

first thought of doing, and leave Stuart just when they are having such pleasant times.

So we are to go next week, taking Adèle with us, in order to lighten the care of the rest as much as possible, for as Mrs. Wilbur declares,

"You have left the younger classes, and divers other things to Birdie's care, and for the three first days doubtless she will attend to them most vehemently, but after that as a matter of course, good little Gracie will have it all to do, while Birdie kisses, pets, and plagues us."

"Naughty grand-mamma," cries Birdie, pouting, "tra-ducing my good name, mamma knows how faithful I am, how trustworthy!" with a comical little shrug.

"Exactly, I know you are to be depended upon as entirely, as Adèle's 'Bueno.'"

"But, Bueno is very wise, sometimes, mamma," cries Adèle fearful lest her little spaniel should suffer by comparison with Birdie.

"So is Birdie sometimes," laughed Ernest, as he came into the room.

"Et tu Brute!" cried Cora with a little scream of pretended horror.

"Shame on yer Cora-ly, to call yer Uncle sich bad names, and he one of the granderest gentlemen in the country," cries Milly, "come along yer, wid yer and make a custard for dinner, and try to be respectful to yer elders."

"Even Milly," cried Cora with raised hands and eyes, as she went out.

And this journey has another great object in view, aside from the hope of good to Lela, Mr. Audley has promised to take us to New Haven, to stay a week first. Dear Howard, it seems such a long while since we saw him at Christmas, and though we have two letters every week, we want to hear his voice and see his face.

CHAPTER LXI.

"And why that fervent love was cross'd
Thou knowest the best, I feel the most.
But few that dwell beneath the sun
Have loved so long and loved but one."—BYRON.

MAY 20.

ALTHOUGH spring with her balmy breath has studded the valleys below us with a multitude of bright flowers, she has scarcely settled her wings upon 'Ingle-side,' and its surroundings, although she sings us a little song of hope for the future.

These mountain regions are hard to warm, so that even now though the middle of the day is soft and balmy, in the mornings and evenings we find our anthracite coal grates very genial. Adèle has learned to depend so entirely upon herself, now that Gracie is away, that she wanders through the house and gardens, and is looking very bright and well.

Last evening I had been busy seeing to her after tea, but when I was through I went to spend the remainder of the evening until bed time with Lela. As I went in at the door, something in the way she crouched before the fire made me pause. I could not tell why, but though I could not see her face, a certain drooping of her figure, or a prostration noticeable in the way in which she sat, with her hands clasped round her knees and her head bowed upon them, struck me painfully as having a crushed despairing way about it, I went in quickly.

"Is anything the matter, pet?" I asked. She sprang up and hid her face out of sight, and seemed trying to get beyond my reach.

"My poor child, what ails you?" She turned her pale face to me and clasping her hands above her head moaned.

"Oh mamma! mamma!" and with an earnest, entreating look flung herself into my arms. There she lay panting wildly, nor did my utmost entreaty serve to soothe her, suddenly springing up she began.

"I cannot help it, I must tell, right or wrong, I can bear it no longer alone. Oh mamma, I love him so! why

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did he write such bitter words to me? why did he?" For the first time I saw a letter lying crumpled at my feet.

"Who, Lela, who do you love so? not Rolf Livingstone, I hope, I trust!"

"Rolf Livingstone!" she repeated with infinite scorn, "as if I could. Oh you should know me better," then with a crimson cheek, she said in a low voice, "not him, but— but Paul Marstone," then as the name passed her lips she continued wildly, "but I have turned him from me forever! Oh how could he write such a letter, such bitter cruel words," and she held it up to me. I read these words.

"Leanore, Leanore, proud, cold, heartless girl, on this the anniversary of the day when I humbled my manhood before you, and sued for your love; which a thousand signs had bid me hope was mine, I sit and write to you.

"In you who bore an angel's beauty, I had dreamed an angel's spirit might dwell, I had watched you from your childhood up, and believed all that was lovely and good in woman was centered within you. Oh fool! fool! to imagine such a thing. Oh ten thousand times an idiot, to conceive the idea, that a woman, with beauty such as yours, could fail to be a coquette, a cold, proud ruthless conqueror of the dearest, noblest part of manhood, our hearts' affection.

"By every blasted hope, by every blighted expectation, by my crushed and bleeding heart; I swear you gave me every hope of your love, until you had won me to worship you, to bow the whole strength of my soul before you.— I did love you,— God knows I did love you, passing belief, as you, with your cold proud heart can never realize. I would have endured death itself for you, God knows I would,— and for all this, you gave me scorn, bitter cutting scorn, which seathed me like lightning. Oh it is strange one can live and endure the woe, that I have borne.

