ULLMAN'S PENSION

(Written by Mr. J. B. Plumb, M. P., and read at the York Pioneers' Picnic by Rev. Mr. Givins.) Respectfully presented to the Government, and especially to the Hon Mackenzie Bowell, Minister of Customs, who was Acting Minister of Militia on the 30th April, 1879.

of Militia on the 30th April, 1879. An old man lives in Niagara town, who was chris-tened Burnet Uliman. The' a lad when he fought the United States, he then did the work of a full man; And so long as Canada breeds such boys, we may laugh at the Fenian raider. For they count as men, and will rank as men, should an enemy invade her. At Beaver Dams and Lundy's Lane, at Stoney Creek, without funk, he Drove up the cart with the cartridges, and took parts as a powder monkey.

At Beaver Dams and Lundy's Lane, at Btoney Creek without funk, he Drove up the cart with the cartridges, and took part as a powder monkey. As full of fight as the bravest there, who followed or held command in t. And he did as dangerous duty, too, as any who there took hand in t. Where bullets were flying as thick as hail, and he knew if they hit him they'd twist him. They were never respecters of persons, he knew, and 'twas only gheer luck if they missid him. There many fine fellows wit they missid him. Thare many fine fellows were wounded and killed, for King and for Canada fighting. And only a tottering handful survive at the date of the present writing ; For 'tis sity-four years since open war 'twixt Britsh and Yankees ended. And many an ugly subsequent breach has some-how or other got mended— Hence all who fought in't are full four score, and the Psalmist wail to borrow. "Though some beas os strong that they reach that goal, their straugth becomes labor and sorrow. So soon t passet away," and thus our veterans' Hist diminishes. "Tis a plitance at best, and in that behalf we must hub too close-fisted Towards uny elaimants who fought our fight, no matter how they emisted : For this Dominion, I venture to say, has taken the add y upon her Of counting them all in the highest roster of loyal service and hon r. A dole of twenty dollars a year for brave old Barney not much is, A compensation for hurts in the field, and for boobling acripple on crutches, With paralyzed side and trembling head, whence the inin which hairs are failing. I chink his case should plead itself, and should'nt need ny recalling:

1 think his case should pread them, and should he need in y recalling; So shell out his noney, back pay and all, and do not be tardy about it, Or the time-worn veteran will surely be called to the last review without it.

MOLLY BAWN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHYLLIS."

"Oh ! Molly Bawn, why leave me pining, All lonely waiting here for you."-Old Song

" Faithfully."

"It is not, perhaps, quite so simple a re quest as it appears. I want you, in fact, to-write me-a check !"

Sir Penthony laughs, and covers the white and heavily-jeweled little hand that glitters before him on the table once more with hi

own. "For how much ?" he asks.

"Not much-only fifty pounds. I want to buy something particular for this ball; and' -glancing at him-" being a lone woman without a protector, I dread going too heavily into debt.

"Good child," says Sir Penthony. "You shall have your check." Drawing the book towards him as it lies before him on the davenport, he fills up a check and hands it to

"Now, what will you give me for it?" asks he, holding the edge near him as her fingers close upon the other end.

"What have I to give? Have I not just ac knowledged myself insolvent ? I am as poor

as a church mouse."

as a church mouse." "You disparage yourself. I think you as rich as Crœsus. Will you give me a kiss?" whispers her husband, softly. There is a decided pause. Dropping the check and coloring deeply. Cecil moves back a step or two. She betrays a little indignation

in her glance-a very little, but quite percep tible. Stafford sees it. "I beg your pardon," he says, hastily, an expression of mingled pain and shame cross-ing his face. "I was wrong, of course. I will

not buy your kisses. Here, take this bit of

not buy your Risses. Here, take this bit of paper, and forgive me." He closes her somewhat reluctant fingers over the check. She is still blushing, and has her eyes fixed on the ground, but her faint anger has disappeared. Then some thought -evidently a merry one-occurs to her; the corners of her mouth widen, and finally she

breaks into a musical laugh. "Thank you-very much," she says. "You are very good. It is something to have a husband, after all. And—if you would really care for it-I-don't mind letting you have one ---- Oh ! here is somebody com

"" "There always is somebody coming when least wanted," exclaims Sir Penthony, wrath fully, pushing back his chair with much sup pressed ire, as the door opens to admit M Potts.

VOL XXII. " The very greatest." "What 1 Spooney ?" says Tedcastle, laugh-ing. "I don't believe he could climb a ladder to save his life. Think of his pretty hands and his sweet little feet."

"And his lisp-and his new eye-glass." "Never mind; I will have him here," de

"Never mind; 1 will have him here," de-clares Cecil, gayly. "In spite of all you say. I positively adore that Grainger boy." "You seem to have a passion for fools," says Sir Penthony, a little bitterly, feeling some anger towards her. "And you seem to have a talent for inci-vility," retorts she, rather nettled. This ends

the conversation.

