

OUR BONNIE.

A ROMANCE BY HERBERT OAKBURNE.

CHAPTER I.

SIMPLY INTRODUCES THE READER.

WHERE will you find a work of fiction that has not some touch of sentiment in it? My story, dear reader, does not in the least differ from others in this respect; but, whilst I warn you of this fact, I would impress upon your mind that there is sentiment *and* sentiment, and that whether good or bad, it has a place in the history of human individuals, and must therefore bear recording in a sketch of life.

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It was a funny little letter and had faded with age. She was reading it to him as they sat in the boat, and he was resting the oars to listen. Now and then a playful smile passed across his brow as he caught the meaning of each sentence.

My dear Ethel,—I send you a doll, with my love, and wish you a happy birthday. Mamma says I can come and help you nurse it to-morrow. I have got on trousers now, and shall be a man soon. When I am a man I will come and see you lots of times. It is very hot to-day, and we have got some kittens,—I mean our pussy has. She sends her love. Ask your papa to let you come and see them.

Your loving Bonnie.

P.S.—You ought to see my trousers.

“How very like me it must have been!” he says, as his companion ends, “Please allow me to look at the wonderful epistle.”

“Can I trust you?”

“Certainly, but you surely do not wish to keep it?”

How can she speak her mind, for, though he is altered since his childhood's day, yet she feels that she can love none other. Blushing she gives it him to read, and watches with wonder the shadow of sorrow that seems to pass over his face as he hands back the cherished note.

Then in silence he pulls for a little cove, where there is a private pathway and gate, and they disembark.

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Ethel Berrington was the only daughter of a wealthy merchant, and had known our hero from infancy. Boniface Douglas had lost his parents when he was about fifteen years of age, and ever since that

time had been under the care of an aunt, who, whilst she kept him well provided with the needful, petted him more than he liked ; for Bonnie, as we all called him, grew ashamed and tired of his aged relative's peculiar guardianship, and one day, in reply to one of her teasing interrogations, informed her that he would sooner work for his living than endure misery beneath her roof.

Startled at her nephew's unusual reply, Mrs. Douglas retired to think the matter over, and strange to say—we never guessed the reason at the time, but now it is revealed, as the reader shall see ere our story ends—sent Bonnie word that he might go and leave her, as she could not put up with “boys” at her house.

Of course we comforted him as best we could, but he laughed the matter off, and said he meant to live by literature and nothing else. Many an article on sports and pastimes, travels and adventures, had “B.D.” taken credit for in the *Rusleton Mercury*, and many a guinea had gone into his pocket thereby ; and so now he thought, if he could amuse a few country farmers' sons and daughters with his productions, he would certainly astonish the world by his careful survey of things in general, and his notes on men and things in particular. And in order to do this he resolved to go to London. “Why,” said I, when he came running into my private office to break the news, “why throw up all your prospects of honour and wealth, to seek an adventurous life in a profession of which you have hardly any experience?” “I can't help it,” he replied, “it's simply ridiculous, my dear fellow. Old Berrington still wants me to marry his daughter, and I don't care about telling him bluntly that I won't ; and out of friendship for the family I am obliged to visit them occasionally, when, as you know, they always manage to leave me alone with Ethel—only just now I have been invited to go up the river with them, and refused on the plea of not feeling well.”

“But I thought it was a settled thing about you and—”

“And Miss Berrington? Yes, it was my father's wish, but, but—my dear boy, there *are* times when one can't accede to one's father's wishes even.”

“Then you find yourself unable to please the old lady, your aunt?”

“Yes, I must confess, I have been a little hasty, but what ordinary mortal is there who will bear the amount of worry, not intentional, I admit, which I have borne.”

“Poor fellow!” I ejaculated sarcastically.