"Oh darling! darling! though you laugh your gay mocking laugh, over my presumptuous words, I will call you thus this once, as I have a thousand times, when in dreams you have stood beside me, the fair sweet creature I deemed you were, but only in dreams— never, never, but in seeming, for even then, when I called you thus, stretching out eager loving arms towards you, have you escaped my grasp fleeing away from me, leaving only that mocking laugh you

left behind you on the stairs that day, and which knelled my life hopes on its wings.

"Oh I may not have been as noble of intellect, as gracious of bearing, or have borne so proud a name, as others who lay their homage at your feet, but none could rival me in the depth of my love,— did others worship, I ten thousand times adored you. I defy you to find one, who so long, so tenderly, has treasured your image as I; ever since a little girl I used to watch and listen to you, have I loved you.

"Oh girl so beautiful, yet so false; can you find in this whole universe a love more enduring than mine? Never! never! though you search the wide world through. Amidst scorning and mocking, I have loved you, against my will, though I have fought fierce battles, with this passion, which is making a weary unhappy man of me. I am becoming old before my time, my two and thirty winters lie as heavily upon me, as if they were double the number. I have plunged this last year into a sea of politics, striving to drown by dreams of ambition my sorrow, in vain! in vain!

"So I will lay down all my prospects for future glory — and as soon as a fair sad life, which even now lingers upon the brink of the awful hereafter has gone out, into the brightness beyond, and the little comfort I can give to the only being upon earth who truly loves me, has passed away, I will leave my native land, never to return until this passion which now consumes me, is laid in the dust;— therefore never.

"Leanore, glorious Leanore, queen of beauty, live happily with the heart you love,— but God in mercy preserve you from the agony I now endure.

"You have been the dream of my life, no other hand has ever stirred the still deep fountains of my heart,—this night, I have riven you from me, with an awful agony,— and henceforth no matter how long this life endures, the one aim of my being shall be to forget—to forget Leanore, the loved but lost.

Farewell, God keep you,
PAUL LINN MARSTONE."

"Oh Leanore, what does it mean? you say you love him, and yet you have spurned him, I cannot understand it."

Then growing calm she told me all—how she had met him in Paris, beloved and respected by all men, how, comparing his grave proud dignity, with all about him she learned first to esteem him, then to watch eagerly for his coming as the pleasantest thing in life, and then to find when he was obliged suddenly to leave the city, how entirely she loved him, with a first pure love.

And Mr. Audley had seemed glad they should like one another and had thrown them much together, because of a love he bore Marstone for the sake of some old memory, so she never hid her pleasure in his company, from any eyes.

When he left them so hastily she heard it whispered with a sneer, and covert laugh, "that he had gone for no good," but she never doubted him.

After a couple of months had passed they came to London on their way home, and spent several weeks there.

One day as she drove along in one of the suburbs, she came suddenly upon him sitting at the window of a small pleasant looking cottage, with a young girl upon his knee. She saw his face so distinctly as she was whirled rapidly by, that she could not but believe it was he. Yet with a woman's faith in the object of her love, she strove to think she had been deceived, and that he would come and explain all.

But she waited in vain, for though he must have been aware of their proximity to him, he never gave any token of his presence; at last she could endure the suspense no longer, and said carelessly one day to Mr. Audley:

"*Bien bon*," (the name she always gives him,) "I saw your favorite, Mr. Marstone, in the street a week or two since."

"Impossible, my dear, you were mistaken, he started for home, a month ago, in the Arctic."

"Has he a sister?" she asked, with a new hope springing up in her heart.

"No, pet, he is the only child my poor——" and with a grave face he kissed her cheek and went away.

Then he was false, he whom she worshipped with a wild idolatry; but there was still hope, she might have been mistaken—such things as remarkable resemblances had occurred before, although even in her anguish she smiled at the idea of mistaking any other face, for the one whose

every expression she had learned by heart, and treasured so fondly.

In the dusk of the evening she called a cab, and drove to the neighborhood where she had seen him, then she walked past the house, but though the windows were opened and she could see two figures passing up and down, she could not distinguish them, by the dim fire-light which illumined the room.

Crossing the street to where a woman stood idly in a shop-door, she asked: "Who lives in yonder pretty house, my good woman?"