Nevertheless Mr. Grainger is asked to ome and give what assistance he can towards raising her head, and regarding him with disadorning Herst, which, when they take into consideration the ladylike whiteness of his tasteful hauteur; "there is nothing I detest so much; and your earnestness especially hands and the general imbecility of his countenance, is not set at a very high value. wearies me. When I spoke I was merely jest ing, as you must have known. I do not want

He is a tall, lanky youth, with more than the usual allowance of bone, but rather less of intellect; he is, however, full of ambition your love. I have told you so before. Let my hand go, Philip ; your touch is hateful to and smiles, and is amiability itself all around He is also desperately addicted to Lady Staf He drops her hands as though they burned him : and she, with flushed cheeks, and a still frowning brow, turns abruptly away leaving him alone—angered, hurt, but still ford. He has a dear little moustache, that undergoes much encouragement from his thumb and first finger, and he has a captivatadoring. Ten minutes later her heart-a tender on ing way of saying "How charming!" or "Very sweet," to anything that pleases him -misgives her. She has been unjust to him

And, as most things seem to meet his appro-bation, he makes these two brilliant remarks -unkind. She will return and make such reparation as lies in her power. with startling frequency. To Cecil he is a joy. In him she evidently finds a fund of amusement, as, during the With a light step she returns to the tea oom, where she left him, and, looking gently finds he has neither stirred nor raised h

three days it takes them to convert the ball. head since her cruel words cut him to the room, tea-room, etc., into perfumed bowers, heart. Ten minutes—a long time—and all consumed in thoughts of her | Feeling still she devotes berself exclusively to his society Perhaps the undisguised chagrin of Sir Penthony and Talbot Lowry as they witness her civility to Grainger goes far to add a zest to her enjoyment of the young man's exceedmore contrite she approaches him.

ingly small talk. After dinner on the third day all is nearly ompleted. A few more leaves, a few more flowers, a wreath or two to be distributed here and there, is all that remains to be done. aving

" I hate decorating in October," Cecil says. There is such a dearth of flowers, and the gardeners get so greedy about the house-plants. Every blossom looks as if it had been made the most of."

"Well. I don't know." replies Mr. Grainger straint where desire is at his elbow urging hin queezing his glass into his eye with mucl n, he now stands subdued, unnerved, in Mollifficulty, it being a new importation and nard to manage. When he has altered all y's presence. "Have I really distressed you ?" asks she hard to manage. When has altered all his face into an appalling grin, and com-pletely blocked the sight of one eye, he goes on affably: "I think all this-er-very

charming." "No? Do you? I'm so glad. Do you done ? "'Sweet, you have trod on a heart."

know I believe you have wonderful taste? The way in which you tied that last bunch of trailing ivy had something about it absolutely hers for an instant ; a moment later, and it is she who—this time—finds herself alone. artistic. " If it hadn't fallen to pieces directly after

wards, which rather spoiled the effect," says Sir Penthony, with an unkind smile. "Did it? How sad. But then the idea

remains, and that is everything. Now, Mr. Grainger, please stand here – (will you move "I suppose I should consider myself in luck; I have still a little skin left," says Sir Penthony, examining his hand with tender a little bit, Sir Penthony? Thanks) -just here while I go up this ladder to satisfy my-self about these flowers. By the bye? - paus-ing on one of the rungs to look back - " sup-pose I were to fall? Do you think you could solicitude. "I don't think I fancy decorating I shan't take to the trade." "Yes—should have put on gloves, you

catch me?" "I only wish you would give me the opper tunity of trying," replies he, weakly,

sadness—something that is almost an expres-sion on his face. "But isn't it awfully pretty?" says Lady Stafford, gazing round her with an air of "Beastly puppy!" mutters Sir Penthony under his breath. "Perhaps I shall, if you are good. Now pride. ook. Are they straight? Do they look well?'

"Awfully nice," replies Molly. "Quite too awfully awful," exclaims Mr. Potts, with exaggerated enthusiasm, and is asks Cecil.

asks Ocen. " Very sweet," replies Mr. Grainger. " Potts, hand me up some nails," exclaims Lowry, impatiently, who is on another ladder close by, and has been an attentive and dis-Potts, we shall be obliged to put your head in a bag," says Sir Penthony, severely. "I congusted listener : addressing Potts, who stands st in contemplation of Grainger. " Look sider awfully quite the correct word. What with the ivy and the gigantic size of those sharp, can't you? And tell me what you think

of this." Pointing to his design on the wall. "Is it all your fancy painted it ? Is it lovely paper roses, the rooms present quite a starting appearance." and divine? Answer

push that has entirely closed it. Molly, in she is on the point of throwing up the game. her white evening gown and pale blue ribbons, with a bunch of her favorite roses at her descending from her pedestal, and regaining her own room, when a footfall recalls her to breast, is looking up at him, a little mocking smile upon her lips. She is cold—perhaps a herself and puts her on her mettle. Nearer it comes-still nearer, until it stops shade amused -without one particle of sentialtogether. Molly does not dare turn to see

it is. A moment later a wild cry, a "I fear nothing," cries Philip, in a low, smothered groan, falls upon her ear, and impassioned tone, made unwisely bold by her words, seizing her hands, and pressing warm, urning her head, terrified, she sees her gandfather rush past her, tottering, trembling un-til he reaches his own room, where he disapunwelcome kisses on them; "whether I win or lose, I will speak now. Yet what shall I ears. Almost at the same instant the others who tell you that you do not already know ! I love

you — my idol — my darling! Oh, Molly, do not look so coldly on me." "Don't be earnest, Philip," interrupts she, with a frown, and a sudden change of tone, have been in the drawing-room, drawn to the spot by the delicate machinations of Mr. Potts, come on the scene; while Marcia, who has heard that scared cry, emerges quickly from among them and passes up the stairs into her grandfather's room. There follows an awkward silence. Cecil,

THE YORK HERALD.

RICHMOND HILL, THURSDAY, AUGUST 7, 1879.

who has been adorning a corner farther on, comes creeping towards them, pale and nervous, having also been a witness to Mr. Am-herst's hurried flight; and she and Molly, in their masquerading costumes, feel, to say the least of it, rather small.

