MOLLY BAWN.

Cooil, sear ely more composed, advances to

'I have, indeed, my dear," confesses Cecil, in a lachrymose tone, and then she begins to cry again, and Molly follows suit, and for the next five minutes they have a very comforta-

and relate fluently, as only a woman can, all the intolerable wrongs and misjudgments they have undergone at the hands of their

says Melly, indignantly. "Oh, Cecil! I don't believe he could care for me one bit and sus-

adores you. That is precisely why he has made such a fool of himself. You know—

sure devour me and Talbot at a bite. I confess I could gladly have dispensed with the quality in him. You should have seen his face; for

once I was honestly frightened."

Poor Cecil! it must have been a shock. And all because that tiresome young man

"Just so. All might have been well had he only seen things in a reasonable light. Oh, I was so angry! The most charming of your charms, Molly," says Cecil, warmly, "is your ability to sympathize with one; and you never season your remarks with unpatatable truths. You never say, 'I told you so,' or 'I knew how it would be,' or 'didn't I warn you?' reany would rather a person boxed my ears outright than give way to such phrases as those, pretending they know all about a catastrophe, after it has happened. And," says her ladyship, with a pensive sigh, "you might, perhaps (had you so chosen), have accused me of flirting a little bit with that stupid Talbet."

says Molly, innocently.

"What, are you going to play the traitor after all that flattery? And, if so, what am to say to you about your disgraceful encouragement of Captain Shadwell?"

"I wonder if I did encourage him?" says folly, contritely. "At first, perhaps, unconsciously, but lately I am sure I didn't. Do you how you call I recitively disks him? he is so from the wears, over which her falls in soft, rippling, gold-brown masses, and from the wear the latest the weak of the weak of the states are the same of the might, sits Luttrell.

As her eyes meet his she starts, colors violently, and is for the moment utterly abashed.

Involuntarily she glances down at the soft blue dressing-gown she wears, over which her fair—brushed and arranged for the night—fair is she starts, colors violently, and is for the moment utterly abashed.

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Involuntarily she glances down at the soft blue dressing-gown she wears, over which her have been shown as the soft she was a supplied to the same of the sa know, Cecil, I positively dislike him? he is so dark and silent, and still persistent. But when a man keeps on saying he is miserable for love of you, and that you are the cause of all his distress, and that he would as soon bedead she stands quite still and lets her tell-tale eyes

I thought him extremely unpleasant and impertinent, and I hope with all my heart he is surprise. For the future to see her is but to very unhappy to night, because it will do him add one more pang to his intolerable regret. "Cecil, how cruel you are!"

desire to escape. But you need not envy me; it is sweeter to be as you are—to know him yours without the shadow of a tie. He is not lost to you."
"Effectually. What! do you think I would

submit to be again engaged to a man who could fling me off for a chimera, a mere trick could ling me off for a chimera, a mere trick of the imagination? If he were to beg my pardon on his knees—if he were to acknowledge every word he said to me a lie—I would pardon on his knees—if he were to acknow-ledge every word he said to me a lie—I would not look at him again."

once again; and surely one passages between a lawys said your pride would be your bane," says Cecil, reprovingly. "Now, just think how far happier you would be if you your power to wound me." with comfort 21

Have you forgiven Sir Penthony?"

killed myself when I cried," says Molly, referring again to the past, with a little angry shiver; "but I felt so sorry for my poor, pretty, innocent ring. And he looked so handsome, so determined, when he flung it nandsome, so determined, when he ning it in the fire, with his eyes quite dark and his figure drawn up; and—and—I could not help wondering," says Molly, with a little tremble in her tone, "who next would love him—and who-he-would love."

"I never thought you were so fond of him, dearcst," says Cecil, laying her hand softly on

"Now you are going to cry again," interposes Cecil, with hasty but kindly warning.
"Don't. He is not going to fall in love with any one so long as you are single, take my word for it. Nonsense, my dear; cheer yourself with the certainty that he is at this very moment eating his heart out, because he knows

my best to morrow, to let him see what a charming person he has chosen to quarrel with. And my tears are not so destructive as yours, because mine arise from vexation,

yours from feeling."
"I hardly know," says Molly, with an attempt at nonchalance she is far from feeling, "I really think I cried more for my diamond than for—my lover. However, I shall take your advice; I shall think no more about it. To-morrow" —rising and running to the glass, and pushing back her disordered hair from

again."
"What a pity it is grief should be so unbecoming!" says Cecil, laughing. "I always think what a guy Niobe must have been if she

"The worst thing about crying, I think," says Molly, " is the fatal desire one feels to

"Nothing very remarkable. I was inditing a sonnet to your eyebrow, or rather to your lids, they were so delicately tinted, and were so much in unison with the extreme dejection

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WHOLE NO. 1,099-NO. 11.

of your entire bearing. I confess, unkind as it may sound, they moved me to laughter! Ah! that reminds me," says Cecil, her expression changing to one of comical terror, as she starts to her feet, "Plantagenet came up at the moment, and lest he should see my composition I hid it within the leaves of the blotting-book. There it is still, no doubt. What shall I do it any one finds it in the morning? I shall be read out of meeting, as I have an indistinct idea that with a view of making you laugh, I rather caricatured everyone in the room more

or less."
"Shall I run down for it?" says Molly. " won't be a moment, and you are quite un-dressed. In the blotting-book, you said? I shan't be any time."
"Unless the ghosts detain you."

