VOL. LX.

CARLISLE, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBILUARY 22, 1860.

THE OLD MANS PRAYICE! SUGGESTED BY A SERMON FROM LUKE 24, 27.

"Abide with us, for it is towards evening, and the day is far spent.".

Tarry with me, O! my Saviour! For the day is passing by; Soch the shades of evening gather, And the night is drawing night Tarry with me! tarry with me.

Pess me not unheeding by Many friends were gathered round me In the bright days of the past; But the grave has closed above them And I linger here the last. I am lonely; tarry with me Till this dreary night is past

Dimmed for molis earthly beauty, You the bright days of the past at upon thy lovely features Shall I seek, dear Lord, in vain! Tarry with me, oh! my Saviour! · let me see thy smile again!

In highly ear to earth bear trucks peak then, Lord to words of elegr Possible toftering my flotelters. Sinks my heart with suddon tear; Can, thing terms, dear to the run done, Lot me hed thy presence hear.

Fathful memory paints before me tvory deed and thought of she; Open than the blood thed-famuum, Cleanse my guilty sout within; Tarry, thou f rgiving saviour!

Deeper, deeper grow the shedows," Paler now the glowing west, Swift the night of death, advar cos-Shall it be a night of rest? / Lay my head upon thy breast

Testile, trembling, fainting, dying, Lord, I cast maself on thee; I mer with me through the darkness! While I sleep still watch by no pearest Lord to digit with these

## POMMEROY ABBEY.

concern his face effectually, like a triv dame thy glances up to the window of the hauted does, when she goes out of heated rooms at room.

specified. He willied to know with intended of the problem of the willied to know with intended or priests, langual liep at, they know the use of the capucian themselves, that any of the servants seen not, for from eccentricing mether would have flown away seared, thinking the numbers, pointing to the picture, 'was abroad to-night.'

In the willied it, for her car was on the stretch—to listen for her hinking for their first distant echo, she would have crept like a worm, underneath the bench, in her guilty shame. If he saw the numbers, pointing to the picture, 'was abroad to-night.'

About 1 co into the lady's room yet?' she

faces can be discerned here from the house; the night.

Had she not been under the dark clouds last ( No. ref. I thought it utterly impossible that you headache off, and I was not to go to her room, could get here; I thought you must have made on any account, unless she rang. The door's night you might have seen mine

some great error. How did you get the keys? Inst.'
Rupert stolc his lips to her ear. Filched Mrs. Pommeroy shuddered, and held the stepped haside to Jeromo's closet-sanc-bench convulsively.

The minutes rolled by almost killing her

there was not a soul in the place for Gaunt was in the grounds, and his housekeeper in the village, "do you go in at all to the keep?" (Why? said I. "But do you, sir?" 'thave heen in there once or twice, Jerome. Why? Lask. "Ah, I was sure of it! I wish you'd the steps and pushed her head in. She had that quarrel the other night between you and the lord, I have a feeling on me that worse would come. This morning the lord came to do the keep? The asked; but I saw by his eye something was wrong. It has not gone out of the darkness should since the old lord died, I answered. You lie, Jeromé. The cried, you have lent it to Rupert Pommeroy. We had swered. You lie, Jeromé. he cried, 'you have lont it to Rupert Pommeroy.' We had gone on to the key closet, Mr Rupert,' added Jerome, 'but in my hurry I looked in the wrong niche for the key, and I did not see it. The lord stood by with folded arms. 'I tho't you were faithful,' he said; and it made my old eyes water, for faithful I am, and have ever been to the lords of Pommeroy—and not less so to you, Mr. Rupert, for you are a prother and a son. The lord aw my distress. 'Some one was in there yesterday, Jorome,' he said, in a kinder tone; 'I tried the spring the servants caught lier, and she lay convuls-You lie, Jerome, he cried, 'you tit to Rupert Pommerov.' We had hrother and a son. The lord any my distress.
Some one was in there yesterday, Jorome, he said, in a kinder tone; I tried the spring of the private door, and could not get in.—
Here's the key, lord of Pommeroy, I said.
They crowded round her. She was in a showing it to him; 'in my haste I looked

seen would have been map.

high shelf, and Alice swaying herself on the stool, abusing himself confidentially; quite enough to excite to madness the lord of Poursenucy. Rupert re-assured her present fears.

Rupert re-assured her present fears the gave under the pointing to the Maunted room. Some there! pointing to the Maunted room.

meroy. Rupert re-assured not p-had they not escaped the dauger?