They cast a withering glance at Potts, who has grown a lively purple; but he only shakes his head, having no explanation to offer, and knowing himself for once in his life to be un-

qual to the occasion. Mrs. Darley is the first to break silence. "What is it ? What has happened ? are you both here in your nightdresses ?' Why she

asks, unguardedly, losing her head in the ex "What do you mean?" says Cecil, angrily. "Nightdresses! If you don't know dressing-gowns when you see them, I am sorry for you. Plantagenet, what has happened?" "It was grandpapa," says Molly, in a frightened tone. "He came by, and I think

"Why, Philip," she says, with an attempt at playfulness, "still enduring grinding tor-ments? What have I said to you? You have taken my foolish words too much to was upset by my-appearance. Oh, I hope I have not done him any harm! Mr. Potts, why did you make me do it?" "How could I tell?" replies Potts, who i heart. That is not wise. Sometimes I hardly know myself what it is I have been as white as their costumes. "What an aw-ful shriek he gave ! I thought such a stern

old card as he is would have had more pluck. She has come very near to him--so near "I was positive he was in bed," says Cecil, or I should never have ventured." that, gazing up at him appealingly, she brings

her face in dangerously close proximity to his. A mad desire to kiss the lips that sue so "He is never where he ought to be," muters Potts, gloomily. Here conversation fails them. For once sweetly for pardon fills him, yet he dares not do it. Although a man not given to self-re-

they are honestly dismayed, and keep their eyes fixed in anxious expectation on the bed chamber of their host. Will Marcia neve

ome At length the door opens and she appears. softly, his strange silence rendering her still more remorseful. "Come"--laying her hand upon his arm---" tell me what I have

At length the door opens and she appears, looking pale and destraite. Her eyes light angrily as they fall on Molly. "Grandpapa is very much upset. He is ill. It was heartless—a cruel trick," she says, rather incoherently. "He wishes to see you, Eleanor, instantly. You had better go to bin." quotes Philip, in so low a tone as to be almost unheard. He closes his hand tightly over

"Must I?" asks Molly, who is quite color In the next room success is crowning their efforts. When Molly re-enters, she finds the "Unless you wish to add disobedience to our other unfeeling conduct," replies Marcia,

work almost completed. Just a finishing touch here and there, and all is ended. oldly. "No, no; of course not. "I will go," say

Molly nervously. With faltering footsteps she approaches the fatal door, whilst the others disperse and return once more to the drawing room -all, that is, except Lady Stafford, who seeks her own chamber, and Mr. Potts, who in an agony of know, and that," says Grainger, who is re-garding his dainty fingers with undisguised doubt and fear lingers about the corridor awaiting Molly's return. As she enters her grandfather's room she

As she enters her grandfather's room she finds him lying on a couch, half upright, an angry, disappointed expression on his face, distrust in his searching eyes. "Come here the state of the motioning, her with one finger to his side, " and tell me in her hands. " Is that the garment in which you much distinguished yourself last night ?" Sir

why you of all others should have chosen to play this trick upon me. Was it revenge?"

Penthony cannot help aging and will little start and blush, she raises her eyes. "Is it you?" she says, smiling. "Yes, this is the identical robe. Won't you come in, Sir Penthony? You are quite welcome. If you nstantly suppressed. "If you cannot exhibit greater decorum "Upon you, grandpapa! Oh, not upon you," says Molly, shocked. "It was all a mishave nothing better to do you can stay with and talk to me for a little." thought you would have been the one to "I have plenty to do"-coming in and clos ing the door—" but nothing I would not gladly throw over to accept an invitation from "Are you lying? Let me look at you. If so

you do it cleverly. Your face is honest. Yet you." "Dear me! What a charming speech Well, I'm sure they are far prettier than I hear it was for me alone this travesty was

Cecil?" snys Stafford, going up to her and tak inoffensive old gentleman ! Really, Potts, you must allow me to shake hands with you." "Was there ever anything more unfortuing both her hands in a warm, affectionate clasp. "Just consider how we two are situlasp. ated : you are bound to me forever, unti nate ?" says Potts, in a lachrymose tone. He has not been inattentive to the requirements death shall kindly step in to relieve you of me, and I am bound to you as closely. of the inner man since his entrance, and already, slowly but surely, the brandy is doing its work. "It was all so well arranged, and I then, should we not accept our position, and make our lives one ?" "You should have thought of all this be

Votes List

Why.

auest.

WHOLE NO. 1,099-NO. 9.

"There are certain times when a woman

does not altogether care about being taken so completely at her word."

"But that was not one of them." Hastily

· I do not believe you would have wished to

live with a man you neither knew nor cared

for." "Perhaps not." Laughing. "Sometimes I hardly know myself what it is I do want. But are we not very well as we are? I dare

say, had we been living together for the past three years, we should now dislike each other as cordially as—as do Maud Darley and her

"Impossible. Maud Darley is one person

gravely, earnestly. "I love you as I never believed it possible I should love any woman

I am twenty nine, and—think me cold if you will—but up to this I never yet saw the

"Then you ought to consider yourself the appiest man alive, because you have the

thing you crave. As you reminded me just now, I am yours until death us do part."

" Not all I crave, not the best part of

you, your heart," replies he, tenderly. "No man loving as I do could be contented with a

istaken feeling has been tabooed long ago

Conquer it ; conquer it." "Too late. Besides, I have no desire to

inquer it. On the contrary, I encourage it hope of some return. No, do not dishearter

ne. I know what you are going to say; but t least you like me, Cecil?"

Well, yes ; but what of that? I like se

" Then go a little farther, and say you-

"I would have you say you love me." "But supposing I cannot in honesty."

" Of course I can try. Words without mean

ing are easy things to say. But then-a lie

"It may cease to be a lie, once uttered."

