



By Marion V. Hollis.

CHAPTER III.

Selwyn Castle crowns the summit of a tall hill, whose sides, covered with trees and flowers, slope down to the sea. No park surrounds it, but the pleasure grounds are extensive and magnificent. There is a deep, clear lake of vast extent, bordered by drooping trees whose branches touch the water. Though there is no park, the Thorleigh woods are close and the River Thorne runs at the foot of the hill.

On this morning, a fair one in June, the windows of the breakfast room at the Castle were thrown wide open; the wind came in, in great perfumed gusts; the flowers outside seemed as though they bowed their heads in greeting; ilies and roses were at their fairest; the sunbeams swept through the flower shaded sunbeams, and they fell upon a quiet, pretty scene that spoke of home, affluence and elegance.

They fell first upon the proud, imperious face of an elderly lady, the mother of the earl, the Honorable Mrs. Gerald Selwyn, a lady who sits calm and erect. There is not a bend in her figure, not a wrinkle in her calm, patrician face; one can see that she is proud to a fault, scrupulous, ambitious, worldly and fond of life.

The sunbeams fall on something else—on the proud, high-bred face of a young girl, who is arranging some lilies so as to form a bouquet—on a beautiful oval face, with a short upper lip and a fresh, ripe under one, with clear, calm, proud eyes, and straight brows—a girl with a long, graceful, white throat and small white hands, with every mark of race about her—a thorough patrician; no smiling, dimpled beauty, full of wild, fresh impulse, such as Violante Temple. A court beauty, this—an aristocrat, with all the haughty loveliness and dignity of a queen. And this young lady, who moves with such calm, serene, proud grace, is called Beatrice Leigh. She is the niece of Mrs. Selwyn, and cousin of Lord Vivian.

Next to her own son, Mrs. Selwyn loved Beatrice Leigh better than any one else in the world, and from the first moment the child entered her house, she had one wish, and it was that her proud, beautiful niece should marry her son.

As children, Vivian and Beatrice spent much of their time together. When he finally went to Oxford, and then into the army, they were separated, Vivian retaining for his beautiful little playfellow a warm, kindly, brotherly affection. She, fed by his mother's continual praises of him, and constant reiteration of her wishes, gradually came to love the brave young captain better than all the world besides.

She looks very fair and serene, as the sunbeams kiss the beautiful face and the white dress; her hair, dark and shining like the wing of a rare bird, is braided round her beautiful head, after the fashion of a Grecian statue, leaving the two pretty, pearl ears to be seen.

"Letters!" cried Beatrice, as the footman entered. "I wonder if Vivian has written; if he is still lingering at that wonderful place—what is it—Wooceaves, in Leicestershire? What possible attraction can he find there? Ah! this is his handwriting, I am sure."

From a number of envelopes she selected the one having his writing upon it. Mrs. Selwyn smiled as she did so.

"How quickly you have found out, Beatrice!" she cried. "Now, what does he say?"

She read the letter hastily.

"He is coming to-night," she went on; "and, Beatrice, he says he has a surprise for us. What can it be?"

"A surprise!" she cried, a sudden gleam of light making her face still more lovely; "perhaps he has brought you something, auntie."

But Mrs. Selwyn shook her head.

"It do not fancy that is it," she replied. "I fancy, Beatrice, it is something about himself. What has he been staying at this place for? Listen to what he says: 'I hope to be with you on Tuesday night; prepare yourself, dear mother, for a surprise that will, I hope, be a pleasant one.' What can this surprise be, Beatrice?" continued Mrs. Selwyn; "he has done something that he thinks will please me, I am sure."

Beatrice had regained all her calm.

"We shall know to-night, aunt," she said quietly; "and the day is too warm for conjectures."

CHAPTER IV.

The clock on the Castle tower had struck seven, the cook had sent more than one message to say that dinner was ready, and the Honorable Mrs. Selwyn, who had expected her son at six, began to grow anxious.

Suddenly carriage wheels sounded, stopped—there was a confused noise, the hurrying of servants; then the drawing room door opened, and Vivian entered. He looked very handsome in his traveling dress. He went up to Mrs. Selwyn and kissed her.

"I am late," he said; "but there was a delay in the Thorleigh train. How well you look, mother!"

Then he turned to Beatrice, and as he looked at her he started in surprise.

"Beatrice," he said, "it would be an old-fashioned compliment to say that every time I see you have improved, but it is the truth."

Her beautiful eyes grew bright with pleasure.

"You shall pay us as many compliments as you like after dinner," interrupted Mrs. Selwyn; "now go to your dressing room—you must be fashions."

No word was said of himself during dinner; but they talked of the young hero, Bertie Temple, and of his early home.

"It must have been a comfort to his father to have seen you," said Mrs. Selwyn, with the proud, quiet complacency of patronage. "They are people quite in humble circumstances, I suppose?"

The young earl's face flushed; a quick word rose to his lips, then he checked himself. What need to feel angry? If they were in humble circumstances, he could soon remedy that.

