The new surah is satin like instead of being

dull like silk.

When the waist or vest is shirred the sleeves are shirred also.

Hand embroidery in colored silks brighten

new black bonnets.

Basques of flannel and bunting dresses are

tucked all over lengthwise.
Collars with large plaits are worn. They are of surah or lawn with lace insertions. The Charlotte Corday cloak will be re-peated in light shades of color for spring

wraps.

Spanish lace is combined with braid in a flat trimming which has leaves of lace on the edge.

Little soft, loose rings of hair falling over

the forehead are taking the place of the long.

is white instead of cream, which has been popular for some time past.

Colored canton flannels are made into cur tains for libraries; they look as well as plush,

and are less expensive.

The Empress of Austria's hunting costume is once more eliciting admiring comment from

English society papers.

The new ties have Oriental embroidery in are of crinkly China crepe.
"Wholesome and cheerful, but not aggra-

vated," is a New York description of the tints and shades in spring goods.

I iver came in."

"And what the Dickens are you doing and shades in spring goods.

New dresses are called "crooked dresses,

because they have a full short panier on one

Lunch table cloths are of gold colored damask, with wide borders of scarlet and a

heavy netted fringe of the combined colors.

Baskets of willow ware gilded are very rich flower holders. These are filled with plants in the center and surrounded with cut flowers. The trimmings for elegant teagowns are made of lace copied from the antique. Ladies of rank and fashion have given orders for these

Among the new spring styles are velvet redingotes that extend almost to the bottom of the dress, and are made without any trimming.

A late party dress was of apricot satin de

Lyon, with lace over dress, and flower garnitures of azaleas, red pyrus, japonicas and sprays of smilax.

Gray silk stockings embroidered in colors,

for the house, light tints for receptions, and red stockings for those that match the gown, are the latest devices.

Cabbage trimming is fermed by a bias strip

of silk frayed on both edges and gathered at intervals. so as to bring the raveled edges up with a soft fluffveffect. Renaissance embroidery, although very dif-

Renaissance embroidery, although very difficult, is used for decorating bandsome draperies, and many ladies are learning to embroider their own drapery.

Egyptian scarabers and South American beetles have been supplanted by locusts and Texas tarentulas formed of gold and enamel, inlaid with imitation of jewels.

Aprons are again very fashionable, many of them year artistic in dozing and faith. Sult.

them very artistic in design and finish.

embroidery, lace fringe, and cords and tassels are used to embellish them.

The pretty style of shoulder ornaments is carried out with good effect by slender ladies. The fichu is often caught on the shoulder with

a flower or bows of plush or plaid ribbon. Gentlemen wear in their shirt bosoms for evening dress buttons of mother-of-pearl.

bu itons are similar.

New butter dishes, when upraised and suspended from a hook on the circular handle, throw open the double covers like butterfly wings, which remain open until the dish is

returned to its case.

Pretty table cloths with serviettes to match display is called for, stripes of crimson, blue, dark green and old gold are used.

folded neckerchiefs, but are very elaborate, having a box pleated standing ruff, with revers down the front. The revers are notched in Directoire style, and edged with two gath ered rows of lace.

NAUTICAL INSTRUCTIONS.

A Washington paper says the following nautical instructions were found among the documents of an old man from Indiana, now in the employ of Monsieur de Lesseps. They have been forwarded to the Secretary of the Navy, Hunt:

"The custom of sailing before the wind should be avoided whenever it is possible, as experience has demonstrated that it is much tter to wait for the breeze and carry it along,

if not too heavy.
"Commanders of sailing ships of war, I have observed, are addicted to the practice of staggering under all they can carry.' This matter will receive early attention, as the necessity for reform in this direction would eem imperative.

"When dirty weather is threatened. or when there is reason to suspect threakers ahead, the captain should heave two, or three, but never more than four.

"In taking on board ammunition, powder and shot, and shells, and caps, etc., the fore, main and mizen trucks should be utilized in connection with the animals belonging to the

horse marines.
"It is deemed best to abolish dog watches. This practice is believed to encourage idle ness among the sailors, and necessitates the keeping on board a number of beasts who are useless for everything but breeding fleas.

"While beating to windward, care should be taken to have a sufficient quantity of starhoard tacks on board, in case of running into the wind's eye, which cannot at all times be

"In the interests of economy the allowance for captains' gigs should be withdrawn. It is plain that they are of no real utility on ship-board, and that they are at all times in the When on shore the captains can avail themselves of the street railway or of the

"All anchors should be accurately weighed before being taken on board, and the weight plainly marked on each, thereby saving time and avoiding trouble whom a ship is about to

take her departure.

"All'splicing'should be done by the chaplain, as he is the person upon whom the per formance of that ceremony most properly de-"When sailing in tropical seas the breeches

of the guns should be removed and carefully stowed away, to be replaced when again en tering colder latitudes and longitudes.

"Should a seaman inadvertently lose his

watch below and fail to find it on his return. the captain will provide him with another from one of the ship's stores.

"The practice of earrying logs, merely for the purpose of 'heaving' them, is of questionable propriety, and will form a subject for slight scream, the ceach righted and bumped future inquiry.

-A pension of £4,000 was granted in 1790 by the British Parliament to the heirs and descendants of William Penn, in consideration of his meritorious services, and of the loses which his family sustained in couse quenes of the American war. It is now paid

o Col. Wm. Stuart, a lescendant.