Jeromendded that the lord took passession
for their might be —had they not escaped the dauger?

Jerome added that the lord took passession of the key, and he, fearing there might be quarreling, or something worse if the lord found me in the keep, come to go to it again. Jerome little thinks who else might have been found with Mr. Rupert. So I knew that this keep, so far as you went, was done for. Alice, and I wrote a word, and was coming to the abbey with it when I met the sheep where the starteness with a face who will go with me? he said, looking at the cardination and the merseryants. If there Bo I knew that this keep, so far as you went, was done for, Alice, and I wrote a word, and was coming to the abbey with it when I met-Bridget. I was determined to see you for a Bridget. I was determined to see you for a the gentlemen and the men servants. If they have well, and could think of no safer place are ut warfare, one man will be powerless to

The state of the s

Do you really go to-morrow? I go to morrow. I should have gone to-day had you come last night.

She was weeping silently. Rupert was very dear to her, and she was about to lose sight of him, perhaps forever; but she, as silently, wiped away the tears, so that he should see There is an expressive Italian proverb—I

forget precisely how it runs, but the sense is that for the deolor in the solution flow of the first in the first in the hounted room. Mrs. Pommeroy may have, been unconscious of its flitting—let her answer it—but when the court-yard clock rang out ten, she was still there With a faint cry of dismay, she moved to the window. Was it ten or nine? She strained her eyes on the clock, but, strain them as

she would, she could not make out its hands for the dial was too far off. Rupert followed her, though little cared he what the hour As she turned from the window, her sight

As she turned from the window her sight, accustomed now to the faint light of the room, distinguished a tall, dark figure standing up, light against the picture. Fascinated and terror-stricken, not with ghostly terror, but with a terror far more ominous and real—for too well did she discern the outlines of that form—she caught hold of her companion, shricking out in her agony of shame— Oh, Rupert! Rupert!"

The lord of Pommeroy strode forward, his eye glaring, and his whole features awfully livid in, the moonlight How long had he been there? Hurling his wife out of reach of harm, and

Hurling his wife out of reach of harm, and spurning her with his foot, he drew a double-bareled pistod upon his brother. The hall missed him, entering the dark vainacoting; and yet the lord of Pomnieroy had a sure hand in general. Ere he could draw again, Rupert closed with him, and they grappled for the weapon. Mrs. Pommeroy heard the deadly scuffle, and she sped; gasping and moaning, from the chamber, through the rooms to the top of the sairs. In her haste and terror, she tell down them, her flead striking, but not violently, against the door; she thought she violently, against the door; she thought she lifeard the noise of the second barrel, but was

not sure.

Up again in a moment. She seized the key which Rupert had left in the door, but whe ther she turned it, or whether it was previous

ther she turned it, or whether it was previously unlocked; she never knew. Probably the lord had left it unlocked; though how had he cachaimed of non-bewildered; I cannot make it out. How many of the servants raw you pass the contrict?

Not one either last night of to night. It was a mystery.

But. Repert they are dways about.

They dat not see met and, if they had, they could not have known and look here.

He su denly enveloped hauself in a friar's gray cloak, throwing the capuchin—or hood, as the English call it—over his head, so as to the house should hear; she stiffed her sobs of remorse and agony, and then she cast steal-conceal his lace effectually, like a toir dame.

does, when she goes out of heated rooms at night.

And your hat?

Trembling, monning, cowering, feeling that to die would be a mercy. Even the wainseot, which lind received the ball, she could cover; she had drawn to the door behind her, but not like the line for the line of the line of

abroad to-night.

He hrew off the cloak as he spoke, and Al ice went to the window and peeped out.

Caution, Alice. When the muon is bright, for cleven, and it's not put to rights yet, for force can be discovered by the house.

No. replied the voice of her own maid.—
The lady said she should try to sleep her

tum, and filched them! choed Mrs. Pommeroy; 'Jerome keeps it looked,' with their slow protraction, and the clocks chimed the half hour. In that one half hour does. I have had pos ession of them from last night to their does. I have had pos ession of them from last night to this?

She thought his manner strange; lighter than customary when with her. The appeared to speak in a laughing, insincere sort of way; years and years afterward she remembered it.

'How very imprudent! If Jerome had inissed them to day, the whole abbey might have been roused.'

