

other's? But a man does not censure a woman's betrayal of her love for him if the betrayal is unconscious, or if circumstances force it from her; but to openly exhibit her weakness to his eyes and to the eyes of all the world, is to gain, not only his contempt, but the world's uncompromising censure. In the former case if he feels that her love is hopeless, all the chivalry latent in the masculine nature is aroused; and it may be that years after he will remember with a tender regret, the girl who loved him once; not so in the latter case.

The extension chair arrived at Bonny Dale early the next morning; and soon after breakfast, Judith, full of delight at the prospect of getting into the open air again, and shyly gratified at Standfield's thoughtful kindness, was carried out by Susannah, and Betsy the kitchen maid. Miss Laurie, full of secret wrath at this new instance of the banker's interest in her cousin, held disdainfully aloof during the transit, nor offered to assist in any way. She had protested against the chair's being sent at all, when Standfield broached the subject to her on the preceding afternoon, and had declared that it was altogether an unnecessary trouble; but he good-humoredly held his own and succeeded in enlisting Mrs. Laurie on his side. But before leaving the farm he contrived to whisper a word to Susannah, who promised to see that Miss Judith was assisted out into the garden every morning and comfortably installed in the easy chair, under the old apple tree. Augusta had her revenge, by absolutely refusing to allow more than one of the smallest and most dilapidated of the sofa cushions to be taken into the garden for Judith's use; so that Susannah had much difficulty in making this chair a comfortable lounge.

"There, dearie; it's the best I can do for you, but I'm afraid it ain't very soft-like for your back," said the old woman, when she had arranged, to the best of her ability, a shawl of Judith's, on the back of the chair.

"That will do beautifully, Susannah, thank you; and you are a dear to take so much trouble about me," answered the girl, softly patting the withered old hand.

"Trouble! Miss Judy;" and she laid her hand on the young head.

"Nothing I could do for you would be a trouble; it's naught but pleasure to do for such a young thing as you."

Before the afternoon arrived Judith's back ached with leaning on the hard chair; but she wished Standfield to see that she appreciated his kindness by making use of the chair; so, in answer to Susannah's question, if she wanted to go out again after dinner, she answered, "yes."

Standfield came about three in the afternoon, and his quick eye took in at once the lack of cushions, and the consequent discomfort of Judith's position. Miss Laurie was at the sitting-room window, and she watched, with an angry sparkle in her eye, the meeting between the two in the garden—Standfield's half-tender, half-playful manner as he bent over the chair and held the young girl's hand in his, "much longer than was at all seemly or necessary," thought Augusta. He then advanced to shake hands with her and Mr. Laurie, who happened to be in the room at the time.

After a few words on either side, the young man made a bold request for some more cushions for Judith's chair.

"You see," he said, laughingly, "I boasted so much to Miss Judith of the luxurious comfort of my extension chair, that I fear she is sadly disappointed and doubts my veracity; of course, it requires to be well supplied with pillows, to afford that degree of comfort I promised for it."

"Pillows! Mr. Standfield, certainly; I will tell Susannah to get some more; it was stupid of her not to see that Judith had as many as she wanted," said Augusta, forcing herself to speak and smile pleasantly. She did not desire to seem ungracious to Standfield by refusing his request, and, moreover, she did not dare to do so in her father's hearing. So presently Susannah appeared, laden with two or three soft pillows and a rug, which, with the young man's skilful assistance, she arranged on the extension chair, transforming it immediately into a luxurious lounge.

Miss Laurie's discomfiture was complete.

## CHAPTER V.

### SUMMER DAYS.

THE week that ensued ere Judith was able to walk about as usual was one of more unalloyed happiness than, perhaps, she should ever experience again. For it was all so new and wonderful, this joy which filled her soul in another's presence. When Standfield's kind, dark eyes met hers, and his deep, manly voice filled her ears with sweetest music, there was absolutely no other thing in life she desired to make her happy. And when sometimes at parting his voice took a tender tone, and he held her hand in his firm clasp longer than need be, then she felt that it would be sweet, nay, blessed, to die thus, with her hand in his; for now she knew what it was to be utterly, unspeakably happy. Even Augusta's shafts fell harmless to the ground; and Mr. Thorpe's offensive love-making failed to annoy her as keenly as before; she was too full of happiness now to take much notice of the young man; while this indifference on her part aggravated him almost beyond bearing; he bated Standfield furiously; he hated Augusta, and cursed the fate that bound him to her; and he loved Judith more madly than ever.

The weather was perfect, and Judith, Standfield, Augusta and Mr. Thorpe formed a quartette each afternoon and passed the time pleasantly enough to all seeming, out under the apple tree in the garden, Judith lying in her chair while her cousin worked industriously with her needle at some article of her trossau; and the two young men lounged at ease on the grass with cigars between their lips, when Miss Laurie was gracious enough to permit it. At length, however, the lounging chair was dispensed with and Judith was able to go about as formerly. Just about this time, too, arrived Reginald and his friend Mr. Littleworth, or Jack, as he called him. He was a handsome, pleasant young fellow of twenty-five or so; "a thorough Saxon," as Reggie said. And he showed his Anglo-Saxon birth in every feature of his face; fair, curly hair, and fair moustache, drooping over a mouth that would have made a woman's face beautiful, so tender and refined, was it. Jack's eyes were blue and full of merriment; honest eyes, too. Indeed, Jack's friends said of him, that there was no honest or more manly fellow on earth. Men liked him, women adored him, and no child was ever known to fear him. In his mother's eyes he was simply perfect. He was the only son of a Hertfordshire squire, at whose death he would come into possession of an ancient Grange and a splendid income.

At Bonny Dale farm he was speedily a universal favorite. He ingratiated himself with every one, from Mr. Laurie down to Betsy, the little kitchen maid, who peeped at him from the kitchen door, and then fell into raptures over the "handsome young gentleman" until summarily called to order by Susannah, who, however, in her heart of hearts, endorsed Betsy's every word of praise. As for Jack, himself, he was not an individual prone to take unreasonable prejudices; he