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Selections.

Great and Little Whittion.

A rustic congregation was pouring out of a rustic church, one Sunday afternoon, St. Mary's, situated in the hamlet of Little Whittion. Great Whittion, some three miles off, was altogether a different affair, for the parish, there, was more aristocratic than rustic, and the living was worth nine hundred a year; Little Whittion brought its incumbent in but two hundred, all told. The livings were both in the gift of the Earl of Avon; the incumbent of Great Whittion was a gouty old man on his last legs; the incumbent of Little Whittion was an attractive man scarcely thirty; the Reverend Ryle Baumgarten. Therefore, little wonder need be expressed if some of the Great Whittion families ignored their old rector, who had lost his teeth, and could not by any effort be heard, and came to hear the eloquent Mr. Baumgarten.

A small, open carriage, the horse driven by a boy, jockey fashion, waited at the church door. The boy, was in a crimson jacket and velvet cap, the position livery of an aristocratic family. The sweeping-seat behind was low and convenient, without doors; therefore, when two ladies emerged from the church, they stepped into it unhesitated. The one looked about fifty years of age, and walked lame; the other was a young lady of exceeding fairness, blue eyes, and somewhat haughty features. The boy touched his horses and drove on.

"The surprised himself to-day, Grace," began the older.

"I think he did, mamma."

"But it is a long way to come—for me—I can't venture out in all weathers. If we had him at Great Whittion, now, I could hear him every Sunday."

"Well, mamma, there's nothing more easy than to have him—as I have said more than once," observed the younger, bending down to adjust something in the carriage, that her sudden heightening of color might pass unnoticed. "It is impossible that Mr. Chester should last long, and you could get Henry to give him the living."

"Grace, you talk like a child. Valuable livings are not given away so easily; neither are men without connections inducted to them. I never heard that young Baumgarten had any connection, not as such as a mother, even; he does not speak of his family. No; the most sensible plan would be for Mr. Chester to turn off that muff of a curate, and take on Baumgarten in his stead."

The young lady threw back her head.—"Rectors don't give up their preferments to subsidize into curates, mamma."

"Unless it is made well worth their while," returned the elder, in a matter-of-fact tone; "and old Chester ought to make it worth his."

"Mamma!—when they were about a mile on the road—we never called to inquire after Mrs. Dane!"

"I did not think of doing so."

"I did. I shall go back again. James!"

The boy, without slackening his speed, halted on his horse. "My lady?"

"When you come to the corner, drive down the lane and go back to the cottage."

If touched his cap and looked forward again, and Lady Grace sank back in the carriage.

"You might have consulted me first, Grace," grumbled the Countess of Avon.—"And why do you choose the long way, all round by the lane?"

"The lane is shady, mamma, and the afternoon sunny; to prolong our drive will do you good."

Lady Grace laughed as she spoke, and it would have taken one, deeper in penetration than the Countess of Avon had ever been, to divine that all had been done with a preconcerted plan; that when Lady Grace drove from the church door, she had fully intended, to proceed, part of the way home, and then come back again.

We must notice another of the congregation, one who had left the church subsequently to the Countess and her daughter, but by another door.—It was a young lady of two or three and twenty; she had less beauty than Lady Grace, but a far sweeter countenance. She crossed the church-yard, and opening one of its gates, found herself in a narrow sheltered walk, running through Whittion Wood. It was the nearest way to her home, Whittion Cottage.

A few paces within it, she stood against a tree, turned and waited; her lips parted, her cheeks flushed, and her hand was laid upon her beating heart. Who was she expecting? that it was too, all too dear to her, the signs but too truly betrayed. The ear of love is strangely fine, and she, Edith Dane, bent here to listen; with the first sound of approaching foot steps, she walked hurriedly on. Would she be caught waiting for him? No; no; rather would she sink into the earth than betray aught of the deep love that ran through her veins for the Reverend Ryle Baumgarten.

It was Mr. Baumgarten who was following her; he sometimes chose the near way home, too; a tall graceful man, with pale, classic features, and large brown eyes, set deeply. He strode on and overtook Miss Dane.

"How fast you are walking, Edith!"

She turned her head with the prettiest air of surprise possible, her face overspread with love's rosy flush. "Oh!—is it you, Mr.

Baumgarten? I was walking fast to get home to poor mamma."

Nevertheless, it did happen that their pace slackened considerably; in fact, they scarcely advanced at all, but sauntered along side by side. "They have been taking me to task," began Mr. Baumgarten.

"Who? What about?"