"Well—just to please you, then, and as an xporiment—and—— You are sure you will out despise the for saying it ."" "No."

"Nor accuse me afterwards of deceit ?"

"Well, then—Penthony—I—don't love you the least bit in the world!"declares Cecil, with

a provoking, irresistible laugh, stepping back-wards out of his reach. Sir Penthony does not speak for a moment

CHAPTER XXIV.

'Take, oh ! take those lips away,

That so sweetly were forsworn; And those eyes, the break of day, Lights that do mislead the morn; But my kisses bring again. Seals of love, but sealed in vain."

-SHAKESPEARE

"Of course not." "Nor think me weak-minded ?" "No, no. How could I ?"

any people

ove me.'

' Try.'

hat is a serious matter.

woman I wanted for my wife except you."

usband.

honestly said to you as to me. And now, how

do I look, Sarah ? Speak," says Molly, sailing away from her up the room like a " white, white swan," and then turning to confront her

and give her a fair opportunity of judging of "Just levely," says Sarah, with the most

flattering sincerity of tone. "There is no doubt, Miss Molly, but you look quite the lady." "Do I really ? Thank you, Sarah," says Molly, humbly. "I agree with Sarah," says Cecil, who has

entered unnoticed. She affects blue as a rule,

and is now attired in palest azure, with a faint-pink blossom in her hair, and another

at her breast. " Sarah is a person of mech

liscrimination; you do look quite the lady. You should be grateful to me, Molly, when you remember I ordered your dress; it is al-

nost the prettiest I have ever seen, and with you in it the effect is maddening." "Let me get down-stairs at all events,

"Let me get down-stans at an order," without having my head turned," says Molly, bushing "Ob. Cecil. I feel so happy 1 To

have a really irreproachable ball-dress, and to go to a really large ball, has been for years

the dream of my life." "I wonder, when the evening is over, how

you will look on your dream ?" Cecil cannot help saying. "Come, we are late enough as it is. But first turn round and let me see the

train. So; that woman is a perfect artist where dresses are concerned. You look charm-

ing." "And her neck and arms, my lady !" puts

in Sarah, who is almost tearful in her admira-

tion. "Surely Miss Massereene's cannot be equalled. They are that white, Miss Molly,

that no one could be found fault with for com-paring them to the dribbling snow." "A truly delightful simile," exclaims Mol-

ly, merrily, and forthwith follows Cecil to con-

They find the drawing-rooms still rather

empty. Marcia is before them, and Philip and Mr. Potts; also Sir Penthony. Two or three determined ball-goers have arrived, and

are dotted about, looking over albums, asking

be so late. "Such beastly affectation, you know, and such a putting on of side, and gen-

lot of pretty girls," says Plantagenet, " and only young ones. Old maids make awful havoe

"I don't think there are lots of pretty girls

anywhere; but I have asked as many as

know. And there are among them at least two

acknowledged belles." "You don't say so !" exclaims Sir l'en-

thony. "Miss Amherst, if you wish to make me eternally grateful you will point them out

to me. There is nothing so distressing as not to know. And once I was introduced to a

beauty, and didn't discover my luck until it

was too late. I never even asked her to dance

Could you fancy anything more humiliating

Give you my word of honor I spoke to her for ten minutes and never so much as paid her a

compliment. It was too cruel-and she the

queen of the evening, as I was told after

"You didn't admire her?" asks Cecil. inter

ested. "Never saw her beauty?" "No. She was tall, and had arched brows

-two things I detest." The ball is at its height. Marcia, dressed

in pale maize silk-which suits her dark and glowing beauty-is still receiving a few late

quests in her usual stately but rather impas-

ive manner. Old Mr. Amherst, standing

beside her, gives her an air of importance

Beyond all doubt she will be heavily dow-ered—a wealthy heiress, if not exactly the

Philip, as the supposed successor to the

house and lands of Herst, receives even more

ttention ; while Molly, except for her beauty

which outshines all that the room contains

is in no way noticeable. Though, when one holds the ace of trumps, one feels almost in-

dependent of the other honors. The chief guest—a marquis, with an aris-toeratic limp and only one eye—has begged of her a square dance. 'I'wo lords—one very young, the other distressingly old—have also

solicited her hand in the mazy dance. She is the reigning belle; and she knows it.

Beatriful, put a stillia t sh on-through the rooms. A great delight, a joy-ous excitement, born of her youth, the music,

her own success, fills her. She has a smile. a kindly look, for every one. Even Mr. Bus-carlet in the blackest of black clothes and

rather indifferent linen, venturing to address her as she goes by him, receives a gracious answer in return. So does Mrs. Buscarlet,

who is radiant in pink satin and a bird of

friend

lependent of the other honors.

' I hope, Miss Amherst, you have asked a

eral straining after effect."

of my temper."

wards."

laughing. "Oh, Cecil, I feel so happy !

made sure the old boy was gone to bed." "He is upset," murmurs Sir Penthony, fore." "How could I? Think what a deception with touching concern, "and no wonder. Such tremendous exertion requires the aid of you practised on me when sending that mis-erable picture. I confess I abhor ugliness. stimulants to keep it up. My dear Potts, do have a little more brandy-and-soda. You don't take half care of yourself." And then, your own conditions—what could I do but abide by them ?"