“Well, really, my dear sir, cannot you see it? Here am I with a tolerable share of brains and common sense, doing really nothing but hanging on an old relation, enduring her eccentricities, and spending her money. And then I have a timber merchant, through my late father, on the one hand, and a tallow factor, through my aunt, on the other, each seeking to obtain my person as a sacrifice to their daughters. Anyone would suppose me to be a very marriageable person, but you know the old adage about “Between two Stools?”

How I laughed at him to be sure, and advised him to stay, and make it up with his aunt ; reminded him of the extensive fortune he

would drop in for ; bid him not forget our private club ; and, finally, exhorted him, if he really left us, to take good care of himself.

And so Boniface Douglas was going to say farewell to Rusleton for a time ; but he promised he would often write to me, as indeed he did ; and when time knew him no more, I was enabled to gather together the facts I am about to relate, which formed the romance of his life.

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It was the morning of his departure. A glorious sun shone brightly in the morning sky, and caused our hero to tumble out of bed more quickly than usual. He could not have slept longer had he wished, for something seemed to urge him to go abroad and study the beauties of nature. Why should he wander in the meadows by the river side . . . his heart felt sick and weary . . . he almost wished he were not going . . . what object had he here . . . his eye brightens . . . what does he see? . . . A fair white-clad form meets him by the stile, and the touching manner in which both figures linger ere they say " adieu," makes us feel that there is *some* sentiment at the bottom of his heart. It is only a lover's parting. Let us smile and turn aside. Ah, youth ! with your vain fickle dreams of love, has not one great soul warned you, who wrote :—

All your aim is woman to win,
This is the way that *boys* begin,
Wait till you come to forty year !

This is the first time we see the fair white form. I cannot promise you it is the last.

* * * * *

That evening Bonnie was walking gloomily along Oxford Street knowing none in the big city who would help him to reach the summit of his desires, and hardly caring where he went.

Let us leave him for a while, as memorials of the past rise before us through all the dull years of toil and expectations. Bonnie we called our boy, is he not our Bonnie still ? Times have changed, faces have altered, hearts have grown cold, and voices weakened ; still he lives as it were in a picture, and shining out of the mist of bye-gone times is that peaceful face, gentle and true, as it had well nigh always been.

Oh, London, with your hundreds and thousands of busy anxious mortals ! When shall the day dawn when your streets shall be even like unto the streets of a Fair New City wherein is nothing that worketh abomination or maketh a lie ?

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CHAPTER II.

MRS. DOUGLAS' DECISION.

LAWYER Wormage was a shrewd man. All Rustleton said so. And whatever Rustleton said was sure to be right. It was now three months since Bonnie's departure and I had not heard a word of or from him. It seems, however, that Jonas Wormage, Esq. knew more than some other people. We are privileged to take a peep at a scene in Laurel Villa, the residence of Mrs. Douglas. Time, 11 a. m. *Dramatis personæ*: Mrs. Douglas, aunt of Boniface; J. Wormage, Esq., family solicitor. Wormage *loquitur*.

"Well, you know madam, as I said before, I should only advise you for the best. Mr. Douglas is young and foolish, he has not learned what life is yet, and ahem!—when he has been a little longer in exile—ahem! if I may so speak, madam, he will begin to wish to return, and you will again begin to find your—ahem!—hospitality besieged."

"Yes," says the lady, "but don't you think it would be well to give him the opportunity of returning at once? I myself now——"

"By no means, madam, it would be doing an injury to your own position as well as completely spoiling his nature. Let him have his fit out; let him learn to sigh for the comfort of a home—ahem!—like this. Besides, you forget, my dear madam, that he is adverse to all your kind arrangements for his future, and you cannot bring him back without encouraging his wilfulness. Pardon me for speaking so plainly, but I feel, as the old—ahem!—friend and adviser of your noble—I think I may say noble—family, that in order to act my part—ahem!—honestly and thoroughly, I must keep you informed of all that goes on."

