

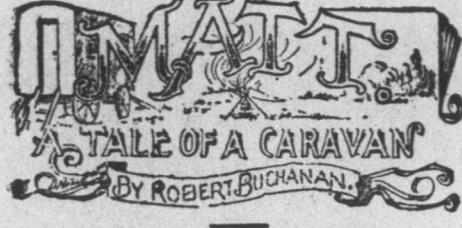
THE OLD LOVE SONG.

Play it slowly, sing it lowly,
Old familiar tune!
Once it ran in dance and dimple,
Like a brook in June;
Now it soaks along the measures
With a sound of tears;
Dear old voices echo through it,
Vanished with the years.

Bipple, ripple goes the love song
Till, in singing time,
Earth and human joy completeness,
Floods it every rhyme;
Who together learn the music
Life and death hold
Know that love is but beginning
Until love is old.

Play it slowly, it is holy
As an evening hymn;
Morning gladness hushed in sadness,
Fills it to the brim.
Memories home within the music,
Stealing through the bars;
Thoughts within its quiet spaces
Rise and set like stars.

—The Campus.



CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

Matt shook her head again. Once more the young man was lost in meditation. Doubtless it was owing to his abstraction of mind that he quietly placed his arm around Matt's waist, and kept it there. At first Matt went very red; then she glanced up at his face, and saw that his eyes were fixed thoughtfully on the distant sand hills. Seeing he still kept silence, she moved a little closer to him, and said very quietly:

"I didn't tell William Jones that you—kissed me!"

Brinkley started from his abstraction, and looked at the girl's blushing face.

"Eh? What did you say?"

"I didn't tell William Jones that you—kissed me!"

These words seemed to remind the young man of the position of his arm, for he hastily withdrew it. Then the absurdity of the whole situation appeared to return upon him, and he broke into a burst of boyish laughter—at which his companion's face fell once more. It was clear that she took life seriously and dreaded sarcasm.

"Matt," he said, "This won't do! This won't do at all!"

"What won't do?"

"Well, this," he answered, rather ambiguously. "You are rather young, you know—quite a girl, although, as you suggested just now, and, as you probably believe, you may be 'growing up.' You must—ha—you must look upon me as a sort of father, and all that sort of thing."

"You're too young to be my father," answered Matt, ingenuously.

"Well, say your big brother. I'm interested in you, Matt, very much interested, and I should really like to get to the bottom of the mystery about you, but we must not forget that we're well, almost strangers, you know. Besides," he added, laughing again cheerily, "you are engaged to be married, some day, to a gentleman of fortune."

Matt sprang up, with heaving bosom and flashing eyes.

"No, I ain't!" she said. "I hate him!"

"Hate the beautiful Monk, of Monks-hurst! Monk, the benevolent! Monk the sweet-spoken! Impossible!"

"Yes, I hate him," cried Matt; "and—and—when he kissed me, it made me sick."

"What, did he? Actually. Kissed you?"

As he spoke the young man actually felt that he should like to assault the redoubtable Monk.

"Yes, he kissed me—once. If he kisses me again I'll stick something into him, or scratch his face."

And Matt looked black as thunder and set her pearly teeth angrily together.

"Sit down again, Matt!"

"I shan't—if you laugh."

"Oh, I'll behave myself. Come!"—and he added, as she returned to her place: "Did it make you sick when I kissed you?"

He was playing with fire. The girl's face changed in a moment, her eyes melted, her lips trembled, and all her expression became inexpressibly soft and dreamy. Leaning gently towards him, she drooped her eyes, and then, seeing his hand resting on his knee, she took it in hers and raised it to her lips.

"I should like to marry you," she said, and blushing, raised her cheek against his shoulder.

Now, our hero of the caravan was a true-hearted young fellow and a man of honor, and his position had become extremely embarrassing. He could no longer conceal from himself the discovery that he had made an unmistakable impression on Matt's unsophisticated heart. Hitherto he had looked upon her as a sort of enfant terrible, a very rough diamond; now he realized, with a shock of surprise and self-reproach, that she possessed, whether "growing up" or not, much of the susceptibility of grown up young ladies. It was clear that his duty was to disenchant her as speedily as possible, seeing that the discovery of the hopelessness of her attachment might, if delayed, cause her no little unhappiness.

In the meantime he suffered her nestle to him. He did not like to shake her off roughly, or to say anything unkind. He glanced round into her face; the eyes were still cast down, and the cheeks were suffused with a warm, rich light, which softened the great freckles and made her complexion look, according to the image which suggested itself to his mind, like a nice ripe pear. She was certainly very pretty. He glanced down at her hands, which rested in her lap, and again noticed that they were unusually delicate and small. Her feet, which he next inspected, he could not criticize, for the boots she wore would have been a good fit for William Jones. But the

whole outline of her figure, in spite of the hideous attire she wore, was fine and symmetrical and altogether—

His inspection was interrupted by the girl herself. Starting as from a delightful trance, she sprang to her feet and cried:

"I can't stop no longer. I'm going."