—Many cabs in Paris are now warmed by hot water hassocks. These comfortable cabs carry a tin card: "Heated." A lady recently She observed: "This cab has no hassock. Where is it?" "Under my feet, ma'am."

an eu. I aw really think if you would allow me to hold your hands, it would aw steady you, and you would feel the jolts less."

"Oh! no, thank you" and you would feel the jolts less."

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WHOLE NO. 1,183.-NO. 43.

BY J. T. J. First Part,-Courtship.

Clara and her women screamed aloud in chorn at this freshalarm; it gave new venom to Clutie's claws in the chimney, and made favored bangs.

The new bead fringes have strands that are little chains, and all have the greatest elaboration possible to fringes.

In wedding stationery the "correct thing" and going out soon found that the noise was indeed in the chimney. Up he mounted, indeed in the chimney. Up he mounted, Sally, now dressed, screaming to him to fire straight down the chimney, but he left his gun below, and in a minute cried out, "why it's only the cat," for his ears were greeted by

Clutie; it's Clutie, I say."

'Indede, thin, it's more than the cat,"
cried a pitiful voice from the depths, it's
meself, Patrick Mulrooney, sorrow be the day

there?" asked Jack, briskly.
Genius is never at a loss; Mulrooney proved

Genius is never at a loss; Mulrooney proved equal to the occasion.

The "eleigh-bell" is the favorite jet trimming. It combines gold, silver and metallic drops that jingle when the wearer moves.

Genius is never at a loss; Mulrooney proved equal to the occasion.

"Sure I saw Miss Clara's cat, poor baste, fall over, and I thought I'd get him out for her"—the rest was lost in a peal of laughter her"-the rest was lost in a peal of laughter from Jack.

"You must be a cat yourself to be able to see in the dark," was the young gentleman's comment.
No sooner was the basket lowered than

Clutie took advantage of it, was draw trium-phantly to the top, and rushed off in hot haste, not much the worse for the adventure. Then the loop was lowered for Mr. Mulrooney, and by the united efforts of Sally Briggs and Jack he was drawn a few feet from the bot-tom, when the rope suddenly broke and down he plunged again, the two foolish young people laughing uproariously at the adventure, and congratulating each other that they had not fallen in on top of him. Jack finding that he could not rescue the Irishman alone, told him not to run away, and went off for help to the nearest neighbors, Wellington Swartz, and returned in time with three stout grinning fellows of Dutch descent, and a rope as Jack told Mr. Mulrooney, strong enough to as Jack told sir. Milrooney, strong enough to hang him in. Not without much difficulty did they draw him to the top of the tall chimney, and help him down to mother earth; shaken and stifled, where Briggs, her cap awry, awaited him with a cup of

coffee. offee.

"Well, you do look a sight," was her congratulation. "There take it," handing him the cup, "it's not poison, for we ain't murderers and thieves and midnight robbers like some as I could name. If you ain't asbamed o' yourself you 'ad ought to be, for a great 'ulking lubberly, good for nothing, Hirishman, as wasn't there fur no good, an' but fur the poor cat as tumbled a top o' you," (with female intuition she had hit upon the truth), "we might all ha' been murdered in our

Thus for the time ended Mr. Mulrooney's attempt to distinguish himself. Jack rode over after breakfast and laid the matter before him, and the priest gave his parishioner traversed with golden threads, as if they were a severe rating, and threatened the curse of sewed on with threads of gold. The sleeve the church. Pat's kinsmen eluding the cleri-

the church. Pat's kinsmen cluding the clerical visitor, slipped away home.

A reporter getting hold of the story, made a funny paragraph of it, headed "strange rescue of a cat." No one knew exactly the truth, but everyone guessed ft, and Mr. Mulrooney could not go abroad without meeting grinning faces. are taking the place of fine white damask It is easier to stand a frowning disapproval sets. For occasions where more than ordinary than a laughing one, he advertised his farm for sale; in which he was secretly encouraged by the threats of Father McGrath, who wished The newest fichus are no longer simply olded neckerchiefs, but are very elaborate, and to draft him into another congregation and get rid of him. His farm teing hilly and picturesque it took the fancy of a young evers down the front. The revers are notched ougand nounds sterling three narts naid in cash, and the rest to be paid in a year, so in the June following his March adventure, Mr. Mulrooney left the home of his fathers and the new proprietor took possession.

CHAPTER VI.

"Let no one say that there is need Of time for love to grow, Ab! no the love that kills indeed Dispatches at a blow,

The spark which but by slow degrees Is nursed into a flame,
Is habit, friendship, what you please
But love is not the name."
"From the Spanish of Sope-dr-Yeea."

Have you ever travelled on the old plank road between Hamilton and Caledonia? have heard, or I have dreamt that it is gravel led now, and one of the best roads in Canada but ten years ago, it was simply abominable full of pitch holes, ruts, hammocks of hard ened mud, and deep cavaties of liquid mud

unsuspected till you were in them.

