

"The coxcomb can manage a horse," smiled Squire Chadwick, who I fancied rather enjoyed my humiliation. "Confound him, I can't help loving him in spite of his nonsensical fripperies. He is my only sister's only son, and her very image when she was young like him. I should wish him to marry Alice, but he has got the Galt pride of pedigree in him, and I fear that would prove a fatal stumbling-block."

The Squire's words were incomprehensible to me.

"The Galt pride of pedigree did not interfere with your sister's marriage, or mar her subsequent happiness, I presume?" was my reply.

"Ay, but that was another affair, Harvey," said the Squire, as he turned his head aside from my fixed gaze. "Alice is a gently-nurtured tenderly-trained girl, and—"

"Should not be exposed to the danger of giving a real love for a worthless one," I ventured to add.

"I very much doubt the danger as far as Orville is concerned," said the Squire. "I think he lacks that manliness of character, that energy of mind and will which most women admire, and which Alice would expect before she gave him more than a passing thought."

"You are, perhaps, the best judge," I replied; "but assuming otherwise?"

"I don't know. I'll think about it," said the Squire, as he pushed his horse into a canter as if to avoid further colloquy.

I lingered behind in a state of moody perplexity. The Galt pride of pedigree, I thought, could scarcely stand in the way of a union between Orville and Squire Chadwick's daughter and sole heiress. He must either have been jesting, or merely used the expression to hide some secret design. And in what position should I stand, if, thrown into her daily society, the love that already gleamed in my heart bursting forth into a radiant, constant light! What an effort, a sacrifice of peace perhaps, it might cost me to repress my passion. What a void for the future, not for me alone, but for her too, if—

The Squire's voice startled me from my reverie, shouting with a lusty vigor, "Here, Harvey, quick!" Come and see Alice take this fence."

I galloped forward to the spot where they had halted, and reached it just in time to see Alice's mare leap the fence. It was a daring feat, and a less skilful horsewoman might have lacked the nerve to give the mare the requisite lift. But the sweep was made, swift and bold, and the next minute she came laughing up on the outer side of the hedge.

"It's my turn now," I cried, and before a warning voice could be raised my spurs were in the flanks of my horse—the next moment I was on the ground, stunned and motionless.

What followed I know not. Time became a blank to me until, ten days after, I awoke to consciousness in the dim light and hushed solitude of my bedchamber—awoke with an acute sense of sharp, physical pain in every nerve. I tried to raise my head, but I was as weak and helpless as an infant. I tried to speak, and my voice came with a faint, piping sound. Presently, as my weary eyes looked round, they encountered a female face bent over me in anxious, loving kindness. It was my mother's. She lowered her lips on to my clammy brow with a gentle kiss, and in a low, soft voice, said, "Don't speak, dear Harvey. You will soon be strong and well. But excitement, however small, will retard you."

"Where am I?" I asked.

"At Chadwick," she replied. "Now, no questions," she whispered.

"Alice?" I murmured.

"Is quite well," said my mother. "She will be so pleased to hear that your memory has returned. But not another word."

The light, loving hands moistened my parched lips with cooling drink, and then, with a noiseless step, she crept to the window, and opened it.

Oh, how grateful was the fragrant breeze, as it swept over my hot features! It seemed to waft back life and strength to me. In a few minutes I was asleep again—a long, calm, refreshing slumber, which gave to my frame the first sense of dawning health.

From that day I slowly, but steadily recovered, and in little more than a week I was led between my mother and the Squire to the drawing room. Alice met us at the door with a face radiant with smiles and tears. She took my mother's place, and guided me to an easy chair, pillowed and placed by herself.

What a sense of happiness the loving light of Alice's eyes left in my heart as they lingered over my thin, wasted features! And what a perfect joy her soothing, plaintive voice, gave to me!

"Oh, Harry," she said, "how much I have to blame myself for in this!"

"Blame yourself, Alice! How?" I asked.

"It was my foolish willfulness," she replied. "You thought I challenged you when I came riding saucily back to the fence, and—"

"Hush, Alice," I interrupted. "If there is any reproach, it belongs to myself, to my vanity, which received a tumble for its lofty bound."

