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self."

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"Not I. I'm going to the school-room to much magaanimity in risking it-she "And an 'awakener' in a shooting coat, hear Smalls say their catechism. You know thought, "What a warm, generous heart this ribbon-tie, and wide-awake; don't forget that, my right feelings on such subjects, and I've min has under all his assumed coldness and [Leila," said Mrs. Edgehill, maliciously. an idea I'm wadfather to one of them." philosophyl" Whereon madem iselle looked

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enivation and a states.

Poetry.

The Harvest of the Heart.

BY GEORGE CO PER. We sat beneath the apple boughs,

Upon that well remembered day, And, gleaning in the summer sun, The repeated swatus before us lay. Oh joyful tone! on day of days!

· mir -roxy dos - kerhend Lay mmy own-no other our Could match it, darling, in the land,

We watched the mowers as they swing Ancar their shiaing scythes, in rows, And saw the plained pholox full Before their stundy, sweeping blows And earth and sky were full of love; It breathed from every balmy leaf.

And came across the golden field From every golden-tas-eled sheaf. The lilies leaved to hear the -ong The lively brook sang running by; The old oak moved his grant head

In joy, approvingly on high. The wild bee draned mon his way, To frome with the damity ro-e; And far away the bazy hills

Were wrapped in dieamy soft replose The robin rocked upon the -pray,

And poured upon the faginat ar A flood of untaught melody That woke the woo fland everywhere.

On, heightly shone the likes then! Sw. et was the soog the runnel song, And dear the merry robus's pipe That round us clearly, blichely rang.

And you who sat, with blushing checks And downcost eyes, close at my side, Long ere the leaves their purple word Had promised you would be my bride.

And harves; of has come and gove since we two sat brueath the free And yet it has, from that day forth. Been naught b a harvest time to me

A harvest time of all the bliss That this life can to us impar; The garnering of carnest love-The familia harvest of the heart.

A Little While.

Beyond the stading and the weeping, I shall be soon; Beyond the waking aid the sleeping, Beyond the owing and the reaping, I shall be soon. Love, iest and home! Sweet home! Lord, tarry not but come.

Bey ond the blooming and the fading, • 1 -hall be soon; Beyond the shunng and the shading.

Carlyon looked seorn unutterable. " don't doubt you'll show, tele-a-tele with your | into dangerous speculations. Andalusian beauty, that you consider your duty to your neighbor is to love her as yourpered as she passed him. "Well! I may as well set my affections

Carlyon looked at her with a merry smile. on a live governess as a dead pike any day. I bet you my sport in the school-room will hal been a death in the family my visit be as good as yours in the Aider." And vould have been cut short?" Du Plat sprang up the stairs, three at a time, to the school-room, where he obtained the tossing her head, lifting her eyebrows, and e-ses, and oblation of how he had sworn at from Carlyon than a surprised "By Jovel" young Chips an immediate holiday, and dashing away from him in indignation. "Se sang duets with the governess all the morn- you are going fishing again," said she, next when they were pretty; and such nuisance, ing. Carlyon went forth to his loves-jack. moroing at breakfist. "I think if I were a

ever since he fished for sticklebacks with a for my lor.lly intellect than hooking a few phial, he had always been addicted. poor fish." "But if your lor lly intellect had been Day after day he spent crouching down

wearing itself to douth in London streets, n the sloppy grass, a shower wetting him operations and lectures, you would be very to the skin, waiting for the fish to nubble. glad to rest it for a little while, and have a or standing in the full blaze of an August quiet day under the trees, with no greater in on, concentrating all his energies on trol trouble than how to fill your basket," laughed ling for jack. Wading home through dank Carlyon. fern and brushwood in a thunderstorin-get-

"There, then, by your own admission. it ting up before dawn to walk ten miles, only is only an excase for the dolce, a cover to a find the stream had been whipped before your illeness, your cigar-case, and your mm-spinning funtlessly, hour after hour. dask!" said the little heiress, handing him while the rain dropped off his wide-awake his coffee. in miniature Niagaras-getting benighted.

