

WHAT CAME OF A DREAM.

(CONTINUED.)

Wilhelm fancied he had been quite unobserved, but then he saw a pair of eyes looking at him. He looked very pretty, and on nearer inspection her figure was so slim, her hair so dark and wavy, her eyes so beautiful, and she had a smile so much like a bird's, and she was so much like a duck to choose among, and such a savory heap of sausage to look at, that his marketing took quite another half hour. Lucy was very patient, though she used to be sharp enough sometimes to haggle over undecided customers. Meinher's broken English was very hard to understand, and the noise in the market so great that Wilhelm had to come behind the stall to be comprehended at all.

"How is it your ducks are so fat?" "We will not try you with the Dutchman's bad English; you might not be so patient as Lucy was."

"I don't know; they got better fed than the others, perhaps."

"And how is it your ducks are so much fresher and rozier than the other girls?" "Oh! we get fresher air, you know. I live at Grangely-super-Montem."

"Where? That's a very hard name—Grangely-super-Montem?"

Lucy laughed merrily and made him repeat the name till he could say it right; that took quite a few minutes.

"And where is this favored village?" "Don't you know? When you are down in the Carra, have you not seen a church tower on a hill? Our tower is a beacon for miles around."

"Ah! Yes, of course I have, and that is Grangely-super-Montem? Is your name so hard to speak?"

"Oh, no. It is Lucy."

"Lucy; ah, that is not so hard, but soft, soft as your fat ducks. Lucy—what?"

"Metacalf."

"Oh, the harsh English! I will not try to say it even. I will stop at Lucy. And should I see you if I came to Grangely-super-Montem?"

"Perhaps you would; it depends where you would go."

"I would go to the high tower to breathe a deep draught of the fresh air that makes you so rosy. May I come and look for you? I want to know how to make sausages like these; they are so good!"

"But you haven't tasted them yet."

"Ah, but I know."

"Cannot your wife, Mrs. Van der Root—oh! what a long hard name—make sausages?" asked Lucy mischievously.

"Perhaps she could if I had ever found her, but I have no van at home Lucy."

"Suppose you were to take your duck and go now, I have to be busy," suggested Lucy.

Wilhelm had no excuse ready, so after ten minutes more over the change, he slowly departed.

That evening the Dutchman smoked a great many contemplative pipes. The duck and sausage were so good that he thought he could not wait till next market day for another. Next morning, when he got to the market, he looked up to the square tower of Grangely-super-Montem till he could reach to the top; he felt as if he were going to leave his heart behind another through he did not find this out at once, and it was longer still before he made the discovery that he had carried off Lucy's little place.

It was December; the coldest days of all the year were at hand. Wilhelm washed the big drains were all dug and full of the slushy waters, that he might return to his beloved Holland with his pretty English Lucy and her delicious fat ducks and sausage-meat. But neither of these wishes seemed likely to be fulfilled.

As regards Lucy, a great obstacle had arisen. Her parents would not hear of their daughter, the apple of their eye, the light of their old age, going to a foreign land, a land—well, to them unknown—full of all sorts of horrors and drawbacks, with a strange man, whose lingo puzzled them, and who might have half a dozen wives for aught they knew. So Meinher's Wilhelm Van der Root was hunted away with a volley of north-country abuse, and such severe injunctions were laid upon Lucy against ever speaking to this Dutchman again, that the lovers were in despair.

Lucy's birthday was near. As a reward for her good conduct, her mother gave her leave to ask all her friends to the tea-party. Lucy clasped her hands with delight. How she would have liked to ask Wilhelm! But that would not do, her mother's fears were too outrageous. So Lucy had to make up her mind to do without him.

A few days before the party Lucy's mother had a dream. Now Dame Metacalf was old-fashioned and simple in her notions, and possessed a long list of the meaning of dreams. This time she dreamed that Wilhelm Van der Root came in one night as the clock struck twelve, and offered her a big meerschaum pipe, such as he used to smoke, and that she was dancing round the room. She was so angry with Wilhelm that she dashed the pipe from his hand; as she did so her best China tea-set, that was always kept in a special cupboard, came down with a clatter about her head, and lay in a million fragments mixed up with those of the big pipe.

The good mother told Lucy her dream. Now, Lucy was not in the least a believer in dreams, but she had a quick wit, and while her mother ransacked her memory to ascertain what dreaming of a meerschaum pipe betokened, Lucy read the tidings thus: "Don't you see, mother, it means that on my birthday, when I am dancing, just at twelve o'clock, Wilhelm will offer you the pipe of peace. That is, he will come again to ask you for me, and if you dash his offer aside, he shall be ruined, for he will let the floods swamp all the lands; now he's got those big drains full, you know, he could soon let it overflow over our land; that is the China tea-set falling down, the pipe mother if he should come—though that's quite impossible, since you've refused to let him come near us—but if any strange chance should arise, you will not say nay again, would you, mother?"

The good dame was puzzled. Lucy was a very Daniel in her interpretation, and tried her dream in which way she would she could not read it any more than Lucy had done, and she was not one to regard a dream lightly. Her only consolation was that Wilhelm had never occurred to the simple woman; but there, of course, he would not come; how was it likely?

To be continued.

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