"Queer folk, me lady," was the reply, "queer doing there be over there; sometimes a fine gentleman, who is as grand looking as his majesty the Prince his-self, goes away, and then my little lady, who never goes out, falls into a tantrum,—and in a great flurry one of the old serving-men goes for him, and then when he goes in to be sure there is the awfulest shrieks, it would make your hair stand on end, me lady, to only hear them," and the gossip, well-pleased to have so attentive a listener, went on, "Oh but we do have the times a watching them, me lady, that is sure, I can tell you."

"But does not the gentleman live there always?"

"Oh no, me lady, and that is the worst of all, they say they're no man and wife at all, and more's the pity, for she's a pretty little creature and he looks for all the world like a born lord, though he be's only a Yankee."

"But what is his name?" asked Lela, feeling very meanly at thus playing spy upon any one.

"Mr. Mustone, from Americay—but are you sick, me lady?"

"Oh no, thank you," and she recovered herself quickly, by a great effort, and then as a voice from within called the woman away, she passed down the street.

As she reached the house, and was passing it, the door suddenly opened, and threw such a bright light across her path that dazzled by it, she drew quickly into the shadow of the steps; as she stood, he came forth, and with the full blaze of the hall lamp upon him, stood his arm clasped round the light figure of a delicately formed female.

"Good night, sweetest, be a good little Katie, until I come again, will you, dear?" he asked fondly.

"I will try, but you are sure you love me, Paul, even when I am not good?"

"Quite sure my pet, you are naughty to doubt it; why should I not love my own little Katie, good night, dearest," and kissing her, he closed the door, and went swiftly up the street, jostling Lela as he went.

Then it was true, all this woman had said, all the sneers and jests she had heard in Paris; and now she remembered this was the same slight, frail figure they had surprised him with years ago, when we were at the Clift-house, at the sea side.

She went wearily home, and for days after was very ill, then just before they sailed, she found upon her dressing-table, a letter from him containing a declaration of his love, and requesting an answer, 'When they should meet in America,' where he expected to be before she was, 'as he should have sailed ere this letter reached her.'

"I did answer him the very first day I saw him, at Rosedale, you remember he was there when we came. After I had received his greetings, I said:

"I have something which belongs to you, excuse me and I will get it.' He was very pale when I turned to go, and I found him upon the landing, as I returned.

"This belongs to you, sir,' I said, handing him his letter, 'you without doubt addressed it to me, by mistake. I am sorry I read it, for other people's letters, especially love letters are intensely uninteresting to me.'

"He held it in his hand, looking down upon the seal, on which I had stamped the word, 'scorned,' in perfect silence, then with a grave tone:

"I understand you, Miss Percy, your will shall be my law.'

"I laughed, mockingly, and sprung up the stairs, to my own room; locking myself in I watched him quietly and calmly give directions to his groom to bring his horse, holding the letter in his hand the while, and then go back to bid you all adieu, and come out attended by several others.

"He talked in his usual manner; I could hear his words even where I stood concealed by the curtains, and I saw him smile gravely, and look down upon the letter, when Rolf Livingstone said:

"I should like deucedly to know what that same letter contains, which has started you off so suddenly.'

"That you never will know, my friend,' was his answer, as he vaulted into the saddle, and then when I had seen him pass the brow of the hill, I threw myself upon my bed, and wept, oh, such bitter tears, but I soon grew calm, for I knew I had done right, even in showing my contempt for him. But oh, it was so hard to do it! so very hard—after that I went one day to you, and asked you to trust me with a secret, promising to tell you when I could, and now I have. Oh mamma, my heart is broken, my hope, my faith is gone,—if he is false, who else is true,—whom may I trust?"

I could only fold my arms about my child, and weep and pray for her; I had no comfort for such sorrow as this, my poor broken-hearted daughter!

We sat until the grey dawn broke in upon us, her head upon my breast, and sometimes sinking into a slumber, she would start up and cry:

"Oh Paul, dear Paul, I love you, come back to me," and then would say bitterly, "I thought he was here and had cast me off, and said he hated me."

To-day as I was sitting with Adele, she came quickly to me, her face as white as the snow-drops in her hair, and grasping my hand.

"Come, come quickly," and she hurried me into the woods, almost running in her great haste. It seemed to me she had led me a mile or more, for my strength which is not much to boast of now, was well nigh exhausted, when suddenly stopping she pointed with her finger, through the trees,

"There, look," she whispered hoarsely.