and following a Jack-o'-lantern straight "A quiet day under the trees I could peraway into a bog-or finding himself strandfeetly understand your onjoying, my dear follow, but a strony night spont in dancing ed on a common, the night teo dark to de after a Will-o'-the-wisp, with your thingcipher the sign-post-all this was the sourc. drupping like a Saye after a bath, and midof purest delight to Philip, because -O unhalf way up to your knees, I must say is beinitiated!-it was risting! The Egyptian youd me," observel Da Plat. canaille might as well have sought to pene-

"I never knew one of your great anglers trate the mysteries of Isis, or neophytes asbring home enough for dianer for the cat," pired to propound the learning of the schools laughed Ludy Chip, as ignorant tyros to understand the mysteri-

"Fishing is neither munly nor exciting ous joy locked up in that one word for all and it's very lazy and cruel," cried Lilla brothren of the gentle craft. Of course, i "Dear me, our pursuits are sneerel at .this toil and travail had been his trade, nev-

Why they're industry itself, compared to er, he would have vowed, was there so illknocking some ivory balls about, or fizing used a man, but being sport, the knowledge small shot into unhappy birls, or sitting that he was fishing made Carlyon, wet, round a card table with a few pieces of pasteweary, foot-sore, with every limb aching, board, or any other amusement of you mode and every thread dripping, experience a deep lords of creation. If we lay on the grant all strong sensation of delight, which the unin day, or whispel the water with a marcaitiated need never strive to explain or comprehend, and which he himself, I dare say, browh or a caperer, what lectures we would get on waste of time, what snears at we if out to it, would have been nuzzled to analyse, piscatory philosopher thou to he was. m m's petitesses, what scoffs at fein de frivolities!" On the banks of the Alder, Carlyon forgot

"Qaite right, Leila," chimed in Mrs. Elge his cares, his profession, his fimeeo-everyhill. "Fishing's not a quarter so useful as thing disagreeable; and came home to diacrochet or novel reading." ner in such charming spirits that every on-"Or scandol. Don't forget lalies' pet at Monkstone Court voted him the best conpastime," smiled Carlyon. "I've known versationalist in the world. And so he was

some rischal lips torture more with their his sweet voice, his fascinating ways, and words than I ever, to with my host, and his brilliant chat were not lost on somebody slay more reputations than I ever take perch to whom he specially addressed them. or roach." can't say whether he was aware of it or not.

'Oal you're a horrid man," said Mrs. (we'll hope not, and that he didn't hook Edgehill. "I believe the first words you uthearts with as little remorse as trout.) but tered as a biby were a sarcasm against wocertain it was that Philip conquered as many men." fair ladies as he cured. As Lady Chip "Or a petition for a fishing-rol," added

averred, he was a "dangerous doctor," and Leila. Leila Wyndham began to grudge the jack

Carlyon laughed, and thought, "Is that so much of his company, and think this little thing vexel I leave her for the juck?" handsome, graceful, winning angler might He went and spent the day with the jack

Carlyon put up his head in the air, and at Carlyon's pale, handsome face, and slid looked haughtiness unutterable. Leila colored and began to play the "Espress" at a mad "I suppose endangering your life to-day gallop, whereon Du Plat and the governess, was pure selfishness, wasn't it?" she whis- Huntly and Mrs. Edgehill, whirled them-

selves down the drawing rooms; and Honoria Cosmetique came over Philip's mind with a jack, touch or trout in the Alder. Indeed. "Entirely; because, don't you see if there chill which made him shudder. Du Plat his line lay idle on the surface, and an epi-"Con no vous me taquinez!" crie 1 Leila ciation of his former estimation of governhis friends for keeping such temptations To such a pass will the wisest come. when they were ugly, running tame about

perch, trout and roach-beauties, to which, min, I would find some better amoissment their houses. Du Plat dashed into love Jocelyn, till they glided on to a dangerous much as he gave a Star and Garter d jenner, or sent a bracelet to an actress, without

