

bye. I would rather you would not say you were sorry at all, than class me with all the other people to whom you say good-bye."

Miss Jessie looked up at Charlie after this outburst, during which he had been growing very red, and calmly said:

"I think you are forgetting yourself, Mr. Clifford—forgetting, indeed, that you are a gentleman and I am a lady. It is you who will be sorry now, I think."

She gave him her hand, as they had now reached her father's door. Poor unfortunate Charlie took it, but said not a word. He fancied he saw tears in her hazel eyes, which looked so sad as she raised them to his. Taking off his hat politely, he left her.

When this unlucky youth arrived at his own room, he sat down to meditate on what had occurred, in a rather different frame of mind to that in which he had been when he last left it—so gay and full of spirits.

"I am a wretch," he muttered, "and she is an angel! I am a brute, and I don't know what I am not, and what will I ever do now? I shall not see her again. I suppose I might write and beg her pardon—yes, I think I might do that—but I have not a nice sheet of paper. What will I do? I'll run out and buy some."

With this, the despairing boy seized his hat, and rushing off to the nearest stationer's, procured delicate pink-tinted paper and envelopes. When walking quickly back again, he nearly ran against Selina in the hall, who exclaimed, in no very duleet tones,

"What is the matter with you, Charles? Have you no eyes?"

Alas! poor Charlie's were blindfolded! He made no reply, but, unheeding the remark, ran off to his sanctum. Having placed paper, pen, and ink before him, he sat down to write—but, all at once, he began to wonder how he should address Miss Jessie!

#### CHAPTER VII.

"These two, a maiden and a youth, were there Gazing; the one on all that was beneath Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her: And both were young, and one was beautiful;

And both were young, yet not alike in youth. As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge, The maid was on the eve of womanhood;—

His heart Had far outgrown his years, and, to his eye, There was but one beloved face on earth— And that was shining on him; he had look'd Upon it till it could not pass away; He had no breath, no being; but in her's: She was his voice;—he did not speak to her, But trembled on her words; she was his sight, For his eye follow'd her's, and saw with her's, Which color'd all his objects;—he had ceased To live within himself; she was his life— The ocean to the river of his thoughts, Which terminated all! upon a tone, A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow, And his cheek change tempestuously—his heart Unknowing of its cause of agony."

—Byron.

It was the first time that Mr. Charles Clifford had ever written a note to a young lady, and he wondered as to how he should commence. "She is dear enough," he mused, "but it would not do to begin, 'My dear Miss Jessie.' What on earth will I do? There are books that tell a fellow the correct thing, but if I go to get one it will be too late when I return; and then, after all, it would sound so stiff and pokey, and I have made fool enough of myself already without doing anything worse. I'll begin, 'Dear Miss Jessie,' and run the risk." With this brave resolve, Charlie drew a sheet towards him, and dipped his pen in the ink, suspended it mid-air in order to prepare himself to make his most dashing D—when plump on to the fair pink paper dropped a large blot of ink. "Bother it!" muttered Charlie, impatiently. However, he took a new supply of paper, and succeeded in writing the opening words to his entire satisfaction; but here he came to a full stop.

"I don't know what under the sun to say," he growled, rubbing up his curly hair till his head looked like a mop. "If Edna were here she would tell me, and yet I would not want her to know about it either. What a stupid ninny I am? I don't care, I'll just write anyhow, and take my chance." So Charlie proceeded:

"I write to beg your pardon, Miss Jessie, for the rude and ungentlemanly manner in