## MOLLY BAWN.

5

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHYLLIS."

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

" I hope I shall manage to live without all you predict coming to pass I" the girl replies, faintly though bravely, her face as white as death. Is it a curse he is calling down upon

her? "May I ask how you intend doing so?" goes on this terrible old man. "Few honest paths lie open to a woman. You have not yet counted the cost of your refusal. Is the stage to be the scene of your future trinmphs ?

VOL XXII.

most foreigners, making room for him. "She

a loss."

She thinks of Luttrell, and of how differently he had put the very same question. Oh, that she had him near her now to comgyllfort and support her! She is cold and tremb-

ing. "You must pardon me," she says, with dignity, " if I refuse to tell you any of my plans.

plans." "You are right in refusing. It is no busi-ness of mine. From henceforth I have no first-class music you want, go to hear Wynter interest whatsoever in you or your affairs. Why do you linger, bandying words Go-go. with me, when I bid you begone ?'

In a very frenzy of mortification and anger he turns his back upon her, and sinking down but leave your heart at your hotel before go into the chair, from which in his rage he has arisen, he lets his head fall forward into his hands.

A great and sudden sadness falls on Molly. She forgets all the cruel words that have been lovely." said, while a terrible compassion for the loneliness, the utter barrenness of his drear old and dressed himself, he goes and does it.

age, grows within her. Crossing the room with light and noiseless footsteps, treading as though in the presence of one sick unto death, she comes up to him, lave her hands upon his shoulders, and, stoop ing, presses her fresh young lips to his worn and wrinkled forehead.

"Good-bye, grandpapa," she says, softly, kindly. Then, silently, and without another farewell, she leaves him-forever.

She hardly remembers how she makes the return journey; how she took her ticket; how and too bright-eyed to belong to this country. cavalierly she received the attentions of the exceedingly nice young man with flaxen hair suggestive of champagne who would tuck the most streng." railway rug around her, heroically unmindful has just sung." Faintly amused. "Who?" Such triffing details escaped her then and afterwards, leaving not so much as the smallest track upon her memory. Yet that yellow-haired young man dreamt of her for a week afterwards, and would not be comforted, al. (food singers can be heard again. "I came though all that could be done by a managing expressly to hear her. I have been told she mother with two marriageable daughters was done to please him and bring him to see the error of his ways.

All the way home she ponders anxiously as to whether she shall or shall not reveal to Letitia all that has taken place. To tell her will be beyond doubt to grieve her; yet not to tell antediluvian attachments," thinks he, " are her-how impossible that will be ! The very always severe." intensity of her indignation and scorn creates in her an imperative desire to open her heart to somebody. And who so sympathetic as Letitia? And, after all, even if she hides it now will not letitic discount for the heart is a something." now, will not Letitia discover the truth sooner or later ? Still----

She has not yet decided on her line of action when Brooklyn is reached. She is still wavering, even when Letitia, Jrawing her into the parlor, closes the door, and, having kissed her, very naturally says, "Well?" And Molly says "well" also, but in a dif-

then red—and then she makes up her mind to tell the whole story.

to tell the whole story. "What did he want with you?" asks Leti-tia, while she is still wondering how she shall begin. "Very little." Bitterly. "A mere triffe. He herself very agreeable to a tall, lanky, eigh-

only wanted to buy me. He asked me to sell teenth century sort of a man who sits beside myself body and soul to him -putting me at her and is kindly allowing himself to be high valuation, too, for he offered me Herst amused. in exchange if I would renounce you and the abildren.

' Molly !" "Yes. Just that. Oh, Letty! only a month situated that he cannot get at her. Unless ago I thought how sweet and fair and good a he were to summon up fortitude to crush past thing was life, and now-and now-that old three grim dowagers, two elaborately attired man, tottering into his grave, has taught me girls, and one sour eld spinster, it cannot be the vileness of it.' "He offered you Herst? He offered you of pluck necessary to carry him through with

twenty thousand pounds a year?" "He did indeed. Was it not noble? Does

it. Cecil, seeing him, starts and colors, and "He did indeed. Was it not noble? Does it not show how highly be esteems me? I was to be sole mistress of the place; and Marcia was to be portioned off and—I saw by his eyes —banished." face.

And you -refused ?"

Then the business of the evening proceeds, "Letty! how can you ask me such a question? Besides refusing, I had the small sat. and she turns her attention to the singers, isfaction of telling him exactly what I thought and he has now more time to wonder at her

"The Alhambra has a good thing on," says young Fenning, brightening; " and the Argesture of passion and regret; she falls hurriedly into the background and is gone.

