

THE EVENING NEWS.

Wednesday, April 19, 1871.

ROMANCE OF MOUNT DESERT.

By W. LORING.

[CONTINUED.]

"You are not complimentary," said Alice.

"Why not?" asked Ady, again.

"To imply that I need help, like poor old Miss Dorothy," was the reply.

"I didn't mean any such thing," returned Ady.

"You ought to talk so that people can understand you, then," said Alice; and, having said logically, announced her victim's announced intention of catching Constance, and skinned away from her infatuated admirer.

Ady did not follow. Running was not a favorite exercise with him, and, besides, he was fearful that she was offended. Following her slowly, he reached the breakfast-table, and found his companions seated in the following order:

Alice, Constance, Miss Dorothy, Fitzgerald.

"Where am I to sit?" he asked.

"Below me," said Fitzgerald, who had with heroic fortitude managed to place Miss Dorothy between himself and the less dangerous Constance. Even with this precaution, as he leaned back in his chair by the glimmering light of a mass of golden tresses, his face, against whose rich color, as it were a background, Miss Dorothy's pale yellow tulle collar seemed outlined.

"If Mrs. Levington," said Alice, "had not selected me, his breakfast would have been warmer."

"Deserted you?" said Ady, naively, "why you are away from me."

At last, though subdued, was singularly clear and decided, and, to resist the influence, Fitzgerald was obliged to devote all his energies to the steak on his plate, which he attacked with ferocity. Had the steak been of the consistency of ordinary steaks? Miss Dorothy could have supposed that it was, quashing his desire to know the secret of that infallible nature peculiar to Mount Desert, and so no one noticed him.

For some time the breakfast continued in silence; then Alice Lennox said, sweetly:

"Shall I pass you the eggs, Mr. Perkins?"

"Never eat eggs," said Fitzgerald.

"Why, I've had a letter from home," said Alice meaningfully, "in which you expressed a liking for eggs in very strong language."

"I was not aware that you had ever seen any letter of mine," said Fitz, "and, if I said I liked eggs, I wasn't telling the truth."

"He has left the state," he said.

"He's not telling the truth now," said Alice.

"I have seen letters of his,

and I remember this one particularly. What gastronomic indulgences can plunge the mind in such depths of contemplative speculation as eating an egg—the germ of future existence, the connecting link between the old life and the new—can do for man!"

For Ady Lennox, with a purpled face, had uttered some inarticulate sound, which seemed compounded of a suppressed shriek and a guttural chuckle.

"Don't mind me," he said. "It's nothing," and precipitately withdrew.

"Well," said Constance, "they are a pair of very rude young men. I hate to see people treat you and us silly; but to show us absolutely no attention is unkind."

"You are partly right, Constance," said Alice. "Mr. Lennox has been very gentlemanly to me since he has seen me, though I must acknowledge that Mr. Perkins and I are very strange."

"Don't say a word against Mr. Perkins," said Fitzgerald, with a smile, "with surprise and warmth."

"Without exception, the most polite and agreeable young man I have met for many years." And with this remark Miss Dorothy subsided into her usual quiescent state.

Thousands of days go by. Alice Lennox and Ady fitted, and Fitzgerald and Constance were on terms of distant civility. Ady Lennox was several times on the point of acknowledging his love to Fitzgerald, but was always snubbed from so doing by the fact that Fitzgerald, in revenge, would devote himself to Alice, with whom poor Ady was now ridiculously and desperately in love. One person in the house had divined Ady's secret and that was Mrs. Higgins, who still caused others to behave in a disreputably confidential and sympathetic manner to Ady—consequence.

When she met him going up or down stairs, she would mysteriously allude to love and roses, and state that youth was the springtime of life.

"It is my opinion, Mr. Lennox," said Lennox, after witnessing one of these demonstrations, "that you have inspired this young girl with a passion in the bosom of Miss Higgins."

"Now, don't!" said Ady.

"Taint his love, Miss Lennox," said Mrs. Higgins, "but some one does possess his heart. Some folks like war-horses, and some folks isn't. Them two"—indicating Fitzgerald and Constance, who, strangely enough, happened to sit together in the gallery without either knowing it—were war-horses. But neither of you are war-horses."

"Very true," said Ady, "but what of it?"

"Simply this," resumed Mrs. Higgins; "let them as war-horses take to war-horses, and let them as is not, war-horses take to them as is not war-horses, and so forth, the designs of Providence will be fulfilled."

Saying this, Mrs. Higgins went tranquilly out of the room.

"Now woman, han't she?" said Ady, tranquilly.

"I think her excessively disagreeable," said Alice, with a heightened color. "I'm going out to see Constance."

Meanwhile Constance had fairly lost her heart. Fitzgerald, showing no signs of having been in love with her other admirers on the island, who were numerous and devoted, grew insupportable. The poor child looked at her love in the crumpled looking-glass that Mrs. Higgins had placed in her chamber, to see why Fitzgerald did not admire her, and then cried till she reflected that tears would make her eyes red and render her less attractive than ever. She then stopped with sudden ruddiness. But the end was at hand, and the trouble of Mrs. Higgins' four young things were soon to reach a climax.

It was twilight. In the porch of Mrs. Higgins' cottage Ady Lennox sat smoking. Inside, Miss Dorothy slept peacefully in her arm-chair, while Constance and Alice, mutually entranced in the fondness peculiar to young girls, looked out of the window.

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