POETRY.

THE SCHOOLMA'AM.

A vacation's come; she leaves behind
Responsibility and care,
And to the mountain borders climbed
Recruit and health to find.

With sturdy step she climbs the peak
To view the scenes that round her lie,
Health's roses glowing in her cheeks,
And pleasure sparkling in her eye.

The cataract's thunder in the glen
She hears, and, listening to the noise,
In fancy hears at home again,
In school, among the little boys.

Boston Courier.

MISCELLANY.

A FAMILY AFFAIR

BY HUGH CONWAY.

Author of "Called Back" and "Dark Days."

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL."

After Beatrice had left the drawing room Frank stood motionless for a couple of minutes. He could not at once realize his position. In a dim indistinct way he knew what an mighty change his future must make in his life, but he absolutely shrank from calling up a finished picture of what he fancied his future life must be, murdered by the love which he had for now learned to look upon as indefensible by making the picture a pleasing one.

He could not understand it. He could not believe it. Frank Carruthers, although perfectly able to value himself fairly, was no coxcomb, ready to fancy every little act of kindness or polite attention on the part of a woman an evidence of a consuming passion for himself. Although for weeks he had seen making veiled love to Beatrice, there was no notion of hers to which he could point and say: "That gave me hope until the moment." He had not felt her hand linger in his own, he had not seem a sudden blush drive her cheek to the brow more. He had not caught those same tender eyes fixed upon him with a meaning which lovers readily guess. It was just up the very absence of anything approaching coquetry and encouraging which led Frank and made the girl so well worth the winning.

Nevertheless, there was something he could not, dared not particularize—something in her manner, more especially during the last few days, which led, well, to say the end, least of great comfort to him. He fancied, but of course it was only fancy, there was a change in the way in which she spoke to him—perhaps in the way in which she looked at him. Yes, there must have been something, for, although he did not put the thought into words, Carruthers knew that he and Beatrice been the same to him as in the early days of their acquaintance, no love of his, however dominant, could have forced him to put the question he had just put with such a worry, and, it may be, unforgiveness fault. The never-half cynical exterior had a proud or reticent nature. Had hope been entirely absent he would not have forced his heart to the woman he loved best in the world.

Even in the first bitterness of defeat he did not blame her. That all was ended need never be never doubted. His feelings were those of bewilderment. He could not understand it, could see no reason for this summary and without appeal rejection of his love.

"I must go and think it all over," he muttered. "I can't think here, in this room where the perfume of her dress still lingers."

He stooped and picked up a flower which must have fallen from her dress. He took a glove which was lying on the piano.

"What a lovely little toy," he said grimly; "one laughs at the idiotic proceedings of others, and when one's own time comes does just the same. A ghost. A thousand Conventional emblems, lacking even originality. What a fool I am!"

Nevertheless he kept them both, and no doubt derived as much comfort from them as the possession of such things is supposed to give.

After this he took his hat, and, forgetting all about the dinner party, went out into the garden to think. In spite of his assumed calm he must have been strongly moved, for he commenced his operations of thinking by digging his heel into the immaculate gravel path so viciously that the large roller was needed for half an hour the next morning in order to smooth matters down. Then, ashamed of this burst of passion, he walked down to the bottom of the garden, and regardless of October dews and chilly air threw himself on a seat and strove to account for what had happened, and to determine its results so far as his own future was concerned.

But think as he would, and we may presume his brain was a clever and able one, Mr. Carruthers could only get to three conclusions, unsatisfactory when taken singly, and, of course, feeble even in the aggregate. Firstly, he was ready to love with Beatrice than ever. Secondly, he could not understand why she had refused him. Thirdly, having conceived a woman to be his wife, nothing would induce him to resent the question.

"No, I won't grovel," said Frank. "Most fellows seem to grovel when they are in love. Hang it, I won't! I'll be original in that respect if I have to cut my heart out."

These remarks were of course applicable to conclusion number three, a conclusion at which I can always laugh. Given a proud man than Mr. Carruthers, and no hopelessly in love with a woman, that woman, if she wished, might have a fresh declaration of undying passion every week in the year. Oh, yes, all lovers can "grovel" if need be.