Immediately kindly applause bursts forth. " I'm used up, morally and physically,"/in terrupts Luttrell, rather impatiently. "S gest something calmer-musical, or that." What has happened to the favorite? Is she ill, or faint, or has some lost dead chord of Sug "Oh, musical! That is mild. I have been educated in the belief that a sejourn in Irer life suddenly sounded again ? Every one is at a loss, and every one is curious. land renders one savage for the remainder of his days. I blush for my ignorance. If it is

interesting—perhaps the most interesting part of the whole performance—and to-morw will tell them all about it. Tedcastle starts to his feet, half mad with sing. She does sing this evening, happily for you, and anything more delicious, both in face and voice, has not aroused London to madagitation, his face ashen white. There is no knowing what he might not have done in this ness for a considerable time. Go, hear her, moment of excitement had not his toreign neighbor, laying hands upon him, gently

ing. The Grosvenor, is it, or the Langham ' The Langham. Ah, I shall call to-morrow. By-by, old man. Go and see Wynter, and you will be richly rewarded. She is tremendously forced him back again into his seat. "My friend, consider her," he whispers, in a firm, but soft voice. Then, after a moment's pause, "come with me," he says, and, leading the way, beckons to Luttrell, who rises mechanically and follows him. Into a small private apartment that opens

tion. "I will," says Luttrell; and, having dined Feeling listless, and not in the slightest deoff the hall the Italian takes him, and, pushgree interested in the coming performance, ing towards him a chair, sinks into anothe he enters the concert-room, to find himself himself.

decidedly late. Some one has evidently just finished singing, and the applause that fol-"She is the woman you love ?" he asks presently, in such a kindly tone as carries away all suspicion of importinence. "Yes," answered Luttrell, simply.

owed the effort has not yet quite died away. With all the airs of a man who wonders "Well. and I love her too-as a pupilvaguely within himself what in the world has brought him here, Luttrell makes his way to peloved pupil," says the elder man, with a vacant chair and seats himself beside an elsmile, removing his spectacles. " My name derly, pleasant-faced man, too darkly skinned

is Marigny." Tedcastle bows involuntarily to the great "You are late—late," says this stranger, in perfect English, and, with all the geniality of "How often she has spoken of you!" he

ays, warmly, feeling already a friendship for this gentle preceptor. "Yes, yes; mine was the happiness to give to the world this glorious voice," he says, en-thusiastically. "And what a gift it is ! Rare

" Miss-Wynter. Ah ! you have sustained "I am unlucky," says Luttrell, feeling wonderful. But you, sir-you are engaged some slight disappointment-very slight. to her?' "We were - we are engaged," says Luttrell, his eyes dark with emotion. " But it is

sings well." "Well-well!" Disdainfully. "Your inmonths since we have met. I came to London to seek her; but did not dream that hereformant was careful not to overstep the truth. It is marvellous—exquisite, her voice," Misfortune has separated us; but if here-I lived for a hundred years I should never says the Italian, with such unrepressed encease-to--thusiasm as makes Luttrell smile. " These He stops, and getting up abruptly, paces

the room in silent impatience. "You have spoiled her song," says the Ital-ian, regretfully. "And she was in such voice to night! Hark!" Raising his hand as the always severe." "You make me more regretful every min

clapping and applause still reach him through the door. "Hark! how they appreciate even sing again later on." Leaning back, Luttrell takes a survey of her failures !" "Can I see her?" the room. It is crowded to excess, and bril-liant as lights and gay apparel can make it.

"I doubt it. She is so prudent. She will speak to no one. And then madame her sis-Fans are flashing, so are jewels, so are gems of greater value still-black eyes, blue and ter is always with her. I trust you, sir-your face is not to be disbelieved; but I cangray. Pretty dresses are melting into other pretty dresses, and there is a great deal of Pretty dresses are melting into other not give you her address. I have sworn to her not to reveal it to anyone, and I must not beauty everywhere for those who choose to release myself from my word without her consent. " The fates are against me," says Luttrell,

After a while his gaze, slowly traveling, drearily. Then he bids good-night to the signor,

and, going out into the night, paces up and down in a fever of longing and disappointment. At length the concert is over, and every one 's departing. Tedcastle, making his way to the private entrance, watches anxious-

An intense desire to go to her and put the fifty questions that in an instant rise to his | ly, though with little hope, for what may lips seizes Luttrell ; but she is unhappily so But others are watching also to catch a

glimpse of the admired singer, and the crowd round the door is immense. done; and Tedcastle at least has not the sort

Insensibly, in spite of his efforts, he finds imself less near the entrance than when first he took up his stand there; and just as he is trying, with small regard to courtesy, to retrieve his position, there is a slight murmur among those assembled, and a second later some one, slender, black-robed, emerges, heavily cloaked, and with some light, fleecy thing thrown over her head, so as even to conceal her face, and quickly enters the cab that awaits

er. As she places her foot upon the step of the ehicle a portion of the white woolen shawl at home to no one but him this morning. Good-bye, darling. Give my love to Letitia and the wee scraps. And—these bonbons—I bud about for one but him this morning. Good-bye, dear boy; go, and my good wishes will follow you." her. that hides her features falls back, and for one had almost forgotten them." instant Luttrell catches sight of the pale, beautiful face that, waking and sleeping, has said the other day, a propos of your china? haunted him all these past months, and will haunt him till he dies. She is followed by a tall woman, with a full one's mind a curious craving to know where posee figure, also draped in black, whom even at that distance he recognizes as Mrs. Masse lightful face, plays on the violin something that reminds one of all the sweetest birds that eene. He makes one more vigorous effort to reach sing, and is sufficiently ravishing to call forth at intervals the exclamation, "Good! good!" them, but too late. Almost as his hand touches the cab the driver receives his orders, whips from Luttrell's neighbor. Then a very large woman warbles a French up his emaciated charger, and disappears down the street. They are gone. With a muttered exclamachansonette in the tiniest, most flute-like of tion, that savors not of thanksgiving, Luttrell turns aside, and, calling a hansom, drives simple dignity across the boards, with her

Covering her face with her hands, and with more in love with her than ever; while he employs his time watching through the friends. They will come. No matter how disa - But who shall fathom a woman's window the people passing to and fro all in-tent upon the great business of life—the mak-any hour that best suits them. And I am so

THE YORK HERALD

she-

tor.

ion.

you.'

wards the great poet.

hen he may see you."

lispleasure and his."

hoose to come."

