TO MAY, AT NAKATOGA.

Your letter just received. It found me, dear, Up to my eyes in taking stock, and bent Half-double over ledgers, lists and bills,

Tired, cross, impatient-wholly discontent! But, somehow, when the mail brought in your

note, A sudden brightness filled the dim old place. I seemed to see your pretty, wistful eyes, And felt your fingers pat my face.

Such kind, sweet, petting words! Your poor old boy Read, loved and blessed you. Ah, you were so good To write at once! Our letters must have

crossed. I was not angry, dear. I understood

Just how you felt at parting. If I dared
I would have kissed you before every one.
Some day I will, when it becomes my right;
Then you will neither scold, nor pout, nor

Ah, some day when my girl is wholly mine! -But, until then, of course, I must observe
The finest shades of etiquette, for she,
That girl of mine, is bound to never swerve

From strict propriety. I'm glad you're ing out; but I dare say you can contrive something by lengthening and letting pleased, The truth is, I was anxious, dearest sweet, out, and—'

Afraid you'd weary of the rush and noise, And sigh for something more of a retreat. The Wards are going up; and Arthur Black, And others of that set. Of course you must

Be civil; but my precious, don't forget
Your poor Jack here alone in dust and rust, And toil and ink! and, oh, my sweetest May, I am not jealous; I will never make
Rules for you, dear; but Black, I hate him so;
He's such a puppy! Saub him for my sake.

And write me every day, and wear my ring
And keep my picture with you, pet; and
then

(Of course I am not jealous) I can bear To let you walk and talk with other men.

But oh, my little love, be good and wise
For God's sake, dear, Don't flirt with Arthur Black—
Don't flirt with any one. I trust you, May;
Good-night, goodby. Be true to your poor

ELLA'S FIRST BALL.

CHAPTER I. BEFORE.

"There!" exclaimed Mrs. Morris, coming with a rush into the room where her daughters sat at work, her florid face redder than ever, and puckered with for you and this is the result." She let dancing-classes three years ago." a couple of sovereigns fall from her hand to the table. "Papa positively refused to give me more; and how you are to get death coming so suddenly new trimmings and gloves and slippers know.

"You should have asked that of papa,

"So I did, child," returned her mother, frowning at the recollection of what she had braved for the sake of her dressy, thoughtless daughters, "and the only an-swer I got was that you should not have trimmings are too old-fashioned, make papa opened his account-book and showed me what it had cost for your clothes the last few months. I dared press him more.

Sophie, the next in age to Eliza, threw moment. down her needle in a pet.

in, who, having been taken into the family out of charity, was expected to help in the nursery, teach in the schoolroom, and ply her needle nimbly whenever the Misses Morris called upon her to do so.

Seeing that relatate to holo any seeing that he had relatate to holo any in the had relatate to holo any seeing that he had relatate to holo any in the had r

edly; "then you had better make up your tiring herself for the ball. mind to go to Mrs. Wynberg's instead;

that every attention shall be paid to his

not include giving up a pleasant creating on her account," pouted Jane.
"Mrs. Wynberg's is a child's party and stitute for one of her cousins.

"But resistance was out of the question;
But resistance was out of the question;

teresting!" cried Sophia, with a grimace. Yet found courage to say so. Her dying "Besides, we did not receive her invitamother had rejoiced to think that her us to go to Aunt Emma's, because she bering this, she resolutely checked all

has everything in such good style."

as decisively.
"Nor I," chimed in Jane. "If there's

or I should have to sacrifice our evening solely because you will not. Can't you help us out of our strait, mamma? Do Ornaments Ella had none, having detry!"

But Mrs. Morris shook her head, and declared that in papa's present mood she the Misses Morris were fond of adorning

dared not oppose his wishes. She was themselves. Natural ones were not to be sorry that one of her daughters must re- had; for though bouquets had been linquish the gay party looked forward to procured from Covent Garden for her with so much eagerness, for a humdrum, cousins, no one had offered to share their juvenile affair at Mrs. Wynberg's; and it roses and camellias with Ella; but she juvenile affair at Mrs. Wynberg's; and it roses and camellias with Ella; but she was thoughtless, very thoughtless of papa to make promises on behalf of his daugh- and made them into bunches for her ters without consulting them, but then,

Here Sophia broke in, impetuously: "I tell you what you shall do, mamma; you shall send Ella instead."

"To your aunt Emma's? She has asked repeatedly how it is she never ac-

companies-' fashionable people as they are; but she'd She can play country dances, make Ella.
lemonade, console the children if they are hurt, and so on, and that is all she'll she can are hurt, and so on, and that is all she'll be wanted for. Let her go; a well-worded apology for our absence and a pressing white robe, a fan of white feathers—once very glad this evening is not consecrated her mother's—dangling by a silver cord to the children, aren't you?"

straight; papa need not know of the arrangement until afterwards, and Mrs Wynberg will be, or ought to be, very

much obliged to us."