"Certainly, Mr. Wormage, you do quite right, but I would like to know if you are absolutely certain about what you told me of Mr. Douglas's position towards—towards that young girl you mentioned—who ——"

"Absolutely, madam, and I am a man of honour—ahem!—I assure you."

"Who, I think you said, was in the habit of meeting him in a clandestine manner—a fair young woman—by-the-bye, who is she?"

"I have good authority, madam. She is a teacher or governess in a school or something of the kind, but I'm sure *that* would make no difference to Mr. Boniface, who is honourable enough to court and

marry—ahem!—a sweep's daughter, even. I beg pardon, ma'am, but you were going to say something!"

"Merely that I am disgusted with my nephew's carryings-on, and shall be pleased if you will call in at your early convenience to perform the little duty you advised. Will the day after to-morrow suit?"

"With pleasure my dear madam, or I should say, with regret, for Mr. Douglas is a well-meaning young fellow I've no doubt. May I ask if you have decided to transfer the property to your lady-friend, that—ahem!—I may get matters forward?"

"That is my decision."

And here Mrs. Douglas leaned forward to touch the bell, and her visitor bowed himself out.

Still she sat thinking. The time came before her when Bonnie was entrusted by his father, her husband's brother, to her care. Could she be said to love him less because she had banished him—for a time of course? It would do him good, prove rich experience; but what were those stories the lawyer had told her. Could it be that the only male representative of their family in England was about to bring disgrace upon the name? She shuddered, and drew her chair nearer the fire. Was this the end of the hopes and ambitions to adorn the name of Douglas? Had she not better follow the course she would have followed had she never had a nephew? Thus musing she fell asleep, and did not wake until a servant came to tell her luncheon was ready.

CHAPTER III.

"QUIT YOU LIKE MEN, BE STRONG!"

Fancy will go a long way with some people. They can imagine that to live in a wealthy city is tantamount to living in luxury and comfort. But facts differ from fancies, as Bonnie found out. Still he was not a fool. Born of a Scotch race he had within him something of that "cannyness" and common-sense which, whilst enabling the possessors to discern between what is worth having and what is not, helps to make one more prudent than one would otherwise be.

And so he found himself humble lodgings in a little street which runs out of that thoroughfare of violin-shops—Wardour Street—a neighbourhood where the houses are poor and dirty, and the inhabitants have the appearance of miserable, broken-down wretches, where one's sense of smell is constantly favoured with all the essence of Soho perfumes, and where filthy dogs, costermongers' half-naked children, and barrel-organs predominate. Why should he, being a gentleman, content himself with such an abode? It is not for me to say. But I would suggest that, tired and hungry as he was the night he arrived in London, and finding clean apartments—for they were decent—to let, and a kindly old dame in charge of them, he had given way to first inclinations and made himself at home in Church Street.

This morning he had received a letter from the only individual he had cared to correspond with since his arrival in the metropolis. If you could have glanced over her shoulder who penned it, have watched the sweet expression of her face as she rapidly darkened its pages with

ink, have seen those bright grey eyes sparkle at every sentence, those ruddy lips moving in tender prettiness as she murmured each word she wrote, you would not have failed to recognise one whom you have only seen once as yet; a "fair white form." We may as well benefit by a peep over *his* shoulder.

"My Own Box,—I have felt ever so lonely since you left, and there has been *no one* to take me upon the river except Dido, and he can't row. When are you going to send for me? I met your friend Miss B. last night; she looked very majestically upon me, at least so I thought—but then you know how sensitive I am—and passed on. If she only *know*; but she doesn't. Do you think she would remember that time when we nearly smashed (what a distinguished word for a young lady to use!) her father's boat? Oh! here is Dido putting his paws up and wanting me to go for a walk, and I can't for I have to write to you, and then do 'heaps' of work. Do get on and come back soon. I look out for your letters every Tuesday. I do believe the postman is getting to know your writing, for he actually smiled last time, and said 'Another for you, Miss!' Mamma thinks I ought not to write so much, but then she doesn't know the good cause I write for. I sometimes think it would be better if I told her *right out*. Oh dear! there goes that horrid bell, and I shall have to leave off writing to my darling for to-day, and go and 'teach the young ideas how to shoot' as you used to say. Good-bye till next time. Oh! I forgot, that dreadful man, Lawyer Wormage, called in the other night. Fancy! He pretended he wanted to know about one of the children's parents, but I'm sure he was after something else. He stared so, and nearly frightened me.

