

the room (which he did after the cloth was removed under pretence of sudden indisposition) ran as if all Cambridge was after him, towards Jesus Lane, where he ordered out his tandom, and in less than two hours had safely arrived at a certain little cottage, between Huntingdon and Godmanchester, on the delectable banks of the Ouse. Here, to his great delight, he found Laura, without an angle in her face or mind, all smiles, and enraptured to see him. If before he had thought her beautiful, she now, when contrasted with the long backed Irishman, appeared at least a cherub. Her voice, too, gained by the comparison, for he spoke in a deep bass tone, with now and then a shrill treble coming in by way of variety, while even Laura's faintest whispers were the spirit of melody itself. She was altogether what may be called a charming girl, slim, graceful and accomplished, with a certain dash of humor in her eye, and a sweet child-like simplicity of expression that gave a zest to all she said. Deprived in early life of her mother, she had been principally reared under the superintendence of Colonel Vernon, excepting two years that she had spent with her grandmother in London, so that her manners, though perfectly feminine, were yet characterized by an ingenuous freedom.

It is much to be regretted that the neighborhood round Huntingdon affords such few facilities for making love. There is, to be sure, a river and some banks belonging to it, but the river is all mud, and the banks all bull rushes; so that Edward and Laura, for want of some more romantic spot, were compelled, during their meetings, to walk up and down the kitchen garden, where among cabbages and cauliflowers, they told each other the secrets of their hearts. Colonel Vernon sometimes joined them, when of course their eyes alone spoke, but more frequently he left them to themselves; for the conversation of two young people who have nothing but sentiment to discuss, must, to a gentleman turned sixty, be somewhat disagreeable.

A whole fortnight thus passed on, and scarcely a day elapsed without seeing Edward's tandom turned towards Huntingdon. He had always something to leave at Colonel Vernon's, some little commission to execute, or some pretty story book to bring back, so that the frequency of his visits (if you come to think seriously about it) is not at all to be wondered at. When, however, he had borrowed and brought back as many books as would have filled a decent library, a female neighbor of Colonel Vernon's, one of the inquisitive old cats, who abound in country towns, was, for the first time in her life struck with an idea, and this was nothing more nor less than that Edward was in love with Laura. Here was a discovery! Here was a