Mrs. Morris' consent was soon obtained; as for Ella's, it was not thought necessary, and when she ventured to remind them that she was a stranger to the lady, and inquired who was to accompany her, she was heard with impatience and en-

"I'll tell you what is an actual obsta cle," said Eliza, suddenly. "Ella can't go in that shabby black silk which has been her best ever since she has been

treated not to raise any unnecessary ob

Mrs. Morris put up her hands with a

gesture of annoyance.
"Another trouble! As if I were not worried enough before! If Ella goes to Mrs. Wynberg's to please you, you must lend her something to wear. Yes, I know that she is taller and more largely framed. I often wish she were not so big and awkward, there are so many of your clothes that she could finish wear-

But here the dissenting murmurs of her daughter made themselves heard. The Misses Morris resembled their father in face and figure. They were sallow, sharp-nosed, and under-sized; passably good-looking when well-dressed and in a good-temper, but utterly unlike their cousin, whom nature had gifted with a red and white complexion, and tall, compact, well-rounded figure of a healthy,

handsome English girl.
"It's no use of talking such nonsense mamma," said Sophie, sharply. "Ella could not wear our clothes even if we were willing to lend them, which we are not. How could we go out again in a dress that she has aired at Mrs. Wyn-

berg's?"
"Very well," was her mother's rather
sulky reply. "You know I dare not ask sulky reply. "You know I dare not ask your papa for one for her, so that scheme falls to the ground."

But now Ella ventured to speak again. "If I must go, and I would much rather

"Don't be disobliging, child!" cried Mrs. Morris, reprovingly. "After all we haved one for you, it sounds ungrateful in the extreme to make a fuss when so trifling a favor is asked of vou.'

think I could manage it without troubling anyone; I have a white muslin frock vexation. "There! I've done my best that was made for me to wear at the "Is it very much soiled?" inquired

"Not at all; I never wore it. Mamma's

Her faltering tones died into a sob, and with that I should very much like to Eliza started to snatch away the breadths of silk on which her tears were falling thick and fast.

Mrs. Morris heaved a sigh, murmured not of us, mamma," cried Eliza Morris, the words "my poor sister!" then rose to quit the room, saying in a low tone to her eldest daughter:

"I must trust to you to see that Ella does not make herself ridiculous. Mus-

clothes the last few months, I dared not much engrossed in attending to her own affairs to think of Ella's until the last Then a cursory glance at the dress, which had been carefully pinned 'What's the use of screwing and con- up in blue paper, and a suggestion that triving as we have been doing, trying our its owner might be able to borrow some utmost to look nicer than those Prices, if ribbon from Jane or Sophia, were all she we shall have to wear our old sashes after vouchsafed. Papa would storm and rave all?" and "What, indeed?" echoed her if no one went to Mrs. Wynberg's; but he would not be justified in grumbling if "I can sponge and iron them out for his niece's toilet was not of the freshest, you," said Ella Smith, their orphan cous- seeing that he had refused to honor any

Misses Morris called upon her to do so.

"All right; I'd rather go shabby than ters, radiant with satisfaction at their not go at all," cried Jane, who was not own appearance, went off at an early sters
"And I." retorted Sophia, "would rath—much rather—stay at home then be alle in the foir tall. so particular as to appearances as her hour to assist aunt Emma in the final arer—much rather—stay at home than be ella in the fairy tale, to fold up and clear sneered at by Mrs. Price and her conceit—away the heterogeneous articles with which their bedrooms were strewn, be-"Very well," said their mother, resign- fore betaking herself to her room and at-

Unlike Cinderella, she felt no desire to one of you will have to do so, and why appear at it. In the life-time of her mother she had been a fondly loved and "Mamma!" cried the three girls in tones of strong protest. "What do you mean?"

petted child; but three years of incessant drudgery, and the chilling indifference, which is almost as painful to a sensitive "Just what I say; or to speak more spirit as absolute cruelty, had robbed her correctly, it is what your papa says. He considers he was laid under great obligathad once made her the merriest of maidtions to the late Mr. Wynberg, and insists ens. She shrank from this visit as from an ordeal to which it was unkind to subject her. She had never seen Mrs. Wynberg, "Ah! yes; of course; but that need she knew none of her acquaintances, and

dren's parties! you are always expected todisobey would be to draw down upon to enjoy it!"

