

bright color forsook her cheek, which became perfectly white. Fanny noticed the change, and it confirmed her fears. She did not know that the circumstances to which she alluded had long since faded from Julia's memory, and that her present agitation arose from the fear that she might have been detected in her work of deception, and that, after all, she might be foiled and entangled in her own meshes. A glance of intense anger flashed from her large black eye, as she muttered between her closed teeth: "Has the wretch dared to betray me!"

Fanny supposed she referred to Luce; and her first feeling was to save the helpless servant girl from Julia's displeasure; so she said, "Do not condemn Luce; she did not tell me. I received my information from our teacher, Mr. Miller."

"Luce! Mr. Miller! What do you mean!" asked Julia, her eyes lessening to their usual size, and the color again coming to her cheeks and lips. This sudden change in her sister's appearance puzzled Fanny; but she proceeded to relate what she had just heard from Mr. Miller. Julia was so much relieved to find her fears unfounded, and her darling secret safe, that she burst into a loud laugh, which was continued for some time. During this fit of laughter, she was determining whether it were best to confess the whole, and seem sorry for it, or to strenuously deny it. Finally, she decided on the former, but resolved not to give the right reason for her conduct; so she said, with an air of great penitence: "Yes, Fanny, I am guilty, and I am glad you know it, too. I have been on the point of acknowledging it to you many times, but shame kept me silent."

"How could you do it, and what did you do it for?" asked Fanny.

Julia replied, "Truth compels me to say that I feared your influence over Mr. Wilmot. I knew how much he admired amiability in females, and I wished to make him think you were no more amiable than other people."

"And yet you say you never cared for his love," continued Fanny.

Miss Julia was getting cornered; but her evil genius did not forsake her, and she answered, "True, I did not care much for him; but I felt flattered with his attention, and I ardently desired to have any person prefer me to you. I know it was wicked in me to do what I did; but you will forgive me will you not? and I will promise never again to act deceitfully towards you."

Always sincere in what she said herself, Fanny could not think her sister otherwise; so her hand was extended in token of forgiveness. Julia took it, and, raising it to her lips, kept it there for an instant, in order to conceal the treacherous smile of exultation which played round her mouth. "I shall yet triumph," thought she, and, in the exuberance of her joy, she kissed again the soft hand which she held in her grasp. Could Fanny have looked into the heart of her sister, and beheld all its dark designs, she would have fled from her presence as from a poisonous serpent. But, though she was deceived, there was one, the All-seeing One, whose eye was ever upon the sinful girl; and though, for a while she seemed to prosper, the same mighty Power so ordered it, that after a time, she who had sown the tempest reaped the whirlwind; and the clouds which hung

so heavy and dark around the pathway of her innocent victim, afterwards burst with terrific violence, upon her own head.

We will now return to Mrs. Miller, whom we left relating to her husband the supposed neglect of Dr. Lacey. She finished her narrative by saying, "I cannot help thinking that, by some means, Julia is at the foundation of all this mischief. You and Dr. Lacey were good friends; suppose you write to him, and then we shall at least know the truth of the matter."

"Yes, I will," said Mr. Miller; "I will write to-morrow."

"But why not write to-night?" asked Kate, who was in a hurry.

"Because," answered Mr. Miller, "I shall be engaged to-night, and to-morrow will just do as well."

Kate could not help feeling that, possibly, "to-morrow" might do as well; but she said no more on the subject, and waited patiently for the morrow, when, true to his promise, her husband commenced the important letter. We have said that Mr. Miller had never liked Julia. In his letter, however, he spoke as favorably of her as he could; but he told how basely she had once deceived himself and Mr. Wilmot, with regard to Fanny, and also hinted his own and his wife's suspicion, that, in some way or other, Julia was connected with Dr. Lacey's long silence, as well as with the heartless letter which Fanny had received from New Orleans.

"Yes, this will do," said Kate, as she read what her husband had written. "But," she added, "I cannot help feeling sorry that it was not sent yesterday."

"O, Kate," said Mr. Miller, gayly, "your anxiety for Fanny has made you nervous, and now you are almost superstitious. One day can make no possible difference in the result of this letter."

Afterwards, when it was too late, he learned how much difference the delay of one day caused. By its means, that letter which would have set all aright, was sent in the same package with Julia's amiable production, and as we have seen, was not received by its owner, but safely stowed away in a cigar box, under ground.

Soon after Mr. Miller deposited his letter in the post-office, a young girl, closely veiled, entered the same building, and looked anxiously around her until her eye fell upon her accomplice, Mr. Dunn. That worthy young man instantly came forward, grinning and bowing, and almost upsetting another clerk, who was also hastening to wait upon the beautiful Miss Middleton.

"Good morning, Miss Julia!" said Mr. Dunn; "glad to see you. Fine morning."

Julia did not deign to reply, for Mr. Dunn's familiarity was exceedingly disgusting to her. She, however, handed him her letter, which he looked at in some surprise, and said, in a low tone, "From Fanny, or you?"

"From me; and send it," answered Julia, at the same time managing to slip an eagle into the hands of the honest clerk.

Leaving the office the young lady proceeded homeward, thinking to herself, "There, that will settle him, I hope. I am getting on swimmingly."

When Mr. Miller entered his room, on his re-