'No fear,' laughed Rupert again; 'Jerome would not miss them.'

life' time Neither of them had come down; life' time Neither of them had come down; of that she was certain, for her ears were strung to a strange fineness then. She procedup at the window, an unbroken gaze now years and years afterward she remembered it. The word, mit was taking place there? Were these to me, mited in height and strength, perdiction of them had come down; like window, an unbroken gaze now years and years with each to be death? Which should conquer? But bear it she must, and did, till the clock struck would not miss them.

No fear, laughed Rupert again; 'Jerome would not miss them.'

'Rupert!' she suddemt, exclaimed, a light breaking in upon her, 'Jerome has aided you to come here.'

'No; he has not. Not a soul has aided me, save Father Andrew, in the loan of his capuchin; little guessed-he that it was to steal a visit to the lady of Pommeroy. Jerome has aided me in another way, though; you do not ask about the keep.'

'I have been putting it off. It frightens me' we have had a spy upon us, Alice, as sure fis that we are here. Whether the lord has foxed out anything with his own scent, or whether he has been put up (6, it, I can't say; I think the latter, for if he, had watched you to the keep, he would most certainly have pounced in upon you. Yesterday old Jerome made his appearance at Gaunt's to see me.—
'Mr. Rupert,' began'he, in a whisper, though there was not a soul in the place, for Gaunt—was in the grounds, and his housekeeper in the village, 'do you zo in at all to the keep?'

She pushed the door open, and then shrank back and drew up against the wall, lest the most, and did, till the clock struck eleven. A whole liour, and neither had come down! were both dead? Her heart and throat were working, her cars singing.

She could not bear? Her heart and throat were working, her cars singing.

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She coul

They crowded round her. She was in a violent fit of emotion and fear, attended with Rupert. 'Normary had gasped Rupert's arm of the wrong place; I have not given it to Mr. Rupert.'

Mrs. Pommeroy had gasped Rupert's arm of the north tower, now to the windows of the state of the north tower, now to the windows of the north tower, now to the north tower, now to the north tow Mrs. Pommeroy nad gasped auperts arm of the north tower, now to the windows in the interror at the recital, in terror of what might have come of it, had not the door been fastened. The worst the lord would have seen would have been Rupert lodged on his high shelf, and Alice swaying herself on his stool, abusing himself confidentially; quite stool, abusing himself confidentially; quite

part them.

. . .

It's the lord: and he has been murdered. Do you know this?' added the speaker, picking up the cloak.

That's mine!' cried the priest. How came it here, father?

A light is of horror seeme I to break in up-

ory arose: "He cannot have escaped: he must by an extend near for he to leave fith. I but no most support to leave and searched, but no Rupert Pommeroy was there.

And though the country was scoured and tracked for several days, no Rupert Pommeroy was found, or heard of. How he had managed to escape, either from the abbey or the neighborhood was a misster.

The Dake of St. Ives received his answer, and the other looked at his watch. I must leave must say for this one walts. Anna—the temptation the neighborhool, was a mystery. Perhaps stay for this one waltz, Anna-the temptation time would solve it. The ill-fated lord of is not to be resisted. Pommercy lay in state: his uneightly face, what remained of it, covered up from view: happened to fall upon the flowers. 'They are and then he was buried with all the pomp and nicely arranged. Anna, are they not?' and then he was buried with all the pomp and honors customary at the interment of the

strangely worked out. CHAPTER X. CHANGES.

the might sky above was studyled with its stars, as the starry beauties of this lower homisphere were pressing into one of the greatest and ground—otherwise he might have seen how force to that iron god, fashion, not greater 'And new I must not linger another moreference to that iron god, fashion; not greater in its size than many another one.

It was the town-house of the Duckess of St Ives, a wealthy widow, only two and-forty yet, and beautiful still. She had ruled the ras ruling it in right of her own account, and now she ras ruling it in right of her own account, and now she ras ruling it in right of her own account, and now she ras ruling it in right of her own account, and now she ras ruling it in right of her own account, and now she ras ruling it in right of her own account, and now she ras ruling it in right of her own account, and now she ras ruling it in right of her own account, and now she ras ruling it in right of her own account, and now she ras ruling it in right of her own account, and now she ras ruling it in right of her own account, and now she ras ruling it in right of her own account, and now she ras ruling it in right of her own account, and now she ras ruling it in right of her own account, and now she ras ruling it in right of her own account, and now she ras ruling it in right of her own account, and now she ras ruling it in right of her own account, and now she ras ruling it in right of her own account, and now she ras ruling it in right of her own account. It was the town-house of the Duchess of St. Ives and forty yet, and beautiful still. She had ruled the yet, and beautiful still. She had ruled the day of the new account, and now she if do not think I have, St. Ives excepted.

yet, and beautiful still. She had ruled the world long on her own account, and now she was ruling it in right of her son. It was the first season he had spent in London since coming of age, and the world was going mad after him. Mothers courted him openly—daughters covertly—a fine thing it would be to be Duches of St. Ives.