"And Mrs. Wynberg is a stolid old her food and lodging, and that she should tion until after aunt Emma's had been child would be sheltered from evil beaccepted. You know, mamma, you like neath the roof of Mr. Morris, and remem-

inclination to repine. "So I told papa," her mother replied, still fanning her flushed face; "but he carried up stairs the tallow-candle by says he promised Mrs. Wynberg that one which she was to dress, and the frock, out or two of you would go and help her to of which the housemaid had goodamuse her young guests, and you, your-selves, must decide which it is to be." Indian muslin of exquisite texture, and Indian muslin of exquisite texture, and "One of us," reflected Eliza, looking at her sisters. "It cannot be me, for I have faithfully promised to go early to any terms, and have faithfully promised to go early to made in so simple a style that, although aunt Emma's, and help her arrange the not of the latest fashion, it did not look peculiarly antiquated; and it was also fortunate that Ella had preserved the "It's no use sending me, I can never fortunate that Ella had preserved the get on with children," said Sophia, just little kid slippers and gloves that were

to have been worn with it. Big and awkward though Mrs. Morris any attempt to make me the victim, I had called her, those little slippers enshall have one of my headaches, and go cased the prettiest of feet; and her figure, though not as wasp-like as her cousins' "You always are so frightfully selfish?" had a natural grace of its own, and lookgrumbled Eliza. "I don't see why Sophy ed statuesque enough to please an artist's

throat and her rippling brown hair.

When Ella looked in her glass she was so long—so very long—since it had reflected anything so pleasant; but rebuking herself for her innocent vanity, she went downstairs to have it revised by tale by Bessie, the over-worked, much-vilified "No, no; nonsense, mamma. Ella housemaid, who was wont to tell her would be quite out of place among such friends, the grocer's assistant and the policeman, that she would have left long and long ago if it hadn't been for Miss

Bessie stared at her open-mouthed as she came gliding down the stairs in her

offer of her services, will set everything from her wrist, and a white crape shawl, also taken out of its wrappings for the first time since its owner's death, thrown clasped his arm around her and they over her arm, to be folded around her in

the cat the page had gone to fetch.

"I couldn't ha' believed you could make yourself look so lovely, Miss Ella!" cries her humble friend, frankly, as she walks around her. "And yet you don't look the least bit like the other young ledies. I'm sure they are as a gar as gar." ladies. I'm sure they are as gay as gay could be, but you're more like a picture, or a princess, or something quite out of the common. "I wish I were not compelled to go,"

"But I am not so vain as to think "Well, it's lonesome for you," symnatured and obliging out as you are at home, I'll be bound you'll soon make plenty of friends. It's your first ball, isn't it, miss? Then dance every danee, and it's represent the liver in the liver proposed fell you can "."

"But I am not so vain as to think that!" Ella replied, looking gravely into his eyes. "It is only for the sake of my relations that I am received here at all, and I came with the understanding that I was to make myself useful to Mrs. Wynberg. I think she must have altered here intentions since she sent my cousins

and 'joy yourself all you can." Her round, rosy face looked in at the cab window to repeat her injunctions; and then the man mounted his box, Bessie bawling after him Mrs. Wynberg's direc-

tion, "No. 148, Carlin Square."

More pretentious vehicles blocked the way when he would have driven to the door; but after a brief period of waiting Ella was able to alight, and stepped into the wide entrance-hall, feeling very forlorn and awkward at the prospect of having to introduce herself to the despised

widow of Mr. Morris's old friend. As she slowly ascended the stairs she glanced at a pleasant-looking e'derly of her own age, but not half so lovely lady so imploringly, that the latter accosted her:

"Are you alone, my love? Have you and diamonds glittering on her wrists lost your party? Perhaps you would like and throat. to go in with me?"

Ella thankfully accepted the offer; her Ella thankfully accepted the offer, her name, which was being loudly pronounced by servant after servant, had never sounded so plebeian as it did tonight. "Miss Smith!" Oh, why was she not born to any other cognomen? By the time she reached the ante-chamber, it is a more thankfully accepted the offer, her name, who you are, and how it is you have suffered me to receive and address you as Miss Smithson?" the dame inquired, severely.

"My name is not Smithson, but Smith, and I am the neice of Mr. Morris," stammered Ella, looking from one to the where the hostess was receiving her other. guests, she was-not crimson, emotion never flushed her delicate features-but pale with annoyance at the false position in which the selfishness of her cousins had placed her.

But the warmth of her reception was reassuring. Both her hands were taken in those of the portly lady, who after one swift, searching glance at the fair young face of her guest, advanced with em-"If I must go," repeated Ella, "I do pressement and thanked her for coming

so early.

Ella hurriedly delivered her aunt's message, and was relieved to find that vous, being alone, and—" she was heard with a smile, and stopped "Alone! You came here uninvited and before she had completed it.

knowing how many calls you have on your time, dared not hope you would be able to come to us so soon. I long to make my son known to you, but unfor-tunately there is a press of parlimentary business just now, and he will not be able to join us yet; you will dance, of course?

'Thanks, but I would rather look on,

unless -" Ella was going to add that she was quite willing to accept as partner any shy lad who wanted encouraging, but with a playful smile her hostess cried:

"Indeed, I shall not let you sit still. See what dire offense I should give to the gentlemen if I deprived them of such an eligible partner. You must promise to keep a waltz and a quadrille for poor Marmaduke. I'll be moderate in my demands, and not ask more.'

Ella's confession that she had not and she found herself in a brilliantlyand obeyed the signal of his hostess.

