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LINES.

I stood by the side of a silver brook,
In the glow of the morning light,
When rippled away over the pebbles smooth,
Singing from morning till night.

The sunlight glancing across its breast
Seemed happier there to stay;
Kissing the flowers that bloomed on its stream,
Laughing the livelong day.

Bright flowers sprang up on the mossy banks,
And nodded their heads at the stream,
And I thought as I gazed on the picture fair
"Twas right as a midsummer dream.

But the little stream to a river grew,
Spreading away over the lea,
Where and over its waters flow on,
Till lost in the deep blue sea.

So fill the brook to its childhood's more
Happine and dances away,
With the sunshine of love and perfect trust
Lighting the gladsome day.

Great are the forces which we pluck in our youth
With a hand that is careless and free;
And their fragrance will awaken the curse that shall come
As we onward fast to the sea.

Ah, could we but tarry and rest on the banks,
Content with the tides that is ours,
Not hurrying on with the river's broad course,
Toward being added unto the ocean.

But childhood and Youth, Manhood and Old Age,
Swept on with the River's dull roar;
And nothing away on Eternity's tide
Our back shall return, never more.

—Homebeeper's Weekly.

"HALL MARKED."

"I don't see that you need take it so much to heart, Miss Errington! Dinner was much good, after all. For my own part, I never look near my sister when she comes out hunting. Indeed, I only think it a pleasure that she is therewith all. But we'll all look after you. You may follow me if you like."

The old conquering air of the tall, good looking man who concedes this supreme favor to the pretty girl standing lonely like a stunned accomplice. Nature has fitted been kind to Captain Jack Lester, for Pandora's box can hardly hold a better grade in the eyes of most men with Anglo-Saxon blood in their veins than the absolute distinction he has won at every sport he has turned his hand to.

To say he was a good man across country was understating the case. His reputation was almost European, and people who had never set eyes on him talked about Jack Lester as if he were a public character. His light, active, well proportioned frame, his keen eye, his quick intelligence, and a happy mixture of discretion and daring, put him in the forefront of the most satisfactory balance at his bankers' helped to keep him there. He rode, on principle, the best horses that money could buy, he did well for himself, and what was enough of a good fellow for all men to speak well of him. The girl to whom he now condescended his conversation, and who, to the smirkers of habits, is warming for pretty hands at the kings few, built half way up the chimney in the dining room at Mossby Hall, is Miss Clay Errington.

The rest of the party are already hard at work at breakfast, but these two still loiter and talk together, and discuss the inside of Miss Clay's brother in throwing her over and going up to town for the day, instead of pitching his sister over "big pheasant" in Blankshire. They have a kind of look of each other, as they stand there side by side, inasmuch as both are fair, slim and well favored. They both have those that are a passport to the good will of their fellowmen. The girl, indeed, with her complexion of lilies and roses, dark blue eyes and rippling hair in deep straight strip, and the severe lines of a well made running horse do not detract from the grace of her tall, slight figure.

"You had better get up and take your breakfast, Miss Errington, the wagonette will be round in no time," says the master of the house sonorously.

He is a man who treats every day of the week, and the morning half hour before starting for the moors is all the time he has to spare for the more serious affairs of life commenced with sport. There is now a huge breakfast to be finished, a telegram to be answered, two letters to be written and a glance to be given to the morning paper, before it is time to be off. At Mossby Hall hunting is the business of life, and all the ladies are in habits and the men in red coats.

Miss Clay comes to the breakfast table, and Captain Lester also, but it is a little man with a square, honest face, and a square, somewhat awkward figure, who brings Miss Errington her omelet and her coffee, and fags for her in general. She thanks him and he and Captain Lester, for though Mr. Topham evidently is her slave she has no eyes for any one but her good looking right hand neighbor.

Their relative positions are the same in the wagonette which conveys the Mossby hall party to the meet, for Miss Errington contrives to sit next to Captain Lester, but Mr. Topham is equally determined to sit next to her.

