

turn from the office, Kate said, "In the course of two weeks, you or Fanny, or both, will hear from Dr. Lacey."

"Do not be too sanguine, Katie," answered Mr. Miller; "you may be disappointed."

"Well," continued Kate, "if he pays no attention to your letter, I shall be satisfied that he really is undeserving of Fanny's esteem. 'I'll not tell her that you have written, for fear of the consequence.'"

So days came and went, week followed week, in rapid succession, until five weeks were numbered with the past since Mr. Miller's letter had been dispatched. Kate had waited and watched until her sanguine nature had ceased to hope; for there had come no tidings from the far off Crescent City, and both she and her husband had unwillingly come to the conclusion that Dr. Lacey was really false. Kate manifested her disappointment by an increased tenderness of manner towards Fanny, whom she sincerely loved, and by a more gracious deportment towards Julia, whom she began to fear she had wronged by suspecting her of being accessory to Dr. Lacey's conduct.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MAY QUEEN.—UNCLE WILLIAM.

It was now the first day of May, and as it was also Fanny's seventeenth birthday, her school companions determined to celebrate it by a May party, of which Fanny was unanimously chosen queen. The fete took place in a handsome grove, on a hill-side, which overlooks the city of Frankfort. All of Mr. Miller's pupils were present, together with most of their parents and many of their friends. Mrs. Miller had taken great pains that Fanny should be arrayed becomingly for the occasion, and many and flattering were the compliments paid to the youthful queen, who indeed looked bewitchingly beautiful.

Her dress was a white muslin, festooned with wild flowers, some of which were fastened here and there by a pearl or brilliant. The gayety of the little party was at its height, and when Fanny, gracefully kneeling, received upon her head the crown, and was proclaimed "Queen of the May," a strange voice called out in loud musical tones, "Vive la Reine." The whole company instantly caught up the words, and "Long live the Queen," was echoed and re-echoed on all sides.

When the tumult had somewhat subsided, the eyes of those present were turned towards the spot whence the words "Vive la Reine" had proceeded. Leaning against one of the tall shade trees were two gentlemen, who had joined them unobserved. The elder of the strangers was a middle aged man, in whose black eyes, and dark complexion, we recognize the Mr. Middleton whom we left with Dr. Lacey in New Orleans. His companion was many years younger, and there was something in his appearance which instantly interested and attracted the notice of strangers. There was a nobleness in the intellectual cast of his high, white forehead, round which his rich brown hair lay in thick masses as if unwilling to part with the curls which must have been natural to it in childhood.

No sooner did Kate's eye fall upon the young man, than she darted forward with a cry of recog-

niton and exclaimed, "Why, Frank Cameron, how came you here?"

But before he answers Kate's question, we will introduce him to our readers. Frank Cameron was a cousin of Kate Wilmot. His father, who was a lawyer by profession, had amassed a large fortune, on the interest of which he was now living in elegant style in the city of New York. Frank, who was the eldest child, had chosen the profession of his father, contrary to the wishes of his proud lady mother, who looked upon all professions as too plebeian to suit her ideas of gentility. This aristocratic lady had forgotten the time, when, with blue cotton umbrella and thick india-rubbers, she had plodded through the mud and water of the streets in Albany, giving music lessons for her own and widowed mother's maintenance. One of her pupils was Kate Wilmot's mother, Lucy Cameron. While giving lessons to her, she first met Lucy's brother, Arthur Cameron, who afterwards became her husband. He was attracted by her extreme beauty, and his admiration was increased on learning her praiseworthy efforts to maintain herself and mother. They were married, and with increasing years came increasing wealth, until at length Mr. Cameron was a millionaire and retired from business.

As riches increased, so did Mrs. Cameron's proud spirit, until she came to look upon herself as somewhat above the common order of her fellow-beings. She endeavored to instil her ideas of exclusiveness into the minds of her children. With her daughter Gertrude, she succeeded admirably, and by the time that young lady had reached her eighteenth year, she fancied herself a kind of queen to whom all must pay homage. But Frank the poor mother found perfectly incorrigible. He was too much like his father to think himself better than his neighbor on account of his wealth. Poor Mrs. Cameron had long given him up, only asking him as a favor that he would not disgrace his family by marrying the washerwoman's daughter. So Frank promised he would not, unless perchance he should fall in love with her, "and then," said he, with a wicked twinkle of his handsome hazel eyes, "then, my dear Mrs. Cameron, I cannot be answerable for consequences."

He had always greatly admired his cousin Kate, and often horrified his mother by declaring that if Kate were not his cousin, he would surely marry her. "Thank fortune, then, that she is so near a relative! for now you will not stoop to marry a music teacher," said Mrs. Cameron.

The old rognish expression danced in Frank's eye, as he said, "Most noble mother Adelaide, will you not tell me whether it wrenched father's back much, when he stooped to a music teacher?"

The highly indignant lady was silent, for Frank had a way of reminding her of the past, which she did not quite relish; so she let him alone, secretly praying that he would not make a fool of himself in his choice of a wife. He bade her be easy on that point, for 'twasn't likely he would ever marry, for he probably would never find a wife who would suit him.

Such was Frank Cameron. Business for his father had taken him to Louisville, and he determined to visit his cousin Kate, ere he returned home. He took passage in the *Blue Wing*, on board of which was Mr. Middleton, who soon made