"But the picture, Matt?" said Brinkley, rising also. "Shan't I finish it today?"

"I can't wait. William Jones wants to send me a message over to Fencroft, and if I don't go he'll scold."

"Very well, Matt."

"But I'll come," she said, smiling, "to-morrow; and I'll come in my Sunday clothes, somehow."

"Don't trouble. On reflection, I think you look nicer as you are."

She lifted up her hat from the ground, and still hesitated as she put it on.

"Upon my word!" cried the artist: "those Welsh hats are very becoming. Good-by, Matt."

She took his outstretched hand and an instant, with her warm, brown cheek in profile temptingly near his lips. But he did not yield to the temptation and after a moment's further hesitation, in which I fear she betrayed some little disappointment, Matt released her hand and sprang hurriedly away.

"Upon my word," muttered the young man, as he watched her figure receding in the distance, "the situation is growing more and more troublesome! I



"THOSE WELSH HATS ARE VERY BEING-COMING."

shall have to make a clean bolt of it, if this goes on. Fancy being caught in a flirtation with a wild ocean waif, a child of the wilderness, who never even heard of Lindley Murray. Really, it will never do!"

CHAPTER VIII. THE DEVIL'S CALDRON.

It so happened that the young man of the caravan had two considerable faults. The first fault my reader has, no doubt, already guessed; he was constitutionally lazy. The second fault will appear more clearly in the sequel; he was, also constitutionally inquisitive.

Now, his laziness was of that not uncommon kind which is capable of a great deal of activity, so long as that activity is unconscious, and not as being as in the nature of work; and its possessor, therefore, would frequently, in his idle way, stir himself a good deal; whereas, if he had been ordered to bestir himself, he would have yawned and resisted. Here his other constitutional defect came in, and set him praying into matters which in no way seriously concerned him. A little time before the period of his present excursion, when he was studying law in Dublin, and rapidly discovered that he terribly hated at "cases" in which his curiosity was aroused; and I may add, in passing, that he had shown on these occasions an amount of shrewdness which would have made him an excellent lawyer if his invincible objection to hard work, *qua* work, had not invariably interfered.

Monk did not smile now; all his efforts to do so were ineffectual. With an expression of savage dislike he looked in Brinkley's face, and his voice, though his words were still clear, trembled and grew harsh, "as screech pipes of straw."

"May I ask if you propose remaining long in the neighborhood?"

"I don't know," answered the artist. "My time is my own, and I shall stay as long as the place amuses me."

"If I can assist in making it so I shall be happy, sir."

"Thank you."

"Do you care for rabbit shooting? If so there is some sport to be had among the sand hills."

"I never shoot anything," was the reply, "except, I suppose, 'folly as it flies'; though with what species of fire-

indolence, that he at once knocked off painting for the day, and, after breakfasting on the fare with which Tim had by this time appeared, he strolled away towards the seashore.

He had not gone far when he saw approaching him a tall figure which he seemed to recognize. It came closer, and he saw that it was Mr. Monk, of Monkshurst.

This time Monk was on foot. He wore a dark dress, with knickerbockers and heavy shooting boots, and carried a gun. A large dog, of the species lurcher, followed at his heels.

Brinkley was passing by without a sound, when, to his surprise, other paused and lifted his hat.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "We have met once before; and I think I have to apologize to you for unintentional incivility. The fact is—hum—I mistook you for a—vagrant! I did not know you were a gentleman."

So staggered was the artist at this greeting that he could only borrow the vocabulary of Mr. Toots:

"Oh, it's of no consequence," he said, attempting to pass on.

But the other persevered.

"I assure you, Mr.—Mr.—(I have not the pleasure of knowing your name) that I had no desire of offending you; and if I did so I beg to apologize."

Brinkley looked keenly at the speaker. His words and manner were great contrast at variance with his looks—even with the tone of his disfigured brow, and his mouth twitched nervously as if he were ill at ease.

Regarding him thus closely, Brinkley saw that he had been somewhat mistaken as to his age. He was considerably under fifty years of age, but his hair was mixed with gray and his features strongly marked as with scars of old passions. A handsome man, certainly; an amiable one, certainly not! Yet he had a peculiar air and power of breeding, as of one accustomed to commanding.

Curiosity overcame dislike and the young man determined to receive Mr. Monk's overture as amiably as possible.

"I dare say it was a mistake," he said. "Gentlemen don't usually travel about in caravans."

"You are an artist, I am informed," returned Monks.

"Something of that sort," was the reply. "I paint a little for pleasure."

"And do you find this neighborhood suit your purpose? It is somewhat flat and uninteresting."

"I rather like it," answered Brinkley. "It is pretty in summer; it must be splendid in winter when the storms begin and the uneventful career of our friend, William Jones, is varied by the excitement of wrecks."

How Monk's forehead darkened. But his face smiled still as he said:

"It is not often that shipwrecks occur now I am glad to say."

