Written by George E. Milas.

IN FOUR PARTS. PART IL.

CHAPTER II.

Were you ever at a concert Ag? 'Never.

'Wouldn't you like to hear Beethoven's Symphony in C. Minor?"

'Yes!' cried Agnes, joyously, who, until introduced by Lel to the great master, had reverenced him only as a mighty shade, standing afar off in the mist and majesty of distance like one of Ossian's heroes.

'Come, then, we've no time to lose,' and away they went to the boudoir. 'What are you going to wear, $\mathbf{A}\mathbf{g}$?

'Why, you're not going in that

dress-it doesn't fit.' It fits quite well enough, mother

made it.' 'Yes, mothers can do a great many

can't make a dress.

a ticket from a mantua maker. 'No: that's a necessary preliminmuscle. But I can fix you in three minutes. Look here, she continued, producing a cream-colored sack, or

'No-no,' said Agnes, escaping me.'

'It is hard to civilize you savages,' retorted Lel, partially vexed at the cool contempt with which Agnes disposed of her cloak.

Whilst talking, she had made her

avoid a contrast. Just one flower in your hair, con-

tinued Lel.

'Aggie, my dear, dear Aggie, for said Lel, kneeling in irresistible hu-

Well, and the flower rested lovingly on her dark hair.

'Murder! murder!' screamed Lel. as Agnes began to put her bonnet on-'you irreclaimable barbarian!'

'Are we going bareheaded?'

'Of course we are! How else can we hear? said Let, casting down her 'How else can we be seen you

would say. I will wear it!

'Then I'll stay at home!-Agnes, listen to me, -however much you may despise fashion, yet your good sense will teach you that conformity to an innocent custom is better than unnecessary defiance. A bonnet in a concert room is as ridiculous as satinand tarlton in the country.'

'So be it, then,' murmured Agnes, dropping her bonnet in despair.

'That a darling,' cried Lel, kissing her and throwing a white nubce over her cousin's shoulders. 'There'll be a crowd; come, or father and Melville will suspect that mirror of detaining us.'

'Shall we walk or ride?' said Mr. Almy.

'Oh walk, walk, by all means walk! What's the use of wasting moonlight: in a carriage,' replied Lel, about to take her father's arm.

'No, my dear,' said Mr. Almy, offering his arm to Agnes, and giving her a large bouquet, 'I prefer your cousin.'

Lel's entrance created almost universal commotion. 'There's Lel! There's Lel!' passed from mouth to mouth until every eye was on her. Everybody seemed glad to see herold ladies and young smiled a universal welcome. Up sprang a score of beaux and our party was soon advantagebusly seated in the most select quarter of the hall.

Then another whisper-Who's that? began to circulate, as Agnes coming background of stream and forest, of verdant wheat piercing the snew, of blue mountains meeting the sky in the distance. This may have made a difference; but alas! real beauty and conventional beauty are essentially different; the wild flower transplanted to a garden may bloom as sweetly as beside its parent approving look on the debutant. brook.-but how few will stop to view it. One thing, however, is certain, that Agnes was not the peron to take the house by storm; had other, with a dying smile.

she appeared masupported by Let the might not have occasioned a remark. Anyone in the least familiar arbitrary thing. It is ordained and certain debutante is beautiful-beaucreation. Whoever dares to dispute from that of her friends. the edict, is banished from the fairy

whole pack of timorous dependents and hoping outsiders swell the cry until a duped community is musical with her praise. Or should some fair planet be spied in a lower sphere, which threatens to eclipse the reign a meaning whisper. And with an ing star, the innocent orb is so pelted and persecuted by all the satellites of the skies, that, shorn of her giory Agnes, this admirable widow resumed and her rays, she gladly descends her seat. beneath the horizon. Thus with Agnes-it required but a word from Lel to make her a paragon or a

fright. 'Am I expected to wear anything her, but not willing to hazard an opinion without a full investigation of her claims. Her claims! Oh hallow, heartless mockery! She might have been as lovely as the masterpiece of Grecian art—she migt have an overture by Lindpainter. spent her life in deeds of glowing things for their daughters, but they charity-she might have possessed every virtue which adorns the soul, Then I'll stay at home. I thought every grace which encircles the Beethoven might be heard without mind; yet without the borrowed attributes of birth and fortune-of fortune at least-her claims would have any, replied Lel, without relaxing a fallen to the ground, as unnoticed and unfruitful as the tears of poverty. Ave. more than this: the very possession of these virtues would have operacloak, and rapidly passing it diminished her attraction: the naron her cousin's arms. 'Now, a white now vision of the world below, dejapponica in your hair, and you'll ceived by the height of the column, others, mistakes elevation for littleness.

