

Doctor sometimes seemed to cast tender glances at Alice than mere friendship would seem to warrant; but then it must be recollected that the eyes sometimes make love on their own responsibility without the consent or approval of the heart. At least Dr. Bland would doubtless have thus explained the phenomenon had he been questioned on the subject.

Mrs. Alton suddenly discovered that Alice had a taste for chemical experiments. And who was so proper a person to initiate her into the mysteries of the fashionable part of that popular science as the excellent Dr. Bland? Of course the Doctor was only too happy to gratify Mrs. Alton's whim, and Alice during a small portion of each day became his pupil.

Charles Rivers in the meantime was always in his office in Amherst during the day and had consequently no time to be a participator in their amusements. Dr. Bland regretted this, of course, but it could not be helped.

Things passed on in this manner smoothly enough for a few weeks and even Charles Rivers's miraculous escape was beginning to be forgotten. Ellen Foster was expecting Edward Bland's return from England, and those who were not happy just then were hopefully anticipating happiness.

It was whispered about that Edward Bland and Ellen were to be married shortly after his arrival, and certain preparations which were being made and the large amount of shopping which Ellen seemed to be doing at Amherst appeared to give colour to the report.

In a few days Edward Bland arrived, and of course the rejoicings among the friends were extreme. There was something so attractive and winning in his manner, and he was so handsome withal, that it was not surprising that every body was on the *que vive* to see him, and welcome him back. Dr. Bland was especially delighted, for he was deeply attached to his brother Edward. It was only when you saw the two together, that you could fully realize the contrast there was between the brothers. No one would have taken them for brothers, much less for twins. There was a much greater resemblance between Charles Rivers, and Edward Bland, than there was between the latter and the Doctor. Edward it is true, had black eyes, and Rivers, blue, but their complexions, and general style of feature were much alike. Edward Bland had, however, the same sweet voice as his brother, and the same winning manner, only in a greater degree; but he was not at all pious. He enjoyed a good joke much better than a long sermon, and I believe would have preferred the company of players to that of parsons. His meeting with Charles Rivers was characteristic of them both, and those who believe that no real friendship can exist without religious communication might have had their opinions changed by seeing it. After shaking hands, "well," said Rivers, "it seems like old times to see you back again. How did you enjoy yourself in

Europe? Upon my word I quite envy you. I wish I could have spared time to have gone too."

"I wish you had been with me, Charlie, it was sometimes, awfully lonely. It is all very well, to look at fine sights, but to enjoy them one wants a companion."

"For life?"

"Not exactly, though I believe that you have already chosen Alice as yours, happy man! I envy you."

"Well now, that's cool! when every one knows that in a few weeks a wedding is coming off at which a man by the name of Edward Bland is the bridegroom"

"And the bride?"

"Ellen Foster."

"Really I'm glad to hear it: I hope it is all true."

"Poor fellow! do you doubt it, I pity your ignorance"

"If ignorance is bliss, 'tis——"

"Gammon, Ned! Who is to be groomsman?"

"You of course."

"Murder will out"; So you have confessed at last."

"Ah! no more of that, Hal, as thou lovest me; at least no more at present."

"Which literally interpreted, means for me to hold my tongue. But by the way, have you seen Ellen yet?"

"No."

"Then away as fast as possible."

"There is no necessity for haste. I mean to serenade her to-night, I'll give her a surprise, I fancy; she does not even know that I am here."

"Not a bad idea."

"I've just written a song on purpose, full of sentiment and all that sort of thing. You'll call it immense, (as the theatre men say), when you hear it."

"I suppose that will not be until the lady has heard it. It would not be fair for me to forestall her in that pleasure."

Precisely; but I must be off and get my things unpacked, especially my old guitar, which I intend to put in use to-night.—*Aurevoir.*"

"Adieu."

So the friends separated.

Darkness had settled over hill and vale before Edward Bland went forth on his romantic errand. The stars were beginning to twinkle in the heavens above him, but the pale, round, moon was absent from the sky. The soft wind sighed through the trees with a melodious note, and the earth which had basked all day in the sun's bright rays, shed dewy tears at his departure.

Edward Bland, in addition to his other accomplishments, possessed a fine voice, and could sing and play very effectively, and with excellent taste. He could also compose verses so well that his friends did not hesitate to dignify him with the title of "poet." But in this he had a