

Schrieff's magnetic eye no longer upon her. I verily believe the young woman, for a moment, felt the shame of the deceit she was practising. But what could she do? She had not the womanhood to declare she preferred Mr. Schrieff for her husband. In fact she felt ashamed to avow such a truth even to herself. With Dacre, alone, she sometimes forgot Carl's existence. When both were together, the strong man fascinated her. In her nature there existed a sensuous element that frequently accompanying a high order of intellect in man or woman, forbids Constancy and Love to be united. Mind you, I do not say the highest kind of genius, for the Great and the True are one.

You must indulge me in my analysis. I wish you to know these people—to study them as wonders in the Natural History Kingdom—to look upon them as beacons warning you of quicksands in the stormy seas of human life—to realize all their errors, their temptations, their punishments and their pardons. Prythee look at them with the glasses I offer to you, for colored though they may be, there are none others you can see these forms half so distinctly through. It is not by exciting your indignation, I can impress you with the real spiritual presence of my people; you must see them in flesh and blood; in mind and in heart, or else you had better drop their acquaintance and visit Bonner's Museum, where Sylvanus Cobb shows his puppets.

It was the misfortune of Dacre, in his wooing, that he worshipped Emily. Women infinitely prefer to be loved. If Miss Hazleton had been sixteen, she might have been charmed by Lansing's youthful strains of adoration; at twenty-four, a woman of the world has outgrown sentiment, and pants for a grand passion.

The influences about Miss Hazleton had not been entirely free from fleck. She had her father's energy and strength, and a little of her mother's ambition. Schrieff was not so much of a Sphinx to her as young Dacre; and he often so brought up her better self to her spiritual eyes, that her worse nature was stung with remorse, and maddened with envy. Do you and I like the prating of our consciences, madam?

There were two influences ever at work against Dacre's wooing: her maturer self and Carl's infectious strength of purpose. In Emily's presence, Lansing's worse nature never was aroused—she was a divinity where he worshipped the Ideal, not an Houri that made for him a paradise.

The sun rose brighter, and they had well nigh reached the well, when Emily adroitly dropped her handkerchief. When by the rock, whence the water gushed forth, the wily woman said:—

"Dear me: I have lost my handkerchief. How careless I am! I am sorry, for I wanted to surprise mother by doing the marketing. Now I shall be too late if I stop to search for it." Oh, there it is, I will go for it.

Of course, Lansing hastened to pick it up, and while he was doing so, Miss Hazleton grasped the note she was confident of finding under a stone at the rear of the well. A small scorpion fell from the paper as she hastily placed it in the pocket of her sacque; true, it was not venomous, but was it an omen?

Then Emily thanked Dacre for the handkerchief, and he gave her a glance of unutterable tenderness. I cannot tell you why it was, but for a moment the woman's better nature triumphed, and she put her tiny hands upon the young man's shoulder, and timidly pressed her lips to his cheek as a sister might have done. It was a trifle—a sort of salve to her own conscience, and Dacre felt that caress, felt those tiny hands upon him, felt those beautiful eyes softly beaming up in his for many and many a long day. However deceitful the action might seem, I believe, verily, it was one redeeming action in Emily's whole life. I think more kindly of her for it—there were some pearls in the dark chambers of her heart.

How gaily these two young persons chatted as they wended their way to the market. How charming Emily looked as she gave the order for the meat, and I am not sure but

the memory that she had purchased it, lent new zest to the appetite, at breakfast, of the young lover. There is a physiological reason in the exercise, in the walk, I am aware, as Mr. Gradgrind will observe, but when Poetry and Prose sit side by side in the ball-room of Existence, who would not prefer to take the former for his partner in the waltz? When Fancy is pretty, and airy, and young, and winsome, and dressed in clouds and spangles; and Fact is old, and gnarly, and sour, and withered and clad in funeral weeds, and veiled in crape, what man, who has not lost the memory that he once was young, will hesitate to allow the sable-garbed crone to mourn in the corner, and whirl Fancy away, while the music, and lights, and spirits of the hour permit?

Mr. Schrieff did not come to breakfast. Mentor had been sent for at Mrs. Hazleton's suggestion. He reached the house about eight o'clock, and brought a bunch of flowers for Emily, and another for her mother, and I wish you could have seen the young gentleman's face as he looked his welcome to his father's old friend. If you could have seen with what taste the orange flowers were arranged in the bouquet he handed Emily, and studied her countenance as she returned his searching gaze, you would have felt sorry for her, even though she deserved the delicate admonition—the tacit reproof.

