

"It will be no fault of mine if we are not." Stepping nimbly around, and grasping the extended hand, adding with a naive, unembarrassed air: "I am very happy to make your acquaintance. You are right," turning to the gentleman; "this was the right way long ago, but there is a shorter one; and this was closed some years ago. I think we can use it for once though, to save time, if I can open the gate. Some of the people made it surreptitiously; they grieve so to give up old ways. I suppose you know next to nothing about them?" turning to the travelers, all the time hard at work wrenching away the vines, sending showers of rose leaves in all directions, and bringing to view a rude gate which swings easily upon its hinges of wood.

"You had better dismount, else the vines may entangle you," and suiting the action to the word, he assists Angelica to the ground, and throwing the bridle rein over his arm he walks by her side; and so they pass on, all unconscious of the scowling, vindictive looks that follow their every movement from beneath the hedge, where lies the twin brother of Harry. So much alike are they in form and feature, that no one, excepting the mother, is able to distinguish the one from the other, and even she has a few times been at fault; but here ends the resemblance. In disposition they are the exact opposite: Harry, as we have seen, all truth and gentleness, beaming with glad boyishness and affection; Harold, cold, calculating, stubborn, morose, unthankful, but well he understands the art of masking his face in the smiles which are a part of Harry's speaking countenance; he has sometimes thereby