"About the duties of the parish, secular, not clerical. I take care that the latter shall be efficiently performed. The old women are not coddled, the younger ones' households not sufficiently looked up, and the school, in the point of plain sewing is running to rack and ruin. Squire Wells and his wife, with half-a-dozen more, carpeted me in the vestry, this morning, after service, to tell me this."

Mr. Baumgarten had been speaking in a half-joking way, his beautiful eyes alive with merriment. Miss Dane received the news more seriously. "You never said anything of this at home! you never told mamma."

"No. Why should I? The school sewing is the worst grievance. Dame Giles' Betsy took some cloth with her, which ought to have gone back a shirt, but which was returned a pair of pillow cases; the dame boxed Betsy's ears, went to the school and nearly boxed the governess. Such mistakes are always occurring, and the matrons of the parish are up in arms."

"But do they expect you to look after the sewing of the school?" breathlessly asked Edith.

"Not exactly; but they think I might provide a remedy—one who would."

"How stupid they are! Be sure the governess does what she can with such a tribe. Not that I think she has much head-piece, and were there any lady who would supervise occasionally, it might be better; but—"

"That is just it," interrupted Mr. Baumgarten, laughing. "They tell me I ought to help her to a supervisor, by taking to myself a wife."

He looked at Edith as he spoke, and her face happened to be turned full upon him. The words dyed it with a glowing crimson, even to the roots of her hair. In her confusion, she knew not whether to keep it as it was; or to turn it away; her eyelids had dropped, glowing also; and Edith Dane could have boxed her own ears as heartily as Dame Giles had boxed the unhappy Miss Betsy's.

"It cannot be thought of, you know, Edith."

"What cannot?"

"My marrying. Marry on two hundred a year, and expose my wife, and perhaps a family, to poverty and privation? no—that I never will."

"There's the parsonage must be put in repair if you marry," stammered Edith, not in the least knowing what she said, but compelling herself to say something.

"And a sight of money it would take to do it. I told Squire Wells if he could get my tithes increased to double their present value, then I might venture. He laughed, and replied I might look out for a wife who had ten thousand pounds."

"They are not so plentiful," murmured Edith Dane.

"Not for me," returned Mr. Baumgarten. "A college chum of mine, never dreaming to aspire to anything better than I possess now, married a rich young widow in the second year of his curacy, and lives on the fat of the land, in pomp and luxury. I would not have done it."

"Why?"

"Because no love went with it; even before his marriage he allowed himself to speak of her to me in disparaging terms. No; the school and the other difficulties, which are out of my line, must do as they can, yet awhile."

"If mamma were not incapacitated, she would still see after these things for you."

"But she is Edith. And your time is taken up with her, so that you cannot help me."

Miss Dane was silent. And her time not been taken up, she fancied it might not be deemed quite the thing, in their censorious neighborhood, for her to be going about in conjunction with Mr. Baumgarten; although she was the late rector's daughter.

The Reverend Cyrus Dane, had been many years rector of Little Whittion; at his death Mr. Baumgarten was appointed.—Mrs. Dane was left with a very slender provision, and Mr. Baumgarten took up his residence with her, paying a certain sum for his board. It was a comfortable arrangement for the young clergyman, and it was a help to Mrs. Dane. The rectory was in a state of dilapidation, and would take more money to put it in a habitable repair than Mr. Dane had possessed; so, previous to his death, he had moved out of it to Whittion Cottage. Gossips say that Mr. Baumgarten could have it put in order and come upon the widow for costs; but he did not appear to have any intention of doing so.

"Why did she love him? Curious fool he still is human love the growth of human will?"

A deal happier for many of us if it were the growth of human will, or under its control. In too many instances it is born of association, of companionship; and thus had it been at Whittion Cottage.—Thrown together in daily intercourse, an attachment had sprung up between the young rector and Edith Dane, concealed attachment, for he considered his circumstances barred his marriage, and she hid her feelings as a matter of course. He was an ambitious

man, a proud man, though perhaps not quite conscious of it; and to encounter the expenses of a family upon small means, appeared to him more to be skunked than any adverse fate on earth.

Arrived at the end of the sheltered walk, they turned into Whittion Cottage, which was close by. Mr. Baumgarten went on at once to his study; but Edith, at the sound of wheels, lingered in the garden. The Countess of Avon's carriage drew up. It was Lady Grace who spoke, her eyes running in all directions while she did, as if they were in search of some object not in view.

"Edith, we could not go home without driving round to ask after your mamma."