"Not mine, dearest."

tiny note and given it to her friend.

tures of peace. Now, don't make me keep your Teddy waiting any longer. He is shut

plates and jugs and that delicious old Wor

cester turgen down stairs to their proper

place," says Cecil, laughing. "There is no criticism so cutting as a child's."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Ask me no more; thy fate and miue are

heart ?

RICHMOND HILL, THURSDAY, SEPT. 4, 1879.

wrote me a line on the subject. It appears he got a fortnight's leave, and came post

haste to Londen to find you. Such a lover as he makes ! And where should he go by

the merest chance the very first evening, but

"You saw him last night?" asks Molly, rising and spending of money. After a httle while a carriage stops beneath ing, with a brilliant blush, to receive her visi-tor. "Cecil, did you know he was coming? him, and he sees Cecil alight from it and go You might have told me." For her there is It is but one "bc." esting "So I should, my dear, directly; but the fact is, I didn't know. The stupid boy never

He stifles an angry exclamation and re solves, with all the airs of a Spartan, to be calm. Novertheless he is not calm, and quite doubles the amount of minutes that really elapse before the drawing-room door is thrown open and Cecil, followed by Luttrell, comes

thony, as though he would have said, "Et tu, Brute ?" forgetting to come forward-for getting everything-so entirely has a wild unreasoning jealousy mastered him. The cur-tains effectually conceal him, so his close

proximity remains a secret. Juttrell is evidently in high spirits. His olue eyes are bright, his whole air triumphant. "You didn't give him my address ?" With Altogether he is as unlike the moony young man who left the Victoria Station last evening

oossible to suppress. "I always notice," says Cecil, in despair as one can well imagine. 'Oh, Cecil! what should I do without

"that whenever (which is seldom) I do the right thing it turns out afterwards to be the wrong thing. You swore me in to kee your secret four months ago, and I have done so he would much like to embrace her there and "How happy you have made me religiously. To-day, sorely against my will, I honestly confess, I still remained faithful to my promise, and see the result. You could And just as I was on the point of despairing owe you all-everything-the best of my life.'

almost beat me-don't deny it. Molly; I see it in your eyes. If we were both South Sea "I am glad you rate what I have done for you so highly. But you know, Tedcastle, you were always rather a favorite of mine. Have you forgiven me my stony refusal of last Islanders, I should be black and blue this instant; it is the fear of scandal alone restrains night? I would have spoken willingly, but you know I was forbidden."

"You were quite right." Warmly. "I ad-"What is it I would not forgive you?" ex claims Luttrell, gratefully. ("Last night, and again this morning;

fuse the poor dear fellow, he pressed me so hard; but for the first (and now I shall make it the last) time in my life I was firm. I'm ("hast high, and again this morning; probably he will dine this evening)," thinks Sir Penthony, who by this time is black with rage and cold with an unnamed fear. Cecil is evidently as interested in her topic ure I wish I hadn't been ; I earned both your

as her companion. Their heads are very "Besides, another motive for my determi-nation was this; both he and I doubted if you near together -- as near as they can well without kissing. She has placed her hand tires. vould receive him until the four months were upon his arm, and is speaking in a low, ear verily up--you are such a Roman matron in nest tone—so low that Stafford cannot hear " My sternness, as you call it, is a thing of distinctly, the room being lengthy and the noise from the street confusing. How hand-some Luttrell is looking! With what undis-guised eagerness he is drinking in her every the past. Yes, I will see him whenever he may "Which will be in about two hours pre word !

eisely; that is, the moment he sees me and learns his fate. I told him to call again about Suddenly, with a little movement as houng f sudden remembrance, Cecil puts her hand one o'clock, when I supposed I should have news for him. It is almost that now." With in her pocket and draws from it a tiny note. which she squeezes with much empressement a hasty glance at her watch. "I must fly. But first give me a line for him, Molly, to into Tedcastle's hand. Then follow a few more words, and then she pushes him gently convince him of your fallibility." "Have you heard anything of Sir Penin the direction of the door.

"Now go," she says, "and remember all I have said to you. Are the conditions too hard?" With her old charming, bewitching thony ?" asks Molly, when she has scribbled a "Yes ; I hear he either is in London or was smile.

vesterday, or will be to-morrow—I am not lear which." With affected indifference. "I "How shall I thank you ?" says the young man, fervently, his whole face transformed. told you he was sure to turn up again all right, like a bad halfpenny; so I was not unpride He seizes her hands and presses his lips to them in what seems to the looker-on at the easy about him. I only hope he will reappear n better temper than when he left." other end of the room an impassioned man-"The man who said pretty women were at heart the kindest lied," says Sir Penthony. ner. "You have managed that we shall meet " Now confess you are delighted at the idea -and alone ?"

