

And we, whose eyes so long had lit
On hedgerows bare and trees a-shiver,
Chanced where the sudden radiance smit
The Marybuds beside the river.

Then joy, like his whose darkling quest
By rath or Druid ring is crowned
With gleam of fairy gold possessed,
Thrilled in us as we gazed around.—

Behind, the grey receding gloom,
Before, the roofs of Axmouth town,
And those rich rain-wet buds a-bloom
Where seaward slow the stream glides down.

Marybuds is the old English name given to the deep-yellow blossoms of the marsh marigold.

Not Quite Such a Duffer.

By SOMERVILLE GIBNEY,

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NO one in Wroxby was able to make out what Andrew Herepath could see in Mary Fennel. Andrew Herepath never saw fit to enlighten the general curiosity, but followed his own inclinations, and married her, and by so doing made her mistress of the Wroxby Mill-house. But considering all things there was some

excuse for the general speculation and curiosity.

Andrew Herepath was a "close man" his neighbours said, meaning thereby he had made money, and knew how to take care of it. He had succeeded his father years before as miller of Wroxby, and had occupied the mill-house, retaining the old maid Sarah as his housekeeper. There were pretty girls, and girls ready and willing to marry in Wroxby, but Andrew was proof against them all. He would chat with, chaff, and tease them, but he would go no further, and there was not one among them who could truthfully declare she had made an impression on the miller. And so the years went on, until he had turned forty, and was looked upon as a confirmed bachelor. There were two, however, in Wroxby, to whom this state of things appeared eminently desirable, and they were Mrs. Frost, the miller's widowed sister, and her son Jim, Andrew's only relatives; and Jim regarded himself as the miller's heir, and the future occupant of the mill-house.

And so things continued, until one day a fragile and delicate looking girl and her even more delicate looking little brother took up their quarters in Wroxby as lodgers at Mrs. Thorp's. In all little country places gossip is rampant, and it was not very long before the whole town was aware that Mary

Fennel came from London, where she had been employed in a bookbinding firm, and where she had lost her never very robust health in nursing her mother through a long illness that only ended in her death, and further that it was through the kindness of the vicar of the parish where they had resided that a sufficient amount had been forthcoming to allow her and her brother to enjoy a sojourn in the country, and gain a little strength before she resumed her daily occupation.

But Andrew Herepath had not seen her many times before he determined that it would not be his fault if she ever returned to London to live. And the inhabitants of Wroxby soon came to a like conclusion, while at the same time speculating on what he could see in the girl. At any rate, he must have seen something, for, as has been said, he married her, and installed her as mistress of the mill-house. This proceeding was not regarded by all with favour; indeed, Mrs. Frost declared "it was a pack of nonsense, and Andrew ought to be ashamed of his self." He did not appear to be; on the contrary, he seemed extremely contented and happy.

There was one condition, and only one, Mary made when accepting her burly wooer, and that was, that she was not to be separated from her young brother. "O' course not, lass, o' course not. Charley will come with you," said Herepath, "and I'll be bound it won't be long before we put some roses in those pasty cheeks, and some strength in those match sticks he calls arms and legs." If the truth must be told Charley was a little afraid of his new brother-in-law. He was so big and strong, he spoke in such a rough way, and when he caught hold of him Charley felt as if all his bones would be crushed to a jelly. But Andrew was the kindest of men, and if he at times rather overpowered Charley it was only because the boy was weak, and unaccustomed to country ways.

When Mary had been married some two months, and the summer weather had come to an end, Charley's long holiday terminated, and he commenced work at the Wroxby school. He had vastly improved both in health and condition since he had left London, but he could not rival his country-bred schoolfellows either in strength or pluck. He was a poor hand at their