"Thank you, Lady Grace. Mamma is in little pain to-day; I think her breath is generally better in hot weather. Will you walk in?"

"Couldn't think of it, my dear," spoke up the Countess. "Our dinner is waiting as it is. Grace forgot to order James round till we were half way home."

"Has Mr. Baumgarten got home yet?" carelessly spoke Lady Grace, adjusting the lace of her summer mantle.

"He is in his study, I fancy," replied Edith, and she turned round to hide the blush called up by the question, just as Mr. Baumgarten approached them. At his appearance the blush in Lady Grace's face rose high as Edith's.

"You surpassed yourself to-day," cried the Countess, as he shook hands with them. "I must hear that sermon again. Would you mind leading it to me?"

"Not at all," he replied, "if you can only make out my hieroglyphics. My writing is plain to me, but I do not know that it would be so to all."

"When shall I have it? Will you bring it up this evening, and take tea with us?—But you will find the walk long, in this hot weather."

"Very long, too far," spoke up Lady Grace. "You had better return with us now, Mr. Baumgarten; mamma will be glad of you to stay grace at table."

Whether it pleased the Countess or not, she had no resource, in good manners, but to second the invitation so unceremoniously given. Mr. Baumgarten may have thought he had no resource but to acquiesce—out of good manners, also, perhaps. He stood, leaning over the carriage, and spoke, half-laughing:

"Am I to bring my sermon with me? If so, I must go in for it. I have just taken it from my pocket."

He came back with his sermon in its black cover. The seat of the carriage was exceedingly large, sweeping round in a half circle. Lady Grace drew nearer to her mother, and sat back in the middle of the seat and Mr. Baumgarten took his place beside her. Edith Dane looked after them, an envious look; the sunshine of her afternoon had gone out; and she saw his face bent close to that of Grace Avon.

Some cloud, unexpected, and nearly forgotten now, had overshadowed Lady Avon. It had occurred, whatever it was, during the lifetime of her lord. She had chosen ever since to live at Avon House in retirement, fearing possibly the reception she might meet with, did she venture again into the world; old stories might be raked up and a molehill made into a mountain. Lady Grace had been presented by her aunt, and passed one season in town; then she had returned to her mother, to share her fortune in her retirement, for she had no other home; and it is probable that the enmity of her monotonous life had led to her falling in love with Mr. Baumgarten. That she did love him, with a strong and irreplaceable passion, was certain; and she did not try to overcome it, but rather fostered it with all her power, seeking his society, dwelling upon his image. Had it occurred to her to fear that she might find a dangerous rival in Edith Dane? No; for she cherished the notion that Mr. Baumgarten was attached to herself, and Edith was supposed to be engaged to her cousin. A cousin had certainly wanted her, and made no secret of his want, but Edith had refused him; this however, was not necessary to be proclaimed to all. Strange as it may seem, to those who understand the exacting and jealous nature of love, Lady Grace Avon had never cast a fear of the sort to Edith.

This evening was but another of those he sometimes spent at Avon House, feeding the flame of her ill-starred passion. He told them, jokingly as he had told it to Edith, that the parish wanted him to marry.—Lady Avon thought he could not do better; parsons and doctors should always be married men. True—when their incomes allowed them to be, he replied; but he did not.

He stood on the lawn with Lady Grace, watching the glories of the setting sun.—Lady Avon was beginning to nod in her afternoon doze, and they had quitted her. Scant ceremony was observed at Avon House; no pomp or show: six or eight servants composed the whole household, for the Countess's jointure was extremely limited. He had given his arm to Lady Grace in courtesy, and they were both gazing at the beautiful sky, their hands partially shading their eyes, when a little man, dressed in black with a white neck-tie, limped up the path. It was the clerk of Great Whittion Church.

"I beg pardon, my lady; I thought it right to come in and inform the Countess.—Mr. Chester's gone."

"Gone!" exclaimed Lady Grace—"gone where?"

"Gone dead, my lady—departed to the bourne whence no traveler returns," added the clerk, who was of a poetic turn. "He dropped into a sweet sleep, sir, an hour or two ago, and when they came to wake him up for his tea, they found he had gone off in it. Poor old Mrs. Chester's quite beside herself, sir, with the suddenness, and the servants be running about here and there, all at sixes and sevens."

"I will be at the rectory in ten minutes," said Mr. Baumgarten.

They carried the news to the Countess, and then Mr. Baumgarten departed; Lady Grace strolling with him across the lawn to the gate. When they reached it, he stopped to bid her good evening.

