

it from being audacious. During the rest of the journey the Kurd held himself aloof from Miss Blandemere, but that did not hinder her from dreaming of the strange metaphors of that poetic Persian, for whom "the blond tresses of the stranger are rays of the sun."

Tormented by the uncertainty and the pre-occupation of his love, the Lieutenant had not beheld without chagrin the long conversation of his cousin with the Agha. Not that he saw in Selim a rival. He would have been jealous at times of the last Cornet of his Company, but he could not of a Kurd. Approaching Miss Blandemere, he said, with a constrained air, "Selim-Agha has been telling you something very interesting?"

"Very interesting," Lucy replied drily. The question had annoyed her.

The conversation ceased till they arrived in sight of Abdurrahmanli.

(To be continued.)

HOW COUSIN GEORGE FELL IN LOVE.

CHAPTER III.

NOW I must tell you, in all sincerity, who my Cousin was in love with, because I hurried so in my narration that I skipped over the events of a week, as if they were of no consequence at all, and I can assure you that they were the most momentous that ever disturbed the peaceful annals of our hamlet.

The widow arrived at the Judge's, and as Amoret had said, they gave a party in her honor. To this entertainment I was invited, of course, and Auntie Fan was taken with a most pestilent influenza, and also as a matter of course I had to stay at home and nurse her. My Cousin called to escort me to Brownriggs, and was grieved beyond measure that I was not going. He squeezed my fingers at parting, and said that he would not enjoy himself a bit, because I would not be there. I believed him implicitly, and then—what if he did give me a cousinly kiss, it's nobody's business but mine. Ah! he had not seen the widow then. The widow had taken the place by storm, and the young girls trembled and the old maids grew deadly pale. For who could see and not