"Shall you be going to ride, Miss Errington?" he asks anxiously. He really wants to know, for he does not approve of one or two of her mounts at all.

"It's Conversation's day, I believe," she replies, "the chestnut horse, you know."

"Oh, yes; I know very well," he answers. "I don't call him a bolter bower at all, Miss Errington, and I have already told your brother my opinion about him. Easy to ride! Yes, I know he is, and fast, and a good jumper, but I don't like the look of the Cleft Chasm one, and I don't believe in a nearly clever."

"How wicked you are, Mr. Topham," says Miss Errington, with a little sigh and half in earnest, "to abuse my favorite hunter. You think him a good horse, don't you, Captain Lester?" turning to him for confirmation.

"Good horse!" Of course I do," returns Jack Lester carelessly. "Don't listen to old Tops; he's a regular old croaker. You could ride for your life on him."

"There now, you see!" says Miss Clay, turning triumphantly to Mr. Topham, as if she considered that Captain Lester's opinion must be law.

"Tops" looks slightly annoyed, but does not pursue the subject. He knows that his opinion on horseflesh is to the full as good as Jack Lester's, as well as he knows that he is no hand a man across the country as the other, and that it would take little as big a place to skin him when hounds were running. But he also knows that he has black, round legs, which give him somewhat of a "wasteful" sort of a horse, and that a wager of swagger and vehemence would prevent him ever having a brilliant reputation like the other.

It is to "Tops," however, and not Captain Lester, who pays Miss Errington on her home at the meet, for the chestnut is frisky, and Jack Lester has no idea of having his laurels gathered at his heels

[illegible]

dictient on the muddy road. He simply disappears. Self preservation is the first law of its nature, and he thinks Miss Errington is sufficiently honored when he gives her leave for the second time to follow him as soon as the hounds find.

George Topham would give his eyes to be her prize, but he has no chance after this. Miss Errington keeps Captain Lester steadily in view while they are drawing Hartover covert, and when the hounds are seen streaming away from our corner of the wood, and Jack Lester, thrusting his hat firmly on his head, jumps a tolerably stiff hedge almost at a standstill to get out of the road, she is next to follow him is Miss Clay on her chestnut.

It must be owned that neither by look nor word does he give her much encouragement to do so. He is simply desirous of everything but the business on hand, but if his whole attention is fixed on the working of the hounds he does not take his hat off the toll. Again on the big thick horse, always half a field at least in front of her, it was a splendid gallop, for the scent was good and the hounds run fast. The cattle try one broken into hills and hollows, and being a stiff one to boot, the field was scattered in a wonderful manner. Indeed, for rods the line from first to finish, for there was many a handy road and lane, Jack Lester, however, was one of those winners to the hounds throughout, and was in the same field with them when they rolled their fox over in the open.

"Was any one near Miss Errington?" asks George Topham, who arrives on the scene of action a little late.

He never was so lucky in getting away as Jack Lester, and he thinks in the end when the hounds found had thrown him out today. When he comes up Captain Lester is already on his second horse, and the best covert in all Blankshire is about to be drawn.

"Seen her?" says Jack. "No. I haven't set eyes on her since we found. I believe she followed me for a bit, though I never say I forgot her. But she's somewhere about, I expect."

George Topham waits another quarter of an hour or so. The hounds are now in Dingley Gorse, and their eager note tells of a fox on foot. Captain Lester's face is positively lit up with anticipation.

"Look at Jack Lester," says one boy to his mate to another, in tones of heartfelt admiration. "He does look keen, doesn't he?"

George Topham comes up once more to interrupt him. "Lester," he says, "I am certain Miss Errington has come to grief. Even if she had got thrown out, he would have been up by this time. Every one is here now, but I can see. Think, man! where do you remember seeing her last?"

"I don't remember seeing her at all," answers the other. "How you do fuss, 'Tops.' She has more likely gone home—home, or something of that kind."