"Great Whittion is in my brother's gift," she whispered, as her hand rested on his.—"I wish he could give it to you."

A flush rose to the clergyman's face; to exchange Little Whittion for Great Whittion had been one of the flighty dreams of his ambition. "Do not mock me with pleasant visions, Lady Grace; I can have no possible interest with Lord Avon."

"You could marry then," she softly said, "and set the parish gossamers at defiance."

"I should do it," was his reply. His voice was soft as her own, his speech hesitating; he was thinking of Edith Dane.—She, alas! gave a different interpretation to it; and how was he to know that? His lofty dreams had never yet soared so high as Lady Grace Avon.

Persuaded into it by her daughter—her ladyship said, bargued into it—the Countess exacted a promise from her son that he would bestow Great Whittion on the Rev. Ryle Baumgarten. On the evening of the date that the letter arrived, giving the promise, Mr. Baumgarten was again at Avon.—Lady Grace had him all to herself in the drawing-room, for the Countess was temporarily indisposed.

"What will you give me for some news I can tell you?" cried she, standing triumphantly before him in the full glow of her beauty.

If bent his sweet smiles down upon her, his eyes speaking the admiration that he might not utter. He was no more insensible to the charms of a fascinating and beautiful girl than are other men—in spite of his love for Edith Dane. "What may I give you? Nothing that I can give would be of value to you."

"How do you know that?" And then, with a burning blush, for she had spoken unguardedly, she laughed merrily, and drew a letter from her pocket. "It came to mamma this morning, Mr. Baumgarten, and it is from Lord Avon. What will you give me, just to read you one little sentence from it? It concerns you."

Mr. Baumgarten, but that Edith Dane and his calling were in the way, would have liked to say a shower of kisses: it is possible that he would still, in spite of both, had he dared. Whether his looks betrayed so, cannot be told; Lady Grace took refuge in the letter. "I have been dunned with applications," read she, "some from close friends; but as you and Grace make so great a point of it, I promise you that Mr. Baumgarten shall have Great Whittion." In reading, she had left out the words "and Grace."

She folded up the letter, and then stole a glance at his face.

It had turned to pale seriousness. "How can I ever sufficiently thank Lord Avon?" he breathed forth.

"Now, is not the knowing that worth something?" laughed she.

"O, Lady Grace! It is worth far more than anything I have to give in return."

"You will be publicly appointed in a day or two, and will of course hear from my brother. What do you say to your marrying project now?"

She spoke sanely, secure in the fact that she could not divine her feelings for him—although she believed in his love for her.—His answer surprised her.

"I shall marry instantly; I have only waited for something equivalent to this."

"You are a bold man, Mr. Baumgarten, to make so sure of the lady's consent.—Have you asked it?"

"No; where was the use, until I could speak to some purpose? But she has detected my love for her, I am sure; and there is no coquetry in Edith."

"Edith! almost shrieked Lady Grace.—"I beg your pardon; I shall not fall."

"What have you done? You have hurt yourself!"

"I gave my ankle a twist. The pain was sharp."

"Pray lean on me, Lady Grace; pray let me support you; you are as white as death."

He wound his arms round her, and laid her pallid face upon his shoulder: for one single moment she yielded to the fascination of the beloved resting-place. Oh! that it could be hers forever! She averted, raised her head, and broke from him. "Thank you; the anguish has passed."

He quitted the house, suspecting nothing, and Lady Grace rushed to her writing desk: "Hell has no fury like a woman scorned." A blotted and hasty note to the Earl of Avon just saved the post. "Give the living to any one you please, Harry, but not to Ryle Baumgarten; bestow it where you will, but not on him. Explanations when we meet!"

looking for him of course; merely enjoying the air of the summer's night. That's what she said she was doing when he came up.—He did not listen: he caught her by the waist, and drew her between the trees and the privet hedge. "Edith, my darling, do you think I am mad? I believe I am: mad with joy; for the time has come that I may safely ask you to be my wife."

Her heart beat wildly against his, and he laid her face upon his breast, more fondly than he had laid another's not long before.

"You know how I have loved you; you must have seen, though I would not speak; but I could not expose you to the imprudence of marrying while my income was so small. It would not have been right, Edith."

"If you think so—no."

"But, oh! my dearest, I may speak now. Will you be my wife? I am presented to the living of Great Whittion, Edith."

"Of Great Whittion! Ryle!"

"I have seen it in Lord Avon's own handwriting. The Countess asked it for me, and he complied. Edith you will not be afraid of our future you will not reject me, now I have Great Whittion?"

