

not been wasted, after all, had passed through the triumph of her life, for had she not entertained Sir John and Agnes Clare? And Cecilia, gorgeous in bridesmaid's array, had whispered confidentially to Muriel, "Whether Fred, when we come to pass through the ceremony next month, will act his part just as grandly as Hugh Gordon, with that splendid air of his, did, I don't quite know; but after being guests at your wedding, the Castle Deeping folks are bound to call after Fred's and mine, anyway. Old Simkins will be proud."

Thea voices cheered loud and long as along the road to Ballyree Muriel's husband brought her back to the home she loved so fondly; and when on the hall steps of the dear old house the servants clustered, with old Pat at their head, to give their enthusiastic welcome, Hugh Gordon turned with a smile to his lovely bride.

"Do you think you can find life happy here with me, little one? What, tears, my wife, to-day?"

"Only of thankfulness," she smiled through them—"of thankfulness, Hugh, for this happiness almost greater than I can bear!"

THE END.

THE BEAUTIFUL ADONIS.

I KEEP a boarding-house, probably for my sins. My boarding-house is just as scandalous as anybody else's. Well, one fine morning, a young man arrived in a hurry, took a room and board, left his valise, and said he would be back to dinner.

He was magnificent; all the young persons in my boarding-house talked about him all day.

I noticed a marked change in the toilets at dinner on the arrival of this young Adonis. One, Angie, had donned her blonde fichu, frilled profusely with the richest of creamy lace, and stuck full of little blue bows, over a silver-coloured silk, that rustled and shone like starlight.

Her husband (she was a widow) had left her a little property, which she privately declared she was not going to work her fingers to the bone to save, but should use it as a means to get a second husband.

Miss Florida wore a purple silk, with dead white bows, that made her, with her dark eyes and skin, look like a lemon, and a crazy fringe of curls upon her forehead, that made her look leaner and more cadaverous than ever.

Mrs. Yetherby wore sea-green, with a surplus amount of jewellery.

Emily Mills, who came late, and did not know of the new arrival, wore white calico, with a sprig in it.

I saw young Ellery look at her with his lovely, dreamy eyes; and when I saw her look up at him, I knew it was all up with her, and I knew as well as I do now that she would fall in love with him, and I did hope she would take a fancy to my son Watson, who, though not a particularly brilliant boy, is honest and good principled. I knew enough of the world to know that fine clothes and fine ways, and a city-bred air would attract a girl, where the sober, prudent ways of my Watson would make no impression.

If ever Lucifer came down in the form of an angel of light, it was young Roy Ellery. Whenever I saw him walking with Emily in the shady walks, I shuddered. I dreaded to have her under the charm of his magnetic eyes, and his dazzling ways; but I dared not say anything, being a widow, and dependent on my boarders for a living, and Ellery was my best paying one.

"Beware of a man, though he be your brother. Who has hair of one colour, and moustache of another,"

quoted Miss Florida, sharply.

Yet, for all that, I noticed she did not take

her own warning to heart, for if ever a woman threw herself at a man's head, it was Miss Florida Dorn.

In spite of the lack of so many front teeth, she smiled in his face constantly. Did he try to flirt with willing Angie Barker, in the parlour, she would be sure to be sitting bolt upright near; did he attempt to whisper any sweet things to shy Emily Mills in some twilight corner, she would contrive to wedge her knife-like blade of a figure between them.

So the summer crept away, and he had likewise crept into the hearts of all my women-kind. Angie had snubbed poor Mr. Geasly, and devoted herself entirely to Ellery. I knew of the two, the latter liked Emily best, but I felt sure he would never marry her. The young men of to-day are too cool-headed, and too cool-headed, too keenly alive to their own interests to marry so poor a girl.

So I watched her with dismay, growing slyer and slyer, and colouring like an Italian sunset whenever he spoke to her; and Mr. Geasly growing daily more stolid and crabbed, and my son Watson sadder and more awkward.

I had a summer-house built for the boarders out on the lawn—it was no part of the plan when it was built that almost everything that was said in that summer-house could be heard almost everywhere near.

One night Angie and Ellery were sitting on the rustic seat within it, and Emily were leaning against my garden-wall, among the gooseberry bushes.

I was in the shed, looking over my roots, when I heard Roy say, "What could have made you suppose I loved Emily better than you? Why, the girl is well enough in her way, but what man would wish to marry a girl who wore a sprigged calico?"