"Or, what would be much worse, any of

CHAPTER XXVI.

A single stream of all her brown hair

Half light, half shade
She stood, a sight to make an old man young -GARDENER'S DAUGHTER.

Thrusting her little bare feet into her slippers, she takes up a candle and walks softly down the stairs, past the smoking and billiard-rooms, into the drawing-room, where

the paper has been left.

All the lamps have been extinguished, leavknew how it would be, 'or 'didn't I warn you?' ing the apartment, which is immense, steeped or anything else equally objectionable. I really would rather a person boxed my ears liantly-lighted hall outside, with only a candle in her hand, the gloom seems even greater, and overcomes her sight to such a degree that she has traversed at least one-half its length before she discovers she is not its only

occupant.
Scated before a writing-table, with his hand, indeed, upon the very blotting book she seeks, and with only another candle similar to hers to lend him light, sits Luttrell.

lar design has advanced towards her. Per-haps the torce of habit compels him to do so,

"I was writing to you," he says, indicating, with a slight movement of the hand, the chair "Well, by what right does he go about making fierce love to married women, compelling them to listen to his nonsense whether they like it or not, and getting them into scrapes? I don't break my heart over Sir Pentham, but I cartially do not write him.

hurry?"

"I am—rather." At this juncture, had they been friends, Molly would undoubtedly have laughed. As it is, she is profoundly serious. "Stil, if it is anything important, I will hear you."

"Can I do anything for you?" asks he, hesitating, evidently fearing to approach the desired subject.

desired subject.
"Nothing, thank you. I came only for

paper-left in the blotting-book. If you

pause ;

"Because I fear incurring your displeasure last embrace; but hoor, the hour, the situation and surely the passages between tion, all alike forbid. So he only tightens his

were friends with him again, and think of nothing else. What is pride in comparison to escape me. Yet hear me. It is my love

Your-love!" With slow and scornful

'not yet.''
Ince that you will never pardon. There is no greater curse than to love a woman who gives one but bare tolerance in return.' Why did you not think of all this while there was yet time?"

"One drifts—until it is too late to seek for remedies. My heaviest misfortune lies in the fact that I cannot root you from my

heart.' "A terrible misfortune, no doubt"—with a little angry flash from her azure eyes-" but one that time will cure." Wistfully. "Shall I indeed

learn to forget you, Molly-to look back upon my brief but happy past as an idle dream? I hardly hope so much." "And would you waste all your best days."

asked she, in tones that tremble ever so little in thinking of me? Remember all you said —all you meant—how thankful you find me out in time."

" And will you condemn forever because of a few words spoken in a moment of despair and terrible disappointment?" pleads he. "I acknowledge my fault. I was wrong; I was too hasty. I behaved like a brute, if you will; but then I believed I had grounds for many women there is only one Molly Bawn in the world."

will; but then I believed I had grounds for fear. When once I saw your face, heard your the world." voice, looked into your eyes, I knew how false my accusations were; but it was then too

> "Too late, indeed." "How calmly you can say it!" with ex-uisite reproach. "Have five minutes blotted quisite reproach. out five months? Did you know all the anguish

I endured on seeing you with—Shadwell—I think you might forgive."
"I might. But I could not forget. Would again consent to be at the mercy of one who

rithout a question, pronounced me guilty? A thousand times no! "Say at once you are glad to be rid of me," breaks in he, bitterly, stung by her persistent

"You are forgetting your original purpose,

Molly colors richly (a rare thing with her),

grows pale again, clasps and unclasps her sains." slender fingers nervously, before she makes "Cu reply. A prompting towards mischief grows within her, together with a sense of anger that he should dare put such a question to her under existing circumstances.

"I cannot see by what right you put to me

such a question—now," she says, at length, haughtily. "My affairs can no longer concern you." With an offended gleam at him from under her long lashes.

"But they do," cries he, botly, maddened

by her blush, which he has attributed jealously to a wrong cause. "How can I see you throwing yourself away upon a roue—a blackleg—without uttering a word of warning?'

"A roue-a blackleg? Those are strong

"Perhaps I go too far when I say that," the truth known. Molly, you are wiser than has gone as near it as anyman well can. Will you sacrifice your entire life without consider-

you sacrince your entire life without considering well the consequences?"
"He is a gentleman, at all events," says
Miss Massereene, slowly, cuttingly. "He
never backbites his friends. He is courteous in his manner; and—he knows how to keep—his temper. I do not believe any of your

"You defend him?" cries Luttrell, vehemently. "Does that mean that you already love him? It is impossible! In a few short weeks to forget all the vows we interchanged, all the good days we spent at Brooklyn, before ever we came to this accursed place! There at least you liked me well enough—you

There at least you liked me well enough—you were willing to trust to me your life's happiness; here!—— And now you almost tell me ou love this man, who is utterly unworthy f you. Speak. Say it is not so."

"I shall tell you nothing. You have no right to ask me. What is there to prevent my marrying whom I choose? Have you so soon forgotten that last night you—jilted me?" She speaks bitterly, and turns from him with an unlovely laugh. unlovely laugh.