A well-appointed carriage dashed into the ruck, and struggled its way to the door amidgled of from it with daughters three. Three I—Yes, the majestic countess as important in her own eyes, and daring in her own actions, as the Duchess of St. Ives in hers, had brought them all, the ladies Mabel, Geraldine, and Anna Hetley. Mabel and Geraldine were like their mother, commanding, stately girls, with clearly out features, beautiful, but cold as though they had been carved from Parian. Anna Hetley. Mabel and, Geraltine were like their mother, commanding, stately girls, with clearly out features, beautiful, but cold to your papa last night about her.'

(Made her an offer? asked for her?' breathwath clearly out features, academy, out out of the parameter as though they had been carved from Parian marble. Anna was different—she had nother a fair, ing of majesty or of marble about her; a fair, graceful girl, with large, shy, merry blue eyes, that drooped beneath their long lashes when gazed in; a flushed, dimpled, lovely the go by the rules of convergence, and a pretty mouth too inucle given to

A moment's respite after the reception, and

erms of close intimacy.

Have you come to-night, Anna? Three of would listen to him. There was no help for it, langued Anna.

This is the ball of balls, you know, and Males in the ball of balls, you know, and Males in the ball of balls, you know, and Males in the ball of balls, you know, and Males in the first, and not have broken it to papa with privilege of cluers; and mamma did not wish out my knowledge.

'You must have seen he was progressing to the has flirted enough with you.' There was no help for it,' laughed Anna. him?'

All were ready to go; none comprehending what they were to go for, or what they were to do: and they went in a body up the stairs, bearing several lights. One of the gentlemen seized Jerome's arm.

'What do you suspect?' he asked.
'I suspect—I suspect there may be a dispute!' he slowly said.
'Between whom?'
'Nay, but I know nothing. Don't detain me'

Jerome, as he spoke, took a light from the hands of one of the servants, walked quickly forward, and turned round at the door of the hands of one of the servants, walked quickly forward, and turned round at the door of the hands of one of the loads of the servants will be the said of the loads of Pommely, in 'the confidence of the lords of Pommely, in 'the confidence of the lords of Pommely, and I demand it.'

He missed in a failthe hearing the family is the Lambard of the confidence of the lords of Pommely, in the doop of the policy is a family is that I am here.'

The poung lady listener sat playing with her drooping bracelek. 'Anna, there need not listen beta the confidence of the lords of Pommely, in great the family.' I he missed in and lot foll the hearing the could aroud. When he has talked to me! I have now the need avoid. When he has talked to me! I have an anywered him. when he has asked me to dailed, and began. Lalking to me about to have more with him twice that he was only said no. I like talking, and dance with him twice to with him twice that the promise—oh. I don't know what all—to dance with him twice to with him twice to with him twice to was a distributed to me! I like dancing. Was it my place to assume the was only paving the way it in like the was only paving the way to invite me to dever developing the way it in the sense. 'You have worke! on for it, though, in your quickly forward, and turned round at the door of the hands of one of the whon he has acted to the when he had the was only paving. What he was only paving the way to invite me to develope the way to invite me to develope. 'Only last in the prize shad me in the could avoid. When he

scuffle.

"What's this?" exclaimed one of the guests, left for me just-before we came out."

"It was not the information of Lift Psyling it to their view. This was not the lord's. Alt, ha! this will lead to a discovery."

"I know that," interrupted a servant. "It is father Andrew's capuchin; he comes in it to the abbey sometimes on a winter's night."

"But I am not sure of him, again laughed for my some and oneslous beaks. "It was or into. She ought a rare time of secondary which absorbed the attention of Lift Psyling. "Although the state in flowers, at any rate, if these were arranged under his anapicos."

"Who has faste?"

"Who! You can affird this pretty afficient of Pommerny.

"Loolin, he has asked for me! she exclaimed, when they were sheltered by the turning of the above the shocked and the shocked and "And Jam not sure indeed."