Miss Montgomery, who had paid a long visit to Hamilton, partly to get away from Dickey Thompson's persistent repreaches because she had not married his pa, partly to escape a monster house-cleaning and avoid the congratulations of her friends on the departure of Mr. Mulrooney was now returning home by the mail stage on the old plank road. It was a dreary November day, mist covered the earth as a curtain, and nothing could be seen of the magnificent view as the coach crawled slowly up the mountain side. Clara was the only passenger to the top of the moun-tain when a tall young man with a doublebarrelled gun got into the coach, and scated | amusement of the operatives on her husband's himself opposite to her with the drawling re-

mark "a-aw-rawther misty day." She scarcely looked at him but politely as sented. Coming home was sad work for Clara, and gave a pensive cast to her Madonna-like face. There was no kind old father to look out for the arrival of the facilities afforded by the livery stables or the coach, no ruddy face with a crown of white hair peering over the gate when she alighted, none dearer to welcome her than Dame Briggs and Sally, and the dog and cat. She was to much pre-occupied with the memory of other journeys never to be renewed, with the loved father whose loss still made a little ache in her heart when she thought of him, to notice her fellow-traveler. She was not aware that his eyes were devouring her face with intense interest, was scarcely aware of his presence; her idea of him was as misty as the day, till a bump into the first pitch hole threw her right into his arms with a violence that knocked his hat off. He had scarcely time to say "aw-really '-when, with a desperate struggle the horses jerked the coach out of ole, and the window fastening striking the cock of the gentleman's gun discharged as well as anything else; he'll perform a mir-one barrel, the bullet whizzing over Miss Montgomery's shoulder. The lady gave a an ass of himself." them on to dry land and the coachman pulled

> thus expressed: "Aw-you fellah there, stop, I say, till I discharge the other barrel," which he did in an instant out of the window, causing the horses to start off again at a wild pace, which was speedily moderated by a succession of large

up in obedience to his passengers command,

mud-holes. "You will be aw-bruised I'm afraid, and I frightened you -sorry I'm suah, the hammah of the gun was down, that's how it occu-ah ed. I aw really think if you would allow

on, and you would feel the jolts less."

"Oh! no, thank you," said Miss Clars,
"You-ah really very kind," he said "flatnot speak of his new house just commenced,

determined not again to instrude upon her neighbor.

"Are all the roads in Canada" (he pro-

nounced it wodes) like this? I am a srang-

The pensive face broke into a smile as she answered · "Oh! no its one of the worst." Bump they went into a hole as she spoke, she kept her seat this time, but the gentleman, off his guard, came sprawling into the bottom of the coach. Miss Montgomery was too well bred to laugh. She sympathized, and the stranger proposed that he should sit beside her, "because, if aw we were wedged together we —"but catching (perhaps involuntary) look of dissent, he concluded, "but aw, really I'm delightfully placed here," and as if to verify his statement the ledy wear a pitiful smothered moll ow.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Sally, "get a basket and the clothes line, mother—its cheek literally and actually stopped his mouth. "On! I beg your pardon," she exclaimed.
"I think perhaps it would be better if we sat side by side."

"I'm afraid you will be hurt," he drawled, moving to her side with an alacrity that hard-ly corresponded with the languid affectation of his voice. Thus, side by side, they were pumped, jolted, bounced and jerked along the road till they arrived at Miss Montgomery's gate. There they alighted, and the gentleman helped Clara out, carrying her value to the very door, and saying in answer to a faint remonstrance, "delighted I'm an—ah. I feel as though I knew you quite well, that old pla—ank road is as good as a sea voyage for knocking people togeth—ah. May I be permitted to call, and"—a very long pause ensued -- " asking how you are after this fatiguing

-aw-journey?"

Miss Montgomery might have supposed by the langour of his voice that he was just about to die on her door step, had not his stalwart active frame and rosy, healthy face contra-dicted the idea. His features were sufficiently regular, his eyes were dark and handsome, hi hair was black and inclined to curl, he had a very youthful appearance in spite of his moustache, and was so tall that Miss Montmoustache, and was so sail that miss monagemery had to look up at him. Altogether he justified her remark to Dame Briggs, "a very good looking, polite boy, but rather affected." He left his card the next day, and then Clara knew that was the gentleman who had bought the farm of her quondam lover, Patrick Mulroony. His name was John Morace Francis Augustus Feversham, and as his grandfather wore a coronet, the word honorable was prefixed to this long name in the British peerage. Mr. Feversham soon became the rage in the neighborhood, the grandson of a peer, with a relative in the Government suite at Ottawa, his respectability was beyond doubt : he was received con amore, and with open arms. He talked languidly of building in the spring and

house keeping. People wondered whom he would marry, but with all their speculations, nobody dreamt that Mr. Feversham dreamed of marrying Clara Montgomery. The young man did, however, and not when he was asleep either. He used to stare at her in church with such persistency, that for a time she thought there must be something un-usual in her dress, a spider on her bonnet, or her shawl inside out, but she soon got used to it and set it down to a bad habit and well bred (or shall we say ill-bred) insolence. He met her at the Jacksons and elsewhere, wherever she lisited he happened to be at the same house, showed her a little languid cour-tesy, once or twice tried to converse with her, but after a few sentences appeared to become exhausted and gave it up. He had no mod-esty whether false or real, to retard his progress, and only delayed decided attentions till he should understand the lady better, and be sure not to give offense. He heard others speak of her and listened with acute atten-

tion.
"Clara Montgomery holds her age wender"She looks always fully," said Mrs. Jackson. "She looks always the same, quite young and fresh, one would really think her not more than twenty. I

a middle aged lady."
"What do you call ah—middle aged in
Canada?" drawled Mr. Feversham. "Oh! about thirty," was the reply; "but Clara isonly twenty-nine—no she is twenty-

eight. She was born the year we were mar ried my love," appealing to her busband. Twenty-nine or thirty, what does it mat-ter? Every one knows she's a middle aged woman," was the reply, "and a dooced fine

Mr. Feversham answered these statements by the single monosyllable "aw"—and presently hearing that Miss Clara was a good rider and every day in the saddle, he decided to take his exercise on horseback in future instead of walking, and bought a handsome mare. Once mounted he met or overtool Montgomery so often that her cousin Jack at last remarked as he rade un beside ' We are slways falling across you, Mr. Feversham; it's very odd."