"Molly," cries the young man, in low tones, full of passion, catching her hand, all the violent emotion he has been so painfully striv-ing to suppress since her entrance breaking cose now, " listen to me for one moment. De not kill me. My whole heart is bound up in you. You are too young to be so cruel. Darling, I was mad when I deemed I could live without you. I have been mad over since that fatal hour last night. Will you forgive me

Let my hand go, Mr. Luttrell," says the girl, with a quick, dry sob. Is it anger, or grief, or pride? "You had me once, and you would not keep me. You shall never again have the chance of throwing me over; be as-

sured of that." She draws her fingers from his burning clasp, and once more turns away, with her eyes bent carefully upon the carpet, lest he shall notice the tears that threaten to overflow them. She walks resolutely but slowly past where he is standing, with folded arms, eaning against the wall, towards the door. Just as her fingers close on the handle she becomes aware of footstops on the outside

coming leisur b towards her.
Instinctively she shrinks backward, casts a hasty, horrified glance at her dressing-gown, her bare feet, her loosened hair; then, with a movement full of confidence mingled with fear, she hastens back to Luttrell (who too has heard the disconcerting sound), and

glances up at him appealingly.
"There is somebody coming," she breathes, in a terrified whisper.

The footsteps come nearer—nearer still; they reach the very threshold, and then pause.

Will their owner come in?

In the fear and agony and doubt of the moment, Molly lays her two white hands upon her bosom and stands listening intenty, with wide-open gleaming eyes, too fright-

the candles near him, reducing the room to utter darkness, and draws Molly behind the

window-curtains.

There is a breathless pause. The door opens slowly—slowly. With a gasp that can almost be heard, Molly puts out one hand in the darkness and lays it heavily upon Luttrell's arm. His fingers close over it.
"Hush! not a word," whispers he.

"Oh, I am so frightened!" returns she. His heart begun to best madly. To feel her so close to him, although only through unwished for accident, is dangerously sweet. By a supreme effort he keeps himself from taking her in his arms and giving her one last embrace; but honor, the hour, the situaclasp upon her hand and smothers a sigh between his lips.

Whoever the intruder may be, he, she, or it is without light; no truth-compelling ray illumines the gloom; and presently, after a slight hesitation, the door is closed again, and the footsteps go lightly, cautiously away through the hall, leaving them once more alone in the long, dark, ghostly drawing-

Molly draws her hand hurriedly away, and moving quietly from Luttrell's side, breathes a sigh, half relief, half embarrassment; while he, groping his way to the writing-table, finds a match, and, striking it, throws light upon

the scene again.

At the same moment Molly emerges from the curtains, with a heightened color, and eyes, sweet but shamed, that positively refuse "I suppose I can trust you—to—say noth-

ng of all this?" she murmurs, unsteadily.
"I suppose you can." Haughtily.

His heart is still throbbing passionately; almest, he fears, each separate beat can be heard in the oppressive stillness.
"Good-night," says Molly, slowly.
"Good-night."

Shyly, and still without meeting his gaze, she holds out her hand. He takes it, softly, reverently, and, emboldened by the gentleness of her expression, says, impulsively: "Answer me a last question, darling-an-

And she answers, also impulsively: His face changes; hope once more shines

within his blue eyes. Involuntarily he draws up his tall, slight figure to its full height, with a glad gesture that bespeaks returning confience; then he glances longingly first at Molly's downcast face, then at the small hand that es trembling in his own.
"May I?" he asks, and, receiving no denial,

stoops and kisses it warmly once, twice, thrice, "My dear, how long you have been!" when at length Molly returns to her "I thought you were never coming. Cecil, room.

Where have you been?"

"In the drawing-room; and oh, Cecil! he was there. And he would keep me, asking me question after question." I dare say," says Cecil, looking her over.

"That blue negligee is tremendously becoming. No doubt he has still a good many more questions he would like to put to you. And you call yourself a nice, decorous, well-behaved

thing you wished to say to me?"

"Yes." Rousing himself with an impatient sigh. "Molly"—blanching a little, and trying to read her face, with all his heart in his eyes—" are you going to marry Shadwell?"

"You can yourself a nice, decorons, well-behave—" "Don't be silly. You have yet to hear the decorous and thrilling part of my tale. Just as we were in the middle of a most animated discussion, what do you think happened? Somebody actually came to the door and tried well?" Somebody actually came to the door and tried to open it. In an instant Tedcastle blew out both our candles and drew me behind the cur

"Curiouser and curiouser," said Cecil. "I begin to think I'm in Wonderland. Go on The plot thickens; the impropriety deepens. It grows more interesting at every word. The somebody, whoever it was, opened

the door, looked in-fortunately without a light, and we might have been discovered-"You fainted, of course?" says Cecil, who

is consumed with laughter.
"No, indeed," answers Molly; "I neither fainted nor screamed." "Tut! nonsense. I think nothing of you.

Such a golden opportunity thrown away! In your place I should have been senseless in half a minute in Tedcastle's arms."

says Luttrell, wishing with all his heart he knew something vile of Shadwell; "but he touch of a soft, warm hand? Go on."

"Well, the invader, when he had gazed into space, withdrew again, leaving us to our own devices. Cecil, if we had been discov-

ered! I in my dressing gown! Not all the waters of the Atlantic would have saved me from censure. I never was so terrified. Who could it have been?"