She hid her face; she felt him lovingly stroking her hair. "I would not have rejected you when you had but Little Whittion, Ryle."

There they lingered, now pacing the confined space and talking, now her face gathered upon him again. "Yours is not the first fair face which has been there this night, Edith," he laughed, in the exuberance of his joy and love.

"I had Lady Grace's there but an hour back."

A shiver seemed to dart through Edith Dane's heart. Her jealousy of Lady Grace had been almost as powerful as her love for Mr. Baumgarten.

"I was telling her my plans, now my prospects have changed; that my first step would be my marriage with you; and, as I spoke, she managed somehow to twist her ankle. This pain must have been intense, for she turned as white as death, and I had to hold her to me. But I did not pay myself for my trouble, as I am doing now," he added, taking kiss after kiss from Edith's face.

She lifted her face up and looked in his: "You would only have liked to do so, Ryle."

"I have liked to do so!" he uttered, smothering back a glimmer of consciousness.—"Edith, my dearest, my whole love is yours."

A week passed, and then the lucky man was announced. The living of Great Whittion was bestowed on the Honorable and Reverend Wilfred Elliot, a personal friend of the Earl of Avon's.

A two-months' passed away. In a shaded room of Little Whittion rectory lay Edith Baumgarten—dying. Changes had taken place. That Mr. Baumgarten must have been disappointed and annoyed at the appointment of another to the living, could not be doubted; he set it down to the caprice of great men; and he consoled himself by immediately marrying Edith, sending his former prudence to the winds. It is probable he thought he could not in honor withdraw, and it is more than probable that once having given the reins to his hopes and his love, he was not stoic enough to do so. Following close upon the marriage came the death of Mrs. Dane, an event long anticipated: a few hundred pounds descended to Edith, and they were employed in putting the rectory in order, into which Mr. and Mrs. Baumgarten removed.

"Ryle, we have been very happy," she faintly sighed.

He was sitting by her, holding her hand in his, his tears kept back, and his voice low with his suppressed grief. "Do not say 'we have,' my darling; say 'we are.' I cannot part with you; there is hope yet."

"There is none," she wailed.—"There is none. O, Ryle! my husband, it will be a hard parting!"

She feebly drew his face to hers, and his tears fell upon it. "Edith, if I lose you I shall lose all that is of value to me in life."

A tap at the door, and then a middle-aged woman, holding a very young infant in her arms, put in her head and looked at Mr. Baumgarten. "The doctors are coming up, sir."

He quitted his wife, snatched a handkerchief from his pocket, rubbed it over his face, and then turned to the window, as if intent on looking out. He lingered an instant after the medical men entered the chamber, but he gathered nothing, and could not ask questions there; so he left it and waylaid them as they came out. "Well!" he uttered, his tone harsh with pain.

"There is no improvement, sir; there can be none. If she could but have rallied—but she cannot. She will die from exhaustion."

"She may recover yet," he sharply said; "I am sure she may. But a few days ago, well; and now—"

"Mr. Baumgarten, if we deceived you, you would blame us afterwards. She cannot be saved."

And yet, later in the day, she did seem a little better: it was the rally of the spirit before final departure. She knew it would be her last, but it put hope into the heart of Mr. Baumgarten.

"Ryle, if he should live, you will always be kind to him?"

"Edith! Kind to him! O, my wife, my wife!" he uttered, with a burst of irreplaceable emotion, "you must not go, and leave him to his tongue. Edith was at the gate, not

She waited until he was calmer; she was far more collected than he.

"And when you take another wife, Ryle—"

"You are cruel, Edith," he interrupted.

"Not cruel, my darling; I am only looking dispassionately forward at what will be. Were I to remain on earth, or, going where I am, could I look down here at what passes, retaining my human passions and feelings, it would be torment to me to see you wedded with another. But it will not be so: Ryle; and it seems as if a phase of my future passionless state were come upon me, enabling me to contemplate calmly what must be. Ryle, you will take another wife; I can foresee, with all but certainty, who that wife will be."

"What mean you?" inquired Mr. Baumgarten, raising his head to look at her.

"It will be Grace Avon. It surely will. Now that impediments are removed, she will not let you escape her again. But for my being in the way, she would have been your wife long ago."

"Edith, I do think you must be wandering," uttered Mr. Baumgarten, speaking according to his belief. "Grace Avon is no fit wife for me: she would not stoop to it."