There sat our young rustic, just as from the sack. 'I couldn't listen if she were in the quiet parlor at this mealy shroud around Loretto, unchanged, undazzled, unawed by the splendor and bustle around her. She had thrown off fully inspected the room. Lel's nube-she was averse to any ornament. In her novel position, it ease; few are proof against open emown toilet as plain as possible, to barrassment or a still more palpable effort to conceal it. But Agnes was not thinking of the impression she was to make—she was merely amused and entertained by her first glance

> But Lel was in her element. thousand times lovelier than she had ever been; her eyes flashed and sparkled like diamonds-and in all she said and did there was a grace and elegance of action never before revealed. Had Agnes been inclined to jealousy, there was ample cause for it: had Lel any defeat to revenge, she would have been amply repaid by her present triumph.

'Ag,' whispered Lel, 'do you see that lady in the terrapin head-dress, with clusters of little eggs all over her hair, a dish for an epicure?-There she sits looking right straight at you. She's coming here in a moment, to inquire who you are.'

Agnes had already perceived the unpleasant stare the lady alluded to -who was, in fact, rendered so conspicuous by nature and art, that she might have been marked amongst a million. She had all the pride, mannerism and affectation of wealth, without one symptom of good breeding. But her person, in spite of advancing age, was good; and on the whole, she was rather a favorable specimen of metallic aristocracy.

'You must secure her countenance,' continued Lel; 'she is one of the growned heads, without whose interference you will be cast into exile.'

'Ah. here comes Mrs. Hoity,' muttered Mr. Almy to Melville, 'for my niece's pedigree. I'll meet her.' And, as the lady in question rose, like a queen from her throne, he boldly marched up the narrow avenue and intercepted her advance.

Now, Mrs. Hoity was a widow. and had been accused of more than one design on Mr. Almy's independence. However this may be, she professed the most devoted friendship for Lel, who, with exem- was awed into slience by the sublime plary filial humility, conceived her- Adagio, which must always lay the self solely indebted to her father for the honor.

'I wanted a word with your charmbecame the object of social curiosity. ing daughter-but I fear I shall not Hitherto we have seen Agnes only have time, as I see the orchestra amongst her native hills, with a be-entering new. Pray tell me the name of that young stranger?"

> 'Miss Agnes Cleveland,' 'Cleveland-Cleveland-who, are the Clevelands? inquired Mrs. Hoity.

Very good people, I believe. Her father's dead ' 'Ah! an heiress?' said the good

lady, brightening up and casting an

Yes, -her uncle has a snug little farm,' replied Mr. Almy gravely. "A snug little farm!" echoed the

her expectations?

'No-no pursued Mr. Almy prietwith fashionable life must have ob ly, she has very splendid expectaserved that beauty is entirely an tions. I believe; but the bequest is unfortunately so limited, as to take given out by the ruling clique, that a leffect only after her demise. The poor creature has everything to tiful in spite of the stars and all hope from her own death, nothing

"Poor creature! sighed Mrs. Hulty. land of the first circles; and thus the who actually thought that Mr. Almy was alluding to a peculiar will of some eccentric auceston. 'Is she related to you.'

> 'No: a mere connection-a country cousin of Lel's, added Mr. Almy, in arrogant tess of the head, a smile to Melville and Lel a cold store at

Have you seared off the cormorant? whispered Melville

Did you not see how she sailed away at the first snuff of poverty They were rather inclined to like and vitality? answered Mr. Almy, bending his head to indulge a laugh. Father has killed you dead-

> Hoity's against you, said Lol. 'I thank him sincerely,' replied Agnes, and the concert began with

'Phaw!' muttered Lel, crushing the But we can talk if the music will let us. Let us fancy ourselves on the walls of Troy: I'll be your Helen and point out the heroes and

heroines in the audience. Point where you will you'll find a Menelaus, or a Paris, or-

'A Thersites,' added Lel giving him a most malicious look.

Show me your friends first, said Agnes; I do not care to see the

could no longer suppress.

will recognize it as a friend that whispered 'though the sky is overcast, the stars are still as sweetly shining in their old places.'

But a group of young ladies and contlemen near them, kept up such in incessant clatter, that Agues could scarcely follow the music. attempt was made to encore the piece, but it was vigorously hisser down for a new pollia.

Huzza for the vineteenth century cried Lel, her eyes Lushing hre. The mind may be marching ouward, v. they say, but it doesn't murch t good music. This is awful!

From the full house, observe Acres. I was inclined to think this music-mad community.

"A musician mad community," in terposed Melville. 'No, sir, resumed Lel. 'a few con-

to listen-and a few weak creatures to exchange smiles with the performers—which ought not to make a rational man jealous: but the great majority come to see and to be seen.