* * * * *

"Your loving NELLIE."

Somehow the letter did not exactly please him. Hastily swallowing his breakfast he hurried along Oxford Street, through Holborn, and down Fetter Lane. Up a little Court was the publishing office of the *Social Gazette*. Here Bonnie came every morning to write letters for, and in other ways assist Henry Durant, the proprietor and editor. This was the position of the man that was to "live by literature"! Do not sneer at him; for work is honourable, and idleness a disgrace. Six weeks ago he came to the editor of the *Social Gazette*, asking to be taken on the literary staff. Mr. Durant looked at his cuttings of original articles, smiled and said that he feared there was little hope for him, but if he had any business capabilities there was a vacancy for an amanuensis; would he care to accept an offer of 25s. per week, there was not much to do. Another might have turned up his nose at this, but our Bonnie was a sensible lad, took a day to think over it, and accepted the post.

The next day being Sunday, in the afternoon our hero took it into his head to go to Westminster Abbey. He had often meant to pay a visit there, but had never been yet. As he strolled along the gravelled walk in St. James's Park, watching the leaves as they drifted from the trees, his thoughts became more and more serious. Why should he feel so sad this afternoon? . . . Cheer up, man, it is the day of rest.

It was a warm autumn day, and in the old Abbey the air was soft and cool. The sermon was a good one, but lengthy. The text was "Quit you like men, be strong!" which, after Bonnie heard, his interest awoke, and he listened with earnest attention. But soon the preacher's voice grew monotonous and indistinct, and slumber seemed inevitable. He ceased, and the crowd arose. Bonnie sat on thinking. . . . half asleep . . . pondering on the words he remembered. . . . Be strong! Suddenly it seemed that a soft strain of harmony arose; the voices of the choir blended in heavenly sweetness. . . . "God is a spirit." . . . Bonnie sat up and listened, his whole soul filled with rapture. This was better than any opera or concert. Then swelled those notes in glorious fullness, and ascended, clasping the mighty pillars, and appearing to hover in the bright sunlight that streamed through the dusky windows far away near the roof. . . . "God is a Spirit." . . . The building was surely now being made Divine, and the highest Himself was present. Bonnie rose in wonder and gladness. As he did so he caught sight of a face near the entrance; a woman's face, flushed with radiance and pleasure. Her blue eyes turned on him, and then the cheeks whitened and the lips parted. Who was it? Borne out by the crowd he found himself standing on Westminster Bridge looking at the river and at the sun that was fast sinking into the west, one blaze of splendour. Why should he have felt gloomy? If he had a true purpose in life he must succeed. . . . perseverando! . . . why not write to the fellows at home and Nellie he would always be faithful, and she —

A man tapped him on the shoulder. "Excuse me, but you must come along with me."

"You, why—what is it? Who are you?"

"I am a detective from Scotland Yard, you had better make no resistance."

Here the stranger produced a pair of handcuffs. Bonnie stared in surprise and put his hands behind him. . . . Quit you like men, be strong. . . . "I don't know what you want," said he. Just then a carriage passed, a lady and gentleman in it. That face again!

(To be continued.)

"TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE."

Thou must be true thyself
 If thou the truth wouldst teach;
 Thy soul must overflow, if thou
 Another's soul would reach.
 It needs the overflow of heart
 To give the lips full speech.
 Think truly, and thy thoughts
 Shall the world's famine feed;
 Speak truly, and each word of thine
 Shall be a fruitful seed;
 Live truly, and thy life shall be
 A great and noble creed.