"Yes, alone. I have made sure of that. I really think, considering all I have done for of so soon seeing him a ain," says Molly, laughing. "Well, I'm not in such radiant spirits as somebody I could mention." Mischievously. you, Tedcastle, you owe me something.' "Name anything," says Luttrell, with con-siderable fervor. "I owe you, as I have said, And as to confessing, I never do that.

should make a bad Catholic. I should be in everything. You are my good angel !" "Well, that is as it may be. All women perpetual hot water with my spiritual adviser. But if he comes back penitent, and shows himse'f less exigeant, I shan't refuse his overare angels—at one time or another. But you must not speak to me in that strain, or I be ?"

shall mention some one who would perhaps be angry." ("That's me, I presume," thinks Sir Penthony, grimly). "I suppose"—archly —"I need not tell you to be in time? To that ?" you sorry?" chance of one. as I left word that I should be be late under such circumstances, with me,

brute if I ever hinted at such a word-which doubt.

you a little bit now and then, and keep you in order. I adore keeping people in order. I am thrown away," says Cecil, shaking her flaxen head sadly. "I know I was born to rule.

"You do a great deal of it even in your own limited sphere, don't you ?" says her husband, laughing. "I know at least one unfortunate laughing. "I know at least one unfortunate individual who is completely under your control."

'No. I am dreadfully cramped. But come; in spite of all the joy I naturally feel at your afe return I find my appetite unimpaired. Luncheon is ready. Follow me, my friend. I pine for a cutlet."

They eat their cutlets tete-a-tete, and with vident appreciation of their merits ; the servants regarding the performance with intense though silent admiration. In their opinion (and who shall dispute the accuracy of a ser-

vant's opinion ?) this is the beginning of the When luncheon is over, Lady Stafford

rises. "I am going for my drive," she says. "But what is to become of you until dinner-

hour ?''

"I shall accompany you." Audaciously. "You ! What ! To have all London laughng at me !''

Let them. A laugh will do them good, and you no harm. How can it matter to you ?

"True. It cannot. And after all to be laughed at one must be talked about. And to be talked about means to create a sensation. And I should like to create a sensation before

"Do you refuse to answer mer "I do," replies she, emphatically. "Then I shall stay here until you alter your mind," says Sir Penthony, with an air of determination, settling himself, with what in a low class of man would have been a I die. Yes, Sir Penthony"—with a determined air—" you shall have a seat in my carriage to day. bang, in the largest arm-chair the room con

"And how about to morrow?" "To morrow probably some other fair lady will take pity on you. It would be much too slow"—mischievously—" to expect you to go tains. With an unmoved countenance Lady Stafdriving with your wife every day." "I don't think I can see it in that light

Then the door opens, and a rather elderly Cecil"-coming to her side, and with a sudden servant appears upon the threshold. "Martin, Sir Penthony will lunch here," says Cecil, calmiy "And-stay, Martin. though gentle boldness, taking her in his arms—" when are you going to forgive me and take me to your heart?" "What is it you want, you tiresome man?" Do you think it likely you will dine. Sir Pen

asks Cecil, with a miserable attempt at a "I do think it likely," replies he, with as much grimness as etiquette will permit before rown.

"Your love," replies he, kissing the weak-"Sir Penthony thinks it likely he will dige, Martin. Let Cook know. And—can I order you anything you would specially preninded little pucker off her forehead and the pretended pout from her lips, without this time saying, "by your leave," or "with your leave.

"And when you have it, what then ?" "I shall be the happiest man alive."

"Thank you, nothing. Pray give yourself no trouble on my account." "It would be a pleasure; the more so that "Then be the happiest man alive," murit is so rare. Stay yet a moment, Martin, May I order you a bed, Sir Penthony?" murs she, with tears in her eyes, although the

"I am not sure. I will let you know later on," replies Stafford, who to his rage and dis

The still lingers round her lps. It is thus she gives in. "And when," asks Stafford, half an hour later, all the retrospective confessions and gust, finds himself inwardly convulsed with disclosures have taken some time to get through—" when shall I install a mistress in "That will do, Martin," said her Indyship. the capacious but exceedingly gloomy abode

with the utmost bonhommie. And Martin re my ancestors so unkindly left to me?" "Do not even think of such a thing for As the door closes, the combatants regard ever so long. Perhaps next summer I may each other steadily for a full minute, and then

they both roar. "You are the greatest little wretch," says ' Oh, nonsense! Why not say this time ten years ?'