thinking what price he might have to pay for it. He had shot in and out of love as fast as an approdite changes its hue, and whispered more vows in deux temps, icerooms, pie-nics, and moonlight balconies, than fickle King Solomon himself in his ser-

agolio. And in love he went headlong; and the governess, proud and stately though she was, accepted it, nay, encouraged it; which was very upprincipled in a penniless orphan. -evera young ladies will say, who have never been similarly tempted; for we all know how

amusing it is to be rigid, and crushing, and virtuous-on other people. Whether it is so amusing on one's own sins is another matter. Pharisees say, Yes; publicans, No. I go with the publicans invself-don't you? So, belle lectrice, though it is easy for you to say she should have repulsed Do Plat. with his band-ome face and sparkling talents, and a buildred and one attractions, I doubt it is not quite so easy for poor fact to do so.

especially as she is a governess, and unused to that sort of thing, of course. And as for Carlyon as d Leila-dcar me

a couple of aceks had brought them quite into "friend-hip." She was a new species to Pulip, judel, sceptical man of the world that he was: and such a telling contrast to the stockbroker's daughter! The little heiress's lively, winning, girlish ways were a great relief to Miss Cosmetique's dignified nothings and chill majesty of demeanor and, hal Carlyon been less of a practical philosopher, might have proved somewhat

dangerous. Poor little Leila was not a philo-opher. Unhappily, as Heaven hath been pleased to create young men and maidens. Carlyon's society, his soft voice, his fascinating smiles, his brilliant,

witty chat, all the weapons with which he caused more heart-aches than all his morphia could soothe, or skill cure, were not without their effect on her; but then Carlyon lid not think of that. We never do, you know, when we're amusing ourselves; what are the agonies of the little troat on the book to us, so that we've the fun of catching im? So Philip, in his bullet-proff armoor of philosophy, told himself no possible harm

could come of it, and was exceedingly satirical and contemptuous on Du Plat for paying such compromising attentions. "I sup-

"You told me the other day you liked wild hearts with the live bait of love, though However, when they were under the willows, and he lay on the soft grass, initiating flowers. See. can anything be lovelier than 'troiling is very good fun to the angler, dring her into the mysteries of dead and live bait, that little pink heath? Conversatories can- only to fill the basket of conquesis is not spinng and trolling, minnows and gudgeons, not bear it, he said, giving her his bouquet quite such fun to the victim. The corner and the more recent "spoon." and looking up into the bright eyes, beaming at him under the black lace. Carlyon devoted angler though he was, found the lively talk and and distrait. As they crossed the lawn and over the fish and soup Lady Chip said joyous voice more beguiling than all the they found Du Plat sitting under the codars she was so sorry poor little Leila was quite had become seriously involved with the cure trout came out of his hole, and carried on the troutless basket was more piquant wear such thin boots; did not Carlyon handsome governess, with a complete renun- off fly, hook and all, in his pretty pink than pleasant to Philip. stomach, without eliciting more comment

They discoursed on Hallam and Macauhouse. Inez hesitated and colored. "Hawtree? lay. Goethe and Lumartine, Hyperion and

topic, which, if people talk of, ten to one they fall into. "I don't like to hear you say you do not old gentleman. Could he be any relation of

believe in love, Mr. Carlyon," said Leila, yours?" meditatively. "It seems as if you had met with neither truth nor sincerity in the world. love?'

"My mother sent me to school at four years old, kissed me once in the holdays, liked me about a third as well as her lapdogs, and writes to me now once a quarter. Not much remarkable affection there, mad emoiselle?"

"No, indeed. What a wicked woman!" cried Leila, heartily.

"Not at all," said Carlyon, laughing .days in the Queen's Bench. I would, upon "People can't help it if their hearts are not my honor. I loathe the present fashion of patent Vestas, warranted to ignite at the weighing a wife by her sheer value in specie. touch. When I was twenty I was as ready What is true and noble, worth winning and worth wearing, is too high to be put in the to believe in affection, and to respond to it. as you are; but a few year's experience soon balance with pounds, shillings and pence." Inez looked pleased and vered, happy showed me my folly, and the world's cold and anxious, at the same time. She poked water soon put out my romance." The little heiress looked earnestly at him.