In a little mossy glen, with hanging willow boughs sweeping to the ground, with stray gleams of sunshine peeping through the leaves, making merry smiles upon the brown moss, and dark green rocks beneath, sat a lady and gentleman,—her face was turned away, leaning upon his breast,—his was in full view even to the loving looks which ever anon he cast upon his frail companion. Just then her voice was wafted to our ears.

"You will bury me here dear Paul, please promise me you will."

"Do not talk so Katie, you grieve me, you are all I have to love, you must not leave me."

"But I must, you know I must, the doctor says so, only promise me this, and I will urge you no more, say you will make poor Katie's grave just where we have sat so often this last summer, where I have known such quiet peace, such peace!"

For a moment his lips quivered, and he could not trust himself to speak, she seemed to know this, perhaps by the throbbings of the heart, against which she leaned, she raised her head and with a tender movement smoothed his cheek, with her thin fingers, then drawing his face down pressed a kiss upon it, saying sadly,

"Poor Paul, poor lonely Paul."

"Oh Katie you break my heart," he said pressing kiss after kiss upon her brow,—then they sat quietly for awhile.

"But you have not promised me yet Paul," she said at length.

"Yes little one, you know it shall be as you desire, but I cannot spare you yet."

For the first time she turned her face slightly towards us, a fair delicately chiseled profile was displayed, fair but worn looking, from that single glance I should take her to be as old, if not older than myself, but suffering may have done that, and my inspection was but momentary, for she laid her head back on its resting place, with the words.

"I am so glad, so thankful, and the little beams will come and dance over me, and the dear old robins will build their nests, and chirp and sing above my resting place, and teach their young, as we have often seen them do. And the great old willows, and the elms, will keep the snow from lying too heavily upon my breast, and above all, you will come sometimes and weep a few sad tears over my grave, and say, 'Poor Katie lies here, she loved me well, the only thing she had to love, and—'"

"There pet, you will waste your strength, you must talk no more."

"Take me home then, dear Paul, I am chilly," and very gently he carried her away out of our sight.

I could not bear to meet Lela's eye all this time, but when they were gone, she whispered hoarsely:

"What does it mean? Oh, mamma, could you have

dreamed so much evil lay concealed in that noble form, beneath those glorious eyes?"

We went sadly home. Until this time I had hoped that Lela, carried away by passion, had been deceived, but now with my own eyes I had witnessed the proofs of his perfidy.

We knew not of his being here, until this scene, for Ernest sent her letter to her from home, where it had come.

No wonder my child has sometimes let fall such words of unbelief in men's goodness, when this grief and doubting of one whom all delighted to honor was ever present with her, as she says,

"If he is false, who is true?"

Oh Paul Marstone you have shaken even my faith in man.

Lela droops day by day, alas! how could it be otherwise, and now I fear this solitude, is not the best thing after all for her, and wish it was time for the others to come to us.

Adèle is well, very well, and I cannot but think has less sad a fate than her sister. Oh my little one perhaps you are saved much sorrow, by the sealing of your eyes.

O Esperance! O Percy! our hope is feeble, the Percies are in danger.

CHAPTER LXII.

JUNE, 10.

'Rosedale' and 'Ingleside' are all alive again, and the other villas about us are likewise brimming over with seekers after fresh air and sunshine.

Mrs. Lawrence has her house filled this year with an entirely new set, strangers to me, the acquaintances they have all made through the winter just over.

But we are for the most part the same party as last year.

The Leas are with us, and this year Jennie has brought out a veritable stranger, a little girl whom she calls Bertha Lea. We have not seen Jennie since our Christmas party, for she has been at her marriage home, which, I believe I have before written, was upon the blue waters of 'Ontario,' so far away from us, but now we have good news; because the climate in nowise agrees with his wife's health, Mr. Lea has determined to remove his business farther South, perhaps to the city where we now live, or at least to P——, which is so near to 'Ingleside' that at least we will have Jennie's company whenever we are here.

When Howard went home this vacation, he took with him as he had promised, Mr. Grey, who had preached two Sabbaths before the family left home.

"We were all so much pleased with him, in the pulpit and in private," says Marie, "of course he is not Uncle Harley, but he will do, I am quite sure."

Harley says in reply to my enquiries:

"I think he is just the man, I have great comfort in leaving my beloved charge in such excellent hands."

He is to make trial this summer, and in the meanwhile, is keeping Ernest (who considers his practice too valuable to leave long at a time,) company in the old house with Margery (who will never come here with us) for house-keeper. Ernest likes him very much he writes me, and that is a great matter truly.

Then another piece of news which they bring with them is truly stunning—but oh, such a joy notwithstanding, such a making plain of all our doubts for Harley and Dora.