"I shall ask you, Mr. Calverly, to take care of this dear child till Marmaduke

Laurence Calverly had gone through the introduction reluctantly. He was no ladies' man, and only came here to obfresh and naive, her dress so elegant in its simplicity, and there was altogether such an air of purity about her, that his taste was gratified as it had seldom been

Ella, on her part, felt the soft carna tion in her cheek deepen beneath his gaze; and yet there was nothing offensive in the admiration it conveyed. He was no mere boy, but a thoughtful-looking man of thirty, with features more expres sive than handsome, and a manner so quiet and gentlemanly that all dread of him quickly passed away. The sets were just joining for another quadrille, and as he led her to her place more than one whisper of surprise at her grace and loveliness followed them.

CHAPTER II. AFTER.

The next hour passed like a delightful to wait on the little urchins, and romp with them till your dress is torn and you are supposed of. If Ella sometimes thought that her leave to death, and you are supposed of. If Ella sometimes thought that her refusal to come here. The fat Dutchwoman had proved a very gracious dame, Dutchwoman, whose friends must be like herself, fat and foolish, and uninteresting!" cried Sophia, with a grimace, live found course of a cleverest of men—one who had de-ferred to her opinions—hers!—as if they

were as well worth hearing as his own. The attraction must have been mutual, for Laurence Calverly would not relinquish her to another partner, but persuaded her to sit out the next quadrille and spend the interval with him chatting and resting in the very pretty conserva-tory; and when the strains of a favorite waltz made her cast longing glances toward the ballroom, he led her thither im-

mediately. "You look," he said laughingly, as he watched her sparkling eyes wander over the brilliant spectacle, "you look as much amused and gratified as though this were your first ball instead of your fiftieth." "And so itas," Ella replied, "I haven" danced until now since mamma—since I came to live with my uncle."

"Where she is not happy," said Laurence Calverly, mentally, as he noted the cloud that stole over her face, but was quickly banished by a smile.
"This has been a night of pleasant sur-

"I hope you include me in the pleasant

"Oh, yes," she answered, ingenuously, "of course I do, because it has been so very good of you to take care of me. Left to myself among all these strangers, I should have slipped into the most obscure corner and stayed there. I did not expect to be so cordially received. I was not prepared to find Mrs. Wynberg such an amiable woman, and I had been told that this would be a juvenile party, in which my share was to be playing country dences and amusing all the cross chil-

"I am very glad you were misinformed," was the gay reply." Had the tale been true, I should not have had the pleasure of making your acquain-tance, for I have the misfortune to be reckoned too elderly and useless for a calico ball or juvenile entertainment. I make hideous grimaces, or sing comic songs, or do anything that would win me

Ella smiled again, while she answered here shall stay and help you; is it not so? As for me I am tired, and I shall take lasped his arm around her and they my fan and sit down and look at you with

'You must come and see me again, mein love!" cried the good-natured Wynberg. I think she must have altered her intentions since she sent my cousins be very gracious of you to spend one or their invitation; she could not have contemplated at that time such a very bril-

liant affair as this is."

"It will not be so pleasant by-and-by," said Mr. Calverly, "the rooms are getting too full already. But excuse me if I ask you to whom you are alluding as Mrs. Wynberg. Is it a pet name for our hos-

Before the astonished Ella could Topy, the music had stopped, and she saw the lady by whom she had been received and lady by the lady by the lady by the lady by the lady by t Before the astonished Ella could reply nor so becomingly dressed, although there were diamond stars in her black hair

"Will you be kind enough to explain who you are, and how it is you have suf-fered me to receive and address you as

"I do not number a Mr. Morris amongst my acquaintances," was the tart reply. "Why did you introduce your-self to me as Miss Smithson, of Tarleton Crescent? Where is Mrs. Lowndes? You came with Mrs. Lowndes; are you a protegee of hers, Miss-Smith? Very strange that she should bring anyone without apprising me of it."
"If Mrs. Lowndes is the pleasant elder-

ly lady with whom I came upstairs,' Ella took courage to say, "you must not blame her at all. She saw that I was ner-

alone! She must be mad!,' said the "Not another word, pray, my love! I aggrieved matron, turning to her community glad to have you; and panion. "I am very sorry," murmured Ella,

pale and tearful with shame, "but, indeed, Mrs. Wynberg, I explained to you as soon as I arrived how it was I came in the piace of my cousins." "I never heard any such explanation.