"No," said Brinkley, dryly. "They used to be common enough fifteen years ago."

Their eyes met and the eyes of Monk were full of fierce suspicion.

"Why fifteen years ago especially?"

The young man shrugged his shoulders.

"I was told only to-day of the loss of one great ship at that time. Matt told me, the little foundling. You know Matt, of course?"

"I know whom you mean. Excuse me, but you seem to be very familiar with her name?"

"I suppose I am," replied the young man. "Matt and I are excellent friends."

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—TO BE CONTINUED.]

The idea was a preposterous one and almost amusing. It was not to be conceived, on the first blush of it, that jealousy would make a surly man civil, a savage man gentle; it would rather have the contrary effect, unless—here Brinkley grew thoughtful—unless his gloomy rival had some sinister design which he wished to cloak with politeness.

But jealous of little Matt! Brinkley laughed heartily when he fully realized the absurdity of the notion.

He crossed the sand hills and came again to the path which he and Matt had followed the previous day. A smart breeze was coming in from the southwest and the air was fresh and cool, though sunny; but clouds were gathering to windward and the weather was evidently broken. Reaching the cliffs, he descended them and came down on the rocks beneath. A long, jagged point ran out from the point where he stood and the water to leeward of the same was quite calm, though rising and falling in strong, troubled swells. So bright and tempting did it look in that sheltered place that he determined to have a swim.

He stripped leisurely, and, placing his clothes in a safe place, took a ladder off the rocks. It was clear at once that he was a powerful swimmer. Breasting the smooth swell, he struck out from shore, and, when he had gone about a hundred yards, floated lazily on his back and surveyed the shore.

The cliffs were not very high, but their forms were finely picturesque. Here and there were still green creeks, fringed with purple weed; and large shadowy caves, hewed roughly in the side of the crags; and rocky islets, covered with slimy weed awash with the lapping water. A little to the right of the spot from which he had dived the cliff seemed hollowed out, forming a wide passage which the sea entered with a tramp and a rush and a roar.

Toward this spot Brinkley swam.

He knew the danger of such places, for he had often explored them both in Cornwall and the west of Ireland; but he had confidence in his own natatory skill. Approaching the shore leisurely, with strong, slow strokes, he paused outside the passage, and observed that the sea-swell entering the opening rushed and quickened itself like a rapid shooting to the fall, turning at the base of the cliff into a cloud of thin, prismatic spray. Suddenly through the top of the spray, a cloud of rock pigeons emerged, winging their flight rapidly along the crags.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE STRING OF PEARLS.

A Woman's Age Spoils Her Prospects Before the Court.

"Sir," said Abdullah, as he appeared with his sister, Fatima, before the judge, "perhaps you will remember the brave Abbas, who died thirty years ago. He was our father, and left both of us his property in equal proportions, on which we have hitherto subsisted in common. Fatima, it is true, has been peevish and quarrelsome during the last few years, but I always gave way, as I am a lover of peace. But I have recently chosen the beautiful Zoraida for my bride and thought of giving her this valuable string of pearls—the most precious keepsake of my father's in my possession; for he gave it to me on his return from a journey when I was five years old, and it has been mine ever since. But Fatima will have it that the pearls are part of our father's legacy and claims half of them as her share. She refuses to listen to my arguments and insists upon her claim—not, indeed, for the sake of the pearls; oh! no! I see quite plainly she wants to spoil my pleasure and that of my bride-elect, for my sister does not like the idea of Zoraida entering the paternal home as mistress. Now, wise cadi, give judgment."

The cadi bowed his head and said:

"Fatima, is the case as your brother was?"

"It is all quite correct, except the assertion that the string of pearls belongs to him alone. How does he mean to prove that father gave it to him? I dispute the fact and claim my share; my reason for so doing is immaterial to the question at issue."

"Well, Abdullah," said the cadi addressing the plaintiff, "have you any living witnesses or handwriting to prove that your father gave you the pearls?"

"I have nothing of the kind," was the reply.

"That is a bad lookout," the cadi continued. "I fear there is no prospect of an amicable settlement by persuading your sister to accept a sum of money for her share."

"No," she broke in; "I want half of the pearls!"

"Very well," said the cadi, beckoning to his clerk; "I must have a report of the case drawn up before delivering judgment. Say, defendant, your name is Fatima—what is your age?"

Here she blushed, hesitated, tried more than once to speak, but never uttered a syllable.

"How old are you?" the cadi repeated; "speak!"

At last she replied in faltering tones:

"I am twenty-eight."

"Really?" said the judge with an ironical smile. "I hereby award the whole string of pearls to Abdullah alone. Take them, plaintiff, and go your way in peace! Fatima is not your sister; for Abbas died thirty years ago, and she is only twenty-eight!"—Fie! Blaetter

And raising his hat again, he stalked away.

"Now, what in the name of all that is wonderful, does Mr. Monk of Monkshurst