

IN THE OLD GRANGE GARDEN.

BY C. R. CREEP.

We were in the old Grange garden
Where fierce dragons stood for garden
"Nest the rose trees red with blooms;
And the golden sunshine brightly
Dripped through the branches lightly,
Making gay the odorous glooms.

On the lawn a sun-dial olden
Caught the slanting sunbeams golden,
Which, with sweet and softening grace,
With warm voices brightly tender,
Threw their strange alchemic splendor
O'er the moss-greened, time-worn face.

You were humming a love-ditty,
And you whispered, "O, the pity
That the roses fade so soon!"
O the glowing summer weather!
O the days when we together
Felt the world and life in tune!

Pushing back the branches trailing
All across the dial, and veiling
Its quaint legend from our sight,
Read you in a voice of scolding,
"If unclouded be love's morning,
Love will die at fall of night."

Saying softly, roses casting,
O'er the words "Our love is lasting,
Mocking words you speak, O, Dial.
Know you not, love born in pleasure,
Never fills its fullest measure,
Until darkness comes, and trial?"

Sweet those days of summer brightness,
When our hearts eclipsed the lightness
Of the summer-hearted birds!
Dear, I often wonder whether
You recall those days together,
With those days, O love, your words!

When the glowing summer glory
Faded from our love's sweet story,
When around us fell the night,
You passed on, dear, careless-hearted,
Tis over! we are parted,
Yet I love in love's despite.

When the future's veil was lifted,
Each had from the other drifted,
Down life's river, far apart;
Your love's sweet persistence,
Shines across the distant distance,
And lies folded in my heart!

THE RED-HAIRED ENGINEER.

By the Author of "So Blue: The Story of a Girton Girl," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER I

"Estelle, are you ready?"
A little shriek of horror is the answer, and in another moment Estelle Verries comes flying down-stairs, boots unbuttoned, neckerchief unfastened, hat and gloves in hand.

"My angelic Mary, if you scold me I shall die! Blame the chair you have put into my room. It is positively too seductive—I could not keep awake in it. Suddenly I hear a great strike of the clock; I jump up and find I have only a little tiny five minutes to dress in! Ah! dear, patient Mary, forgive the foreigner and her abominable ways."

"Never mind about apologizing, child, but button your boots and put your hat on."

"My boots!" Estelle looks down at them in despair, and then dropping on her knees in the hall, tries to do them up with her weak little fingers.

Mary Cotterell pulls her up, orders her peremptorily into a hall-chair, and drawing a button-hook from her own pocket proceeds to do up the high foreign boots.

"There! Now turn slowly round, and let me see that you are all right."

Estelle obeys submissively. "I hadn't time to do my hair again," she explains.

"So I see; but as it is always rough, that makes very little difference. I suppose you must do now. Put on your gloves; and where's your parasol?"

"Up-stairs. I don't want it."

"Yes, you do. I'll get it for you."

Estelle doesn't object at all; but when Mary comes down again she flings both arms around her, and calls her her best-beloved cabbage.

"Tell me, Mary," she asked, as they walked down the garden on their way to Mrs. Charlesworth's tennis party, "will that dreadful red-haired engineer be there—you know; the man who is so stupid and gauche?"

"Sure to be," said Mary dryly. "He's devoted to Eva Charlesworth."

"Poor girl! I pity her," observed Mlle. Verries, emphatically.

"Oh, you needn't do that; she doesn't care a fig for him. And, besides, the dreadful red-haired engineer, as you politely call Arthur Rivers, is a very good fellow."

"I call him a beast!" said Estelle, with exceeding frankness.

"Now, Estelle," said Mary sharply, "I won't have you pick up bad words from my young brothers, and I won't have you speak rudely of my friends."

"Do you like him?" inquired her companion, stepping forward, so as to get a good look at her face.

"Certainly," replied Mary, not the least disconcerted by the mischievous scrutiny of the dark eyes.

Estelle let go of her arm, and held up both hands in amazement.

"You are funny, you English! You positively like people because they are good!"