You are too hard, said Mr. Almy; that's only a collateral pleasure. 'No, sir, replied Lel, the principal attraction.

'Of course it is,' replied Melville: it is not surprising that the first principle and groundwork of society should be the mainspring of a concert.

The C minor symphony shared the same fate, though insipidity itself spell of majesty on every human beart, will love in a more mosts

In the meantime it had spread at over the room that Agnes was only 'a country cousin:' and when the concert was over, and Lel was sur rounded by her friends, Agnes was as unnoticed and unmolested as if the seal of her vocation, glowing on ber forehead had been universally intelligible.

story seems light and frivolous, be onel's cruel suspicion." insert here and there a chapter of beautiful music the had beard of his

the state of the s



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'My friends?' returned Lei, with pointed theological discussion to Almy's rindress who as an expression of blank surprise that balance the ingredients of less and on Leit missions. convulsed her father and Melville folly which much necessarily appear many acquaintenest with suppressed laughter, as, rising in a faithful reflection of every day friend, and then the suppressed laughter, as, rising in a faithful reflection of every day friend. deliberately from her seat, she care life. In all humility, we entrest aroun the Convent and her a their patience. We do not claim 'Melville,' she said at last, 'you're profound aggetty or varied experi- shought that Let must taller than I, will you take a look ence; but after all, there may be red to Marville in which was difficult to be natural and at round for my friends—I can't find something beneath, the glittering have projected more to surface of Lorette, which even the then by marks but at Happily the overture terminated good and wise need not utherly arect men abligations at that instant, and the poisterous despise. At least we hope so Our of the sinength saddy applause drowned the laugh they books of devotion, distated by laured in Agree, of dear sancity, are numerous and full of from are and after After some mechanical waltres of unotion; our outsoliem is within audionical distance of life. She was still the same Ag: Lanner's, came the dust from Jes- reach of the poorest our treaties on appearance. theology, our works of constrovery leaks be landing Well might she call that exquisits are able to carry conviction to every based meeting the morsel a friend... Ever beautiful and man's door. In all our churches the last the last ever new, growing descer and nobler words of faith, hope and charify are young mistor. by familiarity, whoever has heard it continually falling from scoluted and to bisself with when the heart was heavy with sor- lips. Go listen there, ye who seek home the steet libbs row, when the brain was weary with instruction ye or blane who pine for it would be the thought, when hope itself refused to a mother! Waste not a moment over beexperienced and an arrival cheer; whoever has heard it then, these pages in the hope of a senti- the riles of some and mental conversion |-- We only wish In short, it was restell to show how the worm of the world to pursue a Car may wither the fairest leaf on the her remard and save his tree of life; we only wish to caution responsibility. the young, ave, and the old, against the siren songs they are singing have not yet succeeded dr around us and to illustrate that making his shareday, which there is nothing so little valued by fainty drawn thing there

> rociety. Those who have socompanied us said enough. It from Loretto to the city, must have that Malville's to been attracted by love for the michiel them played cellsh excited by the common place would have known incidents through which they bear time when the passed. It is but fustion them to --- whe examine more minutely the nutual kepts let at the relations of our little group of friends passed? -to explain some things which have of already been obscursiv him ted-to reveal others which may not be suspected.

Let us see what Let thought that

religion than the pleasures

night. She was not given to justousy, but for some time site had remarked a change in Melville's manner towards her. He was quite hardre all James as attentive, quite as courieous retreet the laterate cuite as agreeable; but he was no more the same to her - the indeports lightly. He had able something had passed arev moder statute absented that But more than this Atseemed to ben a this section. that Agnes alone called up in his her follow face the very feeling the missed state to a complete no dongen inspired. She (sarp) less sand) she loved him, but she mould coll be a none as leve it, and repelled the thought at he special and a an unworthy suggestion. Still the twiter essential was a woman — she tell her superior. to Agues in the country north pening and and actions and preceiving entered at 15 miles (cold average) that she was alone now that the reality security sees momentary triumph was over now that her better nature and returned wall ton train the with darkness and allence, she ab he had seen La sher horred herself for her weakness For the first time in her ille abs had harden at green d departed from her standard of feminine pride and magnatimityshe had raised her hand wainst a There may be many who no longer friend-her heart was blacking to need us because our unpretending think that she had merited the Col-

cause we have not thought proper to . As for Agnes, who thought of the

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Mr. Almy, too, was thin

Now: what thought Medville.

society as the pleasures of religion, cistes - Is is not married whilst nothing is less prised by him from the moisture in Sotitions positie in white incled was a best right his inclination

moved by the nelsler tere