"They are not millionaires, mother," he

replied, "nor even what the world calls rich. The father, Mr. Temple, is a gentleman; not only well educated, but a scholar; he is a lawyer by profession, and lives in a very pretty house called Oaksides."

"And the sister?" said Mrs. Selwyn, after a few minutes.

His dark face flushed.

"She is older than I thought to find her," he replied; "and she has hair just like poor Bertie's."

Beatrice looked up at him with a quiet, keen glance, but the flush had died away then, and Vivian was most composedly eating his dinner.

But when dinner was over, and they had returned to the drawing room, he did not seem quite so much at his ease. Beatrice drew an easy chair to the open window, and looked out at the blooming flowers.

Mrs. Selwyn reclined upon a couch near her, and Vivian sat down upon a little low stool at his mother's feet. She laid her hand caressingly on the dark hair.

"And now, Vivian," she said, "what is the surprise?"

Again his face flushed.

"That is the very thing I was waiting to speak of," he replied. "I hope you will be pleased to listen to my story—pleased as I am to tell it."

"I am in love at last," he continued. "All my life long I have wondered what this strange passion men call love was like. I used to believe it would pass me by, and I should never know, but when I went down to poor Bertie's home, I met my fate."

Not a stir, not a word from Beatrice Leigh. Mrs. Selwyn moved uneasily.

"I hope what you call your fate is worthy of you," she said. "Remember, you are head of an ancient and glorious race—head of a grand old family that has never known anything save honor. There is no duchess in England who would not proudly give you a daughter."

"It is no duchess' daughter that I have learned to love," he replied with a smile. "Oh, mother, you must not be disappointed. You must not damp my happiness. I love Violante Temple, and have asked her to be my wife."

"A lawyer's daughter!" cried Mrs. Selwyn; "a simple country girl! Oh, Vivian, what an end to all my dreams and plans is this!"

He laughed; bowing his handsome, stately head down to her.

"Now, mother," he cried, "you are to kiss me and wish me joy."

"I cannot!" she cried. "I cannot, Vivian. I am most bitterly disappointed to think, when you might have chosen from the fairest and noblest in the land, you have thrown yourself away so cruelly."

"It is no duchess' daughter that I have learned to love," he replied with a smile. "Oh, mother, you must not be disappointed. You must not damp my happiness. I love Violante Temple, and have asked her to be my wife."

"A lawyer's daughter!" cried Mrs. Selwyn. "Have you really pledged your word?"

"In all honor," he replied. "I have even asked that my marriage may take place in September."

Mrs. Selwyn positively groaned.

"It is useless for me to interfere," she said. "I cannot forbid it. You are your own master. It would be nonsense for me to say that I shall not allow it; but I must express my stern dislike and disapproval. It is an alliance quite unworthy of you, and you might have aspired no matter how high."

"Beatrice," he said, "help me to convince my mother. You are young and beautiful, and love will come to you some day, as it has come to me. Tell her—help me to make her believe that love is the only thing for which a man should ever marry. Help her to make her like my love."

There was a world of dreary pain in the dark eyes raised to his, a world of anguish and untold love.

"I should not know what to say," she replied in a strange voice unlike her own.

And then Lord Vivian Selwyn of Selwyn Castle stood embarrassed and uncertain what to do. He had some misgivings as he journeyed homeward that his mother would not think he had done anything to add to the family renown. All the ladies Selwyn had been women of high birth; he was the first to break the rule.

"Well," said Mrs. Selwyn, with a resigned smile, "it is bad news—worse could not have come to me; but if it is irrevocable, I must make the best of it. I would rather you had chosen a wife from your own class. I regret most deeply the choice you have made. Yet I promise you, having said this, I will say no more. I will do my best to like your wife, Vivian, and to make her as happy as I can."

"All mine at last! Violante—my wife!"

To the Scotch lakes they went. And amid such glorious loveliness of sea and sky as Violante had never even dreamed of she finished the lesson of love she had begun to learn at Wooceaves.

There, alone in the sweetest solitude under heaven, Lord Vivian grew almost to worship his beautiful young wife. He could see no fault, no shadow of imperfection in her. There were no envious eyes near to note when she did not feel quite at her ease; and he thought her shy, blushing, timid manner more winning, more charming than anything he had ever seen.

When the chill days of November came and they went home to Selwyn Castle, Lord Vivian was more deeply in love than ever with his fair young Violante.

And officers in glittering uniforms, lords whose names filled the simple country people with awe. The bridegroom's mother was not there; she, it was rumored, was busily engaged in superintending the wedding fêtes given at the Castle. There was a whole string of bridesmaids, the prettiest girls in the county, who were proud of the honor of attending one who was so soon to be Lady Selwyn.

The old parish church, with its tall spire and gray walls, looked its best; it was filled with a brilliant crowd. Little children flung flowers under the feet of the bride, flowers whose thorns pricked her sorely in the sad after days; and then, as she stood in the center of that magnificent group, while the words of the marriage service were read over her, every one saw from the eastern window a golden sunbeam streaming in and forming a halo round her fair young head.