I saw Emily start and pull her bouquet of asters to pieces, then I saw her turn suddenly, and walked down to the canal edge. She stooped and looked down into the green, shady water—how pleasant it would be to lie there among the rushes for ever; no cruel world to face, no false lovers to wring one's heart.

If it were only right to put an end to one's self when sick of this world! But we cannot die when we want to, or go off into oblivion, we must take up our flowers or clanking chains, as the case may be, and step along under our burden.

Emily forced herself to turn from the shadowy water, and kept on wearily. She had almost walked into the arms of a tall, gaunt woman, coming towards her, before she had realized she met anyone.

The woman, who seemed a mixture of brusqueness and cheap finery, asked her in a coarse voice if that was the way to Oakwood House.

"Yes," said startled Emily, "I board there."

"All right," responded this cadaverous female, "then you must have seen a man there who calls himself Roy Ellery—a very handsome man with black hair and blue eyes, and a taking way with him?"

"Is it possible you could have met him?" faltered poor Emily.

"Possible I could have met him!" mimicked the stranger. "He married me seven years ago, and a pretty life he has led me. I am no great things to look at now, but I was handsome then. You marry a gambler, and let him waste your property for you, and break your heart, and see if in a few years you have such a sweet colour in your cheeks and such pretty flesh on your bones!"

Poor Emily, blushing furiously, waited to hear no more, but, turning, fled home without another word.

The next day Roy Ellery was nowhere to be found; neither was Miss Florida's diamond brooch, nor one hundred pound in bank-notes Angie Barker kept locked in her bureau-drawer.

Old Mr. Dorn said, "he must have found his proper level, and betaken himself to his Satanic majesty!" only he said it in an abbreviated form.

"I suspected he was a married man all the time," said Miss Florida.

"She must have an affinity for married men, then," whispered Mrs. Yetherby.

But, with all our surmises, forethought, and searching, the diamonds, and notes, and Roy, with his false, fair face, were never found.

Angie, having spent most of her money, said "Yes" at last to patient Mr. Geasly, and reigns over his big house graciously, and is a richly-dressed, proper, society woman.

Miss Florida captured a judge, at last, a man as tall and dark as herself. He wanted a housekeeper, and she wanted someone to rule over, so they both tolerate each other, and keep up a system of mild nagging the year through.

Emily is with me yet, with a pathetic gleam in her large eyes, and a tender droop to her sweet mouth.

Love goes where it is sent, and she does not love my son Watson, and will not marry him under the circumstances. Still, I am hoping brighter days will come for them both some time.

A COLOURED SEANCE.

THE writer recently attended a coloured seance. He found himself in a large room with fully a score of dusky damsels and women.

The medium, Mrs. Fales (the only other white person present beside your correspondent), took her position amid this dusky throng, and opened the meeting with an invocation that the closing scenes in the life drama of this people, whose earlier days were spent in bondage, might close in happiness and peaceful rest.

A song was sung, and then an old woman, whose weary limbs were stretched upon a camp-bed, expressed a desire to have her "fortin' told."

"You've seen a deal of sorrow," said the medium, "but there's happiness yet in store for you. I hear the name of Tommy. Have you a little boy named Tommy in spirit life?" "Fo' de good Lor', honey, lebe dis chile! Don' come nigh me! How you know my Tommy dead? Josephine, Josephine! for de Lor' sake, come here!"

In response to this summons an intelligent coloured girl of fourteen summers came to the woman's bedside.

"What you think, chile? Dis woman done gone tell me 'bout yer little brother, Tommy Judson, who done gone dead eber so long ago."

"That is not all I have to tell you," said the medium. "I see two men here, both in spirit form. I think you have been married twice, and both your husbands are dead; but there's another here that wants you; he's not dead."

"Go 'way, woman; don' ye go to pokin' any yer men on me, 'case I don' want 'em. I've had enough on 'em. I've been married three times, and am de mudder of twenty-one chil'en, and dat Josephine am all dat's left. But, say, honey, der ye see my fust ole man here?"

"Yes, a name is given. Is it William?"

"Yes, bress de Lor'! Ole man, ye come to see me? Where is ye, honey?" And, in her excitement, the sick woman rose to a sitting position, and trembled in agitation.

"You will see him in spirit world, my good woman. You will be happy there, for there are no wash-tubs in heaven."

"Bress de Lor'! I want to meet my ole man up dar, or some part ob him. I don't care if it am nothin' but his ole trousers hangin' on de bed-post, as he used to hang 'em up 'way down in ole Virginia."