

Poetry.

All the Good we Can.

If the sunshine never crept into glover's dark and sad, if its glories never shone...

If the roses never bloomed save for gladness eyes alone, if their beauty and their grace...

If the birds sang their songs far from every listening ear, if they poured their notes abroad...

If the sunshine of our smiles we scattered not afar, if our roses—kindly doers...

Literature.

RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER VII.

A SINGULAR ADVENTURE.

Kenneth Malcolm was destined to see the "pretty little girl" of whom Ralph Durward neglected...

He was walking down Regent street, on an errand for Lady Durward, a few days after the foregoing conversation...

She saw a noble, manly face, full of respectful interest and sympathy, clear eyes that were like mirrors reflecting truth...

"Thank you," she said, frankly, "if you will be so kind." An electric thrill stole through all his frame...

The thought came to him that he would like to rest there forever; he trembled at the touch of it, and his pulse leaped wildly...

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"I might have saved you this," he said, regretfully, as she dropped, with a sigh, her little hand.

"How so?" she asked, in surprise. "I was standing just where you stand now, and saw the little rascal coming to ward you with the open knife in his hand...

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"I believe I am a little nervous yet, and I would like a carriage, if you will be so kind," she answered, lifting her luminous eyes to his, and smiling at her own weakness.

He sprang to her bidding, and in less than three minutes was back again with the desired carriage.

soft, warm hand, and saw the rich, white lace which shaded it. He remembered the faint perfume, the softly spoken, gracious words of thanks...

"This is nonsense," he said, arousing himself after a time. "There are other beautiful women in the world, other faces and forms which are fair and stately; there are others who speak sweetly and graciously...

And then he fell to wondering what the initials "N. L." could stand for, if she were high or low-born—rich or thought she must be from her dress, and he could not believe that such a face, form, and carriage could belong to any save a lady of high degree.

He reached the residence of the Earl of Durward still dwelling upon his adventure when suddenly remembering that he had not executed Lady Durward's commission, he retraced his steps to do so, and then returned home, at his dinner abrupt, and retired to his room to dream again of the most beautiful maiden in all London.

"I tell you I am not your cousin." Kenneth Malcolm did not soon hear the last of the "pretty little girl." To the enthusiastic Ralph it was such an absurd way to speak of the stately, beautiful girl that he could not get over it, and full of mischief, he longed for the time to come when the two should meet and know each other, and Kenneth realized the absurdity, while at the same time he neglected no opportunity to banter the young man about it.

Kenneth received it all in good part, joining in the laugh against himself with the utmost good nature, and never giving it a second thought, but all the while he was cherishing the remembrance of that lovely girl in silver-grey silk, with its becoming dash of pink in the jaunty hat and at the white throat.

Every store he entered—he was very attentive to Lady Durward's wants all at once—he cast a quick, searching glance around, hoping to see among the crowded ranks of fashionable shoppers one slight, stately figure, clad in silver-grey—he never thought of her as wearing anything else.

Whenever he rode in the park he came near being guilty of a breach of etiquette by peering into all the elegant carriages and barouches as they passed, in search of a pair of luminous blue eyes, with their look of infinite calm and peace shining through them.

Day by day his disappointment increased, day by day he grew sad and absent-minded, this one thought ever present with him, this wishful longing, this insatiable desire for one more look into the fatuous eyes which had so thrilled him in the folds of her dress, all charmed and fascinated him with a wondrous spell.

He found himself repeating Ralph's words, "Fair and stately as a princess," although he never for a moment suspected that they applied to one and the same person.

A sudden intuition had seized him, so that his heart beat with the strongest emotions, and his hands trembled as he gently bowed the strip of soft linen about the ugly wound, pinning the end carefully and neatly as a woman could have done, and then pulling down the silken sleeve to cover it.

He glanced up at her as he did so. "You are very kind," she breathed, sweetly and graciously, while for a moment the rich color sprang into her creamy cheeks.

A look leaped like fire into his eyes as they met hers—a look such as Adam might have bestowed upon beautiful Eve when he first beheld her in fair Eden's bowers. It lingered upon her, drinking in all her wonderful loveliness, and taking in every item of her elegant, tasteful dress.

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every accomplishment in order to win his approval and commendation. She had been so eager for him to attend Madam Leicester's reception, for she was to have a prominent part in the entertainment, and she felt that she would not fail to mark the progress she had made and comment upon it.

She longed to break through the restraint imposed upon her by her parents—that she should not enter society for a year yet—and emerge at once into the charmed circle which he frequented, and for herself if he was beginning to love any one else.

But the earl and countess were firm in their denial to allow her to make her debut before another year. The little state which they had now and then allowed her to have of society had made her excessively fond of it, and they feared a course of dissipation which would ruin her health.

"Oh! thank you, you can grant it, and I shall be so proud and happy," she cried, brightly, and forgetting her vexation.

"Now, look here," she went on, and opening a little book she held in her hand, she showed him three richly embossed envelopes—two directed to the Earl and Countess Durward, one to her brother Ralph, and the third, which she laid in Kenneth's palm, bore his own name.

"I certainly will, Caro, and be very happy to do so," the young man gravely replied, as he unfolded his invitation and examined it.

"Truly, Kenneth? I am glad to give you pleasure, and I am also interested to know the princess is improving her time and advantages," he said, with his genial smile.

"I married to get the best wife in the world. I married to get even with her mother, but never have I won."

"The governor was going to give me his foot, so I took his daughter's hand."

"I was tired of buying ice cream and candies and going to theatres and church and wanted a rest. Have saved money."

"I was embarrassed, and gave my wife the benefit of my name so that I could take the benefit of her name signed to a check."

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