

IVY'S MISTAKE.

BY ROSE RAYNESFORD.

From New York Weekly

CHAPTER II.

But when she reached home she was even more gay and cordial than usual in her greetings of the numerous aunts, uncles, and young fry of cousins who had assembled there during the morning; and all that afternoon her laugh was the loudest, her jest the wildest, among all that hilarious group. A bright spot burned on each cheek, and there was a feverish light in her eyes; but no one knew that her hands and feet were like ice, that the wild gaiety came from an excitement that just escaped delirium. And when Julia Hunt and her cousin called they found her radiant in her blue silk, and ready to discuss "the news," which, thanks to Miss Simms, was at present briskly circulating from one end of Redleaf to the other; praising the bride, too, in such glowing terms that the two girls, watching her narrowly, snatched a moment aside to whisper that there "was nothing in that flirtation of hers with Mr. Dalton, after all—she didn't show the least bit of jealousy."

So through the long twilight they sat by the firelight, cracking nuts and jokes indiscriminately, pounding their thumbs and screaming with alternate pain and laughter, and chattering through it all like a convocation of hilarious magpies. Then, as the young men looked in at the western windows, Miss Hunt declared, jumping up, that they must go; there was to be a dance a mile away, at which they were due in an hour, and a pair of "somebodies" were no doubt waiting impatiently at the paternal mansion at this very moment for their return.

So Ivy, throwing her scarlet cloak around her shoulders and pulling the hood over her curls—a lovely grown-up red riding-hood—ran down to the gate with them to see them off in sociable country fashion; and after a shower of girl kisses on both sides, stood watching them as they tripped up the road in the weird mingling of twilight and moonlight which hung over the world.

Standing on one side, peering up the road with intent eyes, absorbed in her own thoughts, she did not hear the footstep that stole softly along the grass bordering of the roadside walk. The next moment, a strong arm clasped her, a pair of "Watching for me, Ivy?" cried Joe Dalton, triumphantly.

"Mr. Dalton! How dare you! Let me go sir!" exclaimed Ivy, breaking away from him with blazing eyes and face shining white with anger in the faint light.

"Whew!" ejaculated Joe, stepping back a pace. "It seems to me that you have changed mightily in three short months. Have you forgotten—"

"I have forgotten nothing, sir! burst out Ivy, in tones of suppressed passion. "It is you who have forgotten—forgotten, among other things, the respect which every gentleman owes to a lady."

"Ivy—Miss Sunderland, what is the meaning of this? What has happened that should break off our friendship?"

"What has happened, indeed!" echoed Ivy, scornfully. "Mr. Dal-

ton, have you so low an opinion of me, are you such a libertine yourself, as to suppose that to me marriage is no impediment to such liberties as you have just insulted me by taking?"

"Married!" cried Joe. "So you are married, Ivy! And I to know nothing about it! Why did no one tell me? Oh, Ivy, Ivy, how could you—"

"What are you saying, Mr. Dalton? I am not married; it is you—"

Here she broke down, her overwrought mood gave way, and she burst into hysterical sobs.

"Ivy!" cried Joe, "I am not married. Whoever told you so?" and he caught the shuddering, trembling form in his arms and drew the head down on his bosom. "So that is the meaning of all this coolness—the averted look this morning, and all. I thought afterward that perhaps you did not see me. Now, who told you such an absurd story? I insist upon knowing."

"Miss—Miss Simms," faltered Ivy, as the sobs died away.

"Alvira! Well, I declare! And you believed her?"

"She—she said that she saw her last night—that you introduced her to your mother as her new daughter; and then you were with her at church this morning."

"Oh, that meddlesome old maid! ejaculated Joe; "to think she should have made you suffer all this, my little clinging vine. Never mind, love; we'll cut her acquaintance when we're married."

"But, Joe," said Ivy, affecting not to hear the last remark, "who is the lady? Your cousin? Do you know, I believe I'm half jealous of her!"

"Jealous! Well, you won't be long. That lady is my mother's new daughter, Ivy. She is my brother Dick's lovely little wife, whom my mother never seen before. They arrived in New York last night from New Orleans, and as Dick could not come out till the midnight train, and Edith was anxious to get home as soon as possible, I acted as her most dutiful escort."

And Ivy, though she began her Thanksgiving rather late in the day, made up in intensity what was lacking in time.

[THE END.]

MAY CRAWFORD'S LAST QUARREL.

BY NELLIE DARLINGTON.

CHAPTER I.

It was by no means the first, though they had been married now for nearly a year; and people are supposed to have exhausted all disagreements of that kind when the lover places the painful circle on his sweetheart's third finger left hand.

The trouble was, that May Crawford was of an unfortunately jealous disposition; while Linley Crawford could not comprehend the tortures of that demon like passion.

One night he came home later than usual. It was Christmas Eve and the first since he had married May. Everything had gone wrong with him that day save one, but that was something he had set his heart on for a long time; and the fact of having accomplished it at last had done much to console him.

But when his pretty wife met him with cold, averted looks his heart sank, and he wondered in his mind what he could possibly have done to deserve such a reception. Then the dinner was not well cooked, and was served in very unsatisfactory style, the reason being that May, absorbed in her bugbear of a grievance, had omitted to give it that personal superintendence that always insured its success.

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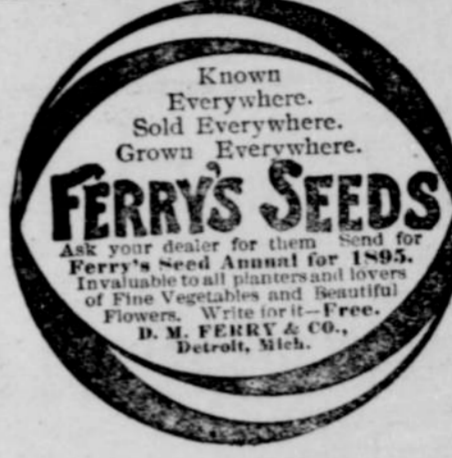
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AN ENGLISH COMMENTARY.

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