"'Oh!'twas I, tove; Wandering by, love." declares Cecil, going off into a perfect peal of laughter. "Never, never have I been so en-tertained! And so I frightened you? Well, be comforted. I was terrified in my turn by your long absence; so much so that, without a candle, I crept down-stairs, stole along the hall, and looked into the drawing room. Seeing no one, I retreated, and gained my own room as fast as I could. Oh, how sorry I am I did not know! Consider your feelings had I stolen quietly towards your hiding place step

by step! A splendid situation absolutely thrown away."
"You and Mr. Potts ought to be brother and sister, you both revel so in the bare idea of mischief," says Molly, laughing too.

And then Cecil, declaring it is all hours, turns her out of her room, and presently sleep falls and settles upon Herst and all its

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Death is here, and death is there; Death is busy everywhere; All around, within, beneath, Above is death—and we are death.

Hyesa spring, and summer, and winter noar, Move my faint heart with grief but with delight
No more, O nover move."—Sheller.

It is just two o'clock, and Sunday. They have all been to church. They have struggled manfully through their prayers. They have chanted a depressing psalm or two to the most tuneless of ancient ditties. They heve even sat out an incomprehensible ser-mon with polite gravity and many a weary

yawn.

The day is dull. So is the rector. So is the curate—unutterably so.

Service over, they file out again into the open air in solemu silence, though at heart glad as children who break school, and wend their way back to Herst through the disman-

tled wood. The trees are nearly naked; a short, sad, consumptive wind is soughing through them. The grass—what remains of it—is brown, of an unpleasant hue. No flowers smile up at them as they pass quietly along. The sky is leaden. There is a general air of despondency over everything. It is a day laid aside for disover everything. It is a day into aside for dis-mal reflection; a day on which hateful "might have beens" crop up, for "melancholy has marked it for its own."

Yet just as they come to a turn in the park

two magpies (harbingers of good when coupled; messengers of evil when apart) fly past them directly across their path.
"Two for joy," cries Molly, gravely, glad of any interruption to her depressing

thoughts.
"I saw them first. The luck is mine."

"I think I saw them first," says Sir Penthony, with no object beyond a laudable desire to promote argument.

"Now, how could you?" says Molly. "I am quite twenty yards ahead of you, and must have seen them come round this corner first.

Now, what shall I get, I wonder? Something

"You are jealous," retorts Molly. "Something of You are jealous," retorts Molly. "Something for they shall not be disappeinted," says Mr. Potts, moodily, who is as gloomy as the day. "I expect nothing." grapes." Making a small moue at him. "But you have no claim upon this luck; it is all my

own. Let nobody for a moment look upon as his or hers." "You are welcome to it; Idon't envy you,"

says Cecil, little thinking how poetic are her words. They continue their walk and their interrupted thoughts-the latter leading them in all sorts of contrary directions—some to love, some to hate, some to celd game-pie and dry

champagne. As they enter the hall at Herst one of the footmen steps forward and hands Molly an ugly yellow envelope.
"Why, here is my luck, perhaps!" cries

she, gayly. "How soon it has come! Now, what can be in it? Let us all guess." She is surprised, and her cheeks have Her face is full of laughter. Her sweet eyes wander from one to another. asking them to join in her amusement. No thought, no faintest suspicion of the awful truth occurs to her, although only a thin piece

of paper conceals it from her view.

"A large fortune, perhaps," says Sir Ponthony; while the others close round her, laughing too. Only Luttrell stands apart, calmly indifferent.
"Or a proposal. That would just suit the rapid times in which we live."

"I think I would at once accept a man who proposed to me by telegraph," says Molly, with pretty affectation. "It would show such flat-tering haste—such a desire for a kind reply. Remember"-with her finger under the lan of the envelope—" if the last surmise proves cor

rect. I have almost said yes." She breaks open the paper, and, smiling still, daintily unfolds the enclosure. What a few words! two or three strokes of the pen. Yet what a change they make in the beautiful. debonnaire countenance | Black as ink they stand out beneath her stricken eyes. Oh, cruel hand that penned them so

abruptly!

"Come home at once. Make no delay. Your brother is dead." Gray as death grows her face; her body turns to stone. So altered is she in this brief

space, that when she raises her head som shrink away from her, and some cry out. "Oh, Molly ! what is it?" asks Lady Stafford, paniestricken, seizing her by the arm; while Luttrell, scarcely less white than the girl herself, comes unconsciously forward.

Molly's arms fall to her side; the telegram

flutters to the floor.
"My brother is dead," she says, in a slow, unmeaning tone.
"He is dead," she says, again, in a rather higher, shriller voice, receiving no response from the awed group that surround her. Their silence evidently puzzles her. Her

large eyes wander helplessly over all their faces, until at length they fall on Luttrell's. Here they rest, knowing she has found one at loves her. "Teddy—Teddy!" she cries, in an agonized tone of desolation; then, throwing up her arms wildly towards heaven, as though imploring pity, she falls forward senseless into

All through the night Cecil Stafford stays with her, soothing and caressing her as best she can. But all her soothing and caressing

falls on barren soil.

Up and down the room throughout the weary hours walks Molly, praying, longing for the daylight; asking impatiently every now and then if it "will never come." Surely on earth there is no greater cross to bear than the passive one of waiting when distress and love call loudly for assistance.

Her eyes are dry and tearless, her whole body burns like fire with a dull and throbbing heat. She is composed but restless.
"Will it soon be day?" she asks Cecil al-

half a minute in Tedeastle's arms."

"Forgive my stupidity. I only turned and caught hold of Teddy's arm, and held him as though I never meant to let him on."

"If I had not form as possible. And again." If I had not form as possible. though I never meant to let him go."