H. BONAR.

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CHAPTER IV.

FATE AND FANCY.

WHEN Bonnie had overcome his surprise he turned to his companion and said quietly, "I will come with you—only—only put those things out of sight, and be good enough to inform me what I am arrested for."

"For Burglary," said the detective.

Bonnie laughed, "There must be some mistake," he said.

As they passed along the embankment who should cross their path but an old friend and schoolfellow of our hero, who, seeing the pair and recognising Bonnie, exclaimed, "Why, Douglas, old man how are you? What! are you learning the detec' business?"

"*Frank Fairmount!*" ejaculated the captive, *I am glad to see you, the fact is—*" Here he glanced at his captor and hesitated.

"This gentleman is under arrest on suspicion of being concerned in the Clapham burglary," said the detective who recognised Fairmount as a young lawyer's clerk with whom he had had previous dealings.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Frank, "you've made a blunder, Mr. Smalls, I'm sure."

"I think not, sir," returned Smalls, "the lady from whom the burglar escaped, pointed him out to a constable who in his turn pointed him out to me. If the lady is mistaken, that is no fault of mine; I am merely doing my duty."

"No doubt, my dear man, *you* are perfectly satisfied, but *I* am not."

And linking his arm in Bonnie's, the two walked on, while the official lagged behind and kept his eye on the accused one.

The burglary referred to was one of special interest. One night a week ago when Miss Sturge, younger daughter of John Sturge, Esq., of Padarn Lodge, Clapham, was retiring to rest she was amazed to find a man crouching behind the curtains in her dressing room. It was dark, the gas being turned low, and before she could summon courage to shriek or move, her arm was seized and a hand put over her mouth. She just caught sight of the man's face and then felt him wrench away the diamond bracelet she wore on her right wrist. She saw him disappear through the window, and then called for help and fainted.

"Now," said Frank, as the story was told, "how can a woman recognise a man in the dark, or at least in the dim light of a little flame of gas? pooh! it's impossible."

"I wish," said Bonnie, "that I could see her and speak to her, it is very provoking that——."

"Here, I say, Smalls!" shouted Frank, turning suddenly round, "take us to this Miss, Madam, or whatever her name is, it's not fair to arrest my friend considering he isn't capable of doing such a desperate deed; besides why didn't he leave the country?"

After two minutes' deliberation the detective agreed to accompany them to Clapham, and Frank forthwith called a cab to convey them in that direction.

Padarn Lodge had a charming situation in the Balham Road.

When the trio presented themselves in the hall and asked to see Miss Sturge they were politely informed that she was not at home, but Mr. Sturge, who received them requested Bonnie to call again the next day with Mr. Smalls, when the matter could be talked over.

"But is my friend to be considered a prisoner during that time," put in Frank impulsively, "for if so I shall stay with him."

"I've no doubt he will receive every attention," replied the other.

And so after sundry protests and soft imprecations on the part of Frank, it was decided to defer seeing Miss Sturge until the morning.

It was about noon next day when they called, this time without Frank. After waiting a few minutes a rustle was heard and the door opened. Bonnie looked up and at once recognised the woman he had seen in the Abbey. It was the same face. She could not be more than seventeen, he thought. So young! She was dressed in simple black, with pointed lace and silver ornaments. Her hair, which was of a dusky golden hue, clustered round her head and forehead in careless beauty, her face, which was handsome and peaceful, lent sweet expression to the becoming softness of her blue eyes. She stood before him and he felt awed at her presence. Instinctively he rose, and faltered out, "Pardon me, Madam, but I cannot help thinking that I am the victim of a mistake. I beg you to reverse your opinion." She looked at him for a few seconds, and then sitting down motioned him to remain seated. "I felt sure," she began, "that you were the man, but why, I don't know."