"You are wrong, Ryle; I saw a great deal in the days gone by; and I say that, but for me, she would then have been your wife.—Let what is past, be past; but the same chance will occur for her again. I only pray you, with my dying breath, to shield my child from her hatred, when she shall have a legal right over him."

Mr. Baumgarten became more fully impressed with the conviction that his wife's mind was rambling. He was mistaken.—Smoldering in her heart through the whole months of her married life had been her jealousy of Lady Grace: she had felt a positive conviction that, but for Mr. Baumgarten's attachment and engagement to herself, the other marriage would have been brought about; and she felt an equal conviction that, now the impediment was about to be removed, it would be so. A jealous imagination is quick, and gives the reins to its extravagance, but it is sometimes right in its premises. She had observed an entire reticence to her husband on the subject, so no wonder that her present words took him by surprise, and caused him to suspect her mind must be playing her false.

"My dearest love," he whispered, "if it will give you a moment's peace, I will bind myself by an oath never to marry Grace Avon."

"Not so, Ryle. What will be, will be; and I would not have you both loathe my memory."

Mr. Baumgarten started up in real earnest. She was certainly mad.

She held his hand; she feebly drew him down again; she suggested calmness. "It may come to that, Ryle; you may learn to love her as you have loved me. O, Ryle! I pray you, when she shall be your wife, you will shield my child from her unkindness; she continued in a low wail of impassioned sorrow.

"I cannot understand you," he said, much distressed: "it is not possible I could ever suffer any one to be unkind to your child. Why should you fear unkindness for him?"

"I should fear it from her alone; she has regarded me with hatred; I have been a blight in her path; and so would she regard my child, our child, Ryle, should she become my second mother: that she should do so is but in accordance with human nature."

Mr. Baumgarten sighed; he scarcely knew how to answer her, how to soothe her; were her mind not actually insane, he looked upon these far-fetched fears as only a species of illness, which must have its rise in some derangement of the brain. All that she had said, touching Lady Grace, he considered to be a pure fantasy.

"Ryle! my love, my husband, you will love our child; you will protect him against her unkindness, should it ever be offered?"

"Ay; that I swear to you," he ardently replied. And Edith Baumgarten breathed a sigh of relief, and quietly sheltered herself in her husband's arms, to die.

Whether it be death or whether it be birth, whether it be marriage or whether it be divorce, time goes all the same. After the funeral of Mrs. Baumgarten the parish looked to the rectory in shoals—especially the young ladies who were, vulgarly to speak, on the look out—there to condescend with the interesting widower, and go into raptures over the baby. They need not have troubled themselves: Mr. Baumgarten's eyes and heart were closed to them; they were buried for the present in the tomb of Edith.

She had been dead about six months when the open carriage of Lady Avon stopped before the rectory, as the reader once saw it stop before Whittion Cottage, but it had but one occupant now, and that was the Countess. After the marriage of Mr. Baumgarten the Countess had sometimes attended Little Whittion Church, as heretofore, but Lady Grace never. She had always excused ready, and the Countess, who had no suspicion of the true state of the case, put faith in them. The Countess declined to alight, and Mr. Baumgarten went out to her.

"Would it be troubling you very much, Mr. Baumgarten, to come to Avon House occasionally and pass an hour with me?" began the Countess.

"Certainly not, if you wish it," he replied: "if I can render you any service."

Lady Avon lowered her voice and bent toward him. "I am not happy in my mind

Mr. Baumgarten—not easy. The present world is passing away from me, and I know nothing of the one I am entering. I don't like the rector of Great Whittion; he does not suit me; but with you I feel at home—I shall be obliged to you to come up once or twice a week, and pass a quiet hour with me."

"I will do so. But I hope you find nothing serious the matter with your health."

"Time will prove," replied Lady Avon. "How is your little boy?"

"He gets on famously; he is a brave little fellow," returned Mr. Baumgarten, his eyes brightening. "Would you like to see him?"

The child was brought out for the inspection of Lady Avon—a pretty babe in a white frock and black ribbon, the latter worn in memory of his mother. "He will resemble you," remarked her ladyship.—"What is his name?"

"Cyrus. I know it would have pleased Edith to have him named after her father."

Mr. Baumgarten paid his first visit to Avon House on the following day. Lady Grace was alone in the room when he entered, and it happened that she knew nothing of his expected visit. It startled her to emotion. However she may have striven to drive away the remembrance of Mr. Baumgarten, she had not done it; and her feelings of anger, her constantly indulged feelings of jealousy, had but helped to keep up her passion. Her countenance