Some smiled as they saw it, but it brought tears into other eyes. People looked at each other and said:

"Happy the bride the sun shines on."

While, as they went into the vestry to sign the books, Vivian whispered to his wife:

"Even the sunbeams kissed you, my darling, and no wonder."

Horace Temple was like a man in a dream; he had been in a dream ever since the night Lord Vivian Selwyn asked him for his daughter, and he could not recover from it, and now the grand climax had arrived; his little Violante, his fair-faced, sunny-haired child, whose laugh and song were both wild as a bird, was married; married to rich and handsome young nobleman whom any lady in the land might have been proud to have called her husband.

The other evening while he was entertaining three or four of his office friends at a small supper the eldest boy spoke up from the far end of the table:

"Say, pop," he inquired, "how do you pronounce N-e-w-o-n-e?" and the youth spelled it slowly.

"I presume," replied the father, with the courage of his convictions, "that it is an Indian name, and by the rule I would pronounce it Ne-wo-ny."

"But that isn't the way," dissented the boy.

The father was never more surprised in his life.

"I don't quite see how it would be euphonious any other way," he said, with a mild air of offended intelligence.

"What's the matter with pronouncing it new one?" inquired the boy, with a loud irreverent ha ha, and the blow almost killed his father.—Washington Star.

His Heroes.

Said Uncle Josh: "Yes, Dewey's great, I like the way he fits first rate."

"I like that feller Sampson, too. He seems to know jus' what to do."

"'N' also there's a heap in Schley, Sesame like he's got a eagle eye."

"That young chap Hobson knows his biz. He's brave as kin be; that is he is."

"I like to read about them chaps As sports them party shoulder straps."

"Jus' makes me cut a pigeon wing When they turn loose an' let'er fling!"

"But 'tain't them folks as makes me yell 'N' lose my senses for a spell."

"It ain't them folks as makes me shout Till all the villagers turns out."

"It ain't them ad-my-rals, no sir! That makes the old blood in me stir."

"It ain't them commydores 'n' sich That makes the muscles in me twich."

"It ain't them captains peart and brave, That makes my old voice mischave."

"It's them that offers life, brave chaps, Without no hope of shoulder straps."

"It's them that works with grimy breasts, 'N' stands war's worst 'n' hardest tests."

"It's them that cracks a cheerful joke, 'N' shows their smiles through cannon smoke."

"It's them there naked, fearless boys A workin' in that hell of noise."

"'N' pushin' Death aside to say, 'Git out; you're always in the way.'

"A shootin' with so true an aim That makes Old Glory glad it came."

"Them is the boys for Uncle Josh—The boys behind the guns, bi'gosh!"

—Baltimore News.

Self-Respect.

If you respect yourself, young man, the world will respect you. We are thought of and esteemed by others in the light in which we estimate ourselves. This does not mean that the young man should think unduly of his abilities or qualities. Far from it. In fact, self-respect itself demands a severity of self-judgment, and demands that we do not overestimate ourselves in the judgment and before the eyes of others. Therefore, it is for the young man to know first of all his place, and knowing it demand, by the very behavior he shows in his every act toward others, which at all times must be respectful, open and honest, that because of this he will be respected.

The dream of her wedding day finished by a crowd of smiling faces, a chorus of good wishes, her husband's animated farewells. Another minute and she was in the traveling carriage; Oaksides had disappeared, and Lord Vivian Selwyn had clasped her to his heart, saying:

"All mine at last! Violante—my wife!"

To the Scotch lakes they went. And amid such glorious loveliness of sea and sky as Violante had never even dreamed of she finished the lesson of love she had begun to learn at Wooceaves.

There, alone in the sweetest solitude under heaven, Lord Vivian grew almost to worship his beautiful young wife. He could see no fault, no shadow of imperfection in her. There were no envious eyes near to note when she did not feel quite at her ease; and he thought her shy, blushing, timid manner more winning, more charming than anything he had ever seen.

When the chill days of November came and they went home to Selwyn Castle, Lord Vivian was more deeply in love than ever with his fair young Violante.

(To be continued.)

Correct Enough.

"Now, boys, I have a few questions in fractions to ask," said the teacher; "suppose I have a piece of beefsteak, and cut it into sixteen pieces, what would those pieces be called?"

"Sixteenths," answered one boy, after meditating a moment.

"Very good. And when the sixteenths were cut in half, what would they be?" There was silence in the class; but presently a little boy at the foot put up his hand. "Do you know, Johnny?"

"'Hash,'" answered Johnny, confidently.—Current Literature.

Farming Under Difficulties.

"How did you like farming in Vermont?" was asked of the Michigan man who went there because told that the bulk of the wealth is in the East.

"O, I guess it would be all right only for one thing."

"What was that?"

"I'll be doggone if I'll work ground so hard and rocky that you have to plow with a shotgun."

The names of the 105 battles are emblazoned on the banners of the various regiments which form the British army. But many actions of great importance are not so commemorated.

When a man doesn't like a thing, he