"But I am not sure of him, again laughed of the spoke to papa last night in the rooms—actually in his own ball-room."

proving how severe had been the souffle. But men, his friends, who had rather too much futher Andrew! they looked in each other's cyes, and where had be got to?

The quadrille was walked over, a gallop

rather Andrew! they looked in one other eyes and where had here to be soon decided, for who should walk into the room-but the reverse that his meritary face, quite the opposite to all the popular intions of a midnight murdore. The terrified women below had sent for him in haste.

What's to do? cried h., on the broad grin.

Someholy seen the ghost?

They made way for him, and throw the light on the floor. Father Andrew's countenance changed, and he stepped back, awe-struck.

Who is it? whispered he. How was it done? not seen him advancing.

Oh Leolin! 'Did you think I was lost?' I thought you were never coming. u so late!

A light as of all on him.

I lent that to—to—a friend,' he whispored.
To whom?

Rupert Pommeroy. He came to me yesterday, and borrowed it.

There was a pause of dismay and then the ory grose: 'He cannot have escaped! he must boring the rooms.'

Up they rose and searched, but no Rupert Pommeroy was there.

Pommeroy was there.

Yes: a little.

'Yes: a little.'

'Eli what? Who says so reparation.'

'Bi what? Who says so reparation.'

'It made his proposals for her to the early yesterlay.' It is all settle!.'

'Amo, here to tell you.'

'I am so sorry. How—Here comes St. Ives.

'I am so sorry. How—Here comes St. Ives.

'I am so sorry. How—Here comes St. Ives. Is it true that young Stranton has shot his head off?' inquired she, drawing near to the lord of Pommeroy.'

One of his ears and part of

stay for this one walts, Anna—the temptation is not to be resisted.'

She put her arm within his, and his eyes happened to fall upon the flowers. 'They are nicely arranged. Anna, are they not?'

I knew it came from you, 'she softly breathed 'This and another were left. Mamma jumped to the conclusion that the more beautiful one must be from the duke, and ordered me to use it. His lies neglected on the table at home.' chief of the Pommaroys.

Chief of the Pommaroys.

Verily, the prediction had, so far, been jumped to the conclusion that the more beau-

dangerous, he said, as he held her closer than he need have done in the whirling It was the height of the London season, and waltz.

ing of majesty or of marble about her; a fair, graceful girl, with large, shy, merry blue eyes, that drooped beneath their long lashes when gazed in; a flushed, dimpled lovely face, and a pretty mouth, too inuch given to laughing, and to display unconsciously its set of white pearls

A poment's results affect the But think of the stupid way in which he

What does it signify where he spoke to

privilege of elders; and mamma did not wish me to remain away, because—because—'You must have seen he was progressing to the rest. I understand,' What can be done?' quoth mamma to us this morning at breakfish! Geraldine, I wish you would, for once, give up to Anna.' Oh dear no,' returned Geraldine, it's not to be thought of,' There's not to be thought of,' put in Manel; there never was such a thing leard of.' I may do what others would not dare, oncluded mamma, in her lofty way.'

And that is how you are here!'

And that is how you are

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forward, and turned round at the door of the haunted room. I must go in first alone, said he, I am the oldest retainer in the family, in the confidence of the lords of Pommerory roop; and I demand it. The young lady listence sat playing with the confidence of the lords of Pommeror roop; and I demand it. The young lady listence sat playing with the passed in, and let full the hangings, but in less than a minute he held them up. Walk in less than a minute he held them up. Walk in new root, wos! "wos!"

Holding their breaths, the crowd pressed in, one upon another. Wos! wos! as Jerome had said—for there lay the lord of Pommeroy beater to death.

So, Rupert had, mastered! had obtained possession of the pistol, and shot his unfortunate brother: for the builted was subsequently found in the head. Not content with that, he had afterwards battered him as he lay, probably with the buti-end of the same weapon, 'mill scarcely a trace of a human face could be discerved.

It must be remembered that those now gazing on him had no clue to the murderer. Jerone doubtless suspected, but he kept silent. Horror stricken and sick, when they had grazed their fill, they began to look around the room for a solution of the mysfury—who had done it? and how? Nothing was to be seen save the ordinary and dilapidated firmiture, and the dust on the floor, disturbed as, by a settline. Who string on him said one of the guest's, and the dust on the floor, disturbed as, by a settline. Who string on him said one of the guest's, and the dust on the floor, disturbed as, by a settline. Who string on him said to firm with the room for a solution of the mysfury—who had done it? and how? Nothing was to be seen save the ordinary and dilapidated firmiture, and the dust on the floor, disturbed as, by a settline. Who string the first time. Who supplied it?