You made some apology about your coming so early, but I was too hurried to listen, and my name is not Wynberg, but Chetwvnd.' Not Wynberg! No; and this was not

148, Carlin Square—but 58, Carlin Gardens; the cabman, who was not quite sober, having decided that a house lit up for a ball must be the right one to de posit a demoiselle in ball costume If Mrs. Chetwynd had treated the af fair as what it was-a mistake, for which

for poor a tipsy cabman and her own servants, to whom Ella had handed her uncle's card, were most to blame, it would have been only just to the shrinking girl before her; danced since leaving school was drowned but she was seriously annoyed. Miss by a crash of music from a military band, Smithson, of Tarleton Crescent, was an heiress, whom her only son Marmaduke lighted ballroom bowing to a gentleman had encountered at the house of a mu-who had been lounging near the door, tual friend; and his mother, eager to see him well married, had been anxious to cultivate the acquaintance of so eligible a partie! It was exceedingly exasparating to find that she had been lavishing her civilities on an insignificant Miss Smith, who had no business there at all; and one of the unpleasant results of her error had been, that when the heiress did arrive she was treated so coolly as to be been entertaining a stranger—a nobody— provoked her to forget all the restraints of good-breeding; and her looks, her speeches were so caustic, that Ella was

eady to sink with pain and confusion. She had one consolation, however when Mrs. Chetwynd commenced to question her, Laurence Calverly had drawn her hand through his arm, and when her trembling fingers would have slipped away from his sleeve, he put his own upon them and held them firmly.

"Another time, Miss-a-a-Smith, would advise you to be more careful where you go," said Mrs. Chetwynd, loftily. "This may have been a mistake, as you choose to call it, or it may have been intended as a practical joke; in which case I must be allowed to tell you that jokes of this description are imperti-

nent and unfeminine."

Ella was now stung into retorting.

Ella was now stung into retorting.

You "I quite agree with you, madam. annot regret what has occurred more than I do, but as I have not wilfully offended you, I do not think I owe you any further apologies than I have already made.

With the stiffest of bows Mrs. Chet wynd turned from her, calling to one of the servants to see that a cab was sent for

directly for this young person.
"I do not want a cab; I have no money," said Ella to Mr. Calverly, who still kept beside her as she hastened from the ballroom. "I only want to get away, and I can walk; yes, I can walk to Mrs. Wynberg's; someone will tell me where to find her.

Without replying, he carefully wrapped ner shawl about her, and then led her from the house. As soon as they had quitted it, and reached the silent street. her tears burst furth, nor could she check She had been outraged, insulted, and in the presence of a gentleman whose good opinion had suddenly become very

precious to her.

At last she found her voice.

"Pray do not let me detain you any onger, sir. Thanks, and good night."

But he gently refused to be dismissed.

"You must not ask me to leave you Miss Smith, till I have seen you safely under the care of your friends. See, thi turning leads us into Carlin Square; and I have just recollected that Mrs. Wynperg must be acquainted with a cousing of mine, who used to live at-at-well. I think it must have been at No. 147-next

door neighbors you see."
This was rather unintelligible, but Mr Claverly made it a pretext for accompany ing Ella into Mrs. ing Ella into Mrs. Wynberg's drawing room. There they found a comely, elderly woman, with her smooth fair hair banded under a widow's cap, trying to amuse some forty or fifty little creatures whom her love for children had induced the kind-hearted German vrow to gather

Ella forgot her own vexations in picking up and comforting a small boy, who had fallen off a chair; and while she was thus engaged. Mr. Calverley drew Mrs. Wynberg aside, and gave her a sufficient account of what had happened. Her sympathies were still further evoked by the sight of Ella's tear-stained cheeks and she kissed the still quivering mouth and gave her such a motherly hug that they nearly burst forth again; but with they nearly burst forth again; but with peremptory kindness she checked them.

"Mein leetle friend, you shall make the children dance for me, and mein herr all right!"

floated away together to the strains of the "Premier Basier," he observed:

"It was very good of you to come."
There were great fears entertained that you would not."

"But why?" asked Ella, so innocently that her colour rose a little.

"Is it possible that you do not know? Then keep your ignorance as long as you can, my dear Miss Smithson. It is a very happy thought when we are able to fancy that we are sought only for ourselves."

"But I am not so vain as to think that!" Ella replied, looking graval."

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"But I am not so vain as to think that!" Ella replied looking graval. "But I am not so vain as to think that!" Ella replied, looking gravely into his eyes. "It is only for the sales of the young girl gradually received that the sales of the young girl gradually received that the young girl gradually received that the young girl gradually received that the young girl gradually received the young girl gradually young girl gradually received the young girl gradually young girl gradua

widow, ere she sent Ella away in her own carriage. "I am so much alone, it would zon, and a cool, soft breeze, inexpressitwo evenings with me every week to read or sing to the poor old vrow, who has no tall sons, no little loving dyughters of her own to cheer her up in this foreign

"I would come willingly," Ella responded; "but I always have so much to

Mrs. Wynberg nodded significantly "I understand-I have heard. I have

As Ella went home in the luxurious carriage, wrapped in furs by Laurence Calverly, and with her fingers still tingling with his farewell pressure, she wondered, first, if Mrs. Morris would be persuaded to spare her occasionally; secondly, whether she would ever meet Mr. Calverley there again; then took herself to task for dwelling on so unlikely an oc-

The Misses Morris were too much fatigued on the morrow to enquire if Ella had enjoyed herself; and their mother was very cross when Mr. Morris announced at dinner that he had promised Mrs. Wynberg the society of his wife's niece

Wynberg the society of his ...

every Tuesday and Thursday evening.