Sir Penthony, going over to her and taking both her hands, "it has ever been my mis-"But at this time my thoughts are full of my dear Molly. Ab ! when shall I see her as bappy as a = a = I am ?" fortune to meet with. I am laughing now

against my will, remember that. I am in a Here Sir Penthony, moved by a sense of frantic rage. Will you tell me what all that scene between you and Luttrell was about? If you don't I shall go straight and ask duty and a knowledge of the fitness of things,

instantly kisses her again. He has barely performed this necessary act "What! And leave me here to work my when the redoubtable Charles puts his head

wicked will? Reflect—reflect. I thought you were going to mount guard here all day

when the redoubtable charles puts his head in at the door and says:
"The carriage is waiting, my lady,"
Very good," returns Lady Stafford, who, according to Charles's version of the affair, a Think on all the sins I shall be committing

few hours later, is as "red as a peony." You will stay here, Penthony"—murmuring She has left her hands in his all this time. and is regarding him with a gay smile, under which she hardly hides a good deal of offended his name with a grace and sweet hesitation quite irresistible—" while I go and make ready for our drive." "Don't be rash, I pray you," she says, with

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DOES IT PAY TO HIRE CHEAP SCHOOL TEACHERS.

standing over her, tall, and young, and very nearly handsome. "You know I am in misery all this time, and that a word from A man tries to be a farmer and fails ; tries ou would relieve me-yet you will not speak to be a mechanic and fails; tries to be a lawyer and fails; tries to be a minister and is not even good enough for that; but one "Would you"-very gravely-" credit the word of such a sinner as you make me out to thing he can do -he can be a schoolmaster And so you will find throughout the country schoolmasters are selected because they are " A sinner ! Surely I have never called you You can get him for \$10 a month heap. "You would call me anything when you get found. Shame on the parsimony that would take a cent from the pay of the men or wointo one of those horrid passions. Come, are men employed as teachers. If there is any profession which should be made absolutely "I am more than sorry. I confess myself a independent of all care as to the means of The most I feared was your impru own profession, but I think that the schoolmaster stands nearer to God than a minister can. For myseif, I hated the school, I hated " From all I can gather, that means quite the same thing when said of a woman." "Well, I don't mean it as the same. And, it in my mind, I hated it in my body. I hated it in my affections. I had no religious nature, so I could not hate it in that. to prove my words, if you will only grant me forgiveness I will not even mention Tedcastle's hated school, and yet there came a summer in old Litchfield when in spite of tears and

up in my boudoir enduring grinding torments iall this time, and without a companion or the

Stafford.'

Pshaw! Her dressmaker, no doubt."

But for all that he can't quite reconcile

himself to the dressmaker theory, and, but that honor forbids, would have marched

good-natured I cannot bring myself to say 'Not at home "You brought yourself to say it this morn

ford rises and rings the bell.

Dead silence.

the servant.

fer ?'

laughter.

in your absence.

gleam of malice.

dence."

time

alone ?'' Eagerly.

" Really ?"

" Really."

him calmly in return.

WHOLE NO. 1,101-NO. 13.

M Teefy

with cager haste up the steps. He hears her 'Ah, yes. But that was because I was en enter, run up the stairs, pause upon the landing, and then, going into the boudoir, close the door carefully behind her. gaged on very important business." "What business ?"

"I am sorry I cannot tell you." "You shall, Cecil. I will not leave this house until I get an answer. I am your hus-hand. I have the right to demand it." "You forget our little arrangement. I acknowledge no husband," says Cecil, with just

into your actual presence? It is a romance,' says her ladyship, much delighted; "posi-tively it is a shame to let it sink into oblivone flash from her violet eyes. "Do you refuse to answer me?" "Luttrell, of all men !" thinks Sir Pen-Some one should recommend it to the Laureate as a theme for his next produc-"Well?" says Molly, who at this moment guilty of irreverence in her thoughts to-

"Well, now, of course he wants to know

an amount of disappointment in her tone im-

you ?" he says, in a most heartfelt manner gazing at her as though (thinks Sir Penthony thony ?'

of him and his proposal. I do not think he sudden change of countenance. or mm and his proposal. 1 do not think he studen change of countenance. will make such overtures to me again. Are you disappointed, Letty, that you look so strangely? Did you think, dear, I should bring you home some good news, instead of this dis-with one of the ballads of the day. Her voice is far the biggest part of her, and awakens in the provide strangely and the strangely is the strangely in the strangely is the strangely in the strangely is the strangely in the strangely is the strangely is the strangely in the strangely is the strangely is the strangely in the strangely is the s graceful story?

acetal story?" "No." In a low tone, and with a gesture it comes from. immatione. "I am not thinking of myself. Then a wonderfully ugly man, with a deof impatience. "I am not thinking of myself. Last week, Molly, you rolinquished your love --for us; to-day you have resigned fortune. Will you never repent? In the days to come, how will you forgive us? Before it is too late think it over, and

"Letitia," says Molly, laying her hand upon her sister's lips, '' if you ever speak to me like that again I shall—kill you.''

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"Mute and amazed was Alden; and listen'd and look'd at Priscilla, Thinking he never had seen her more fair, more divine in her beauty."

-LONGFELLOW.

nearest him, he fortunately manages to retain It is the 2nd of March-four months later his composure, while his heart, and mind, and eyes are centred on Molly Bawn. (barely four months, for some days must still elapse before that time is fully up)—and a raw evening—very raw, and cold even for the time An instantaneous hush falls upon the assembly ; the very fans drop silently into their -when the train, stopping at the Vic owners' laps; not a whisper can be heard. The toria Station, suffers a young man to alight opening chords are played by some one, and from it. then Molly begins to sing.