Hold as three demoiselles in a family? Off manning and and the date of the brief is the famile and in the branch of the guest in the created the counties. The brief of the guest in the first time of the ne with nicees, intimate friends, who might call early a large or late. She begin a rare take of searchal, which absorbed the attention of Lvly Essingexped to the conservatory, followed by the lord of Pommoroy. Leolin, he has asked for mel' she exclaim-

St. Ives?'
Oh yes. He spoke to papa last night in the rooms -actually in his own ball-room. If he had but spoken to me, I could have given

is the earl at home? he inquired, between his kisses. "Can he be seen?"
"Would you ask him now, Leolin? Now!"
"Now. Before I leave the house. You must be my promised wife this day, love, if you would not be his."
They sprang apart, for voices, broke on their wars, orbiniously noar "Lady Essington and the dowager and the rest came in view, and saw Anna seated on a large flower-put turned upside down, training the refractory branches of a rare plant, with a refractory name that of a rare plant, with a refractory name that nobody yet ever succeeded in spelling, and the lord of Poumeroy ungallantly standing with his back to her, lost in contemplation of the wonderful American aloe, which blossomed

wonderful American aloe, which biossomed but once a contury.

The dowager's sight was keen, and her imagination crafty. You should have your eyes about you, 'cried she, confilmitally to the counters. 'Anna is just at the age that she And I am only here now to tell you that I may get her head turned, and he does not cannot come if that is not Irish. Stanton want for attractions, that young lord of Pommeroy,'
'My dear downger, Anna is all safe. She

Not his head. One of his ears and part of

Anna, I shall begin to fear that the duke is yourself: when this news shall obtain wind, angerous, he said, as he held her closer there are some who would give you one, if they dared.'
'That she should allow her tongue its reins. She smiled and half shook her head, but and speak of it openly!' mentally uttered the confused counters. 'She's talks of young confused countess. 'She's talks men's being fools! what's she !' ...

message to the countess that the earl wanted

her. Altogether, it happened that when the Duke of St. Ives called, Anna was alone. He reported to her what he had, more fornally, imparted to the earl the previous night. Anna refused him, kindly but firmly.
This cannot be your final decision! he exred, displaying emotion. It is, indeed.

But why have you suffered me to hope?'
'Nay,' said Lady Anna, 'what have I done
to encourage hope? How else could I have
acted? You have been pleased to single me out, rather more perhaps than you have done others, but I shrank from your attentions in-

me,' interrupted the simple-hearted duke; 'it was indeed.' 'I am not to blame. I could not speak to you and say you must not court me, before you first spoke to me.'

The duke allowed that, but he grew hot.

'Can you not say that you -that you -will you let it wait awhile, and think of it?' 'Oh no. I cannot: it must not wait a day A moment's respite after the reception and the countess and her degighters were but so many of the brilliant crowd that through the newer to many of the brilliant crowd that through the rooms. Lady Anna found herself seated next to a young lady with whom they were on terms of close intimacy.

But think of the stupid way in which he to no, nover to give me a hint of The duke nervously pulled his glove about, what he was about to do, but to go bundering giving it considerable daimage in the way of the way of the wind to speak to him in a slits. I would try to make you so happy: I ball-room, at his own house! I wonder papa would not have a will but yours.' Anna was nervous also—it was her first essay at a refusal. She stammered out that e was very kind, and the duke rose to leave 'I shall never care for any one else, Lady

Anna pretty nearly exploded with laughter Oh yes, that would be delightful, if you could wish to give you a word of advice: Anna, before deliding spectroscally, make sure that you know your own mind. The wife of the duke of St. Ives, let him marry whom he may, will be mistress and master—he will make a doing mother?

He shook her hand again, and quitted her, and Anna's hainming a merry dance, waltzel round and round the room to its time.