"Tops" waits yet another five minutes or so, but no pretty girl on a light chestnut appears. A few of the Deepfoot beings who collap into view the last hard, high road on a hunting day come up, and he cross questioned them; but no one has seen Miss Errington. Then he turns his back on Dingley Gorse and the field of eager hounds and turns not to listen to the whimpers of the hounds as they bustle about in the covert, but goes back on the line of the morning run. It takes a new in amount of determination to do this, and not a little moral courage. He, too, would like to win laurels today, and this fresh second hence of his is the pick of his stables. It is with a heavy heart he gives it all up and goes back alone to see what has happened to Miss Errington.

She is fortunate, indeed, in having such a friend, for the poor girl is sadly in need of help. She is half stunned, half faint, among wet grass and broakwood, under the straggling hedge that surrounds a small spinney.

She had followed Captain Lester too sheerlaky, and the nasty clump that he had got over with a scramble, and with the help of the fifth leg his horse always seemed to have in reserve, had been too much for the chestnut and herself. Her hunter slipped and came down on his side, crushing her foot and leg as he did so. A total inability to move is the first sensation she feels. She tries to stand, and falls back in a heap on the further side of the blind ditch, but she is not stunned, and it does not take her long to realize her future condition.

She is alone—quite alone. No sound of any kind falls on her ears. The hunt has long swept by. It is a still, damp day, and the honey, misty air seems to wrap her as in a pall. She lies there in the wet grass, only doing thing your her is the chestnut, who, with his foot leg entangled in the bridle, is trying to graze at the end of the field. Her foot and leg are very painful, but she could stand even greater suffering if she only knew where help was to come from. Who would find her here? Who would think of looking for her, at any rate, till night came and she was missed? Some power by night come that way, to be sure, but there was no footpath or road near, and even a mischievous boy could not find much to tempt him to those woods in the month of December. No, she would be here, alone and suffering, all day, and lucky if she was found by nightfall. Perhaps she would be there the long, dreary night as well. Perhaps they would never find her!

She remembers a legend of some lost sportsman who was not found for two days after he had met with an accident when hunting in some wild part of the country. They found him at last in a ditch from which he had not had the strength to crawl, and they said he might have died by torture. Was that true? and if so was a similar fate to be hers? Tears that pain could not bring to her eyes flow over her cheeks, and she sobs bitterly as she thinks of the dismal prospect. An hour—two hours have passed, her nerves are wrought up to a pitch of tension, and she is sobbing aloud when she ceases to listen for sounds, sound to call for help, sound to hope.

"I have found you at last," says a well known voice.

The poor girl gives a faint start and looks up to find "Tops" standing beside her. An angel of light could not have been more welcome, and hardly more beautiful in her eyes, than her steady, level countenance, if somewhat thickset deliverer. He sits down beside her on the wet grass, and all but takes her in his arms, but he resists the temptation and tries to comfort her in a more practical manner. He insists her higher up the bank, takes off his red coat and makes her sit on it, gives her a little brandy from his flask, and then departs for help, promising to be back in no time.

As he hurries across the field cattlise, he will write the self satisfied smile on his face in top boots, he is certainly not a very graceful figure, but Miss Errington does not think of that, for she looks at him through a mist of tears.

He is never aware that he bounded, for there is no cottage near, and she has plenty of time to reflect on his goodness before he reappears with a farmer and a wooden stretcher.

"This is all we can do for you, Miss Errington," he says cheerfully; "lean your self to us, and we will carry you quite safely."

She does not feel inclined to moderation George Topham's sturdy strength, and thickset frame now. The farm silently deposited on his when the cottage is reached, and he takes her up in his arms and carries her into the kitchen, followed by the chattering mistress of the house and two or three big eyed children, and lays her down on the homely bed.

The Mossby hall people are very late in getting home that night, and Miss Errington and her preserver are there before them.