Perhaps that was your secret wish, were been there now. Why did I miss that train?

Why did you let me faint?" In vain Cecil strives to comfort : no thought omes to her but a mad craving for the busy

At last it comes, slowly, sweetly. The gray dawn deepens into rose, the sun flings abroad its young and chilly beams upon the earth. It is the opening of a glorious morn. How often have we noticed in our hours of direct grief how it is then Nature chooses to deck herself in all her fairest and best, as though to mock us with the very gayety and splendo of her charms!

At half-past seven an early train is start-ing. Long before that time she is dressed, with her hat and jacket on, fearful lest by any delay she should miss it; and when at length the carriage is brought round to the door she runs swiftly down the stairs to meet

In the hall below, awaiting her, stands Lut-In the nall below, awaising 201, trell, ready to accompany her.

"Are you going too?" Cecil asks, in a whisper, only half surprised.

"Yes, of course. I will take her myself to

Brooklyn."

"I might have known you would," Cecil says, kindly, and then she kisses Molly, who hadly returns the caress, and puts her into the carriage, and, pressing Luttrell's hand warmly, watches them until they are driven out of her sight.

out of her sight.

During all the long drive not one word does
Molly utter. Neither does Luttrell, whose
heart is bleeding for her. She takes no notice
of him, expresses no surprise at his being At the station he takes her ticket, through bribery obtains an empty carriage, and, placing a rug round her, seats himself at the farthest end of the compartment from her so little does he seek to intrude upon her grief. And yet she takes no heed of him. He might,

indeed, be absent, or the veriest stranger, so

little does his presence seem to affect her. Leaning rather forward, with her hands

Leaning rather forward, with her hands clasped upon her knees, she scarcely stirs or raises her head throughout the journey, except to go from carriage to train, from train back again to carriage.

Once, during their short drive from the station to Brooklyn, moved by compassion, he ventures to address her.

"I wish you could cry, my poor darling," he says, tenderly, taking her hand and fondling it between his own.

ling it between his own.

" Tears could not help me," she answers.
And then, as though aroused by his voice, she
says, uneasily; "why are you here?"

" Because I am his friend and—yours," he "Because I am his friend and—yours," he returns, gently, making allowance for her small show of irritation.

"True," she says, and no more. Five minutes afterwards they reach Brooklyn.

The door stands wide open. All the world could have entered unrebuked into that silent hall. What need now for bars and bolts?

When the Great Thief has entered in and they to guard against lesser thefts?

Luttrell follows Molly into the house, his face no whit less white than her own. A great pain is tugging at him—a pain that is almost an agony. For what greater suffering is there

than to watch with unavailing sympathy the anguish of those we love?

He touches her lightly on the arm to rouse her, for she has stood stock still in the very middle of the hall—whether through awful fear, or grief, or sudden bitter memory, her

"Molly," says her lover, "let me go with you."
You still here?" she says, awaking from

her thoughts, with a shiver. "I thought you gone. Why do you stay? I only ask to be alone." alone."
"I shall go in a few minutes," he pleads,
"When I have seen you safe with Mrs. Massereene. I am afraid for you. Suppose you
should—suppose—you do not even know—the
room," he winds up, desperately. "Let me
guard you against such an awful surprise as
that"

"I do," she answers, pointing, with a hudder, to one room farther on that branch off the hall. "It-is there. Leave me; I shall be better by myself."

"I shall see you to-morrow?" he says, diffidently.
"No; I shall see no one to morrow." "Nevertheless I shall call to know how you are," he says, persistently, and, kissing one

of her limn little hands, departs. Outside on the gravel he meets the old man who for years has had care of the garden and general outdoor work at Brooklyn.

"It is a terrible thing, sir," this ancient in dividual says, touching his hat to Luttrell, who had been rather a favorite with him durng his stay last summer. He speaks without being addressed, feeling as though the

sad catastrophe that has occurred has levelled

some of the etiquette existing between master

"Terrible indeed." And then, in a low tone, " how did it happen?" "'Twas just this," says the old man, who is faithful, and has understood for many years most of John Massereene's affairs, having lived with him from boy to man; "'twas money that did it. He had invested all he

had, as it might be, and he lost it, and the

shock went to his heart and killed him. Poor soul! poor soul!" "Disease of the heart. Who would have suspected it? And he has lost all. Surely something remains?"
"Only a few hundreds, sir, as I hear-"Only a few hundreds, sir, as I hear—
nothing to signify—for the poor mistress and
the wee bits. It is a fearful thing, sir, and bad
to think of. And there's Miss Molly, too. I

never could abide them spickilations, as they're called.' "Poor John Massereene!" says Luttrell,

taking off his hat. "He meant no harm to any one—least of all those who were nearest "Ay, ay, man and boy I knew him. He was always kind and true was the master—with no two ways about him. When the letter came as told him all was gone, and that only beggary was afore him, he said nothing, only went away to his study dazed like, an read it, an' read it, and then fell down heart-broken upon the floor. Dead he was—stone

dead-afore any of us came to him. The poor missis it was as found him first." "It is too horrible," says Luttrell, shuddering. He nods his head to the old man, and ing. He nods his head to the old man, and walks away from him down to the village inn, depressed and saddened.