It is some new, exquisite rendering of Kingsley's exquisite words she has chosen : He is a tall young man, slight and upright, clad in one of the comfortable long coats of the period, with an aristocratic face and the period, with an aristocratic "O that we two were maying !" sweet, keen blue eyes. His moustache, fair and she sings it with all the pathos, the geand lengthy, is drooping sadly through dampnius, of which she is capable. She has no thought for all the gay crowd ness and the general inclemency of the

that stays entranced upon her tones. She Pushing his way through the other passenlooks far above them, her serene face-pale gers, with a discontented expression upon his genial face that rather misbecomes it, he but full of gentle self-possession-more sweet than any poem. She is singing with all her heart for her beloved—for Letitia, and Lovatt, emerges into the open air, to find that a smart drizzle, unworthy the name of rain, is falling and the children, and John in heaven. inhospitably upon him.

A passionate longing to be near her-to ere is a fog—not as thick as it might be, touch her-to speak-to be answered back but a decided fog-and everything is gloomy again-seizes Luttrell. He takes in hungrily to the last degree. Stumbling up against another tall young all the minutize of her clothing, her manner

her expression. He sees the soft, gleaming man, dressed almost to a tie the same as himbunches of snow-drops at her bosom and it self, he smothers the uncivil ejaculation that her hair. Her hands, lightly crossed before rises so naturally to his hps, and and ond glance changes it to one of greeting. "This her, are innocent of rings. Her simple black gown of some clinging, transparent material

-barely opened at the neck-makes even beastly fog prevented my recognizing you at more fair the milk-white of her throat first. How are you? It is ages since last we (that is scarcely less white than the snowy met.

' Is it indeed you, Luttrell ?" says the new owers).

Her hair 18 drawn back into its old loose comer, stopping short, and altering his sour look to one of pleased astonishment. "You in the flesh? Let us look at you." Drawing her har is drawn back into its our loss knot behind, in the simple style that suits her. She has a tiny band of black velvet round her meck. How fair she is—how sweet, yet full of a tender melancholy! He is glad Luttrell into the neighborhood of an unhappy lamp that tries against its conscience to think his heart for that little pensive shade, and it is showing light, and grows every minute thinks, though more fragile, she never looked fainter and more depressed in its struggle so lovely in her life.

against truth. " All the way from Paddyland, where he has spent four leng months," says Mr. Fenning, "and he is still alive! It is in-conceivable. Let me examine you. Sound, I 88.78 protest-sound in wind and limb ; not a defacing mark! I wouldn't have believed it if

She has commenced the last verse "Oh that we two lay sleeping In our nest in the churchyard sod, With our limbs at rest On the quiet earth's breast, And our souls at home with God !"

small head proudly but gracefully upheld, her

large eyes calm and sweet, and steady? For a moment Luttrell disbelieves his

senses. Then a mist rises before him, a choking sensation comes into his throat.

Laying his hand upon the back of the chair

I hadn't seen it. I am awful glad to see you. She is almost safely through it. There is old boy. What are you going to do with your such a deadly silence as ever presages a self this evening?' when by some luckless chance her torm,

"I wish I knew. I am absolutely thrown upon the world. You will take me someeyes, that seldom wander, fall full on Lutrell's upturned, agitated face. His fascinated, burning gaze compels her where with you, if you have any charity about o return it. Oh that he should see her here

you." "I am engaged for this evening." With a singing before all these people! For the first groan. "Ain't I unlucky? Hang is an, white thing told me to refuse old Wiggins's emblatime a terrible sense of shame overpowers ner; a longing to escape the eyes that from all parts of the hall appear to stare at her and what can I do for you?" criticise her voice—herself. She turns a little faint, wavers slightly, and You can at least advise me how best to

kill time to-night.' then breaks down straight to Cecil Stafford's. Whether Molly slept or did not sleep that night remains a mystery. The following morning tells no tales. There are fresh, faint roses in her cheeks, a brightness in her eyes that for months had been absent from them If a little quiet and preoccupied in manner she is gayer and happier in voice and speech

once her attention is gained. Sitting in her small drawing-room, with her vhole being in a very tumult of expectation, she listens feverishly to every knock.

It is not yet quite four months since she and Luttrell parted. The prescribed period has not altogether expired; and during their separation she has indeed verified her own predictions—she has proved an undeniable success. Under the assumed name of Wynter in fact, not believing a word of it. she has sought and obtained the universal applause of the London world. ing, sir.

She has also kept her word. Not once dur ing all these trying months has she written to her lover; only once has she received a line rom him. Last Valentine's morning Cecil Stafford.

ropping in, brought her a small packet close-sealed and directed simply to "Molly Bawn." The mere writing made poor Molly' heart beat and her pulses throb to pain, as in one second it recalled to mind all her pas oys, all the good days she had dreamed hrough, unknowing of the bitter wakening. Opening the little packet, she found inside t a gold bracelet, embracing a tiny bunch of forget me-nots, with this inscription

waitfolded round them : "There shall not be one minute in an hou Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love'

