

with feelings unknown before that I and pain.

embraced her beautiful form, and felt the pressure of her cheek against mine. All went swimmingly, or rather wadingly, for a minute. But alas, in the very deepest part of the ford, I trod on a treacherous bit of wood which rested, I suppose, on a smooth stone. over I rolled, bearing Helen with me, nor did we rise till fairly soaked from head to foot.

I need not describe the taunts of Donald, or the more accusing silence of Helen. Both believed I had fallen from mere weakness, and my rival demonstrated his superior ability bearing her in his arms a long distance on our homeward path. As we approached the house Helen feeling dry and better humored, attempted to conciliate me. But I preserved a moody silence. I was mortified beyond redress.

That night I packed up a few things and ran away. My boyish mind, sensitive and irritated, exaggerated the negation which it had received, and prompted me to a course which fortunately led me to better results than generally attend such irregularities. I went to Edinburgh, where I found an uncle, a kind-hearted, childless man, who gladly gave me a place in his house, and employed me in his business. Wealth flowed upon him. I became his partner—went abroad—resided four years on the continent, and finally returned to Scotland rich, educated, in short, everything but married.

One evening, while at a ball in Glasgow, I was struck by a lady of unpretending appearance, but whose remarkable beauty and heightened impression indicated a mind of more than ordinary power. I was introduced, but the Scottish names had long been unfamiliar to my ear, and I could not catch hers. It was Helen something, and there was something in the face, too, that seemed familiar—something suggestive of pleasure

But we became well acquainted that evening. I learned without difficulty her history. She was from the country, had been educated, her parents had lost their property, and she was now governess of a family of the city.

I was fascinated with her conversation, and I was continually reminded by her grace and refinement of manner that she was capable of moving with distinguished success in a far higher sphere than that which fortune seemed to have allotted her. I was naturally not talkative, nor prone to confidence; but there was that in this young lady which inspired both, and I conversed with her as I had never conversed with any. Her questions of the various countries with which I was familiar indicated a remarkable knowledge of literature, and an incredible store of information.

We progressed in intimacy, and as our conversation turned on the cause which induced so many to leave their native land, I laughingly remarked that I owed my own travels to falling with a pretty girl into a ford.

I had hardly spoken these words ere the blood mounted to her face, and was succeeded by a remarkable paleness. I attributed it to the heat of the room—laughed—and at her request proceeded to relate my ford adventure with Helen Graham, painting in glowing colors the amiability of my love.

Her mirth during the recital became irrepressible. At the conclusion she remarked:

“Mr. Roberts, is it possible that you have forgotten me?”

I gazed an instant, remembered—and was dumb-founded. The lady with whom I had thus become acquainted was Helen Graham herself.

I hate, and so do you, reader, to needlessly prolong a story. We were soon married. Helen and I made our bridal tour to the old place. As