The gardener's news has been worse than

even he anticipated. To be bereft of their dearest is bad enough, but to be thrown penniless on the mercies of the cold and cruelnay, rather thoughtless—world is surely an aggravation of their misery. Death at all times is a calamity; but when it leaves the mourners without actual means of support, how much sadder a thing it is! To know one's comforts shall remain unimpaired after the loss of one's beloved is-in spite of an indignant denial—a solace to the most mournful!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"As the earth when leaves are dead, As the night when sleep is sped, As the heart when joy is fled, I am left alone—alone.—SHELLEY.

Meantime, Molly, having listened vaguely and without interest, yet with a curious intentness, to his parting footfalls, as the last one dies away draws herself up and, with a sigh or two, moves instinctively towards the door she had pointed out to Luttrell. No one has told her, no hint has reached

her ears. It is not his usual bedroom, yet she knows that within that door lies all that remains to her of the brother so fondly loved.

With slow and lagging steps, with bent head and averted eyes, she creeps tardily

near, resting with her hand upon the lock to summon courage to meet what must be be-fore her. She feels faint—sick with a bodily sickness—for never yet has she come face to

face with death.

At last, bringing her teeth firmly together, and closing her eyes, by an immense effort she compels herself to turn the handle of the

she compels herself to turn the handle of the door and enters.

Lettita his seated upon the floor beside the bed, her head lowered, her hands folded tightly in her lap. There is no appearance of mourning so far as garments are concerned. Of course, considering the shortness of the time, it would be impossible; yet it seems odd, out of keeping, that she should still be wearing that soft blue serge, which is associated with so many happy hours.

She is not weeping; there are no traces, however faint, of tears. Her cheeks look a little thinner, mere haggard, and she has lost

little thinner, more haggard, and she has lost the delicate girlish color that was her chief charm; but her eyes, though black circles surround them—so black as to suggest the appliance of art—have an unnatural brilliancy that utterly precludes the possibility of

crying.

Some one pulled a piece of the blind to one side, and a fitful gleam of sunlight, that

after her, into the chamber (so deadly is the terror that has seized upon her), Letitia slowy raises her eyes.

She evinces no surprise at her sister's

home-coming.

"There is all that is left you," she says, in a hard, slow voice, that makes Molly shiver, turning her head in the direction of the bed, and opening and shutting her hands with a peculiarly expressive, empty gesture. Afterwards she goes back to her original position, her face bent downwards, her body swaying

gently to and fro.

Reluctantly, with trembling steps and hidden eyes, Molly forces herself to approach the dreaded spot. For the first time she is about to look on our undying foe—to make acquaintance with the last great change of A cold hand has closed upon her heart ; she

is consumed by an awesome unconquerable shrinking. She feels a difficulty in breathing; almost she thinks her senses are about to desert her.

As she reaches the side of the bed opposite

As she reaches the side of the bed opposite to where Letitia crouches, she compels herself to look, and for the moment sustains a passionate feeling of relief, as the white sheet that covers all alone meets her gaze.

And yet not all. A second later, and a dread more awful than the first overpowers her; for there, beneath the fair, pure linen shroud, the features are clearly marked, the form can be traced, she can assure herself of the shape of traced; she can assure herself of the shape of the head—the nose—the hands folded so quietly, so obediently, in their last eternal sleep, upon the cold breast. But no faintest breathing stirs them. He is dead!

Her eyes grow to this fearful thing. To steady herself she lays her hand upon the back of a chair. Not for all the world contains would she lean upon that bed, lest by any chance she should disturb the quiet sleener. The other hand she puts out in

sleeper. The other hand she puts out in trembling silence to raise a corner of the her fingers shudderingly. But no one heeds. Three times she essays to throw back the covering, to gaze upon her dead, and fails; and then at last the deed is accomplished, and death in all its silent majesty lies smiling be-

Spell-bound, heart-broken she gazes at

she raises her head, and becomes conscious that Letitia is upon her knees, and is staring at her fixedly across the bed.

There is about her an expression that is alnost wild in its surprise and horror. "You do not cry either," she says, in clear, intense whisper. "I thought I was the only thing on earth so unnatural. I have not wept. I have not lost my senses. I can still think. I have lost my all—my husband— John! and yet I have not shed one single tear. And you, Molly—he leved you so dearly, and I fancied you loved him, too—and still you are as cold, as poor a creature as my-self."

There is no reply. Molly is regarding her speechlessly. In truth she is dumb from sheer misery and the remembrance of what she has just seen. Are Letitia's words true? Is she

heartless? There is a long silence—how long neither of them ever knows—and then something happens that achieves what all the despair and sorrow have failed in doing. In the house, through it, awakening all the silence, rings a peal of childish laughter. It echoes it seems to shake the very walls of the deathchamber.
Both the women start violently. Molly, raising her hands to her head, falls back

against the wall nearest to her, unutterable horror in her face. Letitia, with a quick sharp cry, springs to her feet, and then, runing to Molly, flings her arms around her. "Molly, Molly," she exclaims, wildly, "am I going mad? That cannot—it cannot be his

Then they cling to each other in silent ag-

ony, until at length some cruel band around

their hearts gives way, and the sorrowful, healing, blessed tears spring forth. The last sad scene is over; the curtain has allen. The final separation has taken place. Their dead has been buried out of their sight The room in which he lay has been thrown open, the blinds raised, the windows lifted. Through them the sweet, fresh wind comes cold and wintry-has sent some of its rays to

cota and wintry—has sent some of its rays to peer curiously where so lately the body lay. The children are growing more demonstra-tive; more frequently, and with less fear of reproof, the sound of their mirth is heard throughout the silent house. Only this very morning the boy Lovett—the eldest born, his father's idol—went whistling through the hall. No doubt it was in a moment of forshecked himself an instant later, with a bitter pang of self-reproach; but his mother heard him, and the sound smote her to the

heart.
Mr. Buscarlet (who is a kind little man in spite of his ways and his manners and a few eccentricities of speech) at a word from Molly comes to Brooklyn, and, having carefully examined letters, papers, and affairs generally, turns their fears into unhappy certainty. One thousand pounds is all that remains to them on which to live or starve.