Except this one token of remembrance. she as had nothing to make her know whether indeed she still lives in his memory or has been forgotten-perhaps superseded, until last night. Then, as she met his eyes, that told a story more convincing than any words and marking the passionate delight and long ing on his face, she dared to assure herself e

his constancy. Now, as she sits restlessly awaiting what to keep an appointment." time may bring her, she thinks, with a smile, "That will do," sternly. "Go! I dare that, sad as her life may be and is, she is say.' surely blessed as few are in the possession of which none can rob her, the tender, faithfu

affection of one heart. She is still smiling, and breathing a little glad sigh over this thought, when the door opens and Lady Stafford comes in. She is radiant, a very sunbeam, in spite of the fact that Sir Penthony is again an absentee from his native land, having bidden adieu to Eng-

lish shores three months ago in a fit of pique brought on by Cecil's perversity. Some small dissension, some trivial disa greement, anger on his part, seeming indif-ference on hers, and the deed was done. He

straight, without any warning, into "my lady's chamber. left her indignant, enraged, but probably

As the door closes upon Luttrell, Sir Pen-"Oh, by the bye, did you hear what Daisy

thony, cold, and with an alarming amount of dignity about him, comes slowly forward. "Sir Penthony ! you !" cries Cecil, colorin "When we had left your house and walked certainly, but whether from guilt, or pleasure, for some time in a silence most unusual where she is, she said in her small, solemn or surprise, he finds it hard to say. He in-clines. however, towards the guilt. "Why, I name again." lines, however, towards the guilt. way, 'Molly, why does Lady Stafford have her thought you safe in Algiers." (This is not

kitchen in her drawing-room ?' Now, was it strictly true). "No doubt. I thought you safe—in Lonnot a capital bit of china-mania? I thought it very severe on the times." "It was cruel. I shall instantly send my don-or anywhere else. I find myself mis-

taken. "I am, dear, perfectly safe." Sweetly. "Don't alarm yourself unnecessarily. But may I ask what all this means, and why you were hiding behind my curtains as though you were a burglar or a Bashi-Bazouk ? But that the pantomine season is over, I should say you were practising for the Harlequin's window trick. "You can be as frivolous as you please.

sealed. I strove against the stream, and all in vain. Let the great river take me to the main. No more, deur love, for at a touch I yield; Ask me no more "-THE PRINCESS. Sternly. Sternly. "Frivolity suits you best, no doubt. I came in here half an hour ago, having first almost come to blows with your servant be-fore being admitted—showing me plainly the Almost as Cecil steps into her carriage, Sin man had received orders to allow no one in Penthony Stafford is standing on her steps, holding sweet converse with her footman at

but the one expected." "That is an invaluable man, that Charles." her own hall-door. "Lady Stafford at home?" asks he of the murmurs her ladyship, sotto voce. "I shall raise his wages. There is nothing like obeorilliant but supercilious personage who con-

was not your wife he was to meet alone. Now are you properly abashed ? Are you sat-When will she behome?" Feeling a good dience in a servant." istied ?' "I was standing there at the window awaiting your arrival, when you came, you hurried to your boudoir, spent an intelerable time there with Luttrell. and finally wound

up your interview here by giving him a billet deal of surprise at her early wandering, and, and permitting him to kiss your hands until you ought to have been ashamed of yourself "My lady won't be at home all this mornand him."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, ly-"Then I shall wait till the afternoon." says me again f ing perdu in the curtains and listening to what wasn't meant for you." Maliciously. Sir Penthony, faintly amased, although exaserated at what he has decided is a heinous You ought also to have been a detective Did Teddy kiss my hands ?" Examining the eladness. "Lady Stafford gave strict horders that no little white members with careful admiration. ne was to be admitted before two," says Poor Ted 1 he might be tired of doing se aunkey, indignant at the stranger's persist by this. Well-yes; and-you were saying

number, marginant at the stranger's persist-ence, who has come into the hall and calmly divested himself of his overcoat. "She will admit me, I don't doubt," says Sir Penthony, calmly. "I am Sir Penthony "1 insist," says Sir Penthony, wrathfully, on knowing what Luttrell was saving t

you." "I thought you heard."

"Oh, indeed! Sir Fenthony, I beg you "And why is he admitted when others are pardon. Of course, Sir Penthony, if you wish denied ?

Here Sir Penthony, who has slowly been " My dear Sir Penthony, he is my cousin mounting the stairs all this time, with Chawles, much exercised in his mind, at his Why should he not visit me if he likes ?" "Cousins be hanged !" says Sir Penthony

with considerable more force than elegance. "No, no," says Cecil, smoothing a littl neels--(for Cecil's commands are not to be lisputed, and the situation is a good one, and

wrinkle off the front of her gown ; "not alshe has distinctly declared no one is to be ways; and I'm sure I hope received)-Sir Penthony pauses on the land-Tedcastle won' be. To my way of thinking, he is quite the nicest young man I know. It would make ng and lays his hand on the boudoir door. "Not there, Sir Penthony," says the man, interposing hurriedly, and throwing open the me positively wretched if I thought Marwood

drawing-room door, which is next to it. "If you will wait here I don't think my lady will would ever have him in his clutches. "You" ---reflectively--" are my cousin too." "I am-and something more. You seem to forget that. Do you mean to answer my be long, as she said she should be 'ome at one

question ?" Certainly -if I can. But do sit down, Sir

' thinks Stafford, angrily, as the drawing-Penthony. I am sure you must be tired, you are so dreadfully out of breath. Have you room door is closed on him, "if I make a point of it, she will dismiss that fellow. Insolent and noisy as a parrot. A well-bred tootman never gets beyond 'Yes' or 'No' uncome just now, this moment, straight from Algiers? See, that little chair over there is so comfortable. All my gentlemen visitors adore less required, and then only under heavy ressure. But what appointment can she that little chair. No? You won't sit down have? And who is secreted in her room Well—

"Are you in the habit of receiving men as early ?'