"I don't envy you vour berth, Ella," said Eliza Morris, with a shrug, "and I am extremely thankful we all slipped out of going to the old Dutchwoman's. She is penuriously inclined, and has seized is penuriously inclined, and has seized is penuriously inclined, and has seized had become acquainted with a young Englishman, the son of a titled family, and had plighted her troth to him. Just and had plighted her troth to him. Just and had plighted her troth to him. companion.'

"She is very kind, and I like her," replied Ella, warmly.
"It would be all the same if you did

not," grumbled Sophia. "You'll have to go, and those tucked skirts of mine will not be finished by the summer, unless you get up an hour earlier to work at them

"It's very thoughtless of pa," added Jane; "he ought to know that, with so large a family as ours, we want Ella worse than Mrs. Wynberg does."

Ay; but in the course of a short time someone else learned to want Ella too; to think the hours he spent beside her all too short, and to weary for her coming, and grow uneasy if she did not make her appearance at Mrs. Wynberg's at the apoointed time.

And so it came to pass, that, on her re-

turn from the widow's one evening, there was such a happy light shining in her sweet eyes, that even her cousins noticed it and regarded her curiously.
"Why, Ella, you grow quite pretty!
But what is that on your hand, a ring—

an engaged one?" And the answer, though low and tremulous, was proudly spoken:

"Yes, I am going to be married."
A loud "My gracious!" from three or four voices, Mrs. Morris's amongst them Married! Insignificant Ella, the house hold drudge, about to enter matrimonycould it be possible? Whom was she going to marry? Mr. Calverly? why he was very well to do indeed, and moved in a circle quite above their own. How

long had she known him? And there were many and mingled feelings thrilling in the voice of Lanrence

Calverley's betrothed as she made an-We date our acquaintance from my

Mrs. Mackey.

first ball."

Paris of the marriage of Miss Mackey, the daughter of the great California millionaire, to a nobleman who was quite distinguished during the Thiers and Mac-Mahon administrations. Mrs. Mackey, it is said, will soon leave Paris, and come to New York to live, her husband having bought a splendid residence on Fifth avenue for ha!f a million. She'll be missed in Paris, no doubt, for she has been a Lady Bountiful to a good many people, I hear, in more ways than one.

I remember an old friend of mine, a '49-er, once telling me about the Mackeys, and how they got their start in life, which led to such big results. Mackey used to keep a small saloon, and dealt with the commonest kind of custom, and my friend would frequently see Mackey's wife about the place. She was very plainly dressed in those days; a common gingham was good enough; and as for diamonds! why, you might as well have talked about buying the moon in those days, and it was sometimes hard lines to make both ends meet. But the mining excitement came, and Mackey was lucky enough to make a little venture with Flood, O'Brien, and some others, who afterward "struck,it rich." He is now worth, they say, \$30,000,000 to \$40,000,000, and his wife, at a recent entertainment given abroad, literally blazed with diamonds. I suppose when she comes here she will lead the fashion in New York society. Sometimes, in the pauses of all this extravagent frivolity, however, she no doubt finds a moment or two to think of the times, when, in her simple gingham, she used to help her husband serve the customers at the little har in the far west.

of the provinces ceded by France, they sent an Alsatian girl to prison for criticising the photograph of the Grand Duke of Baden in disrespectful terms, and fined a Lorraine woman five thalers for markpunished for telling a friend that some-body was as "cowardly as MacMahon." A few months later he might have abused the Marshal to his heart's content with impunity."

Dear, innocent Dossy! she had not the least doubt that she would succeed, and it. So I have visited every square mile she slept but little that night in her exim this and four other counties, and light-

The Viscount de Ratibal meets one of his old comrades, whom he has not seen for a year, during which time the latter has married beneath his station.

"I should be glad to see you more frequently," says the friend with an air of parallel to the first the friend with an air of parallel the first that might in her exist in this and tout sheet countries, and light ed on Dossy by accident to-day. I did not even know your grandfather's name."

There was much more to tell, details with which we will not tire the reader, breakfast over, Dossy ran down to the garden, crammed her posies into Lizzy?

Description of the first and toll sheet countries, and light ed on Dossy by accident to-day. I did not even know your grandfather's name."

There was much more to tell, details with which we will not tire the reader, eager questions and as eager replies.

Lizzy could hardly credit her happiness.

YESTERDAY.

BY E. G. J.

The summer afterneon waned at last; the flaming sun declined toward the horibly delightful after the heat of the day,

began to blow.
Since early dawn Lizzie Dupont had been toiling at her needle, but now she threw down her work, and leaving the old mill, stood on the rude plank, that crossed the millrace and looked eagerly over the fields.