"I do not believe it is put out; hidden fire shock as she said: "Your generaus thoughts very unintelligible answers; and, soon after, may smoulder a long time, you know .- will change like all the world's. The time Lady Chip was called out of the room .-You will never dissuade me that you have will soon come when you will recant them There was a dead silence. Leila played not warm and deep feelings, though you like as visionary and Quixotic." "I'll be shot if ever I do," swore Leicesto hide them under simulated sarcasm and

"Perhaps I have," said Philip, with omething very like a sigh, "but I do not "Lethter, my awow's up the twee," cried

spread them out for the world, like a pedlar Bertie, running up to them. showing his wares." Du Plat could have kicked him without

CHAPTER IV.

THE BORTICULTURAL FETE.

with her parasol.

"But if you have them, you might give the smallest hesitation. "Devil take that httle wretch; he's always in the way. What others credit for them." "To what avail? Love is contraband to a misery it is. That comes of loving a gov-

me. I can never enjoy it, therefore I will erness," thought the unhappy Templar. never think of it. Love is a passagere chimera at the best, and I choose the wiser course-I neither look for it nor believe in

He could not see her face, for she dropped There was an horticultural fete in Monkthe black lace over it, but both of them were silent, and Carlyon, I dare say, gave himself great credit for the masterly manner and great self-sacrifice in which, by this enigmatical speech, he had showed the girl it was no use to fall in love with him .--Whether it would not have been a better and quicker way never to hav begun his attentions, "kind" smiles, fasciniating chat, &c., &c., is another matter; but I suppose Carlyon knew best what suited him. As the little heiress sat with the nose, Dupe, you mean to marry on the sale of sllumettes made out of your dunning let-Philip lay on the grass, his rod flung aside, ters, or keep your governess in Ben's place his basket empty, and the trout rising under to run for the beer, and sny' Not at home' to his very eyes; while he gathered with one harks, ch?" said he, standing on the hall hand the heaths and forgloves and orchises teps, waiting for Leila. round him for Leila, lazily enjoying the sul-"Don't be a fool," rejoined Leicester, with try August air and the hum of the gnats

coldness."

wound together with some bindweed. She and girls came up; Leila hurricily pleaded thanked him, but absently, and their walk the heat of the tent, and went into the house home through the park was rather silent alone. She did not come down to dinner. with Inez Windham, and two small Chips unwell; had caught a chill, she feared, on shooting at a target, and Leicester's raillery the grass; what a pity it was girls would think so? This speech stabled uncom-"Can you tell me if Miss Wyndham ever | fortalily into Philip's heart: he felt guil stayed at Hawtree?" asked Du Plat, as ty. The spinning had been very ples-Carlyon and his companion went into the sant, certainly, but the death agonies of the poor fish worried him. The warm springs that lay hidden under the conventional ica Yes. I believe the heirest stayed there be- in Carlyon's heart were stirred, and as an fore coming here; and I think I have heard stood in his bedroom window smoking Lis that she met a Mr. Du Plat, a cherming Cavendish gloomily, he swore heartily at himself, called himself very hard names, wished Honoria Cosmetique at the bottom "My governor! Cantankerous old fellow. of the Red Sea; and when, at last, ho turned I asked you about her, because he met an in and fell asleep, as the sun streamed Had you no mother, whose life showed you beiress at Hawtree, with whom, or rather through his room, philosophical Philip saw with whose tin mines, acres, and consols he nothing in his dicams but the pale face of fell in love, and wanted me to do the same."

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his poor Rose d'Amour, asking him why. The governess blushed vividly, and played for her sake and his own, he had ever come out fishing in August? Do Plat saw the blush, and bent eagerly "Come here, you star of St. George's,"

forward. "But I swear I'll never marry an said La ly Chip, smiling, "and tell me what heiress to save myself from beggary. I is the matter with Leila Wyndham. She wouldn't be indebted to any woman living tells me she is not ill, but I fear very much for her tin. I'd sooner pass the rest of my she is."