"Ya-as -aw-quite a coincidence." was the languid reply, but Clara began to think it was not always accidental. On Christmas Eve a social was held in the public school house for the purpose of improving the minds of the U. E. Lovalists and Papiets in the neighborhood, and at the same time getting a little money out of their pockets for the benefit of the English Church, a proceeding at first opnosed by the elder gentlemen and ladies as degrading and leveling; but Mr. Feversham assures them that ladies and gentlemen of high rank in England assisted at penny readings for the benefit of the poor, and that Lady Stamford played her harp and sang for the property. His voice carried the day, and then many meetings and discussions took place before the event came off, as to what part each should take in the entertainment. Mr. Feversham was asked if he could sing.

"Aw—well, yes, a little, 'was the answer."
but I think I had bettah recite something, " How doth the little busy bee," suggested Jack Montgomery. Mr. Feversham turned his dark eyes on him and then lifted his been an insect.

"Not my style," he drawled at last. "I

was going to propose the ode to the Nerth-Jack made great sport of this proposal when they reached home and recited "Wel-come wild north eastah," for his cousins benofit, but she did not seem so much amused as he thought she would be, she did not take any one to be made a butt of, and told him so andly. "I think it a pity he should recite it," she said, "couldn't you tell him that it isn't suitable for his voice?"

"Not I," replied Jack " it will suithis voice

" Well don't call him Lord Dundreary any nore Jack, there's a dear boy; its in very bad taste to give nick names, and he might hear of it again and it would hurt his feel ings."

Mr. Feversham evertook Clara the next day, on her way to the school house to help with the Christmas decorations, and said it was a "a singular accident" that they were both walking, though he had watched her leave home through a telescope. She turned the conversation on the social and politely hinted that the ode he had chosen was not very suitable to his voice, and looking up as she concluded, was surprised by a clance so

ABSOLUTELY HER OWN MISTRESS, grasping the sides of the seat firmly, and tah-ed I'm su ah, and what do you think that would look as if she took an interest in would suit me?"
This question is what Jack would have called "a poser," and feeling in a dilemma, Miss Clara said she did not really know, and Mr. Feversham suggested with even a slower drawl than usual "Motherwell's lay she was silent. "As you object to the North Bastah I will not recite it unless encored," he added.

worse,

man she usually employed was very saucy and would not come, and it was time the flower borders were attended to. Aw-well, yes, Mr. Feversham thought he knew a fellah who would do--would do as he wee '-'.

Miss Montgomery drew down her vail to coneeal a smile, but the mischief making west wind, as if in league with the "North Eastah," lifted her veil and Mr. Feversham saw the smile, and Clara knew that he saw it. and blushed for her rudeness, but a minute later came to a stand and looked brightly and boldly in his face. "Mr. Feversham," she said, "if you recite that or anything else the people will laugh at you."

"And you would be sorry?" was the infer

"Really!—Disgusting levelling element in

ence he drew, though put in the form of a query. "I am deeply flattered by the interest you take in me, and I will—aw—try and de-serve your kindness," and before Clara knew what he was doing, he lifted her gloved hand to his lips and kiesed it.

Now in spite of all this, after all this, when

Now in spite of all this, after all this, when the night of the social came, and the school-house was densely packed, Mr. Feversham actually stood up on the platform and recited The Lay of the Cavalier. Could it be the drawling Mr. Feversham who sang out those stirring lines all alive with feeling There was absolute stillness as he spoke, and a ringing cheer when he concluded.

" No shrewist's tears shall fill our eye When the sword hilt's in our hand, Heart whole we'll part and no whit sigh For the fairest in the land. Let piping swain and craven wight Thus weep and pulling cry, Our business is like men to fight, And hero-like to die!"

The audience was completely taken by sur-prise, and that great foolish, well dressed mob not only cheered but encored. Mr. Feversham turned back languidly at the sound, and looking over the sea of heads his glance for half a second met that of Miss Montgomery; a slight expressive smile crossed his face as if he would say "I told you so," then he did say, addressing the public at large with his usual drawl: "Aw—flattabed, I'm su-ah, but not to tiah you with repetition, I will give you something else."