The Counters of Essington had found her beseehingly up. Papa, I could not respect husband in his study. A little man, with a or love a man who would yield his will to velvet cap on his head, and a flowery dress mine in great things. I must be able to reving gown, a mercy heartel little man, who erence my husband, to find him one that I

n her fancy, she can't marry St. Ivgs.' The countess scowled. Would you let her marry Pommeroy with

when young people take mutual likings where's the use of standing out against them? That there been anything objectionable in the local of Pommeroy, that he might not wine her, why did you suffer them to most? Here has he been in the house entimally, like a tame cat—not that I complain, I like him—besides in seting nating natural states that the second of Pommeroy is large enough, by all accounts?—Anna will be lady—of Pommeroy. The widow will subside into her proper place, said Lady Essington.—It is the eastern of the widows of the lords. Pommeroy to remain in the abbeg who.

'My daughters have been to properly reared to allow themselves to become attached where it's not expedient,' said the laly,

'But nature's nature,' cried the earl. 'And training is training,' retorted the

he bran new Brummagen duke! Laly Essington's eves flashed fire.

'Shamefull How dared he?'

'What conduct?' asked the earl. 'She has encouraged the duke shamefully; nobody else has had a chance with him; and

pa. The one was a beauty, and mamma or twenty-second appears the Vexation of hope dered me to use it.'

"You little deceitful——— In o ear parts and a hearty laugh, and drowned the rest, ite laid hold of Anna and led her to a discount window, where they could be alone... away down in the bottom of the drawer. Constitutions, where they could be alone...

True. But so many intermarriages take some.

NO. 23.

The tears stood in her eyes as she looked

ing gown, a merry heartel little man, who er since my mission is,
liked to take things pleasantly.
'Did you send Pommeroy to me?'
'I told him you were here. Why?'
'Then you don't know what he wants?'
'How should I? to talk about Stanton, perhaps.'
'He wants Anna.'
'The countess questioned with here eyes so nothing. The late-lord killed his brother, did he not?'
'What shar for what?'
'What shar is it upon the Pommer yescutcheon?' dem in led La ly Geraldine. 'There's so nothing. The late-lord killed his brother, did he not?'
'The brother killed the late lord,' corrected

Wants her for what? dil he not?

To be lady of Pomneroy. The brother killed the late lord, corrected that a donkey he must be! attend the countess. A quarrel arose between them countess, iracibly. Why, the old Dowager owing, it is said, to the lord, wife favoring Barham let it out that she was going to marthis hardsome brother Rupert. It was shrought.

ry St. Ives!'

'But is she going to marry St. Ives?'

'What should hinder her?' retorted 'the went off, and the lord was killed. Rapert eswant of an intermed the want of an intermed the capel has her never been heart of verthough 'She may like someboly else better. The nearly six years have charsed, and the third lord of Pommeroy says she does."

It wish the lord of Pommeroy had been for of course a marderer cannot inherit, buried in the Pommeroy vaults before he had George was abroad with his regiment, some-

buried in the Pommeroy vaults before he had come upsetting things in this way? was the intemporate rejoinder-of Lady Essington. Under the come home; intemporate rejoinder-of Lady Essington. Under the come home; intemporate rejoinder-of Lady Essington. Under the come home; intemporate rejoinder-of Lady Essington. Under the control of Pommeroy. There's the bistory. Leolin is ford of Pommeroy. There's the history. The earl burghed, he enjoyed the joks. The earl burghed, he enjoyed the joks. You and the dowager must settle it between you, said he; if suppose you told her first. But, if Anna has got the lord of Pommeroy in her fancy, she can't mirey St. Ives. dy of Pom neroy.'
'Did he leave no children?'

'A girl. No heir.'
'I should not relish going to a home al-St. Ives in the way?'

'I'l let her'm rety Poinmeroy with St. Ives really occupied by a lady of Pommeroy and nother way or without him,' returned the earl.

ber her child,' exclaimed Mabel, speaking

customs and traditious, and they think they must obey them. They were always a super-

stitious race.' TO BE CONTINUED

THE ALPHABET OF LOVE. ountess. The heart can write the Alphabet. In 'He says slie loves him; and he says he Ahl love begins its A, B. C. He who says rdently loves her, was the answer. 'I be- A must also say B, but the tongue is timid, "Lovely rejoined the countess, scornfully, the tender cye" into the heart and kindles there a volcanic fire, which is the second step. There is no rest; having put his hand to this plough, the youth must run the furning of glow of merriment. "He called him names —the bran new Brummagen duke!" one confuses and he must stand on Ceremony defers to her as to an honored sovereign, a goldess, and this is the fourth stage. But Dared! These old families, these long- sha lows gather around the growing lover; edigreed pristocrats, do hold in contempt the Demon, he of the green eye and crooked new people. In point of descent, the duke of tongue, watches every crook of the finger St. Ives is not worthy to buckle on the garter of the lord of Pommeroy.