She led the way to the library, and Carlyon followed her, looking all the more stern and stoical because he was feeling uncomfortably remorseful and unhappy.

Leila was sitting in a window, and did not look up, as she assured him she was quite well-never better, &e., &c. Carlyon at down by her, felt her pulse, and asked a up the turf with her parasol, and her voice few quiet questions, to which he obtained with Pluck's cars, who (more faithful to her than his master) lay at her feet. Carlyon ter; "and I'll prove it. Inez, the only thing got up, sat down again, opened a window, shut it, played with his whiskers, then suddenly spoke:

' You asked me, yesterday, who Miss Cosmetique was. I wish to tell you more fully how I-I first came to form an engagement with her. Heaven knows I bear her little love, and wish I had never known and never met her. I acted wrongly at the first, and now I bear the punishment. I engaged myself for money; men told me, and it is so far true, that in our profession more than any. money is wanted. If I can give good partics, keep my carriage and my fuotman, and stone Park the day after Carlyon's inoppor- make some show, people will say, Carlyon tune rencontre with his fiancee, and thither must have a good practice, he lives in such came Miss Cosmetique with her Muddy- style; and patients will come to me. If brook friends, parvenus tolerated in the not, they say, Carlyon is going to the dogs. county for the sake of their tin, stud, din- and patients will fail. I knew this. I am ners, cook, and wine. The stockbroker's not rich. I met Miss Cosmetique, who is; daughter was grand to sight, in her Paris. she sought me, I may say without vanity .-ian chaussure, extensive toilette, and fiteen I did not then believe in love, and I thought guinea bounet. But Carlyon thought the I had done with romance. This is my exlittle heiross, in her white muslin and blue cuse for my engagement to her. I have ribbons, ten thousand times fresher and none for my fault of coming here as a free

Beyond the hoping and the dreading, I shall be soon! Love, rest, and home! Sweet home! Lord, tarry not, but come. Beyond the rising and the setting,

I shall be soon; Beyond the calming and the firsting, Beyond remembering and forcette I shall be soon Love, rest, and home! Sweet home! Lord, tarry not, but come. Beyond the parang and the meeting. I sull be soon: Beyond the forewell and the greeting, Br; and the pul-e's fever beating, Lalution and

Love rest and home! Sweet home! Lord, tarry not, but come. Beyond the fost-chain and the fever.

I whall be soon; Beyon the lock-weste and the river, Beyond the ever and the neve-I sha'l be soon Love, rest, and home! Sweet home! Lord, tarry not, but come,

Selections.

Carlyon's Vacation. HOW HE TROLLED FOR JACK AND GOT HOOKED BY CUPID. [CONTINUED.] CHAPTER III. FISHING FOR A HEART. The next morning, as soon as breakfast

was over, Carlyon prepared to start for his

seventh heaven, for though very unlike old

Izank Walton in temperament, he resembled

him exceedingly in the ardor of his piscatory

"Your paradise, Lion, will be full of chalk

my soul, you'd prefer a 3lb. troat to a black-

eyed houri," said Du Plat, as Philip un

packed his tackle and flies with all a lover's

passion.

arder.

of the Alder?"