"Certainly," replied Mary again.

"But men never are good" answered Estelle, changing her ground.

"Oh, indeed!"

"My mother says so, and she knows."

"Your poor mother was unfortunate in her experience of them; but surely, because one Englishman was a wicked husband to her, she would not condemn all the rest?"

"Oh, that is only part of what she knows," said Estelle, confidently. "She has seen a great deal of life, and she has always taught me never to trust any man at all, however good he may seem."

Mary was silent, not liking to say what she thought of such training.

Estelle's French mother had been forced; when hardly more than child, into a marriage with a wealthy Englishman, who had treated her with neglect and brutality, and finally deserted her. Released from galling bonds by the intervention of the law, she had immediately quitted his hated country, and retired with little Estelle to a quiet suburb of Paris, where the child was brought up to call herself French, and to hate everything that was English. Yet, when an invitation came from Mrs. Cotterell for Estelle to spend a whole summer with her at Copenhagen, the girl's reluctance to go was overridden by her mother, who never forgot that the Cotterells, husband and wife, had been the only people in England whose sympathy she had been able to accept or rely on. So Estelle nervously agreed for a visit to her native country, and, once at Copenhagen, found to her surprise that she was going to enjoy herself. She found English country life charmingly novel; she particularly liked the admiration accorded to her

beauty and vivacity; and she took at once to Mary Cotterell, who had much of her mother's intelligent tact and thoughtfulness.

The two girls had walked on another hundred yards or so without speaking, when Mary was roused from her reflections by feeling her arm suddenly pinched. Looking up, she discovered rapidly approaching them the young man whose "goodness" had been so summarily disposed of by Estelle a few minutes previously.

He certainly was not a beauty.

Slightly above the average height, and disproportionately large, he not only had no good looks to boast of, but carried himself particularly badly, with a kind of undignified shambleness, his head forward and his hands forever in his pockets. Estelle managed to convey her opinion of him to Mary by a rapid little grimace and shrug of the shoulders before he came up to her.

"How do you do, Mary? How do you do, Mademoiselle—er—I really forget your name."

He put out his hand in an unthinking way, much to her displeasure. He ought only to have bowed; and how dared he to forget her name! Her reluctant little fingers just touched his.

Rivers saw now, and his lips twitched with amusement.

"Beg your pardon, I'm sure. I'll only bow another time," he said, bluntly. "Hate shaking hands myself; it's a barbarous custom. I suppose you are bound, like me, for Charlesworth's, Mary?"

On her assenting, he turned and walked beside her, without asking whether his company was desired or not.

"If you were polite, Arthur, you would offer to carry my racquet and shoes," observed Mary, laughing. "You can't imagine what a bad opinion Mademoiselle Verries is forming of you."

He took the things from her, rapidly glancing up and down Estelle, who looked bewitchingly pretty under her rose-lined parasol.

"Quite right, too," he returned, with a smile. "You see, Mademoiselle, I've no sisters to tick me into shape."

Estelle was not sufficiently well up in English slang to understand quite what he meant by this; but gathering from the pleasantness of his smile that it could not have been anything rude, she condescended to answer.

"I've no sisters, or brothers, either," she said naively.

"Ah! I thought so."

"Why?"

Rivers had guessed it from her manner, which was very much that of a spoilt only child, but he managed to escape blunderingly from telling her so. By this time they had reached Mrs. Charlesworth's lawn, and with a short, "Oh, can't say; intuition, I suppose," he hastily crossed over to where the fair, slender Eva Charlesworth was standing, racquet in hand, talking to the favorite and scapegrace of the place, Hal Armitage. Neither of these two particularly wanted him, and after a little while Eva graciously sent him back to Estelle, who did not play tennis, and who had been left stranded on a garden chair, while the rest of the guests were occupied with the game. She felt so neglected and uncomfortable that it was quite a relief when Rivers came and sat down beside her.

"We ought to fraternize," he said, drawing his chair rather forward, so as to get a good view of her face, "since we neither of us play this all-engrossing game. Are you over in England for long?"