Mr. Marstone, it seems, has gone to Europe, and upon the eve of his departure, which was a week before they started for 'Ingleside,' he called upon Harley, telling him that the church at Marstonville was vacant, and had been for some months, owing to the death of the aged clergyman, whom Walter's father, when they were both young men, had placed there when he erected the church. He said,

"I have been looking out for a long while, even before the old man's death, for a person to fill his place, when he should have gone to his fathers, but for one reason or other I have never met any one to whom I felt entirely willing to entrust the spiritual interests of this people. You must not think I speak like an English lord," he added smiling,

"in taking to myself the power to appoint a minister to the village. I do not mean to insinuate I hold them as fiefs, I assure you. I am a thorough republican, but since the death of Mr. Percy who loved and cared for this little church as he did for every other good thing, with his whole heart, it has become my pleasant duty in his place, to do in a degree what he did, that is of course as far as money is concerned, and as I, following his example, have the paying of the clergyman's salary; the keeping in repair the good order of the church, &c., why of course, they look to me for advice as to a successor to their late beloved pastor. You will understand me that there is nothing meritorious in my doing this, for it benefits myself in maintaining peace and quiet in the village, quite as much as it does any one else, I only speak of it, to give you a full understanding of the state of affairs.

"I heard the other day you were looking for a country place, and then," he added holding out his hand warmly, "I knew instantly why I had not been able to suit myself in a minister before, because I always was comparing them with the pastor of Elm St., seeking a second Harley Raymond.—Another reason aside from the good I think you may do there, has weighed very heavily with me, and I know will with you, that I think it will be a pleasant thing for Mrs. Percy and her daughters, to know you have the charge of their father's old church and friends."

—Oh why is he so kind and generous, seemingly so worthy of respect and love, and yet withal so false at heart. Oh I cannot understand it!

Yet I do thank him from my inmost heart for this thoughtfulness, it will be sad to miss Harley and Dora through the long winter but then to know where they are, and what work they are about, and to know too the summer will take us to them, will be such a comfort. Oh Mr. Marstone I do thank you!

Already we begin to speak of this wedding, as very near at hand, and Mr. Audley with his usual go-a-headativeness, already talks of selling off some of Dora's city property and investing it in a pretty little estate which is for sale, about six miles from here and but a mile or less from our old home, just out of the village of Marstonville.

JUNE 25.

Last evening in the most private manner possible, Harley and Dora, were united to each other, "until death shall them part." Mr. Grey coming up from B—, to perform the ceremony. This morning they started for Harley's old home, to be gone a couple of weeks, taking Mary Lea's village in their way back.

In the mean time, Estelle and all the girls, (the latter term always including Jennie Lea, although she is a mother now,) are to furnish their pretty cottage for them at Mr. Audley's expense, who insists he intends thus to pay a small part of the debt we owe Harley, for his kindness in years gone by, especially his faithfulness in directing the studies of all three of the boys.

Dora has not even seen her home yet, for Mr. Audley with Harley's entire approval has really purchased the property I spoke of, for her.

Mrs. Wilbur and Estelle are to assist Ada and Jennie in arranging the house, none of us could go so near to the spot lost but beloved, and Dora knows that though but a few miles part us, we could never go, even to visit her, where the shadow of "Percie's Cliffe" tower, would fall across our path.

In time perhaps the others may, but I never! never! I could not tread as an alien, the Percy ground which should be my children's; it would be like trampling upon the grave of my buried love and hope.

Lela with the aid of the others is to have the furnishing of her friend's establishment, it will be rather out of the way summer, amusement, but they all enjoy it.

The next bird who takes its flight, I suppose will be May, for I have promised it shall be as soon as our young limb of the law has his credentials.

How strangely things come round, who would have thought a few years ago, that Harley and Dora would ever work together any where, but especially upon the same ground where Walter and I once labored, and yet it has come about quite naturally. His coming to us was natural because he was lonely, and we were a pleasant family, then after Dora came and he learned to know her, it was so exactly right he should ask her to walk the rest of the way with him, and still more when Mr. Marstone needed a faith-

ful servant of God, it was not strange he should stretch out his hands towards Harley, and that he should answer that call.

Thus it is, God by small means works out great blessings for us, and I will trust there may even be some brightness in the future for my poor heart-broken Lela.

JULY 25.

Dora and Harley are home again,—my quiet dove-eyed Dora, a wife—how strange it seems, but her happy look tells it is not strange, but right.