The anneuncement of their ruin is hardly news to Letitia. She has been prepared for it. The letter found crushed in her dead husband's hand, although suppressing half the

ful moment she quite realized her position. Not so Molly. With all the unreasoning trust of youth she hoped against hope until it was no longer possible to do so, trying to believe that something forgotten would come to light, some unremembered sum, to relieve them from absolute want. But Mr. Buscarlet's search has proved ineffective.

Now, however, when hope is actually at an

truth, did not deceive her. Even at that aw-

end, all her natural self-rel iance and bravery return to her; and in the very mouth of de pair she makes a way for herself, and for hose whom she loves, to escape.

After two nights' wakeful hesitation, shrink-

antil compelled to do so by unrestrainable "It is a very distressing case," says Mr.

Buscarlet, blowing his nose oppressively—the more so that he feels for her very sincerely; distressing indeed; I don't know one half so ufflicting. I really do-not-see what is to be done."
"Do not think me presumptuous if I say I

do," says Molly. "I have a plan already formed; and if it succeeds I shall at least be "My dear young lady, how? You with—
shem!—you must excuse me if I say—your
youth and beauty, how do you propose to

youth and beauty, now do you propose to earn your bread?"

"It is my secret as yet," with a faint, wan smile; "let me keep it a little longer. Not even Mrs. Massercene knows of it. Indeed, it is too soon to proclaim my design. People might scoff it; though for all that I shall work

t out. And something tells me I shall suc-"Yes, yes, we all think we shall succeed when young," says the old lawyer, sadly, moved to keenest compassion at sight of the beautiful, carnest face before him. "It is later on, when we are faint and weary with the

buffetings of fortune, the sad awakening "I shall not be disheartened by rebuffs; I shall not fail," says Molly, intently. "However cold and ungenerous the world may prove, I shall conquer it at last. Victory shall stay

with me." "Well, well, I would not discourage any one. There are none so worthy of praise as those who seek to work out their own independence, whether they live or die in the struggle. But work – of the sort you mean— is hard for one so young. You have a plan. Well, so have I. But have you never thought

well, so have I. But have you never thought dances in a heartless manner, flickers in and out of the room, nay, even strays in its ghastly mirth across the bed where the poor body lies.

As Molly walks, or rather drags her limbs after her, into the chamber (so deadly is the terror that has seized upon her) Letitia slow-No. I must fall back upon myself alone. No. I must fall back upon myself alone. I have quite made up my mind," says Molly, throwing up her small proud head, with a proud smile, "and the knowledge makes me more courageous. I feel so strong to do, so determined to vanquish all obstacles, that I know I shall neither break down nor fail."

"I trust not, my dear; I trust not. You

have my best wishes, at least."
"Thank you," says Molly, pressing his kind old hand.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"I fain would follow love, if that could be."
—TENNYSON.

Letitia in her widowed garments, looks particularly handsome. All the trappings and the signs of woe suit well her tall, full figure, her hair and placid face.

Molly looks taller, slenderer than usual in her mourning robes. She is one of those who grow slight quickly under affliction. Her rounded cheeks have fallen in and show sad hollows; her eyes are larger, darker, and show beneath them great purple lines born of many tears.

She has not seen Luttrell since her return

home—although Letitia has—and rarely asks for him. Her absorbing grief appears to have swallowed up all other emotions. She has not once left the house. She works little, she does not read at all; she is fast falling into a settled melancholy.

"Molly," says Letitia, "Tedcastle is in the drawing-room. He particularly asked to see you. Do not refuse him again. Even though your engagement, as you say, is at an end, still remember, dearest, how kind, how more than thoughtful, he has been in many ways

than thoughtain, no has been in many ways since—of late——"

Her voice breaks.
"Yes, yes, I will see him," Molly says, wearily, and, rising, wends her way slowly,

reluctantly, to the room which contains her lover.
At sight of him some chords that have lain hushed and forgotten in her heart for many days come to life again. Her pulses throb, alboit languidly, her color deepens; a some-thing that is almost gladness awakes within Fore her.

Is it John? Yes, it is, of course. And yet—
is it? Oh, the changeless sweetness of the smile—the terrible shading—the moveless se (though only for a moment) forgets the dead

In her trailing, sombre dress, with her sorhim for a minute, and then hastily, though rowful white cheeks, and quivering lips, she with the tenderest reverence, she hides away goes up to him and places her hand in his; his face. A heavy, bursting sigh escapes her; while he, touched with a mighty compassion. his face. A heavy, bursting sigh escapes her; stares at her, marking with a lover's careful eye all the many alterations in her face. So

much havoc in so short a time!

