

Why repeat the tale of the next few weeks: its parallel has been so often told. We pass over this, and come to the evening prior to the departure of the Earl for England, he having concluded his mission to Paris. It was at the Earl's hotel, where a distinguished party of notables had gathered to bid the Earl *bon voyage*.

M. De Pontes, of course, was there. As the inevitable hour of departure approached, both he and Lady Eloise almost involuntarily arose for a walk on the piazza. They walked silently backward and forward several times, their hearts too full to speak. A presentiment that this would be the last time of meeting oppressed them both.

At last he said: "I suppose we may as well say good bye here." "I suppose so," she faintly murmured: then added, a little more firmly, fearing that he might say too much: "Had we not better go in now? I fear that we shall be missed."

"Oh! Eloise, Eloise," he broke out, "My love, my love will never come back to me." Then, putting one arm around her, and drawing her nearer to him, he went hurriedly on, scarcely realizing what he was saying:—

"Oh! My love, my love: I know you do not despise me because I am poor and apparently obscure. That is only in the present. The King has promised me promotion, and even though he had not, with you to look forward to, I can and must win a place that even you could feel proud of."

"Oh! don't; please don't speak so just now, at all events," she pleaded, "I am not my own to do as I like with myself. Please let me go now. Good bye."

Clasping her to his bosom, and raining kisses on her lips, he finally let her go.

When her thoughts had arrived at this scene on the piazza, on this lovely afternoon, her lips parted in a moan that drew the attention of the Countess

The Earl had another design for his daughter, which he communicated to her about a month after they left Paris, which was no less than the bestowal of her hand on his neighbor and the son of his old deceased friend, Lord Dolphin, of Ashley Park. Had her lordly parent struck her a blow, she could not have been more terrified and dismayed than she was with this communication.

And now, as she arrived in her ruminations at the scene on the piazza of the Hotel de Ville, her color came and went as she heard the sound of a horse's hoofs coming up the long avenue leading to the door of Payne Hall. As the horseman appeared, her worst fears were realized, for he was none other than Lord Dolphin himself, who had been riding across country and had dropped in to pay his devoirs to his future bride. He had already obtained the Earl's consent to do so, but had not yet opened up the important subject of his matrimonial projects to the lady who would be most interested in them if they succeeded—in fact he scarcely knew the lady by sight. His resolution to sue for her hand was the result of a suggestion, by one of his boon companions, at the close of a game of cards, at which his Lordship "went broke," as a way of repairing his shortened finances.

It was a strange coincidence that about the time that Lord Dolphin was preparing to put in force his benevolent designs, the old Earl conceived the idea of uniting his daughter with his neighbor, as a means of securing to her wealth; for, what was not generally known, Payne Hall was entailed, and would go out of the family if the Earl died without leaving a son; and that portion of the estate of which he had control was encumbered heavily to provide for the demands of a spendthrift ancestor, and to meet the requirements of the Earl's own position. So, after many misgivings as to the result of his suit, Lord