"I assure vou," says Cecil, raising her brows with a gentle air of martyrdom, and

traight, without any warning, into "my lady's making a very melancholy gesture with one hand, "I hardly know the hour I don't re-forting inside the heavy hanging curtains, ceive them. I am absolutely persecuted by my main in London, where I could look after do as well, if not better.

"But I insist on telling you every word he protestations I was sent out of the house and said to me and all about it."

" What ! Still suspicious ? No, sir, it

to school, and I found a school ma'ma comely. " If you had insisted on that half an hour though with very pale face, and young -not cver eighteen-who met me at the door and ago you would have saved thirty minutes, says Stafford, laughing. "Then I would not gratify you ; now—Tednatted me on the head and played with my

curly hair and she sat me down at her feet castle came here, poor fellow, in a wretched state about Molly Massereene, whose secret he has at length discovered. About eleven and made me happy. She was taken sick and died, but while she taught was the only pleasant time I ever had in school, There clock last night he rushed in here almost is no economy so penurious, no wrong so in-tolerable as that which cuts down the pay of distracted to get her address; so I went to Molly early this morning, obtained leave to the teacher, and simply because they with whom they have to do are only children? give it—and a love-letter as well, which you aw me deliver-and all his raptures and ten-Only children ! Whose children ? Your der epithets were meant for her, and not for children, my children, God's children, the me. Is it not a humiliating confession? Even sweetest blossoms in the garden of the world for whom angels may be proud to do service. when he kissed my hands it was only in gratitude, and his heart was full of Molly all the If they are neglected you are to blame, for if

"Then it was not you he was to meet you cared enough about it, it never would happen.—Henry Ward Beecher.

## A BRIDE'S MISFORTUNE.

## Sensation on a Canada Southern Sleeper.

"I am, and deeply contrite. Yet, Cecil, A newly-married wife, returning from her ou must know what it is causes me such in wedding tour with her husband to Fort Wayne, Ind., met with a painful accident on tolerable jealousy, and, knowing, you should increases day the Canada Southern railroad a few nights since. They had disrobed and were cosily

pardon. My love for you only increase by day. Tell me again I am forgiven." "Yes, quite forgiven." "And"-stealing his arm gently round her lving in the lower berth of a sleeper, when the occupants of the car were horror-stricken -" are you in the smallest degree glad to see by hearing the young wife give vent to a se ries of piercing shricks. There was a general "In a degree-yes." Raising to his two commotion, and the conductor pushed aside yes full of something more than common the matter

the curtain to see what was Oh! my heel! my heel!" she cried, with shricks of pain; "something has run into my heel." The husband was beside himself He looks at her, but she refuses to under with anxiety and grief, but like the rest of tand his appealing expression, and regards the passengers could not imagine how his wife was hurt. Finally, assisted by several

"Cecil, how cold you are !" he says, re-proachfully. "Think how long I have been ladies, who hustled on their clothes, an examination was made. It appears that the way from you, and what a journey I have lady had hung up her hat in the bath, and a large ornamental pin, about three inches "True; you must be hungry." With wilful long, had become detached by the motion of

gnorance of his meaning. "I am not." Indignantly. "But I think limb suddenly the pin had run into her heel you might—after three weary months, that to me at least were twelve—you might——" "You want me to—kiss you?" says Cecil, promptly, but with a rusing blush. "Well, I graphed to St. Themas, and on the arrival of

the train a surgeon was in waiting, who, after vill then. Lifting her head, she presses her lips to his an hour and a half's work, cut open the heel

with a fervor that takes him utterly by sur-prise. and extracted the pin. That couple will get more laughter than sympathy when they get "Cecil," whispers he, growing a little pale, home.

" do you mean it?" " Mean what?" Coloring crimson now, but laughing also. " I mean this; if we don't go down-stairs soon luncheon will be cold

And remember, I hold you to your engage-ment. You dine with me to-day. Is not that 80 ?' "You know how glad I shall be?"

ly all over the unknown world at stated inter-

where-with you,'

"I could not possibly undertake such a

-Exception is taken in England to the manner in which Mr. Talmage points a moral. In his lecture on the "Bright Side of Things," delivered at the Temperance Fete

the car and fell at her feet. In extending her

up in heaven." "Bring me the broom," he shouted, " and let me give you another walloping before I die."

the other side of the Atlantic to speak in this

at the Crystal Palace, as an instance of "the ruling passion strong," he related the follow-ing: "Ah," said a man, who was on a sick bed, to his wife, "I am going to heaven." "You'll look very pretty," said she, "stuck up in heaven." "Bring me the broom."he

"If I had a home. You can't call one's the *Echo* insists that it was scarcely neces-club a home, can you? I would stay any sary for a Doctor of Divinity to come from

"Well, I hope now," says Cecil, "you in-tend to reform, and give up traveling aimlessvals. I hope for the future you mean staying at home like a respectable Christian."