just as well talk with her, and ride with her nevertheless; enjoyed tumped tumped unuen-ely. as whip the Alder all day long. Before had brought home some fish too good, even very long Carlyon began to share her opin Liviy Chip allowed, "for the cat." ion, and robbed the jack of several hours to At dinner Ludy Chipaskel um to do her spend them in the Monkstone drawing-room a great favor-to graal voit some poor or in riding and driving with the little neirwoman in the lext value, whild been given ess. Every evening Carlyon took possession up by the partian Lictors, and decided to be of the cis-a-vis sofa, and talked his way into in consumption. the young lady's heart as he had talked it into Carly in the ight of his fishing. The via good many, for when Carlyon chose to go it would take a good couple of hours; sighe t trolling with the bait of his fascinations, woe he to any trout that came nigh, for booked but-acquiesced. Leila looked at him with a matin smile it was, nolcus volcas. Loila soon begun to You has better not got you'll have no fitty believe that nobady was ever so kind or s guinea fee, and the fee, you know, is all perfect as Mr. Carlyon; and when he save medical men care for. They never do anysmall Chip from a grave in the Alder. thing except to fill their purses." thought him the noblest paladin that ever breathed. He was standing on the river bank one

the tub close to a sluice, through which the

water rushed to fill the mill-pond, and land-

ed it in safety. Mrs. Edgehill overwhelmed him with praises, but he only shook himself ness."

like a Newfoundland; took out his watch to

see if the works were wet, threw back his

head, laughed, and told her it was only a

little agreeable exertion of his muscles .-

Leila took both his hands in hers, and

wasn't so delightful to him that he'd shown and postio?"

"Ou! we like to see interesting cases," gaswered he, carelessly; "and I don't like to day with her and Mrs. Elgehill, when disoblige my hostess." "And we don't like to do a kindness, do screams at the top of a shrith, terrified voice interrupted them in the middle of a disserwe?"

"It is not a kindness; I may gain som tation on Pendennis. knowledge cut of this case. That is why "Good God! the boy'll be carried into the I go." sluice," cried Philip, taking off his coat, as "You provoking man!" cried Leila, giving

he beheld, a good many yards distant, a tub you deserve the name!) do you dream of him a blow with her bouquet. "I've known ficating fast towards a water mill and demarrying this governess?" plenty of people try to make one think well struction, and Chip's son and heir within it.

Da Plat made a very wry face. "Marry of them, but I never knew anybody so ob-Carlyon was into the water in a second. I don't like that word; it sounds ugly; has a stinate in depreciating himself as you are. and swimming like another Leander, while However, it is no use with me. I have detestable odor of family boots, screaming Leila stood on the banks, looking, Mrs. the lorgon de Balzac, and I can see your children, legs of mutton, and the semination Educhill told her afterwards, desperately heart beneath your words, and I know of one's will oats. But I'm quite sure that inclined to throw herself in after him .-your actions give the lie to your pretence of if I don't have that girl I shall shoot

Philip, who was as plucky as he was strong, philosophic egotism. But I will adopt your myself." swam steadily after the brat, caught hold of

"Do, my dear fellow. It will be far the phraseology, if you like it, and call giving lesser evil of the two," said Carylon, shrugup a morning of your darling sport to visit ging his shoulders. "It's all up with you if a poor woman, 'selfishness' instead of kindyou're gone so far as that."

su't nice to kick him."

said to the small shot.,'

"What do you marry Honoria for?"

mt of my reach."

you marry for?"

"It's all up with you, or will be before Carlyon laughed heartily. "Well, if you long, so don't talk," said Du Plat, as Leila invest every ordinary action with a chivalrous aroma, I can't help it. You'll tell me came across the hall in the identical black hat and high heels. She ran up to Carlyon next that I passed at St. George's solely to benefit mankind. Miss Wyndham, I want "Oh, I have just thought of it-how dreadlooked at him, the tears falling down her to convert you-to make you a disciple of ful it will be! I shall have to hold my

tongue, shan't 1?" checks, with an expression which flattered Izaak Walton. Come with me tomorrow. He smiled at her "very kindly," as Leile streams to a dead certainty. I believe, on him more than the capture of a salmon in 1 promise you a luxurious seat under the the Tweed when he was seventeen, or the willows, and you shall see the trout lying called it. "Certainly, or we shall catch no compliments the examiners paid him when behind their stones, and tell me if the pisca- fish; and I fancy silence is about the sever he passed at College. Lady Chip, you are tory art you despise does not make an est deprivation you could have, mademoi sure worshipped him from that hour; and August day pass pleasantly." So spake selle."