Estelle allowed herself to be gradually drawn into conversation, and was getting quite interested in comparing notes with him about the Riviera, when an amused, approving little nod and smile from Mary brought the color to her face. She was a complete child in many respects, and her vexation at finding herself blushing was so great that the tears started to her eyes. Rivers wondered what on earth had happened, but if his manners were abrupt, his good feeling was rarely at fault, and he showed tact now.

"I brought home no end of mementos," he continued quietly, "and among them some flowers from Mentone—roots, I mean—which I planted in the garden here for Miss Charlesworth. Would you like to see them?"

Estelle sprang up, ready to go anywhere rather than continue to sit with her face in full view of all the players. She was sure every one must be looking at her.

But in a very few minutes, thanks to Rivers' tactics, she was herself again, and in a nervous little laugh her comprehension of possible difficulties.

Soon Estelle was called to the piano. At the end of her first song she missed Rivers, but it was not till she had finished a second that she discovered that Eva had also absented herself. In a moment her indignant jealousy surged up, and, trembling all over with suppressed fear and anger, she went to the head of the steps which led down into the conservatory. Two figures were standing below her, half hidden by a tall palm.

"You know I will do all I can for you, Eva," said the man.

"I know you have always been better to me than I deserve," said the woman, her voice hardly under control. "You will keep my secret now, Arthur?"

"I will keep your secret and serve you," said Rivers, with just that strong gentleness in his voice which Estelle thought he had no right to use to any one but her. The miserable girl clenched her hands and teeth in the effort to restrain herself, conscious of the unfitness of making a scene, but self-control was not to be learnt in a moment, and passion asserted itself.

"Arthur," she said, in a low, choking voice, and stepping down toward him, "you are a traitor—you have deceived me—you—" she could hardly speak, and now she put one hand to her head, while the other, extended, forbade his approach. So she stood for a moment, then her figure swayed, she missed her footing, and he only caught the words, "Ah, you have killed me!" before she fell at his feet, sobbing, crying, raving, flinging herself about in violent hysterics, like one possessed.

Eva, shocked beyond measure, called Mary Cotterell to her aid, and, with as little fuss as possible, they got Estelle upstairs, where she continued all night in a state of half-delirious misery and rage. The only thing she was distinct and persistent about was that she would never see or speak to Arthur again. He left the house in despair, pinning his only hope on Mary, who promised to bring the poor girl to reason. "Leave her to me for a few days," she said, and Rivers obeyed, devoting all his energies to getting Hal Armitage the colonial post desired for him by Eva.

Estelle, sorely ashamed of herself by now, heard the news of his success from Mary, who added an explanation of the part played by Arthur.

"Are you satisfied now?" asked the latter, with the sternness she found more salutary than gentleness.

"Why hasn't Arthur been to see me?" asked Estelle, looking down.

"You went too far this time; you forgot that he has pride."

Estelle sprang up and dropped on her knees beside Mary's chair. "Let me go to him! Not to his house—I don't mean that but somewhere where I shall meet him! Oh! my dear Mary, do this one thing more for me, I implore you!"

"I don't think you deserve anything of the sort," said Mary sharply, and nothing like a promise could be extorted from her. It was, therefore, of course, only a singular coincidence that the following day Arthur should be walking through Copenhagen just when Mary and Estelle happened to be nutting there—or, rather, Mary was nutting, while Estelle stood by in her Frenchified dress, and never so much as took off her gloves. It was lucky, too, that just when Arthur came upon them Mary should be high up from the ground in a thick bush, and quite out of sight and hearing behind the leafy screen which compassed her about.

Where were Estelle's low spirits now?

She had meant to be very humble and penitent, but it was never any use for her to decide beforehand how she would behave, and now, when she saw the "dreadful red-haired man" approaching her, the pleasure of it was so great that everything else went out of her head. There was a stile between them, and hastily gathering a field daisy, she went and stood her side of it, with a face full of childish gaiety.