Fines"

"Not a drop—not a drop," says Mr. Potts, drawing the decanter towards him. "It don't agree with me. Oh, Stafford ! you should have seen Miss Massereene in her Greek cos-tume. I think she is the loveliest creature I ever saw. She is," goes on Mr. Potts, with unwise zeal; "by far the loveliest, and the ame I would rise to maintain."

same I would rise to maintain. "I wouldn't if I were you," says Philip, who is indignant. "There is no knowing what tricks your legs may play with you." "She was just like Venus, or—some o hose other goddesses," says Mr. Potts,

vaguely. "I can well believe it," returns Stafford ; " but don't let emotion master you. There's naught, no doubt, so much the spirit calms as you are quite another; while I—well"—with a smile—" I honestly confess I fancy myself rather more than poor Henry Darley." um and true religion. Try a little of the "He child about how he do, and thinking how nt-sively, "and—he snores—two great points, terly low it is of all the rest of the county to

former." "There is nothing in life 1 wouldn't do for "Stafford." against him. Yes, on consideration, you are an improvement on Henry Darley." Then, with a sudden change of tone, she says, that girl-nothing, I declare to you, Stafford," goes on Potts, who is quite in tears by this ime : '' but she wouldn't look at me "does all this mean that you love me?" "Yes. I confess it, Cecil," answers he Luttrell and Philip are enraged, Stafford

ind the others are in roars. and the others are in roars. "Wouldn't she, Potts?" says Stafford, with a fine show of sympathy. "Who knows? Cheer up, old boy, and remember women never know their own minds at first. She

may yet become alive to your many perfec-tions, and know her heart to be all yours. Think of that. And why should she not? ays Sir Penthony, with free encouragement. 'Where could she get a better fellow? Faint eart, you know, Potts. Take my advice and black up spirit, and go in for her boldly. Throw yourself at her feet.'

" I will," says Mr. Potts, ardently. "To-morrow," advises Sir Penthony, with

growing excitement. "Now," declares Potts, with wild enthusi

" "Oh, it is too absurd," says Cecil, with a little aggravating shake of the head. " In love with your own wile in this prosaic nineteenth century! It savors of the ridiculous. Such asm, making a rush for the door. "Not to-night ; wait till to-morrow," Si Penthony says, who has not anticipated so ready an acceptance of his advice, getting between him and the door. "In my o inon she has retired to her room by this: and

t really would be rather sketchy, you know "What do you say, Luttrell?" asks Potts incertainly. "What would you advise?"

" Bed." returns Luttrell, curtly, turning of nis heel And finally the gallant Potts is conveyed to

" That would be going a great deal farther. his room, without being allowed to lay his hand and fortune at Miss Massereene's feet. because I love so few." "Never mind. Say, 'Penthony, I lov ou. He has placed his hands upon her should

About four o'clock the pext day-bein ers, and is regarding her with anxious fond hat of the ball-Sir Penthony, strolling along "Would you have me tell you an untruth." the western corridor, comes to a stand-stil pefore Cecil's door, which happens to lie wide

pen. Cecil Berself is inside, and is standing so as to be seen, clad in the memorable white dressing-gown of the evening before, making a careful choice between two bracelets she hold

'I hope I don't intrude," says Potts. put "I hope I don't intrude," says Fotts, put-ting his comfortable face and rosy head round the door; " but I've got an idea, and I must divulge it or burst. You wouldn't like me to burst, would you?' This to Lady Stafford, pathetically. "1 would not—here," replies she, with de

eision

"For fear vou might, I shall take my de parture," says Sir Penthony. who has not yet quite recovered either his disappointment or his temper, walking through the conservatory into the grounds beyond. "I really wish, Plantagenet," says Lady

Stafford, turning upon the bewildered Potts with most unaccountable severity, " you could manage to employ your time in some useful way. The dreadful manner in which you spend your days, wandering round the house without aim or reason, causes me absolute re-gret. Do give yourself the habit of reading gret. or—or doing something to improve your mind whenever you have a spare moment." So saying, she sweeps past him out of th

room, without even making an inquiry about that priceless idea, leaving poor Potts rooted to the ground, striving wildly, but vainly to convict himself of some unpardonable offence.

CHAPTER XXIL

"Love, thou art better."-ELAINE.

Mr. Amherst, having in a weak momen given his consent to the ball, repays himself by being as unamiable afterwards as he can well manage. "You can have your music and the suppe

from London, if you wish it," he says to Mar cia, one day, when he has inveighed against the whole proceeding in language that bor-ders on the abusive ; " but if you think I am going to have an army of decorators down here, turning the house into a fancy bazaar, and making one feel a stranger in one's own rooms, you are very much mistaken."

rooms, you are very much mistaken." " I think you are right, dear," Marcia an-swers, with her customary meckness; " peo-ple of that kind are always more trouble than anything else. And no doubt we shall be able to do all that is necessary quite as well

"As to that you can, of course, please yourself. Though why you cannot dance without filling the rooms with earwigs and dving flowers I can't conceive.'

Mr. Amherst's word being like the law of the Medes and Persians, that altereth not, no one disputes it. They couple a few opprobri-ous epithets with his name just at first, but finally, nutting on an air of resolution, declare themselves determined and ready to outdo any decorators in the kingdom.