"That it is. I would rather sow for an "Much safer game in this world, at any- when Leila heard him protesting that it was Carlyon, leaning over the piano one evening. hour, or learn a sermin by heart, than no rate, and much less expensive," said Car- all nonsense to thank him-what had he Leila looked enraptured. "Yes. I will talk for a whole five minures. You mus lyon. "Your rod will never deceive you, done-nothing but what a Yarmouth boat- come; but, as to being converted, nous cerrons! fisten my lips up. Mr. Carlyon?" never alter, and never pall; you can't say as man or a water-dog would have done every I shall fancy myself an Undine -an Undine Phillip lookel at the sail laughing lips much for houris, old fellow. Won't you atom as well-that there was no danger in for your Alder, Sir Golfrey-in a black hat and thought of a mode of silencing them to come and try the charmers hid in the waters the sluice, and, if there had been, his life and high-heeled boots. Won's that be nevel

which he should by no means object.

courtesy. 'When a man's up a tree, it and bees-a chill, dignified, deep voice fell on his car from the other bank of the Alder. "Yes it is, if one kicks him down. You're "Good morning, Philip. You have good getting caught in the branches, my boy, and sport, I trust?" I want to pull you to earth before you are

Leila started, tossed up her lace, and colored. Carlyon sprang to his feet with an "Much obliged to you, but you may keep imprecation, which happily did not reach your civilities to yourself, as the woodcock eross the Alder.

For once in his life, haughty, nonchalant "Talk common sense, then. What do self-possessed Carlyon was nonplused and confused. fle spoke, he wasn't quite sure what. "Honorial you here-how unexpected----' "Money," said Carlyon, his mouth stern.

"Very unexpected, since I wrote you word "For what else do you imagine I take that I should be at Muddybrook yesterday," obcold. artificial ---- " Ile broke off with a short laugh. "Come, my motive, at the served Miss Cosmetique, with cutting satire, standing and contemplating him with an air least, is practical. You can't say as much of dignified displeasure. for yours. Tell me, Dupe, (Heaven knows

"To be sure, I remember now; how forgetful I am," said Carlyon, hastily. "I ought to have come to meet you, but-"Fishing is very absorbing I have heard," answered his fiancee, dryly, not taking her

eyes from Leila Wyndham. "I cannot come to you," said Carlyon,

recovering himself, with a laugh. "There white muslin and blue ribbon he saw afar is no bridge within a mile; and we are as off. Ile followed Leila into a rose allee, far separated as if the Atlantic were betweeen us. You are out for an early walk. I suppose?"

"Which I will now continue. Do not let ng interrupt your-fishing. Farewell!" And Miss Cosmetique bowed majestically

anv floated on. Carlyon lifted his hat with a rather dis tant "Good-by, for an hour-I will come down to Muddybrook this afternoon," and began to take his rod to pieces with many anathemas on the luckless wood and brass "Is that your sister?" asked Leila, quickly. "No. The deuce take this thing, how tight it fits!"

look.

"Your cousin. then?" "No."

"But she called you 'Philip?'" Carlyon's pale check flushed. He could

-for money.

irer, and compared them in h s own mind man. Judge me gently, Leila; down and her merry tongue quiet, and to a vain, stiff, gorgeous dablia, and a soft, blame me more than I blame myself. I sweet, little Rose d'Amour. But the dah- could not resist the temptations of your solia, not the rose, was for his conservatory; ciety; you were so fresh, so charming, so and the philosopher preached sharp practinovel a study to me, who disbelieved in all cal lessons to himself on the folly of such truth and innocence. Forgive me! Great regrets and comparisons. as has been my fault, I suffer, Henven