The breakfast was late, for people rarely hurry in Texas. Men do not work by railway there, as if they only had five minutes to live, and wanted to swap jack-knives before they died.

Mrs. Hazleton was a good hostess, and had her own little pride about appearances. Moreover, she was used to Northern servants, and Aunt Chioe was not accustomed to exert herself too excessively for her merely temporary mistress. Negroes are great admirers of aristocracy; they comprehend the genuine article, and are seldom much attached to those who merely hire them away from their masters and homes.

Breakfast over, Emily entertained the gentlemen until Schrieff arrived with the horses, and a Mexican servant. The German looked well. The day was fine. The breeze was just rising. Would they like a guide?—the road was sufficiently travelled to render the work of threading their way one of no great difficulty, but in camping out, should they fail to so divide their journey as to make a ranch at nightfall, a servant might be useful. The Mexican waiting with the horses was a very good guide. He could recommend him to them. Had they pistols? Would they accept the loan of his? In fact every preparation to facilitate their departure he had ventured to undertake, since it was decided they would go. He would ride with them to the Rancho del Trago, where he had some business, five miles in their way.

Mr. Mentor thanked Carl. It was very kind to take so much trouble. He would take the horses and the pistols. The guide, he thought, he might dispense with. Was glad to have Mr. Schrieff's company, &c., &c.

While Emily turned to give the necessary orders for the gentlemen's departure, Lansing followed her to the tea-room, which was empty. He tried to speak, but his heart was too full, so he approached her, and taking the little hands in his, pressed his lips to hers for a moment. Just then Schrieff's shadow flitted across the west window looking out on the gallery, but his face was a little averted, and he pretended not to have seen the caress.

When adieus were interchanged, and the gentlemen mounted, Mr. Mentor, whose horse was very near the front piazza, leaned a little forward and said apart to Emily, "Will Miss Hazleton pardon me if I express the wish that the next time we meet, she will remember the orange flowers of this morning?"

"I will wear them, Mr. Mentor, but not those, then, for they will be withered," was the low reply.

"So I feared. In any event, please remember how dear Lansing's peace is to me. Will you write me at Brownsville when you write him, for you will write him."

"Most certain!," and she saw he under-

stood her, and blushed, as she turned away.

As the gentlemen were starting, she turned to Dacre, and said, "Pray, dear Lansing, think of me always at my best," and she pressed his hand and kissed it.

"What do you mean, Emily?"

"Nothing; but life is so uncertain. Good bye, Lansing. Good bye, gentlemen."

"Now we are off," said Schrieff, and there was exultation suppressed, yet visible to Mentor, in his tone.

Emily followed them with her eyes as long as she could see them, and quietly placed the few lines Schrieff had written in the stove in the kitchen, and then hid herself in her room, and looked out on the waves resplendent in the golden sheen in a listless reverie. A tear fell on her hand. It was the last vestige of the old love. I believe could that tear have been preserved, it would have irrigated an entire blasted life.

V. CARL'S WOOING.

Mr. Schrieff was not a man of sentiment. Passion, energy, and force were characteristics of his nature. This was a busy day for him. The campaign had been carefully planned; the time to act had arrived, for opportunity favored him, both in the absence of Mr. Hazleton from Corpus Christi, and the departure of Lansing Dacre and his friend Mentor on a brief visit to Brownsville and Matamoros. Emily's father, however, would return this very day from his trip up country. Hours just now were precious. Indeed Carl could have blessed the young gentleman's New Orleans acquaintance for his very fortunate advent at the precise moment when the German most ardently desired a clear field for himself.

The note which Emily had found in the usual place, by the Artesian Well, where he had occasionally carried on a clandestine correspondence with her, like all Carl's love letters, was very brief. Had his lines fallen into the hands of the enemy, I do not think much light would have been afforded, inasmuch as they were a mere pencil scrawl, without date, address or superscription, requesting Emily to be at the usual place, at five o'clock in the afternoon, and concluded with these words:—"Please do me one favor—attire yourself in white."