We shall wake up in the morning after the ball to find ourselves famous," says Lady " The country will ring with our Stafford. praises. But we must have help ; we canno depend upon broken reeds." With a reproach praises. ful glance at Sir Penthony, who is looking the picture of laziness. "Talbot Lowry, of course, will assist us : he goes without sav-

ing." "I hope he will come without saying," puts "I hope ne will come without saying, puts in Sir Penthony; "it would be much more to the purpose. Any smart young tradesman among your fellows, Mottie?" "Unless Grainger. You know, Grainger,

Lady Stafford ?" "Indeed I do. What ! is he stationed with you now ? He must have rejoined very

lately." "Only the other day. Would he be of any use to you ?

hitting off Grainger's voice to a nicety, while maintaining a countenance sufficiently inno-cent to border on the imbecile. Both Sir Penthony and Lowry laugh imrather injured. "Not to be named in the same day." de clares Luttrell, who has not been at Lady

oderately, while Ceo eil turns away to hide the Harriet Nitemair's. smile that may betray her. Grainger himself s the only one wholly unconscious of any oke. He smiles, indeed, genially, because were on your way home from India at the time." "Was I? By Jove | so I was. Never mind, hey smile, and happily refrains from inquiry f any sort. Meantime in the tea-room—that opens off

the supper-room, where the others are engaged —Molly and Philip are busy arranging bouvork, quets chosen from among a basket full of flowers that has just been brought in by one thirsty mood and christened it is, in cham of the under-gardeners.

Philip is on his knees-almost at Molly's every one else's health many times, grows gradually gaver and gayer. To wind up this eet while she bends over him searching fo the choicest huds. "What a lovely ring !" says Philip, pres

ently, staying in his task to take her hand and examine the diamond that glitters on it. Was it a present ?" upon it. "Of course. Where could such a beggan maid as I am get money enough to buy suc

ring ? "Will you think me rude if I ask you th very-day name of your King Cophetua ?

"I have no King Cophetua." "Then tell me where you got it ?" "What a question !" Lightly. "Perhaps from my own true love. Perhaps it is the little thread the lower permanent to him Dow fetter that seals my engagement to him. Per haps it isn't."

Yet you said just now ——————————" "About that eccentric king? Well, I spoke ruly. Royalty has not yet thrown itself at

ny feet. Still"-coquettishly-" that is no eason why I should look coldly upon all com moners.'

ther into your glastly schemes, answer me this : is there any gunpowder about it ?" " None." Laughing. " You just dress your-self in white sheets, or that, and hold a plate in your hands filled with whiskey and salt, "Be serious. Molly, for one moment," h entreats, the look of passionate carnestness the so much dislikes coming over his face. darkening instead of brightening it. "Some times I am half mad with doubt. Tell me he truth-now-here. Are you engaged is there anything between you and-Lut rell ?'

The spirit of mischief has laid hold of Mol "Do the whiskey and the salt ever blow up?" asks Molly, cautiously. "Because if y. She cares nothing at all for Shadwell If all the men she has met at Herst he attracts her least. She scarcely understand ing about it to the others, and we shall aston the wild love with which she has inspired nim; she cannot sympathize with his ish them by and by. It is an awfully becom-ing thing, too," says Potts, with a view to ention.

"Well, if you compel me to confess it," sh says, lowering her eyes, "there is." "It is true, then !" cries he, rising to his feet and turning deadly pals. "My fears did

not deceive me.' " Quite true. There is a whole long room between me and Mr. Luttrell and"—dropping me," says Potts, comfortably. her voice—" you." Here she laughs merril and with all her heart. To her it is a jest—no

more. "How a woman the very hest womanoves to torture !" exclaims he, anger and re-ief struggling in his tone. " Oh that I dared believe that the latter part of your sentenc —that I could stand between you and all th orld l' "'Fain would I climb, but that I fear t

fall,' "quotes Molly, jestingly. "You know the answer? 'If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all.' " " Is that a challenge ?" demands he, eager

ly, going nearer to her. "I don't know." Waving him back. "Hear the oracle again. I feel strong in appropriate flame arises. Her eyes, larger, deeper, bluer than usual, rhyme to-night : are fixed with sad and solemn meaning upon

"He either fears his fate too much, Or his desorts are small, Who fears to put it to the touch To win or lose it all.'"

They are quite alone. Some one has given the door leading to the adjoining apartm

Lady Harriet Nitemair's : and she made a fuss about hers last spring," says Cecil

nd thus addresses them :

others ?" " It would," says Cecil, decidedly.

"Would it ?" says Molly, diffidently. "I have a first rate plan : I can make yo

righten the unsuspecting into fits." "First, Plantagenet, before we go any fur

CHAPTER XXIII.

space. She scarcely seems to breathe; no quiver disturbs her frame, so intensely does

she listen for a coming footstep. In her heart

both look so like ghosts that you wou

"Whoever told you so spoke falsely," Molly says, pale but firm, a great indignation to-wards Marcia rising in her breast. She has She has her hand on the back of a chair, and is gaz-

ing anxiously but openly at the old man. "Why should I seek to offend you, who have Why, Tedcastle, you were not there ; you been so kind to me-whose bread I have eaten? You do not understand; you wrong

I take your word for it and stick to my opin-ion," replies Luttrell, unabashed. " I really think we ought to christen our "I thought it was your mother," whispers he, with a quick shiver, "from her grave re-turned to reproach me—to remind me of all the miserable past. It was a senseless thought. But the likeness was awful—appall-' Mr. Potts put in, dreamily, being in a

agne. Potts himself, having drunk his own and ing. She was my favorite daughter, yet she of all creatures was the one to thwart me most; and I did not forgive. I left her to pine for the luxuries to which she was accus tomed from her birth, and could not then pro momentous evening without making it re-markable in any way strikes him as being a tame proceeding. "To do or die" sudcure. She was delicate. I let her wear he tame proceeding. "To do or die" sud-denly occurs to him, and he instantly acts heart out waiting for a worthless pardon. And what a heart it was 1 Then I would not for-

give; now-now I crave forgiveness. Oh that the dead could speak !" Seeing his two former allies standing rather apart from the others, he makes for them He covers his face with his withered hands. that shake and tremble like October leaves and a troubled sigh escapes him. For the "Tell you what," he says, with much ge niality, "it feels like Christmas, and crackers

noment the stern old man has disappeared and small games, don't it? I feel up to any moment the stern on man had observed; only the penitent remains. "Dear grandpapa, be comforted," says Molly, much affected, sinking on her knees beside him. Never before, by either brother thing. And I have a capital idea in my head Wouldn't it be rather a joke to frighten th

or grandfather, has her dead mother been so or grandramer, has her dead momer been so openly alluded to. "She did forgive. So sweet as she was, how could she retain a bitter feeling ? Listen to me. Am I not her only child ? Who so meet to offer you her pardon ? Let me comfort you."

