own room and placing her in her favorite chair managed to look extremely well in white mus-As she finishes her modest speech she feels

she has gone too far. She has been almost impertinent, considering his age and relation-" The only thing I have is a new white ship to her ; nay, more, she has been ungen orous. Her small taunt has gone home. Mr. Am-

"Muslin! Oh, Molly! Not but that it i herst rises from his chair ; the dull red of old age comes painfully into his withered cheeks pretty always—I know nothing more se-bu or a hall-dress-rocco. I have set my hear he stands gazing at her, slight, erect, with on seeing you resplendent ; and if you are not her proud little head upheld so haughtily. more gorgeous than Marcia I shall break down. Muslin won't do at all." For a moment anger masters him ; then it fades, and something as near remorse as his heart can hold replaces it. Molly, returning his glance with interest

knows he is annoyed. But she does not know that, standing as she now does, with uplifted chin and gleaming eyes, and just a slight indrawing of the lips, she is the very slight indrawing of the lips,

"Yes, it is a pity—a dreadful pity," says Molly, mournfully. "I should like to be really well dressed. Marcia, I suppose, will image of the dead-and-gone Eleanor-that in spite of her Irish father, her Irish name, be in satin, or something else equally desir s a living, breathing, defiant Amherst. In silence that troubles her she waits for

"No doubt she will deck herself out in the next word. It comes slowly, almost en Oriental splendor, if she discovers you can't,' says Cecil, angrily.

"Molly," says her grandfather, in a tone There is a pause-a decided one. Cecil that trembles ever so little-it is the first sits frowning and staring at Molly, who has sunk into an attitude expressive of the deepe has ever called her by her pet name time h -" Molly, I shall take it as a great favor est dejection. The little ormulu clock, if you will accede to my request and acceptgardless of emotion, ticks on undisturbed un-As he finishes he holds out to her a check.

for this money.'

So saying,

til three full minutes vanish into the past. Then Cecil, as though suddenly inspired, regarding her earnestly the while. The "Molly" has done it. Too generous even to hesitate, she takes the paper, and, go-ing closer to him, lays her hand upon his says, eagerly : "Molly, why not ask your grandfather to

give you a dress ?" "Not for all the world ! Nothing would induce me. If I was never to see a ball I would not ask him for sixpence. How could

suit you."

able.

you think it of me, Cecil? "Why didn't I think of it long ago, you mean ? I only wish he was my grandfather, and I would never cease persecuting him,

"Don't get me to begin on that subject, or I shall never leave off. The wrongs I have suffered at that woman's hands! But then why talk of what cannot be helped ?" "Perhaps it may. Can I do nothing for you ?" "I am afraid not." Moving a little way from him. "And yet, perhaps, if you choose you might. You are writing; I wish," throw ing down her eyes, as though confused (which she isn't), and assuming her most

guileless air, " you would write something for "What a simple request ! Of course I will

anything." "Really? You promise?"

TO BE CONTINUED

A FATAL ACT OF HEROISM.

[Welland Tribune.]

The many friends of Mr. Hugh J. Mc-Phelan in this county will learn with the most sincere regret of his drowning, which occurred on the 25th of June, in Little Hart River, near Bismarck, Dakotah Territory, whilst in the self-sacrificing attempt to sav the life of a drowning boy. The boy had gone in swimming, got beyond his depth and gone in swimming, got beyond his depth and was drowning, Mr. McPhelan went to the rescue, and, whilst the boy's life was saved, sad to relate, his rescuer was drowned. The deceased was about nineteen years of age, and a son of Mr. Cornelium, McPhelan, et Humberstone Cornelius McPhelan, of Humberstone township. The young man was possessed of an adventurous and enterprising spirit, and a short time ago went west to find a wider field for action. The instance in question is not the first of his having distinguished himself for Some months ago, it unusual bravery. Some months ago, it will be remembered, he excited the admiration plaudits of the Western press by running a locomotive through a gauntlet of fire, saving an immense amount of property. His rela-tives possess the heartfelt sympathy of the public in their distressing bereavement, only alleviated by the recollection, of which they may well feel proud, that this noble young man lost his life whilst in the performance of whilst in the performance of the truest act of heroism in the power of hu manity to accomplish.

-One of the institutions of London is the charwoman, or washerwoman. Does a woman fail as a servant, does the eyesight of a seamstress give way, is the wife or widow of an artisan laborer overtaken by adversity, she falls into the great army of charwomen. Some are trustworthy and are employed for years in the same family and take care of the house. Their pay is from 50 to 75 cents a day, with food.

-Whenever you are tempted to indulge criticising your minister-a very bad habit to get into, by the way--you ought to be careful in your choice of language. "That is what I call a finished sermon," said an "I have been rude, grandpapa—I beg your pardon-and I am very much obliged to you y." adorer to an indifferent as they wedded she bends and presses her soft their way from church. "Yes" was the reply

sweet lips to his cheek. He makes no effort with a yawn, "but, do you know, I though to return the caress, but long after she leaves it never would be,"

"I thought it was a footman. And it really proachfully. "The butler, you mean, Luttrell," exclaims