"Well, 'Tops,' old man! You have missed the best day I have ever had in my life, and that's saying a good deal," is Jack Lester's greeting as he comes into the antechamber hall.

He is muddy—splashed—and there is a suspiciously dirty mark on the back of his red coat, but his handsome face is positively smiling and he looks the picture of satisfaction and contentment.

"Yes," he goes on, "the best day and the best run I've ever had with those hounds, or any other for that matter. Seven of us on at the end—not bad, out of the field that was out this morning. You should have come on, 'Tops.' I know you were nervous about Miss Errington, but she would have got on quite well without you!"

A chorus of voices pots him right on this point.

But Jack Lester's happiness is too deep-seated to be shaken. "It's a blessing she's none the worse for her fall," he cheerfully agrees. "She's well that side well. You ought to be ashamed, 'Tops.' I dare say you will be some day. I expect you will tend in the crystal fields where your time comes, and will grin at us from the right side of the 'impassable flat.' Well, every dog has his day, and I don't mind saying I never hope for anything better than what we have had today. I wouldn't have missed it," he adds, in a lower voice that only the ears next him hear, "for all the girls in Cantelmshire."

Two months later, and all Blankshire and half all hunting Blankshire was dancing at the ball, which is held every year at Blankington.

"There are plenty of pretty women in this room," said Jack Lester, critically, to George Topham, as the two stand just inside the ballroom door. "You don't often see such a good looking lot. For my part I think Miss Errington, in her ball dress, leaves them all. She shows such quality—there is much class about her. Upon my word, I feel half inclined to try my chance there tonight."

"Tops" flushes an unbecoming red, and makes no answer.

"She's quite good over her accidents, I am—perfectly sound and all that kind of thing," goes on Lester. "I always meant to ride over and see her when she was getting better, but you know how it invariably has never time to do anything in the hunting season. You were aware Mossby hall happened just get over yesterday and time?"

Mr. Topham does not think it necessary to say how selfish he felt the invalid so non-attending days, and how envious it was that on hunting days his acquaintance must should have invariably led him past Mossby hall.

"Miss Errington, won't you give me a dance?" says Captain Lester to the girl, who, looking like a young queen, is surrounded by a group of red coated admirers.

"Of course I will," she answers with a charming smile; "two if you like."

"I am so good in a ballroom," you in pose "Tops." "It would be a shame to ask you to waltz or do anything but perhaps you will let me take you in to supper?"

"I shall be very happy," replies Miss Errington, with a slightly embarrassed air that no girl could resist.

"The old story," he thinks to himself, somewhat bitterly, while he watches the tall, handsome pair as they sweep down the room.

Lester is a wonderful dancer, and both he and his partner are an admirably good looking two, many an eye follows them with admiration or envy.

"Tops" might have consoled himself could he only have looked at the girl's face. He knows that any one or two would rave after and admired as Miss Errington should have two disengaged dances on her programme immediately after the supper dance that she has promised George Topham, and it is curious that any one so positively fond of dancing should have refused a dance with the unknown hero of the field.

It is also curious that when that supper dance is reached at last she should be quite happy to sit out three out in "Tops" company, in a somewhat chilly, badly lighted little room, that some paper roses and a few pots of pink tarlatan fashioned on its dingy walls have not by any means transformed into a bower of bliss! Perhaps the subject of this long tete-a-tete may be gathered from the closing sentences spoken to Miss Errington:

"Like Captain Lester? Of course I do, George. He does everything so well that he rather dazzles one; besides, he is most kind, very good to a girl, and looks at one for a little bit, and can tell who would really stick to her through thick and thin. My brother Archie is a very good judge of people, at least I know I always find he is right, and it was only yesterday he said, speaking of you, 'Tops is a real good fellow, and I know he would stick to Miss Errington through thick and thin.' It may be a stingy way of putting it, but it expresses his meaning perfectly, and I can't find any better words in which to express mine."—London World.

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