Mr. Amherst makes no reply, but he gently presses the fingers that have found their way round his neck. "I too would ask pardon," Molly goes

in her sweet, low, trainante voice, that has a sob in it here and there. "How shall I gain and—there you are. You have no idea of the tremendous effect. You will be more like a it after all that I have done-to distress you corpse than anything you can imagine." "How cheerful !" murmurs Cecil. "You make me long for the sheets and that." so, although unintentionally? And you think hardly of me, grandpapa? You think I did it

o annoy you ! No, no, not now."

"I have made you ill," continues Molly. still crying; "I have caused you pain. Oh, grandpapa ! do say you are not angry with "No, they don't; of course not. Sav noth-

'I am not. You are a good child, and Marcia wronged you. Go now, and forget all I may have said. I am weak at times, and--ouragement : " you will look like marbl - Go, child ; I am better alone. "We are trusting you again," says Cecil, and-In the corridor outside stands Mr. Potts with pale cheeks and very pale eyes. Even his hair seems to have lost a shade and looks sub

"Well, what did he say to you ?" he asks in what he fondly imagines to be a whisper, but which would be distinctly audible in the hall beneath. "Was he awfully mad? Did

"Here's such a coil | Come, what says Romeo? —SHAKESPEARE. he cut up very rough ? I wouldn't have been in your shoes for a million. Did he-did he As eleven o'clock strikes, any one going u say anything about-me?"

he stairs at Herst would have stopped with mingled feeling of terror and admiration at ay anything about—me?" "I don't believe he remembered your exist-nce," says Molly, with a laugh, although her e particular spot, where, in a niche, upon edestal, a very goddess stands. It is Molly, clad in white from head to heel evelids are still of a shade too decided to be becoming. " He knew nothing of your share

in the transaction." Whereupon Mr. Potts declares himself ith a lace scarf twisted round her head and shoulders, and with one bare arm uplifted thankful for so much mercy in a devout manwhile with the other she holds an urn-shaped ner, and betakes himself to the smokingvase beneath her face, from which a pale-blue

> Here he is received with much applause nd more congratulations. "Another of Mr. Posts's charming enter-

tainments," says Sir Penthony, with a wave of the hand. "Extraordinary and enthusiof the hand. "Extraordinary and enthusi-astic reception ! Such success has seldom be-tal and therefore most objectionable frank

she hopes it may be Luttrell's. The minutes pass. Her arm is growing fore been witnessed! Last time he blew up two young women; to night he has slain an tired, her eves begin to blink against her will :

What a courtier you would have made ! Cou speeches, when addressed to myself. Now, sit there while I decide on what jewelry I shal

wear to-night." " So this is her sanctum," thinks her hus band, glancing round. What a dainty nest if is, with its innumerable feminine fineries, its piano, its easel, its pretty pink-and-blue cretonne, its wealth of flowers, although the although the season is of the coldest and bleakest.

A cosy fire burns brightly. In the wall op oosite is an open door, through which on catches a glimpse of the bedroem beyond decked out in all its pink-and white glory. There is a very sociable little clock, a table strewn with wools and colored silks, and mirors everywhere.

As for Cecil herself, with honest admiratio her husband carefully regards her. What a pretty woman she is ! full of all the tender graces, the lovable caprices, that wake th akes his departure. heart to fondness.

How charming a person to come to in grie or trouble, or even in one's gladness! How full of gayety yet immeasureable tendernes is her speaking face ! Verily there is a depth of sympathy to be found in a pretty woman that a plain one surely lacks. Her white gown becomes her to a merveille.

and fits her to perfection. She cannot be called fat, but as certainly she cannot be called thin. When people speak of her with praise they never fail to mention the pretty round-

Her hair has partly come undone, and hangs in a fair loose coil, rather lower than usual, upon her neck. This suits her, making still softer her soft though piquante Her white and jewelled fingers are busy in the case before her as, with puckered brows she sighs over the difficulty of making a wis and becoming choice in precious stones for the evening's triumphs. At last—a set of sapphires having gained

London ball-dress. "Our visit is nearly at an end, Sarah ; how have you enjoyed it ?" she asks, in an inter-val, during which Sarah is at her feet, sewing the day—she lays the casket aside and turn to her husband, while wondering with de turn mure amusement on the subject of hi thoughts during these past few minutes.

He has been thinking of her, no doubt

Her snowy wrapper, with all its dainty frills and bows, is eminently becoming. Yes, be-yond question he has been indulging in sentimental regrets. Sir Penthony's first remark rather dispels

down here, don't he ?" he says, in a terrible

prosaic tone. Is this all? Has he been admiring the furniture during all these eloquent moments c silence, instead of her and her innumerabl Insufferable charms ?

"He do," responds she, dryly, with a card ful adaptation of his English.

Sir Penthony raises his eyebrows in affecte astonishment, and then they both laugh. "I do hope you are not going to say rude things to me about last night," she says, still

smiling. •• No. You may remember once before on

that I consider it language thrown away. I was right, as the sequel proved. Besides, the extreme becomingness of your toilette alto-gether disarmed me. By the bye, when do you return to town?