At the appointed hour, Miss Hazleton, who had readily been enabled to satisfy her mother as to the propriety of going out after dinner, by simply stating she was going to spend the afternoon and tea with Miss Gore, left the residence of that young lady—a visiting acquaintance of the Hazletons, and Emily's most intimate friend in the "Concrete City"—and leisurely strolled to the new cathedral, which stood on the bluff, a short distance back from the neighboring private mansions, and hard by the arroya, a ravine caused by the rains of each returning spring and autumn rains. The outer walls of the church were up, and the windows sealed up with cloth, though the door ways were open; for the work had been temporarily discontinued for a few weeks until funds could arrive from Europe, and the Padre could complete his circuit, so that once within the sacred, though as yet unconsecrated precincts, Miss Emily was quite screened from observation and the rays of the gairish day; and, indeed, had any one intruded, what was more natural than that she should visit an object of interest to the entire population—a recent city improvement?—while the sacristy gave her, if she desired it, both a screen from curious eyes, and a romantic retreat.

She did not wait many moments, for Carl Schrieff, attired with more care than was his wont, joined her, and quietly took her little hand within his own.

"Emily," said he, modulating his voice with infinite tact, to a tone that was manfully tender—trembling with the energy of the passion of his strong nature—"you know that I love you madly, earnestly; with all the will and energy of my soul. Unhappily, when we met, I was ignorant of your engagement with this boy, this gifted, brilliant Lansing Dacre, if you please—yet still a boy, and no peer for one like you. Shall the she-eagle take a goldfish for her

mate? We loved each other, Emily—certainly I loved you, and the passion of a strong man has the power of the lightning over any woman who either loves not at all, or mistakes a mere girlish sentiment for the great reality. You gave me your heart, my sweet, not because I had merit of my own, but for the reason that my love was that of a man, who, in wrestling with the world, had learned singleness of purpose; and who had faith in the might of his unutterable cravings to make themselves heard in the vasty deeps of the heart of a woman like yourself, who is worthy of better things than to be the mere belle of a drawing-room—to dangle in the haunts of fashion, till all the youth and glory of her affections are withered as the sickly flowers in the vases on the mantleshelves—to dawdle away life in the emascuations of a Maryland provincial village, or the stupidity of some old squad of effete planters and their dummy wives. Is not this so? Were you made merely to make tea, to superintend servants, and die without one wild craving of your heart gratified? Do you like my picture? Is it not a true one? By the God that is above us! we love each other, my own sweet Emily."

"Carl, you lash my spirits into wild, wild commotion, and I glory in the storm you evoke; yet when away from you I doubt, and quiver with vague fears, all the more unendurable because so undefined. I cannot see, however, now that I have allowed Lansing Dacre to come here, and the engagement has gone so far, how I am to disentangle myself?" And her fainting heart, conscience-troubled at her duplicity, sought refuge in his strength.

Carl inwardly smiled: he saw how to gain his purpose. What perceptions that man had! How thoroughly he could handle his cue and make his score!

"Emily,—I love to speak that name,—I did not wish to win and wear you, till I knew your heart was all my own, filtered from every grain of that first attachment of your girlhood, so you remembered it but as a child's April night's dream. You had not seen Mr. Dacre,"—(the rogue had a very slight, almost imperceptible emphasis upon the word *Mister*)—"for some two years. You had out-grown him. Passing from the sentimental, dreamy girl, under these cloudless skies, you have bloomed into the glorious woman. The fruit had ripened: it was not for a boy's hand to pluck. I wished to see this youth—to have you meet again. The real presence could alone disenchant the imaged remembrance. Else had he still been to your heart a developed man, not a dreaming boy. He has been here. He is not the Lansing Dacre you have loved in these past two years. You see him now by the clear daylight of the present, not the moonlight of the past. You would not make him happy even if you were to immolate yourself for his momentary peace. He is bright but he is not strong. He dreams, he does not live. He can weave garlands; he cannot protect a woman. A poet, he is not yet a man. In latter years you would fade, like the orange blossoms in your bridal veil, my sweet wife that is to be, and to one like Dacre it is a worship of Beauty that is Love; and he would one day in his secret heart wish that he had waited. This would be a bitter day for both of you. Emily, Emily! *dreaming is not doing!* The mist is fair, but the sea is greater. He weaves for you a beautiful wreath of leaves, but he gives you nothing to cleave to, to live for, to die for. Is he a protector? a rock? a support to lean upon? Shall Emily Hazleton, whom the very storm says should be Carl Schrieff's own, take for her staff a daisy or a violet?"

"It is true. But he loves me so well! Carl, I see in your eyes a spirit answering all the cravings of my own, but how break loose from this thralldom, and yet spare pain to him? Carl, remember he was my first love, and you know the faces:

"On devient infidele,
On court belle, en belle,
Maris on revient toujours,
A ses premiers amours."

Are you sure the tree sees *all the beauty of the vine?*

"My faire!" and he put his stout arm