Honoria kept him well up to hand, and knows, enough for it!" His voice lost its would'nt let him leave her for five minutes, forced calmness, his face was white as She questioned him about Leila; but few death, and his lips worked convulsively, in people were able to get much out of him, the double effort of conquering his pride unless he chose to be questioned, so Honoand combating his love. Leila flang herria, not being able to find ground for quarself down, her face buried in the sofa cush rel, contented herself with being cold, dig- ions, and solbed passionately; deep, heart-. nignified, and excessively vigilant, for she breaking sobs, which nearly drove poor was proud of Carlyon-of his talents, his Philip mad. "I never dreamt of this-I courtly manners, and his gentleman's name, never thought that you would care thus for courtly manners, and his gentleman s name, nover taking the murmured, half distincted. "My and didn't want to lose him. Carlyon me," he murmured, half distincted. "My strolled about with her, sat with her by the God! to see this, and be compelled to re-nounce it. Oh, Leilal never shall I forgive band, introduced her to Lady Chip; and nounce it. Oh, Leilal never shall I forgivo myself. But tell me, for pity's sake, that brough it all was haunted by a pair of blue

ou forgive me, my poor darling!" He drew away her hands as he spoke, and you forgive me, any particular so he spoke, and He drew away her hands as he spoke, and the little heiress lifted her face to his, way the little heires lifted her face to his, way the little heires he once bright eyes. "Foreyes following him with wonder and rebroach. The eyes worried him dreadfully, and made him answer to a tort et a travers to his betrothed, that she stared at him in

anughty surprise. "Good Heavens, Philip!" she said at last, 'has your fishing turned down in an *abandon* of grief. Carlyon bent over her, his warm, passionate nature breakyour head? You are strangely altered since ing away from the ice of years. you were in town."

Leila, my dearest, I shall go mad! Bet-Philip made peace with her somehow, told ter had I gone down to the grave unloving her he had a headache, which was true and unloyed, than brought the misery of enough managed to leave her with a guarda my fate on your young head. Tell me-tell enough, managed to leave her with a guardsmo once more you do not hate me, cruel and selfish as I have been." man for ten minutes, and went after some

"Hate you?" murmured the cirl. "Neyer-neverl God bless you always, Philip!" As she whispered his name, Carlyon, where she was walking with two cornets, a haughty Carlyon's tears dropped on her brow; and he kissed her passionately ugain young rector, and a couple of other girls; young rector, and a couple in the tent of and again. he stepped quietly in between her and the and again. I leaven knows what he might not have

sworn if Lady Chip had not at that moment turned the handle of the door. Leila sprang and Leila waited behind the others, by some of the Chippeham fuschias and verbenas. up and rushed away through a side-door. "Who is that lady you have been with all Carlyon, with his head high in the air, for day?" she whispered, with an anxious, eager fear Lady Chip should detect the unusual moisture in his dark eyes, began to talk rather hurriedly of headache, remittent

rather hurriedly of hondache, remittent fever, cold caught on the lawn, chloric ether, Philip's mouth shut tight, his eyebrows ontracted, and his face grew stern, as he inswered briefly, "Miss Cosmetique." "Is she such a great friend of yours?" sked the little heiress, tremulously. "Friend? No. Heaven knows! But she will be, some day, my wife."

and quinine, telling as may medical false-hoods as ever a professional man did on occasion, till Lady Chip, reminded thereby, gave him a telegraphic dispatch, just come for him. It summaned him to one of his patients in town. Carlyon was glad of it.--It gave him time for thought, and obviated

He did not look at her as he spoke, but and in bulf an hour he was in the train and bent over the flowers, his lips as white as off. It was a dangerous case: he was kept ont tell this frank, generous, warm hearted hers, and the veins swelling on his forehead. there three weeks; and as he sat night after not tell this frank, generous, warm hearted hers, and the veins swelling of his borehead. Indee weeks, and is lost high the solution in his own house, smoking in his soli-little thing that he, Philip Carlyon, with She did not answer, but her little hands tude, the generosity, and passionate feeling, all his pride and chivalric honor, had tied clenched on her parasol handle till the ivory and depth of affection that lay perdus in his himself to a woman whom he could not love snapped, and the mute misery he saw on inner nature rose up. grew and strengthened. TO BE CONTINCED. her face made him feel that in fishing for