"Next week. And you ?"

"Indeed you may. I like you quite well

tial matron, with a beaming air of approbato woren," he says, quietly, although at heart he is bitterly chagrined. To be unloved is one thing—to be laughed at is another. tion, as though Molly was her bosom addressing the partner of her joys. " After all, you are right. There is nothing love-turned jaw! She has quite a look of my in this world so rare or so admirable as hon esty. I am glad you toll me no untruth sister Mary Anne when a girl. I wish, my dear, she was to be heiress of Herst, instead even in jest.

of that stuck-up girl in yellow." "So do I; so do I," replies Buscarlet, fol-Just at this instant the door opens, and lowing the movements of Beauty as she Molly enters. She looks surprised at such an unexpected spectacle as Cecil's husband sitting in his wife's boudoir, tete-a-tete with glides away, smiling, dimpling, on my lord's arm. "And-ahem !- with a meaning and

paradise as a crown

"Don't be shy, dear," says Cecil, mischiev onsequential cough-"perhaps she Who knows? There is a certain person who has often a hold of her grandfather's ear !

ously, with a little wicked laugh ; " you may come in ; it is only my husband." The easy nonchalance of this speech, the Ahem !'' Meantime the band is playing its newest. only half-suppressed amusement in her tone angers Sir Penthony more than all that has sweetest strains; the air is heavy with the scent of flowers. The low ripple of conversation and merry laughter rises above every thing. The hours are flying all too swiftly. "May I have the pleasure of this waltz with you?" Sir Penthony is saying, bending over one before. With a hasty word or two to Molly, he suddenly remembers a pressing en-gagement, and, with a slight bow to his wife

Lady Stafford as she sits in one of the num berless small, dimly-lit apartments that branch off the hall. "Dear Sir Penthony, do you think I will

test your good nature so far ? You are kind to a fault, and I will not repay you so poorly as to avail myself of your offer. Fancy con-Fancy condemning you to waste a whole dance on your wife !

The longed-for night has arrived at last: s The first of the small hours has long since has Molly's dress, a very marvel of art, fresh and pure as newly-fallen snow. It is white ounded, and she is a little piqued that not ntil now has he asked her to dance. Neverith tulle, on which white water-lilies lie theless she addresses him with her most here and there, as though carelessly thrown

charming smile. "I, for my part, should not consider it a dance wasted," replies he, stifly. "Is he not self-denying?" she says, turnall their broad and trailing leaves gleamin from among the shining folds. Miss Massercene is in her own room. dress ng, her faithful Sarah on her knees beside ing languidly towards Lowry, who as usua her. She has almost finished her toilette, and stands beside her. [TO BE CONTINUED.] s looking more than usually lovely in her

A HUMAN OTTER.

(Letter to Charleston News.)

n more securely one of her white lilies. "Very much, indeed, miss. They've all Reedy River, in Laurens county, S. C., is a poor stream for fish. Perhaps by a whole day's fishing the angler may be rewarded by one-half dozen little catfish. We had a visit cen excessive polite, though they do ask a lot of questions. Only this evening they wanted to know if we was estated, and I said res, Miss Molly, because, after all, you know miss, it is a property, however small; and I last week from the Raburn's Creek otter William Vaughn. He said there were fish wasn't going to let myself down. And then in the river and he had come after them. hat young man of Captain Shadwell's ast was amusing to see him in the shoals, diving me if we was country people, which I thought under the rocks, and bringing up the cats uncommon imperent. Not but what he's a sometimes he would come up with one in each hand, and occasionally with three fish, ice young man, miss, and very affable." Still constant, Sarah ?" says Molly, who one in his mouth and one in each hand. After fishing the shoals he tried his hand on

s deep in the waves of doubt, not being able suckers and red-horse in the deeper water, to decide some important final point about her "Oh, law! yes, miss, he is, indeed. It was living down under the banks and bringing

up the fish in his hands. He caught about last night he was saying as my accent was very sweet. Now, there isn't one of them twenty fine suckers. weighing one, two and three pounds each. Vaughn has been known country bumpkins, miss, as would know whether you had an accent or not. It's odd to catch as many as six suckers at one time in his hands. He says when under the water he can rub a sucker on the side and it

will lie as still as a pig when you are seratching it.

Save -Considerable sensation has been caused at Bridgewater, England, by the appearance at a place of entertainment of six men who London gentlemen—ought to know. And don't they mean what they say to you, Miss were advertised as Zulus, and announced to

go through war-dance performances. An enormous crowd assembled, and the show manager, to meet rumors which had been cur-"Eh?" says Molly, rather taken aback ; and then she bursts out laughing. "Sarah, only I know you to be trustworthy, I should cer-tainly think you sarcastic." rent, invited any one to question the Zulua in their own language. The challenge was taken up by a seaman, who, after talking to the blacks, denounced them as impostors. A

"What's that, miss ?"

"Never mind--something thoroughly odious. You abash me, Sarah. By all means scene of great excitement ensued, much rough language and some blows being exchanged believe what each one tells you. It may be as ultimately the performance proceeded

how traveling do improve the mind. "Sarah, you should pay no attention to those London young men-(pin it more to this side)-because they never mean any a very similar occasion I told you I should never again scold you, for the simple reason thing." "Law, Miss Molly, do you say so?" her handmaid, suddenly depressed. "Well, of course, miss, you-who are so much with

Molly ?'

'I shall go-when you go. May I call on you there?'

ness, " to wish you for my friend." " Why should we not be more than friends,