Before Lady Essington could reply, she heard the duke's voice upon the stairs, and by kind deeds, and sweet words, and fine opening the door, saw him passing down them. He was departing after his interview with Anna. Lady Essington-hastened to never the cost him, but the duke looked back with a cost him, but the duke looked back with a cold have only and was game. with Anna. Lary Estanglobana tenea to account that the could bow only, and was gone.

'She has been refusing him?' exclaimable counters; sinking in a chair—and old Dame Barham has gone with her open mount fround the town! If Anna has been such an idiot, I thigk I shall beat her?'

She bent her angry and hasty steps to the rawing room, and caught my young Last. Anna in the midst of her careering walts. She seized her by the arm and swung her round the other way, not very gently.

'What have you been doing to the dake of the first streams from her eye is a lamp to his path; the land, men, all things are beautiful by that reflection, that shame the stars to him. Bigher yet, to the tenth, of Joy, where sin and sadness seem like a mytholoway of the mounting sun suffers an eclipse; 'I only told him I could not marry him.'

You wicked girl! Not marry him! not human imperfections and misunderstandings;

You wicked girl! Not marry him! not thuman imperfections and misunderstandings; marry Stalves! Mabel, come here, interrupted the countess, hearing Lady Mabel in the draggled. At the twelfth appears the Laugh next room; look at your sister there—see the ter, who remembers his early discomfitures ignre she cuts! She has been refusing St. and later wooing and winning, and reminds the disconsolate one that the sea has fish as 'You have not!' debated Mabel, slowly good as ever caught; yet, for all that, Melspeaking to Anna? ancholy dresses the world in mourning, and 'Such a fuss!' cried Anna. 'Who's St. Ives?' leads him lower to that fourteenth stage, a Anna stood with blushing cheeks and fall; that a stood with a stood wit and the countess hardly knew wheth stand apart; she smiles on this one, walks or to subside into a fit of shricking hysterics, with that, rides with a third and dances with or to shake Anna—the earl takes his part; says he shall have her.'

If is the lord of Pommeroy,' observed and at the eight earls takes of St. Ives wanting me, you would never have thought of objecting to him.'

Right, child,' exclaimed the earl, inter runting them. well, papa, cried Mabel, sharply, 'I never the instances of masculine unfaithfulness; hought you would have upheld her in such they stand on the nineteenth stage of the Seunfaithfulness; curity of experience. No more to fall from the grace of love, they plight their Troth upon-the-twentieth. Full hearts make loose nobody else has had a chance with him; and thongues, and they talk over the plans, the now to turn round upon him? Last night that cost, the dangers, the toil and moil of life; over was, she went parading his boquet gift but, on the next stage, one question absorbs all else, as daylight does the stars, the question of Union. The day is fixed. The it her lips to hide a smile.

It me wears slowly on and waxes slower as it.

There were two boquets came for me, panears. Alas for human calculation, at the

deformed, making the hearts of lovers faint deformed, making the hearts of lovers faint with fears of perpetual single cursedness, the countess, 'if you ment to reject the duke but time is the great restorer, and at the twenty-third stage behold the wedding. This is the hilarious time among all people, of all demurely; the duke's was the one we left at home. It was the lord of Pommeroy's.'

'You little'deceitful——' The earl burst fourth, there is a sly connection with the old folks; a busy, secret working for the Xeno-third stage behold the wedding. This is the hilarious time among all people, of all single forth, there is a sly connection with the old folks; a busy, secret working for the Xeno-third forth, there is a sly connection with the old folks; a busy, secret working for the Xeno-third forth, there is a sly connection with the old folks; a busy, secret working for the Xeno-third forth, there is a sly connection with the old folks; a busy, secret working for the Xeno-third forth, there is a sly connection with the old folks; a busy, secret working for the Xeno-third forth. ito laid hold of Anna and led her, to a disanat window, where they could be alone.

'Anna, are your affections fixed on Leolin
Pommoroy?'

Her countenance was suffused with crim
son—an all sufficient answer.

'Or on the duke of St. Ives?' he continued.

'Sho looked up now, and spoke gayly. 'Pa
put I don't care for the duke.' And a union
with the duke would surely not be quite suitable for me—we are not of the same faith.'

'True. But so many intermarriage take