

stole between two flitting clouds in the sky, and down across the fleet, lighting in softest rays across the face of the bride, the lion, and the lamb.

Now feeling a weight clinging to her own arm, Otto Anheuser opened her eyes to find she had been dreaming, and Wilhelm Busch, with his hand resting lightly on her sleeve, was bending over her, smiling in her face.

Otto rose, and with her guest, traversed the long drawn lawn, and entered her own drawing-room, by way of the old fashioned verandah, which ran the entire length of the house.

She at once pointed to a seat, and was herself about to be seated, when Mr. Busch ignoring her hospitality, took a few steps in her direction, and reaching for her hand, asked her for the twelfth time to marry him, and was for the twelfth time repulsed.

Resenting this, he drew from his pocket a letter, and standing back that she might not read, threatened her with her father's disgrace, if she rejected his suit. In this she placed but little credence, and rising to her full height, without a word, pointing to the door, dismissed him.

After his departure, becoming uneasy, Otto stepped to the piano, and lightly running her fingers over the keys, was about to launch out in that old song, "O Promise Me," when to her surprise and satisfaction, Jack Fleming was announced.