He paused, and they cheered and laughed as his voice changed, and the attitude, and Welcome Wild North Easter rang out, all its r's distinct and clear, the very spirit of the turbulent wind in the tongue that recited. Cheers loud and prolonged broke forth as he concluded. "Dundreary forever," whis-pered Jack to his cousin. "I wouldn't have

pelieved it of him." After that Mr. Feversham dawdled about, handing chairs for the ladies, holding scent bottles, turning music leaves, and occasion-ally drawling forth a commonplace about the weather, till the performance was at an end. He did not go near Miss Clara, who sang three songs and was encored in each, but the next evening as she was sitting down to tea, the Cornhill Magazine beside her, and two letters to digest with her meal, he was shown in. She felt a little annoyed with Sally for ushering him into that parlor, because now it was impossible to avoid asking him to tea. Mr. Feversham, however, declined tea, demr. reversuall, nowever, declined tea, de-clined even to sit down, he was "aw —in such a hurry," yet he lingured, heaning against the chimney piece. He had come to ask a most important question, feeling pretty sure that the answer would be no. He wanted her to know from his own lips that he loved her, to take in that fact and get used to it. He felt that he had called inopportunely, that Clara would rather have the company of her book and letters than his company; he also felt that he would be refused—the first time—

North Easter?" he began with a smile. Disgusted? No. But I felt how impertinent and foolish I had been to give advice unasked, and how one impertinence led to another, and I want to ask a very saucy ques-

"Ay-se do I-but yours first," he replied languidly.
"Having heard you recite so beautifully. I

want to know why you don't always speak in that way and not despise your r's?" "A north eastah in a lady's drawing-room would be, I think a little out of place," the reply, but the lazy dark eyes flashed into a fire that contradicted his voice, and puzzled Clara as to what he could mean. She began to feel rather uncomfortable under that intense gaze, when he added, "its inexcusably rude of me to keep you from your tea, Miss Montgomery, but I called with an object;

I came to tell you that I love you."

Clara was surprised, startled, and in spite of her self-command a little flustered. " Oh ! nonsense Mr. Feversham," she said, "the very idea is absurd. I am years older than

"I doubt that —I am like a wintah pa ah, l have been late in coming to matu-abty. I am nearah to forty than thirty, if my apparent youth is the only objection.

"I am sorry to pain you Mr. Feversham, but really I cannot think of it for a moment ; it is quite out of the question,"
"I am very unfortunate," said the gentle-

man with a sigh.
"I have noticed sometimes," went on this down-right lady "that you have sought my company, and I think it would be better in future for yourself if you avoided it. You would

"That is impossible," said Mr. Feversham. with more earnestness of voice than he had vet shown.

"But I know it is not," persisted the lady will you promise to avoid me in the future."
"What is the use of a fellah making a aw

promise that he can't keep?" asked the young man dejectedly. "When I lie down with my back to this place I always wake soul it is. I nevah sleep but I dream of yeu, and I think of you all the time when I'm awake. When I'm in youah company I'm satisfied, content. I am not a scientific fellah, but I believe in the laws of attraction and repulsion. Youah the load-stone and I am the pooah needle," was his touching conclusion, "and its mo use telling me not to turn this way, because I am -awhelpless. I will try not to be intrusive and give offense to one so deah to me, but if I fail t will be cruel to reproach me. But youah tea is getting cold, pardon me for intruding so long-pray don't rise-good night"-and he was gone; and deliberately lighting a cigar in the road if Miss Montgomery had only looked after him. That night she dreamed of him. Three weeks passed, six; she saw nothing of Mr. Feversham; then she met him at a great party at Mrs. Jackson's. He paid his respects languidly and asked for the honah" of a waltz, and when she declined at once took leave of the hostess and went away; for he no longer boarded with Mrs. Jackson, but kept bachelor's hall in the mansion lately occupied by Mr. Mulrooney. Winter passed, spring came tardily, and Clara saw no more of Mr. Feversham, till returning one evening from a long, solitary ride, he overtook her. He did not pass but checked his horse and seemed disposed to chat. Clara scarcely knew what to talk about. She could

him; there was nothing else new in the neigh-borhood to discuss, and the weather was soon exhausted. It was fine and cleah and that she bethought herself to ask him if he knew about a man who would hire by the day; the but aw willing and steady. Should he send him? Oh, yes, Miss Montgomery would be glad to get him to-morrow.

" And shall I arrange with him," he asked about wages and that?"
"If I am not troubling you too much, and

"Really!—Disgusting levelling element in society now, but this iellah is not like that he's glad to eat anywa-ah—will you allow me to help you down?" for by this time they had reached her gate. He dismounted opened it in a trice and lifted her out of the saddle,

hand, when Sally had led away the lady's pony.
"And what do you want my fellah to do
first," he said, "he will be here early befoah
you are about." " Hardly, for I am an early riser, but why

do you call him your fellow—is he your hired servant?—because in that case I will have nothing to do with him." "How cruel," he drawled reproachfully, "I employ him sometimes by the day and find him very useful that's all, but he wants

looking aftah.' "What is his name?"

"Ja-c-k—I really forget the othah name. Call him Ja-ck."
"Well, if Jack doesn't know a flower from a weed, he need't touch those beds till I come, but he can make a new square tulip bed in the middle of that grass," pointing with her whip.
"First, he must dig away the sod, then make
a square hole two feet deep, and fill it with
manure, one layer, then a barrow full of dry leaves, and then the earth nicely broken up and raked evenly. Will you remember tell him all that?"

"Oh! certainly, delighted to serve you, I'm "I'm obliged to you Mr. Feversham. Good

night." A profound bow from Mr. Feversham and they parted.

CHAPTER VII.

Sweet lady mine while yet 'tis time, Beguile my passion and my truth,
And gather in their blushing prime,
The roses of your youth.