And Harley has such a helper, her steadfast heart can well appreciate his zeal in a righteous cause, surely they are blessed beyond most newly wedded pairs, for they strive heart and life for the same great end, the same good reward.

Next autumn Howard enters the senior class and in one year more will graduate, although he is not yet sixteen.

Mr. Livingstone has come down to stay awhile, but refusing both Mrs. Lawrence's and Mr. Audley's invitation to put up with them, is living an "independent bachelor's life," he declares, in one corner of Mr. Marstone's village mansion, "The Grange," with only two of his own servants for company.

It is nearly two weeks since the Raymonds (how strange it is to say it,) returned, and already they have learned a world of village news; we laugh at Dora, and tell her she must have grown a dreadful gossip since she became a resident of Marstonville, but she declares it comes to her without any seeking, this news.

The other day the conversation at tea turned upon Mr. Marstone, by Mr. Livingstone's reading a short letter from him, dated "Havre," giving his friend notice that he was about starting on a long tour in the "East."

When we returned to the drawing-room, Dora said:

"Mr. Livingstone's speaking of Mr. Marstone, reminds me of another piece of gossip of which I have not told you; it is reported that just before Mr. Marstone left home, he buried a lady, to whom he was much attached, and to whom he had for a number of years afforded a home, sometimes

here, and sometimes, when her health required taking her abroad. The village gossips give out the whole affair of this lady's life as a grand mystery, which even they were unable to fathom.

"Although living a part of each year in their midst, since the present Mr. Marstone inherited the estate, yet the most inveterate seeker after other people's secrets, has never been able to catch more than a distant view of the lady.

"An old lady and two servants, quite middle-aged men, composed Mr. Marstone's domestic establishment, and from them nothing could be learned. Although according to all accounts they were well plied with questions, upon every available opportunity."

Dora related all this in a quiet, matter of fact way, never dreaming how nearly it affected the life happiness of her dearest friend. But when she was done, I asked Mr. Livingstone if he could not explain the mystery for Dora and her village friends.

"There is no mystery, dear madam, which is at all explainable, only some scheme of philanthropy, which Marstone has been working out. I believe I told you duty was one of his inveterate hobbies; I am thankful this one is out of the way at last, poor Katie," he added, a cloud overshadowing his handsome face.

"Then you are more fortunate than my neighbors, Mr. Livingstone," said Dora, smiling, "since you know the mysterious lady. Was she beautiful as report says, or did distance lend enchantment to the view?"

"Beautiful! do you think, Mrs. Raymond, the worn, weeping Niobe was beautiful? no, such a life as Katie Linn's left no beauty behind it," and he rose quickly and left the room.

Katie Linn, then he had given her a part of his name, if not the whole. What could it all mean? and why did Mr. Livingstone, so reckless, and careless of goodness, speak thus tenderly of her? I cannot make it out.

At Dora's request, I have named her home for her, — and as she likes it and all the rest also, I have called it Glen-Dora.

Lela is much better, Mr. Audley thinks her quite well, save that he scolds terribly because she is so much more grave than formerly.

It has come over me very sadly, to-day, after a long talk with Gracie and Adèle, that had God spared our little Ernestine, she would have been seven years old, next month, dear little daughter, but perhaps it is better she is taken from the evil to come; of course it is, God pardon me, that I doubt, and long for my darling so sadly.

Ernest was down to-day, and declares that next year if he can get an appointment from some scientific society, he will go abroad, and study what has become his favorite branch of surgery, ophthalmology. He always hopes to be sufficiently skillful to operate upon Adèle's eyes.

How it makes my heart throb and tremble to think of it — and yet my blind daughter is very happy, and Gracie very faithful.

CHAPTER LXIII.

"Love may slumber in a maiden's heart, but he always dreams."
JEAN PAUL.

JULY 26.

AFTER dinner is always a very quiet time with us, the ladies going up to their rooms for an afternoon nap, and the gentlemen strolling into the woods or into some out of the way corner, for a smoke and siesta.

I am lying upon the lounge, in the "alcove" of which I have before spoken, shrouded by the crimson curtains which swept round me, when my slumbers were disturbed by a murmur of voices in the library, which goes out of the place where I was lying, for a moment I lay but half awake thinking I must tell whoever it was, I was there, ere they let me know their secrets, but in a moment all sleep was gone, and all other thought save a desire to hear every word of that low toned conversation, for it was Mr. Livingstone and Birdie.

They had, I suppose, been conversing some time ere I noticed them, for the first words I heard were,