"Oh! where can Dossy be?" she cried. "That dreadful interest, which must be got ready by Saturday, has made me for-get her. I ought not to have listened to grandpa. I am sure something has happened to her. She never was away so long before. I shall never forgive my-self. What, what," she cried, suddenly clasping her hands, "if she should be

Lizzie Dupont had not always been a resident at the old mill, dependant on her needle for support. She had once been, and that not so long ago, the petted daughter of a merchant prince in New York. But her father had failed and died soon after, of a broken heart; and Lizzie would have starved, if it had not been for her maternal grandfather.
"Come to me," he had written, "I am old and poor; but we will share our crusts together; if you have grown up to

before her father's failure, Ross Dever-eaux had sailed for England, intending within six months to return and claim his bride. But from that day to this, Lizzie had never heard a word about him.

At first she thought her letters had miscarried, and in the faith and trust of young heart had continued writing. But at last and after having discovered the heartlessness of her father's relatives, she began to believe that even Ross might be selfish also. "I am poor now, and he deserts me," she said. "God help me! deserts me," she said. "God help me! It is, I suppose, the way of the world." Lately a new trouble had come upon her. Her grandfather had been failing

all winter, so that a man had to be hired to work the mill, and this had brought them into debt. Already there was a mortgage on the mill, for the grandfather had never been a prosperous man, and now the interest had fallen in arrears for nearly a twelvemonth. The holder of the mortgage was a cruel, avaricious man. He had often threatened to turn out the little family, if his interest was you know." not paid; and two weeks before he had served a written notice that if the arrears were not forthcoming by the next Saturday, he would be as good as his word. Every day since Lizzy had risen by can-dle-light and worked until bedtime. "If I can only get this embroidery done for Mrs. Watson," she said, "by that dreadful day, I may raise part of the money, at least, and then, perhaps he will wait for

the rest." But this afternoon a new and greater trouble had come. Dossy, her little pet sister, had been missing all day. The child often spent the mornings playing in the woods, but invariably returned to the noontide meal. On this occasion, however, she did not make her appearhowever, she did not make her appearance; Lizzy was alarmed, and would have while she felt dizzy and about to fall, ance; Lizzy was alarmed, and would have gone to seek her; but the grandfather took it cooler. "She has stopped at some of the neighbors'." he said, "she will be home for supper, don't fret, dear." Lizzie, thinking of the coming Saturday, bed allowed herself to be persuaded that I see by the foreign papers, says a New had allowed herself to be persuaded that all was right, and had gone back to her all was right, and had gone back to her work. But as the afternoon wore on and "Thank God! I have no Dossy came home, she grew seriously alarmed. At last threwing down her

needle, she came out as we have seen. "Oh, Dossy, Dossy!" she cried, when she had scrutinized the landscape vainly in every direction, "where are you? If God will only spare you, dear—if he will give you back to us alive, I will never

repine again at anything."

But where was Dossy? Was she really

To explain this, we must go back to the afternoon before, and look at Dossy, as she sat in the old-fashioned garden swaying to and fro in a grape-vine swing, puzzling over the troubles of the family. She was watching a bobolink that sung in the heart of a lilac bush, and talking

"What a nasty, ugly old man that land-lord is," she said; "and he made poor Lizzy cry so the other day, when he was here. He says he'll drive us from our home. Why, then," with sudden consciousness, "we'll have no place to live in, and I shall never hear you sing, bir-"we'll have no place to live

die; nor have my flowers, nor my kittens. Oh. me! Oh. me! She sobbed a little, then shook off her April tears and then fell to thinking in earnest. If they only had some money. What if she could get some! She puckered her brows into a frown. Just then some market carts rolled by, laden with produce, on their way to the neighbor-ing little town. On the front seat of one sat an old woman with a basket of flowers on her knees. A sudden thought flashed on Dossy and the puckered little brow cleared up. Why couldn't she sell flowers? Her garden was full of them, especially of pansies, such pansies as were

No Pocket-Handkerchiefs.

No Pocket-Handkerchiefs.

Soon after the Germans took possession of the provinces ceded by France, they the golden-hearted pansies and English daisies by handfulls. She would do it; indeed, she would, and make ever so much money; and they wouldn't have to was now Sir Ross, and she had discovered much money; and they wouldn't have to leave the mill, and grandpa and sissie by this time that my cousin was not to wouldn't cry any more. She fell to work with all our five milliards, they have not got pocket-handkerchiefs yet!" Of course; French journalists did not omit to enlarge upon the tyranny of the Gerwans, but they were discreetly silent when a Parisian with a grievance was punished for telling a friend that some soon as breakfast was over she would. leave the mill, and grandpa and sissie soon as breakfast was over, she would confusion-was that your mother's father set off.

"I should be glad to see you more frequently," says the friend, with an air of timidity, "but I rarely go out, and I do not know whether you wish to visit my wife."