—FROM THE FRENCH OE ROSUARD

What more delightful than to rise early on spring morning when sweet scents exhale from the fresh pure earth, and birds are sing-ing everywhere? The sun was just peeping over the trees as Clara Montgomery woke. All the earth seemed awake too, the stillness of early morning making her only the more sensible of the vivid life and growth about her; the unfolding of delicate leaves, the crocus buds pushing themselves into the sunshine with the earth on their heads, dainty snikes with the earth on their heads, dainty spikes of flowers and blades of grass detting the dark mould everywhere, as she peeped from her window, joyfully finding by the long shadows that it was very early. She was soon astir singing gaily at her toilet, and wondered as she met Mrs. Briggs in the hall dressing leisurely, at that ruddy matron's face looking

sulky on so sweet a day.

"Good mornin' Miss Clara; you shouldn't sing before breakfast unless you wishes to cry before night."

breakfast vet, the sun has not been up an

hour;" and Clara turned so bright and smiling a face on her old servant that she softmed.
"Miss Clara," she said, sinking her voice, "I con't help making bold to say I think you're weak to employ him to do up the gar-den," pointing with her thumb over her

den," pointing with her thumb over her shoulder to the verandah.
"Why, you know well enough, Briggs, I am glad to get anybody. Is he doing it so badly—is he such a very queer fellow?" and she opened the door and stepped out to see, instantly exclaiming, "My crocus beds are cleaned Briggs, and net a flower disturbed. How nicely they are done! Why, the man is

treasure, and you are the most unreasonable She turned and there was the man gently raking the new tulip bed. He moved his hat gracefully, and said, "Aw-a lovely day Miss Montgomery. I'm glad you approve of Jack, he's not clevah, but he's devoted."

She did not know whether to laugh or be angry, and began dimly to realize that this beau would be hard to get rid of, and a trou-blesome fellow to deal with. Mrs. Briggs set-tled all difficulty about "Jack's" meals, by setting a cup and platter in the dining room with her mistress, and she sullenly conquered him to the spare room to wash his hands, carrying his coat for him to Clara's amusement. It was rather a silent breakfast, and Mr. Feversham resumed his spade as soon as t was at an end. He worked hard and wasted no time, only coming to the mistress for orders when absolutely necessary, and just as

he sun was setting to take leave. " And what am I to pay you, Mr. Feversham?" asked Clara quite gravely and assuming all the dignity she could muster. "You know I am amore than paid if I please you and give you satisfaction," was the

"But you do not please me, and as for satisfaction. I never felt more dissatisfied in my lite."

"Aw—well, if you won't take my labor for

love, give me fifty cents."

She took out her purse and extended the

"Tha-anks-first money I ever carned," he said with a smile. "What shall I buy with it? But no-I'll make a hole in it, and wear it next my heart."

For the present, however, he put it in his pocket, and was saying good evening when

Clara arrested him with an earnest lon't come back to-morrow, Mr. Feversham. I shall be very angry if you do.' "But the work is not done," he replied 'don't be so cruel as to dismiss Jack befoah the work is finished; it will affect his carac-

In spite of an effort to command the muscles of her face Clara smiled, and Mr. Feversham regarded the smile as encouraging and contradictory to the command, "don't come

tab.'

to morrow. That night Clara dreamt of her troublesome, self-constituted gardener and rising early peeped out into the garden before she dressed and was not so much surprised to see him there at work, as puzzled what to do with him. It was imposible not to return his smile as he said, "good morning Miss Mont-gomery I think I shall get you through this difficulty to day." And he actually did finish in two days the gardening which had taken her former servant four. Coming to say good night he asked " is there anything else Ja-ck

can do for you " " No thank you. Oh! yes, he can do one thing that will please me very much: he can go away and never come back again."

" An I'm afraid that's a thing he can't do even to please you, but anything in his powah not supah-human, he'll be delighted. He would, aw gladly do anything disagreeable to serve you for love you know-that is for fifty cents a day."

She gave him the money at once saying "Now don't come again I beg till I send

"If you mean this for a final dismissal won't you aw shake hands?"

The lady having extended her hand reluctantly, Mr. Feversham held it a moment to say, ' But if the house was to take fiah, I may

cruel—good night."

The next day brought a polite little note from Mr. Feversham, begging Miss Montgom-ery to give him a root of white campanula for

come without being sent for? Now don't be

his new garden.
What could she do? She had never refused a slip of the rarest flower in her garden to the poorest neighbor, who had the assurance to ask for it. She sent him the root. Two days later a parcel was left by the Hamilton stage for Mr.

Feversham with the message, "The gent will call for it himself."

Clara went for a ride to be out of the way when he came, but he cantered up beside her with the parcel under his arm. He had called and lingered there hat off, and bridle in and was "desolate" to find her from home; the beautiful "flowah" so like herself, had taken root and was flourishing. A few more remarks and he rode on, and Clara could not help admiring his horsemanship. The next day came a dish of trout with his compliments. Briggs brought it to her mistress with the remark, "He's always a comin or a sendin' with some cock and bull." She fain would have tried the argument of her mop upon him, but had not even authority to say not at home," for Clara could not be rude to him, and always received him it only to scold him for coming. Every day she saw or heard of Mr. Feversham; now a bouquet came with your present pain, and because I don't know his compliments; now a single flower of rare beauty; then he called to say he was going