By and by a comfortable whimsical thought particular force. He would go down and see Sylvanus Mordlin. Not that he wished to mix himself up with a vengeance—but there seemed a certain common purpose in seeking and fighting with the other man who was moving in the same boat, or, to put it poetically, the man whose bark of hope had been wrecked upon the same rock as his own. Besides Mordlin would be able to tell him all about Mr. Clauson—always odd. "Why in hell am I not?" said Frank more bitterly. Nevertheless he walked down to the summer-house.

Mr. Mordlin had made a series of notes, some of which were illegible, and others could be made out only by the help of a magnifying glass. When Frank threw open the door of the summer-house the curate was in the act of writing the word "Explain." The other was crossed out, and the following substituted:

"Explain."

"The older you grow the more liable you are to delusions. A man between thirty and forty more easily deludes himself into believing that a woman loves him than a boy of twenty does."

"Ha!" said Mordlin. "All new to me, this. Let me think, however." The curate leaned his arguement of his sort. Presently he looked up.

"That will not do," he said. "Boy of twenty, modest and good enough looking never can be a woman's loving him. Man of thirty or forty successful in life, can measured his strength against his fellow cannot help feeling he's quite worth being loved. See how fallacious your argument is."

"Never mind," said Frank, "it doesn't matter which way you take it."

"I beg," continued Mordlin, laying his hand on Frank's shoulder, "I beg to pay advice. Don't you take 'No' for an answer."

"I think no woman twice to be my wife," said Frank, with conclusion number three fresh in his mind.

"You might ask this one twenty times and feel happy if you got her then. But twenty times won't be needed. She loves you now, Carruthers."

"What folly you talk!"

"I don't. I never talk folly. I have seen you together. I have watched her as closely as I watch one of my flock who leans towards dissent. I have seen what you haven't seen, and again I say, don't take 'No' for an answer."

"Let us talk of something else," said Frank. All the same the old proverb about the looker on and the game came to his mind. Under some circumstances there is much solace to be got out of proverbs.

They talked of something else, but matters always does when a man is in love, that something else veered round over to the one thing. At last Frank threw the end of his cigar away, and bade the curate good night. Mordlin's emphatic cheery assertion that he ought not to despair had done him good, although he still swore he would not grovel and ask again.

His guest having left him Sylvanus drew himself up and patted his chest approvingly. "It was magnanimous, very magnanimous," he said, "to help a rival like that. But I am thoroughly cured, so could afford to do it."

He always told himself he was cured. Perhaps he was. All the same the Rev. Sylvanus Mordlin is a bachelor to this day.

Frank went back to Hazlewood House, and apologized for his strange absence as best he could. He had been seized with a splitting headache and compelled to seek fresh air. Strange to say a splitting headache had also driven Mr. Clauson, not into the fresh air, but into his room. "Thunder in the air, I should," said Herbert, "the luck manages out of us."

About half past eleven the last of the guests departed. Mr. Turner, believing Lord Kelston's friend to be an orthodox Christian of the most orthodox type, bade him an effusive good night, little dreaming of the insults he had been heaping upon his head. Horace and Herbert gave a sigh of relief as their Jew hating guest left the house. They had too much sense to think of apologizing for the mishap they merely doubled their cordiality to the eminent Israelite. At last every one had said good bye, and the chattering ape began.

Frank, in a moody, sullen way, watched Horace and Herbert as they went from window to window, trying shutters and bolting bolts. He did not smile even when Horace gravely and deliberately counted the forks and spoons in Whittaker's basket—the extra plate given out for dinner parties, which Herbert handed two half emptied bottles of sherry and made one full one. The clock struck several times, but the bottles lasted up the process and took much longer than they would have done had Frank been ready to go out in the rain until means wanted. Horace and Herbert looked at Frank.

"I will see you to bed now, you wretch," said Herbert, "and then we will go to bed."

Frank looked at his watch. He did not know what time it was.

"I will go to the library and write some letters. There is a telegraph office somewhere close by. I could get one to take them."

At length, of course, bed was reached. Whittaker was ordered to be up at seven, and Frank, and Herbert, and Horace, and Frank, and Herbert looked at each other.

"I will go to bed now," said Frank, "I will go into