He leaned forward curiously as she stated her doubt.

"You see," she continued, quite confidently, "it was rather dark at the time—I suppose you know about it?" Why didn't she say at once if she believed him to be guilty?

"I have heard the facts of the case," he replied, "but of course I have no personal recollection, because I am not guilty of the act you have caused me to be arrested for; in proof of which I can refer you to several persons who saw me elsewhere when the burglary was committed; but you are assured that I am not like the man you saw?"

"There is the difficulty," she still continued, "I don't think you are, and yet I fancied so in the Abbey. Perhaps, Mr. Smalls," turning to the detective, "I had better release this gentleman?"

"Certainly, Miss, if you are sure he is not the man."

"Ye-es, well of course he *cannot* be."

"He will not like to remain under suspicion," put in Bonnie.

She looked at him rather scornfully, and then softening her tone said, "I am sorry to have inconvenienced you, sir; I am evidently mistaken and must apologize." She turned her eyes away, for he was gazing most earnestly at her How was it? Had Fate intended them to meet so? Looking strangely pale he rose and offered her his card, and also a paper on which he had written the addresses of some of his Rusleton friends. These she gracefully accepted and then bid her visitors good morning.

"Well," said her father when he returned from the city. She knew what the 'Well' meant and replied, "He is nothing like the man; I can't think how it happened that I should fancy it, and what do you think, papa? his name is Douglas, and he has friends in Rusleton where Emilie's friend, Mrs. Douglas, lives, you know."

John Sturge merely gave a grunt from behind his newspaper and said, "Better send him an invitation to dinner next week, if he's good enough."

Such was the story of Bonnie's arrest for burglary. Miss Sturge applied to me as one of the referees, and I received the plain unvarnished tale as I have told it you, from Frank Fairmount himself who shortly afterwards came to Rusleton to occupy the position of head clerk to Jonas Wormage, an appointment he had long expected. And so commenced my means of communication with my hero, and so I am able to lead the reader through a labyrinth of circumstances which whilst they serve to interest the curious, add point by point to the romance already foreshadowed in the life of Boniface Douglas.

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH WE PAUSE AND SURVEY THE SCENE.

Acquaintance may grow into friendship, friendship may ripen into love, and love produce indifference, hate, lifelong friendship, or the lifelong period termed matrimony. The reader has seen our hero and some of his friends. Doubtless the sight has not failed to produce a feeling of interest in, as well as perhaps a slight aversion to, his proceedings. In his character may be discerned wavering of purpose and unformed desire. Youth, like wine and whisky, requires keeping. The physician of experience and long practice is always esteemed wiser than the medical student. Do not, then murmur at, or misjudge the minor mind which looks to beauty and the present age for satisfaction and expression of feeling, and only in a few serious moments glances at what is solid and future. *Experientia docet!* Every ocean ripple helps to swell the mighty tide.

I must ask my reader to follow me over another period of several months, during which time young Douglas had acquired considerable experience in the great city of London. He had also become familiar with a certain family residing near Clapham, a fact which even his silence did not keep from me. With Frank Fairmount, now a resident at Rusleton, I had many a conversation respecting my old friend. Ah, Frank, little did you think when you let fall your notions concerning his ideas of life that you added link by link to this romance. Frank was impulsive by nature, and now and then he would