"How changed you are! How you must have suffered i" he says, tenderly.
"I have," she answers, and then grown nervous, because of her trouble and the flut tering of her heart, and that tears of late are so ready to her, she covers her face with her hands, and, with the action of a tired and saddened child, turning, hides it still more

effectually upon his breast.
"It is all very miserable," he says, after a pause, occupied in trying to soothe.

"Ah! is it not? What trouble can be compared with it? To find him dead, without a vord, a parting sign!" She sighs heavily.
The bitterest sting of all lies in the fact that but for my own selfishness I might have seen im again. Had I returned home as I promised at the end of the month I should have met my brother living; but instead I lingered on, enjoying myself"—with a shudder— "while he was slowly breaking his heart over his growing difficulties. It must all have happened during this last month. He had

no care on his mind when I left him; you know that. You remember how light hearted "He was, how kindly, how good to all."

"He was, indeed, poor—poor fellow!"

"And some have dared to blame him," she says, in a pained whisper.

not? "No-no" "I have been calculating," she goes on, in a distressed tone, "and the very night I was dancing so frivolously at that horrible ball he must have been lying awake here waiting with a sick heart for the news that was to—kill him. I shall never go to a ball again; I shall never dance again," says Molly, with a passionate sob, scorning, as youth will, the power of time

"Darling, why should you blame yourself a Such thoughts are morbid," says Luttrell, fondly caressing the bright hair that still lies loosely against his arm. "Which of us can see into the future! And, if we could, do you think it would add to our happiness? Shake off such depressing ideas. They will injure not only your mind but your body."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

gineer officers at Woolwich, nine miles east southeast of London, where a royal dock was established as far back as the reign of Henry VIII., the Royal Harry having been built there in 1512. The artilery headquarters were not established until the close of the last century, the royal Arsenal having been placed there some years before. The cost for a civilian's son at Woolwich is altogether about \$1,000 a year, for the son of an officer much less, and for the son of one killed in action the charge is little more than nominal. Cavalry and infantry officers of the line receive their ebucation hurst, which stands on a heath in Surrey,

—The British revenue returns reflect the times. Unmanufactured tobacco fell off nearly two million pounds; tea increased by six and a-half million pounds; wine decreased one and a-half million gallons; brandy, nearly one hundred and eighty-two million

proposes to print books with white ink on black paper as a remedy. -A fortune-teller, known as" Metta," died

ecently in Vienna, leaving \$40,000 and the

-England educates her artillery and en-

gallons. The consumption of tea and cocoa has largely and steadily increased of late -A Russian physician, struck by the com-monness of near sight among literary men,

BY THU AUTHOR OF "PHYLLIS." "Oh! Maly Burn, why leave me pinng. All ion by waiting here for you."-Old Song

meet her.

"Why, Molly!" she says, pathetically.

"You have been crying," says Molly, in the same breath, throwing herself into her

ble time of it together.

Then they open their hearts to each other,

lovers.
"To accuse me of anything so horrible!"

pect me of it." "Care for you! Nonsense, my dear! he

"Trifles light as air, Are to the jealous, confirmations strong, As proofs of holy writ." I like a man to be jealous-in reason. Though when Sir Penthony walked out from behind that hedge, looking as if he could with plea-

wouldn't go away."
"Just so. All might have been well had

bot."
"Well, indeed, perhaps I might, dear,"
says Molly, innocently.
"What, are you going to play the traitor
after all that flattery? And, if so, what am 1

as alive, because you cannot return his affec-tion, how can one help feeling a little sorry

seek the ground.

Luttrell has risen, and without any particu-"I don't feel in the least sorry for Talbot.

thony, but I certainly do not wish him to think badly of me."

"At least," says Molly, relapsing again into the blues, "you have this consolation; you cannot lose Sir Penthony."

"I cannot forbid your speech." Coldly.

"I cannot forbid your speech." Coldly. "At least," says Molly, relapsing again into the blues, "you have this consolation; you cannot lose Sir Penthony."

"That might also be looked on as a disadvantage. Still, I suppose there is some benefit slight, almost imperceptible glance at her newed hope Luttrell instantly blows out both in the results of the results to be gained from my position," says Cecil, meditatively. "My love (if indeed he is my lover) cannot play the false knight with me; "I am—rather." At this juncture, had I defy him to love—and to ride away. There are no breakers ahead for me. He is mine irrevocably, no matter how horribly he may

"Freely. But he won't forgive me?
"Have you forgiven him the first great crime of all—his indifference towards his come and gone, you know me well enough to understand how dear you still are to me. No,

Nor I—until I lost him," murmurs poor Molly, with a vain attempt at composure. Two tears fall heavily into her lap; a sob escapes

This reflection, although consolatory, has not the desired effect. Instead of drying her eyes and declaring horself glad that Luttrell s unhappy, Molly grows more and more afflicted every moment.
"My dear girl," exclaims Lady Stafford, as a last resource, "do pray think of your com-plexion. I have finished crying: I shall give way to erving no more, because I wish to look

her face, that is lovely in spite of marring tears—" to morrow I shall be gayer, brighter than he has ever yet seen me. What! shall I let him think I fret because of him? He Faw me once in tears; he shall not see me so

ow one's nose; that is the horrid part of it. I knew I was looking odious all the time I was weeping over my ring, and that added to my discomfort. By the bye, Cecil, what were you doing at the table with a pencil just before we broke up to-night? Sir Penthony was staring at you fixedly all through; wondering, I am sure, at your occupation, as, to tell the truth,