"He loves me a little, much, more, not at all," she began, rapidly counting out the petals, and glancing mischievously at her lover. "A little, much, most of all!" she ended triumphantly, expecting him to clear the stile in a moment, and punish her with kisses for her bad behavior.

But Arthur did nothing of the kind.

There was not a vestige of a smile on his worn face, and he looked at her so gravely that a sudden fear and heart-ache took possession of her.

"Arthur, forgive me," she said timidly, and, taking in both hers the hand he had laid on the stile.

"Am I never to be more than the plaything of your jealous caprice, Estelle?" he asked sadly.

"Ah, you are cruel! You are tormenting me, humbling me!" cried the girl, her cheeks flaming. "You think I have not been Arthur, for pity's sake do not look at me like that!"

What could the man do? Did he not love this wayward child, with all her unexplainable distrust of himself, better than anything else in the world?

First the position of their hands changed, for he put out his other one, and took both her little ones into his strong grasp. Then his tone softened: "Estelle, Estelle, how long will this phase last?"

"I will never, never doubt you again!"

"Never till next time," said Rivers, with a just perceptible smile. "How am I ever to feel safe?"

She would have protested, but he silenced her. "Words are useless, my child," he said. "We must begin again from the beginning." And therswith he got over the stile, and proceeded to make love so delightfully, that when Mary descended from her perch and insisted on going home, Estelle thought and called her a "horrid bore."

But Mary was too well content with the completeness of their reconciliation to mind being abused. Nor had she any fear for the ultimate stability of their happiness, knowing that there was in Estelle plenty of good material, and that Arthur not only understood her well now, but would conquer in the end by sheer force of love and patience.

First the position of their hands changed, for he put out his other one, and took both her little ones into his strong grasp. Then his tone softened: "Estelle, Estelle, how long will this phase last?"

"I will never, never doubt you again!"

"Never till next time," said Rivers, with a just perceptible smile. "How am I ever to feel safe?"

She would have protested, but he silenced her. "Words are useless, my child," he said. "We must begin again from the beginning." And therswith he got over the stile, and proceeded to make love so delightfully, that when Mary descended from her perch and insisted on going home, Estelle thought and called her a "horrid bore."

But Mary was too well content with the completeness of their reconciliation to mind being abused. Nor had she any fear for the ultimate stability of their happiness, knowing that there was in Estelle plenty of good material, and that Arthur not only understood her well now, but would conquer in the end by sheer force of love and patience.

First the position of their hands changed, for he put out his other one, and took both her little ones into his strong grasp. Then his tone softened: "Estelle, Estelle, how long will this phase last?"

"I will never, never doubt you again!"

"Never till next time," said Rivers, with a just perceptible smile. "How am I ever to feel safe?"

She would have protested, but he silenced her. "Words are useless, my child," he said. "We must begin again from the beginning." And therswith he got over the stile, and proceeded to make love so delightfully, that when Mary descended from her perch and insisted on going home, Estelle thought and called her a "horrid bore."

But Mary was too well content with the completeness of their reconciliation to mind being abused. Nor had she any fear for the ultimate stability of their happiness, knowing that there was in Estelle plenty of good material, and that Arthur not only understood her well now, but would conquer in the end by sheer force of love and patience.

First the position of their hands changed, for he put out his other one, and took both her little ones into his strong grasp. Then his tone softened: "Estelle, Estelle, how long will this phase last?"

"I will never, never doubt you again!"

"Never till next time," said Rivers, with a just perceptible smile. "How am I ever to feel safe?"

She would have protested, but he silenced her. "Words are useless, my child," he said. "We must begin again from the beginning." And therswith he got over the stile, and proceeded to make love so delightfully, that when Mary descended from her perch and insisted on going home, Estelle thought and called her a "horrid bore."

But Mary was too well content with the completeness of their reconciliation to mind being abused. Nor had she any fear for the ultimate stability of their happiness, knowing that there was in Estelle plenty of good material, and that Arthur not only understood her well now, but would conquer in the end by sheer force of love and patience.

First the position of their hands changed, for he put out his other