drop a word or two which when connected with others similar, proved of great weight and importance to my ready understanding. When you, Frank, spoke of Miss Nellie Lorrimer being a "sweet little damsel," why did you not add that you were desperately in love with her? And when you made an appointment with me, why did you not keep it instead of strolling along in the moonlight with a young lady? Sad, indeed, are the ways of some persons when those they profess to love are absent. Had I had an inkling of the matter as it stood then, I could have taken steps to prevent further flirtations. No wonder that Bonnie—poor lad!—did not receive so many letters as formerly! No wonder that, in reply to Frank's epistles wherein he occasionally inserted a paragraph in praise of "the prettiest girl he'd ever known," Bonnie should caution him as to what he did, and then forget to write back. And all that I ever heard from him himself during this interval were accounts of the movements of city life, the progress of business or study, the dinings-out and evening visits. Unsuspicious I! Wrapped up in my local vocation, what wonder that I should neglect to understand what was afar off, and only consider what reached me at hand! And Nellie! I never saw her but once up to this time, and that was one bright moonlight night just by the stile, in the road that led to my home. Frank was helping her over, but he did not see me as I hurried by. And the people of Rusleton talked as people do talk, but I held my peace and thought the more.

I often looked over to the Berrington's pew as they sat in church, and caught a glimpse of Miss Ethel with her pale face and noble bearing, and wondered what there was in her that Bonnie did not like. Possibly, however, thought I, there is some superior attraction elsewhere. And then the thought dawned upon me could it be Miss Helen Lorrimer No but Frank And then I guessed why the two seldom wrote to each other, and silently and carefully I worked out the wonderful problem, but said nothing. Thank heaven, said I to myself, as I poured out my cup of tea, thank heaven that I was meant for a bachelor! Dear, dear, how is it young people will fall in love with each other?

I also wondered if Mrs. Douglas repented yet of her stroke of policy, but, up to now, had no cognizance of the doings of Mr. Wormage. She, poor lady, was very ill just at this time, and naturally I felt anxious for my friend, her nephew. It was in the early summer—several months, as I said, having elapsed since the events recorded in my last chapter—I was sitting at my window enjoying a quiet pipe, when the servant entered and handed me a telegram. It was from Bonnie. "Am just off with a yachting party round the coast. Contrive to meet me on Friday or Saturday. Will wire you whereabouts." Humph! Yachting party! No one I know, I suppose. Why does he want to see me? Some little freak I expect. Rusleton was within three hours distance from the Welsh Coast, and I immediately commenced speculating where the meeting was to take place. This was Monday. There were, therefore, three clear days, so I should be able to arrange matters. On the Friday afternoon a telegram arrived. "Shall land at B—— to-night and stay over Sunday at C—— Hotel."

. . . . I reached B—— by 10 o'clock next day, and Bonnie met me at the station. "We shall have lunch with the Sturges," he said, "the people, you know, who wrote to you once. The yacht belongs to Mr. Sturge's nephew, and there are only five of us in the party." "Miss Sturge, of course," I queried. "Yes, and her cousins, You will like young Sturge. A regular fish. By the way, do you hear anything of the Sturges at Rusleton. Lil— Miss Sturge has a sister who knows the place, there's some mystery about it, I can't get it out of them, but fancy they know something of me." I stared in surprise. "In what way do you mean?" said I. He coloured up. "Oh! nothing, you did not tell them anything, did you, beyond what was necessary?" "My dear fellow, of course not, what did I know? What a man you are for mysteries!"

And then he turned the subject off and remarked that B—— was a nice sort of place to stay at, and he was in no hurry to get back. And I guessed his reason when I entered their private sitting room and stood face to face with Lilian Sturge.

NOTE: "Our Bonnie" will be concluded in the October number.

H A T R E D .

A SONNET.

Monster of evil looks and words, in whom
 Lives ev'ry cold and unendearing pow'r,
 Like sunshine never, nor indeed like show'r,
 But one perpetual day of darkest gloom.
 In thy harsh glance all earthly passions loom,
 And in thy sulking eye doth temper lower,
 Base consorts of this God-made mortal bower,
 And meeter adjuncts of the cannon's boom;
 Oh, Hate! thou subtle, sinful, wicked thing,
 Thou vile and cruel master of the man,
 Thou son of darkness, death, and misery;
 Thou needest Love's most sweet and healing spring
 To stay thy savage murd'rous devil's ban,
 And change thy purpose for eternity.