Rotibal, who is not distinguished for tact, grasps his hand cordially: "Bak! my dear fellow, a gentleman can go any-

shadows fell, cool, and where an old blind woman was selling laces. Here, feeling a sense of safety and companionship from the presence of the blind old creature, she sat down and began with deft hands to arrange her flowers in front of her. What

a picture she made in her snowy white dress, with its short puffed sleeves; her eyes ablaze, her amber ringlets blown about by the morning breeze, framed, as it were, by a border of yellow daisies and golden-hearted pansies. At the silvery call of her sweet bird-voice piping, "Who will buy my pansies?" one and another pedestrian looked back, a few smiled, and some stopped and purchased. Presently a farmer, who had just such a little one at home, bought one of her nosegays, and paid for it with half a dollar. Dossy was in raptures. Then another gentleman naid for it with half a dollar. Dos came along, this time a comparatively young man, tall and dark, and with a bronzed face.

"Won't you buy a bunch of pansies, sir?" said little Dossy.

The stranger, who had not noticed her before, stopped and looked for the sweet, piping voice. "Please, sir," said Dossy, holding up a

posy, "only twenty-five cents."

The young man flashed a keen glance at Dossy, and drew near, smiling.

"To be sure I will," he said pleasantly, if only for the sake of your bright eyes.

Twenty-five cents, you said, I think," and he drew out his purse. and he drew out his purse.

"Yes," said Dolly, apologetically, imagining he thought the price too high.
"You see I must have a good deal," and she shook her curly head with a grave, important air. "For Lizzie must have the money by Saturday, or we will be turned out of our pretty home." As she finished she tendered to her auditor the prettiest of her posies, which she had prettiest of her posies, which she had

just selected for him out of her floral store. The stranger, all this time, had been looking curiously at her. The color went and came on his face, his lips trembled, and he showed other signs of emotion.

"Tell me, my dear, what is your name?" he cried, earnestly.

He drew close to Dossy as he spoke,
and seemed to be looking into her face as if for some half-remembered or half-

fancied likeness. "Dossy," she answered, "it is Dossy Dupont." His answer was to catch her in his arms and kiss her again and again, his

voice trembling with excitement, as he

cried, "Dossy, my little pet Dossy, don't you know who I am?" But Dossy struggled from his embrace, smoothed down her curls and answered haughtily:

"I asked you to buy my pansies, sir, not to kiss me." The stranger broke into a joyous laugh. "And I will buy them," he replied, "every one of them. But don't you really know me, Dossy? I am Ross Devereaux. Why, you have sat on my knee many and many a time."

Dossy at this, stared at him curiously. Then she uttered a gleeful little shout and sprang into his arms.

"Oh! I know," she cried. I remember you. Won't Lizzie be glad. Won't she stop crying now?"
Ross Devereaux's swart cheek crimsoned. "Take me to your home," he said, "to your sister. Is she here?"

"No," answered Dossy, "we live at grandpa's, at the old mill, out of town, "Let us go at once, then. No need to sell pansies any longer," cried Ross Devereaux, eagerly, setting the child on

her feet.
Lizzy Dupont stood, as we have said, gazing across the meadows, heart-broken about Dossy's prolonged absence. Suddenly two figures appeared, emerging from the woods beyond the direction of the town. She gave a great cry of joy, for one was certainly Dossy. But who was the other? Who was the tall, handsome man, who held Dossy by the hand? Could it be—no, it was impossible—and

At this moment, while she was still uncertain; while her Meart leaped into Lizzy, and came hurrying over the mead-ow, waving his hat. He reached the stile, was over in a bound, and the next

"Thank God! I have found you at last?" he cried, clasping her sinking form. "Poor, timid, darling! Did you think I

had deserted you?"

What Lizzy would have replied, if anything, we do not know; but he gave her no chance; hurriedly, as if life and death depended on it, he went on to tell his story.
"Not one of your letters ever came to

hand," he said. "They were intercepted, as I discovered at last. I wouldn't mention how, under other circumstances; but you, at least, ought to know the whole truth. The fact is, darling, that while my parents were eager to welcome you as a daughter, I had a cousin, an ambitious girl, who had always lived with us, and who, it seems, wished to marry me; not, of course," he added, quickly, "that she loved me, but merely to secure the title and position. Well, to make a long story short, she bribed the postmistress at the village to give her your letters, so that I never heard a word from you or about you, till at last, in despair, I came

before I intended, to solve the over, mystery---"Come over?" said Lizzie, faintly and guiltily, conscious how she had misjudg-

"To be sure," repeated Ross Dever-aux, frankly. "Ah! little skeptic, you eaux, frankly. "Ah! little skeptic doubted me, did you?" "Indeed, indeed—" began Lizzie.

But he stopped her with a kiss.

"Then it was," he went on, "that I

heard for the first time, of your father's death. But no one could give me any information as to your whereabouts. I did not know your relations in New York, but I found out their names, but it was a long time, and one was at Saratoga, and another at Newport, and a third at Vir-ginia Springs. Before I could do any-thing came the news of my father's death by this time that my cousin was not to had sent for you, and that it was in this

she reached the market-place, and then recognize, as we did, in the gracious mat-stopped in a little corner, where the ron the Miller's Granddaughter.