

Her sitting in a garden seat, and see
Him bending over her arranging roses
In her hair. Then I believed the story that
He wrote me telling of their love, also
Believed the message came from her which he
Passed on, that she could only think of me
As a friend. Howeth, why has the devil's
Hand such power to trump our surest cards? But
I must go to her now."

"Listen a moment
Longer—she knows all now; you placed within
Her hand to-day the letter that you wrote
Three years ago; and that I wrung from our
Friend Waterford. After I gained so much
By wine, I filled his timid soul with fears.
It was a work of time, but still not very
Difficult in his muddled state, insisted
Also on a written statemer: from him
Of his own perfidy also sent to her.
So now, my boy, go in and win; as for
Old brimstone Jack, we'll trump him with our
Queen."

Fair acres, varying wood and vale and lea,
And winding silver links of low-voiced streams,
Lay round a mansion where a lady moved
With graceful step through brightly furnished rooms,
Her white hand touching now and then a vase
Of flowers, or statuette or drooping shade
Of window drapery to more harmony.
Now she looks from the windows or from off
The balcony, lifts her eyes as though to catch
Some coming one, and then she reads again
A letter she has held all day, which says:
"To-day I bring her, mother, bring my wife
To-day, whom you will love for her sake as