

How gladly I promised to wait.

I saw him often and I did not think he had any cause to be ashamed of me. Our love was as pure as heaven. I never had any cause to be jealous, for he saw me often and he knew how I spent my every minute. One day it occurred to me that I would give anything could I see him with those of his own social standing. If I could see him with his sister, with his mother, with his friends. I had asked him about them, and he had told me I was so different. I would know the difference, and this was the first time I had ever deceived him.

Were my sufferings afterwards a recompence for my deception?

I complained of not feeling well and would take a month's holidays in the country. This he thought a capital idea.

I then went to his home in the disguise of a red-headed scotch girl and wore blue spectacles to hide my dark eyes. It was easy for me to speak with a Scotch accent. I applied for a situation as seamstress or lady's help. It so happened that a lady friend stopping there had just parted with her maid and was so badly in need of one that she accepted me without references.

She was soon delighted with me for I took every pains to please her. I got a few glimpses of Ralph, and when I saw him talking to his mother, sisters or friends, a thrill of satisfaction went through me, for I remarked how coldly reserved though scrupulously polite he was. How different he was towards me—kind, loving and tender—and I envied them nothing. What was dress, society or position in the balance with his love. How happy I was, so near him too, if he did not know.

I found that it was the wish of the family that he should marry the lady whose maid I was, in fact she herself seemed to consider it an understood affair. I did not mind, I was so sure of Ralph, till one evening after dinner he stopped me in the hall and said to take the message to my mistress that he

wished a private interview with her in her own parlor at ten o'clock.

He seemed strangely agitated and I wondered the cause. Was he going to tell her he was bound to another. Did he feel an explanation necessary. I would know.

How cruel of fate to let us go where we will be so hurt.

A small hall leading to one of the main halls was curtained from her parlor, and at ten o'clock I stowed myself behind the curtains, bent on hearing all that was to be heard.

Would I had died before that night.

Ralph came in calm and collected, remarked on her kindness; said she must have seen his preference for her and now he could only say his future happiness depended on her answer—Would she be his wife?

He hardly raised or lowered his voice; hardly changed his position while speaking the words that were to turn the tide of the remainder of his life. Had he been passionate and longing in his manner, had his voice told of the slightest affection I could not have kept still, but all he said came only from his lips.

She looked at him, smiled, murmured something about being surprised and said that of her scores of lovers, she preferred him.

She held out her hand which he touched to his lips, and then placing a ring upon her finger, said he hoped she would name a wedding day not far distant.

I do not know how long I stood there, I felt cold and numb, everything looked black.

Was there no honor left in the world, was there no pity left in Heaven.

This was the ending of all my happy dreams—this the end of all the pleasant hours together. Was it any wonder I lost faith in man and God. But I would see it all over. It was a short engagement.

Was it grim satisfaction to torture myself? All was easy to bare after I had lived through the first shock.

I dressed her for the wedding, wit-