

there was one young friend of hers who had been sincerely attached to her, and who in later life had been obliged to earn her own living, owing to reverses of fortune which had suddenly overwhelmed her family. For old times' sake, and because Clara Black was clever, she had been installed as governess over Nettie and Loretta Shippall. It was this governess who wrote "Stars" and scraps of sentimental nonsense, and even letters in "cypher" for Mrs. Shippall, and which the latter, at first through mischief, at last in earnest, sent to Andrew Stoneveigh.

She had not counted on being overheard saying to Miss Black: "I want you to write me a few lines of poetry to-night, Clara, about 'hidden love' and 'suffering hearts.'"

Andrew had heard and guessed! Then followed, according to rehearsal, the scene and "Tableaux" of "Stars," and reading the paper he drew from his pocket, with curiosity, in Street's office, he was cured of love, and died of remorse. Not wishing to attach undue importance to the false letters, he had never returned them, yet feared to destroy them lest they should be sought for by Mrs. Shippall.