

ERIC'S LEGACY.

BY SARA T. SMITH.

Neither of them had ever thought of such a thing before, and they had known each other for many years. He was at Brest Haven for the first time in a year. There had been much change since his last visit. The first great sorrow of his life was made fresh and new by those silent halls and lonely rooms where he and the cousin, nearer than a brother, had made merry so many summer days. It was worse for him now than for the family, all the more that they were so calmly cheerful, and that, outwardly, things went on so much the same. Arrangements for going, calls for one and another, the very girls with whom they had their last game of lawn tennis, dropping in for a new book, and even the same guests for the usual Sunday's dinner. If his visit had been for more than one day, he thought he should go mad. He filled his glass, drank it hurriedly, and pushed back his chair, muttering an excuse. Then he went out on the porch alone, with a strange feeling of disgust that he could eat and drink as he used to when Eric was alive. His cousin Laura called him presently from the library window. She had a book before her, but her eyes were on the far-off river. A bell in the distance was ringing faintly. "Harry," she said, "I wish you would be good for once, and drive me to evening service."

up Philip so smartly. How is Philip? "Very well, and very handsome, and very proper. Anna is the tamer of the wilds since her engagement. Life is very earnest to her, I believe, with such a man." "It is earnest enough for me now," he said gravely. "And for you?" "It was always earnest for me. I have never been strong enough to have any of those robberies. There are the cousins, and Kathie and Jack. Harry rose, inwardly chafing at the interruption, outwardly his old gay self. The stars came in, and of course, and other "cousins" soon followed. After all, it was to be an evening like those gone before, and as he thought, lost forever. No, not the same! They were gone forever, for Theresé was so changed. He watched her, wondering, and with the consciousness of something new and pleasant coming into his life. He could not tell, after all, whether she was changed or not. But she must be. Surely, she had not always had that "way" with her—that soft appeal of manner, which involuntarily suggested some half-cares in tone or manner towards her. She was very, very sweet! Had she always been so? And, had he lost so much! The darkness deepened round them. There was no moon, but a soft, clearness in the sky, and a faint reflection on the river. The roses drooped, shedding their leaves on him as he sat on the outer edge of the porch, and the faint breath of the lilies just reached him now and then. Her white dress told him she was near him. He felt at rest, at peace with the world, content with life or death. She touched his hand gently. "Harry, you forget Laura," she said, timidly. "In very truth, he exclaimed, "I must be off at once. What will she think of me! What will she do!" They all rose, laughing at his consternation, and bade him good-by, with jest and nonsense. Theresé alone was silent amid the mirth, as she had ever been. She said her quiet "good-night" with outstretched hand. A mastering impulse seized him. He must, he would speak to her alone. At the foot of the steps, he paused as though struck with a sudden thought. "Oh, Theresé," he said, "Will you give me one of your lilies for Laura? It will help to make my peace with her, after this unpardonable forgetfulness." She came to him, and they walked away together. She broke off a great spray of the lovely saucy things, and offered them to him. "Bring it to the carriage," he said, coaxingly, "I might crush them. How sweet they are!" "She held them up to him, and he bent his head close to hers above them. How often it had been like this in the old days! How many times they had left her standing there (she was the piouss one of the family) and driven off to the Dyke House. To Kathie Starr and Lucy Hart, to a general gathering of all the best, highest and gayest in the neighborhood. How many quarrels—sharp white teeth lashed, —night had had with Minna and Letta! "You need to part with enemies at night, only to go over and 'make it all up' the next morning. He had found Kathie Starr's beautiful eyes all too bright for his peace during a whole summer, when Eric had hovered around Lucy Hart in that first great passion which was the best of his short life. And now, after traversing the river and across there, with a great passion to greet him, Theresé, who hardly seemed one of them, keeping apart and watching him, as if he were only a stranger, and she was only a friend. He wished it might wear that look to-night. It was the only thing that could think of that accorded with his mood. At the thought, he touched the horses lightly, and swept out from the shanty lane round the river curve that fronted the Dyke House. In an instant, he saw spread before him like a fair vision, a world all glorious with setting sun. Beneath him lay the river, with shining banks and shelving banks above with gold, on his right the beautiful old house rose high above its terraced grounds, cool and gay against the evening sky. The trees folded in a soft haze, the flowers were all ablaze and heavy with perfume, the peacock waited drowsily on the top step of the upper terrace, his gorgeous plumes spreading over the rough stone almost to the walk below. But the wide porches were unoccupied, and no light figures strolled on the smooth walks, nor lingered around the fountain and the sun dial. He drove slowly up, looking anxiously about him for signs of life. At the sound of wheels on the gravel, a white-robed figure rose from the bed of lilies under the mist trees. He lifted his hat, and called a greeting. She shaded her eyes with her hand a minute, and then started towards him. When he met her, he could see in her little questioning face, here and there, the doubt of his identity. He threw the reins to the servant, and held out both hands to her, as she stood on the great stone carriage step. "Oh, Harry!" she exclaimed. Then, after a pause, she said, "I am so glad, so very glad!" He said nothing. He could not speak, and yet it was because of his bewilderment. Was this Theresé! In all the years he had known her, had he thought her plain, but now, as he stood on the path looking up at her, haloed by the sunlight, her hair tinged golden bronze, her cheeks a little flushed, her lips just parting, and her eyes soft with pleased surprise and cordial greeting, she was even lovelier. He took the little warm hand she gave him, and held it. There was a sudden flutter in her calmness. "Are you glad he said, simply, "And if I had the thronging emotions of the day leaped to his voice and to his eyes, lending depth and tenderness to both. These two never saw each other again by the old light. She did not answer his implied question. "Come in here. It is so cool as is possible to-day. I suffer thinking of your ride."

"The great white lounge in the dim, flower-scented room was certainly inviting. He sank back upon a smooth cushion with a sigh of content. She resumed her seat in a chair, where her book had lain. "And the cousins?" he questioned. "At the seashore for a week. I could not go. I am not strong again."

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