to Hamilton; could be-aw-do anything for

Miss Montgomery? Change a book at the library or anything?
Clara snubbed him severely, but he returned to the attack with unabated ardor. If she went abroad he met her in walks, in rides, in drives; if she took tea with a neighbor he happened to be at the same house; if she stayed home to avoid him he feared she was ill, and called to inquire after her, undaunted by the last rebuff. His attentions were so decided that everybody saw and remarked about them; some teased her, and asked how old he was; others if the was really engaged to him. Cousin Jack supposed that she was "going to play him like a little trout, and after all let him drop," and Briggs went so far as to say (loud enough for her mistress to hear) that if they were not engaged "they had ought to be, for they've set everybody's tongue a waggin'." Never had Clara found it so difficult to keep impertinence at arm's length. Mrs. Montgomery was very angry when she heard the gossip, and instead of consulting her lawyer as she usually did in any perplexity, she called on purpose to give her neice a setting down, telling Jack L fore she started that the girl was a fool not to make an end of the matter as she did with Mr. Thompson, and, on arriving, she seriously and imperatively advised Clara to at once dismiss Mr. Feversham, or else she would be forced to marry him to " save her character." This remark carried such a sting, that Clara was hurt, pained and annoyed beyond expression, and blazed out an angry answer that astounded her aunt, who had always known her as invariably good tempered and equal under the most trying circumstances, ever willing to receive civilly the most unpalatable advice, whether she took it or not. She could not eat her dinner when the old lady had mamma, who talked in such a nice languish-gone, and bitter tears came to her relief when ing way and danced so divinely?" said little before night."

"Why, all the birds are singing, Briggs, and I am sure its so early that they have not had insulting and dismissing Mr. Feversham, but in reality she played a trump oard into his."

"No doubt it's the money that tempted

hand in the form of a little snow-white note. prought to him that afternoon by Sally Briggs, containing Miss Montgomery's comoliments and a wish to see Mr. Fevershan and speak to him seriously on a most painful subject. He wrote a line to say he would come that evening, and wisely waited till the sun was down and the moon had risen, knowing very well it was now or never with him. Clara had not lighted the lamp. She was glad of the faint mild luster of the moon, and when she heard his step, went to the open door before he had time to knock and con ducted him into the dim parlor, where the only light was the silver radiance from without, fretting the carpet through shimmering leaves. She sat down in the bay window Mr. Feversham declined to sit, and leaning against the window frame, opened the sub-

ject playfully saying:
Well, what is the difficulty? Can Ja—ack be of any use, Miss Clara?"

For some time he had dropped Miss Montgomery and used the more familiar form of

"I don't know. I hope so. I want to get rid of a very troublesome fellow, who has said Sally who was young and romantic and given me pain by making people talk about me, and to me in a very impertinent way.

"folks say he dances well, and 'twas pretty to What am I to do with him ?"

"I thought so. I would-aw-advise you to marry the fellah. It would stop people's mouths and silence impertinent remarks, and you could-aw-punish him propablly. He would be quite at your mercy."

"I should be at his mercy, you mean

sir. "Well, there is more than mercy in his heart for you; it is full of love." " Mr. Feversham you play with the subject

but I am in sad earnest." "So am I, nevah was so much in earnest in my life. Did not Sir Water Raleigh play with the axe that took his life? But you are an instrument that can not only take life but give it at a word, for without you life is no life to me. Could I ever forget you and marry another woman? I could not. I should exist, if you drove me from you, I should only half live. I should dawdle away the strength and prime of life most miserably and uselessly. You are my fate, whether I am yours or not; and if you were my wife-at ny mercy—as you say, it would be the object of my life, my pleasure, my privilege to cherish, to protect, to foster, as I do the beautiful white flower you gave me. Could I ever be unkind to what I love so well—could I ever neglect, could I annoy? I would cut off my right hand rather than vex you. I would walk twenty miles to save you a petty pain, or give you pleasure. You avoid me so persistently that you do not understand my character at all, and if you dismiss me without giving me a chance you will commit a great cruelty, for I leve you Clara—I will call you Clara this once-I love you so that if I knew you cared for a worthier fellow, I would leave the field with a God bless you and never see you again. But not now, because von do not know the man you are refusing, and I feel I could make you happy, far hap pier than you are now. Give me a fair chance, be what is called 'engaged' to me; allow me to come as an acknowledged lover put me on probation for six months, and then f you feel you ean never love me. I will leave the country at once."

Poor Clara was quite unprepared for passionate appeal with all the r's in it; she had meant to speak seriously to Mr. Feversham and show him how wrong he was, and
he had turned the tables upon her most unexpectedly. Her hands trembled as she an
Tontenues on Fourth Page.

swered in great agitation and indecision, "I

"Give the a chance—ity me, was ane pleading reply. "I will not encroach, I will not claim favors till they are freely given. You may trust me, I am a gentleman, not a

blackgnard."
"I am sure of that, but I am in doubt

"I am sure of that, but I am in doubt about you. I do not know what to think of you. I do not —you are right so far—understand you. Why do you draw!— why do you use an eye-glass? You can see me and know who I am, when I am no larger from distance than a black beetle; and that without a glass?"

"Indeed I can," he replied, "but I use it to put down insolence. When people ask impertinent questions I lift the glass, say awand stare at them (but can't see them) for five

and stare at them (but can't see them) for five minutes. It generally crushes them. As for the drawl its partly a bad habit, and some-times intentional, to give me time to think." "But yourage—I am years older than you."
"I don't believe it. Shall I send for the register of my birth? There may be a year's

difference in age—don't know—can't remem-ber when I was born—but I know I was born for you, and I wish—I pray—I hope that you were born for me. Will you try me? Will you give me leave to announce to-morrow that we are engaged—will you give me a chance? You ask me to help you, but it is I who need help. The very clothes you wear, the white drapery that floats about you are dear and sacred things to me because they are yours. Do not banish me."

She was touched at last with his devotion, and standing up looked in his face with tearful, troubled compassionate eyes. The moon shone penignantly on her fair head and seemed to plead love's cause, the tremulous leaves shimmered in his favor, the gentle south wind sighed for him, the very insects humming musically in the grass murmured an appeal and a bird that had gone to sleep hour ago, roused herself once more, and half rose from her nest to twitter a sweet quavering plea for Mr. Feversham. The tender dark eyes softened to compunction by her tears, spoke powerfully in his favor, and so did the sudden self blame implied in the words, "brute that I am I have wounded you. Oh! forgive

me dearest."
"Hush! hush! I will give you a chance, I will say we are engaged and try you; but you must not call yourself names, or me either; my dear or anything of that kind before peo-ple, I couldn't bear it. Just call me Clara, and you musn't take liberties understand or I shall leave the country. Indeed I am afraid it's very week in me to yield to you, and will be cruelty in the end, though I do it to spare

what to do with you."

"I shall not know what to do with myself to-night; I think I shall stroll about till the morning and try and realize my happiness, and then I will daudle up to the Jackson's to preakfast, and announce to Mrs Jackson that I am engaged to you, and that lady will defy the heat, and at the risk of a sun stroke make a dozen calls to tell the news; and in the evening I shall come—may I come? and ride with you Clara?"

CHAPTER VIII

"Go to; I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad. I say we will have no more marriages."— HAMLET.

"Clara Montgomery engaged to Mr. Feversham," exclaimed Mrs. Jackson; "did you ever hear of anything so absurd? She's eld enough to be his mother."

"Hardly," replied her husband. "I think he's a lucky dog to get her; a superb woman in the prime of life, who can make a delicious oudding and understands book-keeping by single and double entry, to say nothing of two hundred pounds sterling a year and one of the best farms in Glanford. Fortune favors

fools."

"I don't think Mr. Feversham a fool except

in this," replied his wife.

"Nonsense, my dear; a shallow fellow.
I've pumped him twenty times and there's nothing in him to come out. I once gave kim a mathematical problem to solve, so simple a baby could have done it, and he just lifted his eye glass and looked idiotic. He can ride and dance, and that's all you wemen care about, but fool as he is, he's not such a fool as to underrate Clara Montgomery. The wonder is that she chose him.

"You remember that sweet young man, Miss Brown, who had just come out. " They

replied mamma; "it's a ridiculous match. H'll neglect her and break her heart poor thing, but a woman at her age, my love, s glad to catch at any chance of a hughand hope you will be suitably wedded before you are out of your teens, for single women are entirely a mistake and sure to do something ridiculous sooner or later.

Dang it, I'd like to stand in his shoes, that's all," exclaimed Mr. Gustavus Adolphus Brown, who steed jut five feet one inch. and had a nety retrousse, and a cast in the eye, "perhaps I might too, but I never had the pluck to propose, she looked so little a goddess, and now my chance is gone. I hope she'll ask me to the wedding," with a sigh. * * * "Well I never!" exclaimed Briggs in angry confidence to Sally, "to think o' Miss

Clara throwing herself away on that long legged yea nay boy, as can't even speak like other folks, it pus me past patience. It's better to make a fool o' yourself when you're young as I did and ha' done with "I don't know what's wrong with him,"

see him skim over the pond like a bird on his

skates last winter, and I'm sure he won two turkeys at the shootin' match. 'And without his eye glass I'll warrant." said Briggs. "Its impudence in him a wearing it, as if he'd sneer at folks as can't do without spec's. Its brazeness as carries him through with everything. I dessay he's counted every pound and acre of Miss Clara's beore he put the question. I looked for a comfortable home here for me, and for you after me, and what more natteral than for Miss Clara—if she stayed single—leaving you her bits o' things when she died ? And now we're at that man's mercy and may be turned adrift any day."

" Law mother, you're very worldly minded, I'd rather see Miss Clara married than dead (one may lead to 'tother," said Briggs in parenthasis) and I'm sure you might be glad to see her happy, for I feel sure as she'll be happy," ended Sally sentimentally.

"She wunt" said Briggs, concluding the the argument with a box on the ear, "so none your sauce now, and if it was you as snifered it wouldn't much matter, but it's hard for them as has toiled and toiled ever since they've been born, and looked for summat in their old age, and after all be like the poor dog and his shaddow, and wuss as I may say, for if he didn't get nothing he didn't diserve it, but me as is one in a thousand. I say it's

If Briggs felt in this way, what were the feelings of Mrs. Montgomery when she re-ceived a note from her neice telling her of this important engagement? "Jack," she screamed "come here this instant," and her son, who was chopping in the yard, threw down his axe in all haste, thinking that perhaps the house was on fire, or some unknown calamity had come to light, judging from the agitation of his mother's face. "I have a note from Clara his mother's face. "I have a note from Clara and she tells me that she is engaged to that long-legged, insolent, presuming young wretch Mr. Feversham." Jack gave a long whistle.

"And that's all, is it?" he said, greatly re-lieved. "Well, he is insolent, and he certainly presumed to ask an important question, o this would never have come about, and he's young, not a doubt of it, and long in the leg