I led the conversation to other different subjects, and at last inquired for Orville.

"Oh," said the Squire, "he is gone."

"Gone!" was my surprised exclamation.

"Yes," said the Squire, in his blunt, frank manner; "and it may be years before we see him again. A commission has been purchased for him, and he sails with his regiment to Canada in a week. He is gone into the world, and I hope it will make a man of him, and take some of his Galt pride out of his nature."

I watched Alice while her father was speaking—watched for any telltale, changeful expression of eye or cheek. But her cousin was seemingly as far removed from her thoughts as though he had never dwelt there.

Memory still lingers over the hour; my mother, with some quaint embroidery work upon her lap, throwing at anxious intervals solicitous glances at her invalid son; the Squire, in his large oak chair, exuberant with eccentric humor; and Alice, half-sitting, half-reclining by my mother's side, while the summer light and the summer air flooded the room through the open windows. Yes, in that hour my ideal love shaped out a cloudless future, illumined by those two blessings, peace and happiness.

In a few days I was strong enough to walk about the grounds and take carriage exercise. As my strength grew, so grew my passion, until I longed—hungered—for the spoken word, the uttered promise. My suspense became unendurable, and I at length resolved to unfold the secret hope of my heart.

The morning sunshine was playing among the flowers as, bursting with my desire, I entered the conservatory in search of Alice. Directing my gaze along the trellised arcade I caught sight of the Squire, busily employed pruning some plants. He saw me before I had time to retreat, and came towards me. There was an expression of unusual gravity in his face and manner as he grasped my arm.

"Harvey," my boy," said he, "I have something of moment to acquaint you with. Perhaps it ought to have been said before; but for my little girl's sake, as well as for yours, it shall not be delayed another moment. Come with me to the library."

I accompanied him in wondering silence, and at his bidding took a chair beside him.

"You have nearly lost your life in coming here," he continued, "but we must not climax the misfortune by robbing you of your heart, and leaving you to the future misery of a thwarted love."

I felt my pulsation quicken—felt my blood whirling and rushing through my veins like liquid fire. I made an effort to answer him, but my tongue refused its office. His words had rung the death-knell of my love, and suddenly my hopes.

"Nay, nay, take that staring look from your face, Harvey," said the Squire, cheerily, "and listen to me in patience."

"Patience!" I echoed, in a shrill, sharp tone.

"Even so," said the Squire, kindly. "When I first came into possession of these estates I had just experienced a bitter disappointment. I need not dwell upon it now, although it took long years to lift the shadow entirely from my heart. I did not settle down here at once, but travelled half over Europe, and was absent for about five years. Before I came to reside permanently at Chadwick Manor, accident or fate led me to Maine. My health was far from good, and my physician advised me to take a tour through the Highlands of Maine."

He paused a moment, and then said, abruptly,

"Harvey, I have often thought how easily the destinies of a lifetime are affected. On the fourth day of my journey, after a ride of several hours, I began to look out for a place where myself and my jaded steed might repose for the night. The sun was already low in the horizon, and the twilight shadows were creeping over mountain and glen."

He again paused, and a singular expression of sadness crept slowly over his countenance. I thought it best not to disturb his reverie, although I felt keenly anxious to learn the subject of his story.

"At length," he resumed, "I arrived at a point where the road branched off down a deep valley, and a rude finger-post gave me the cheering intelligence that two miles further on lay a 'Tourists' Home. I at once urged my horse into a sharp trot, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing a curling line of smoke rising among a cluster of trees, and in a few minutes I halted before the door of the 'Tourists' Home."

"There was a neat, picturesque charm about the little cottage. A trellised porch, covered with woodbine and honeysuckle, shaded the doorway, and a trim pathway divided the patch of flower-garden in front. The interior of the dwelling wore an equal air of comfort; the furniture, though plain and simple, was specklessly clean. A few marine pictures hung about the white walls, and prettily arranged nosegays of fresh flowers adorned the window-sills, while under the antlered head of a stag, in the most conspicuous part of the room, was suspended a beautifully painted miniature of a young boy, with a small gold cross attached to it by a chain of gold, and encircled by a border of mourning crape."

A deep sigh escaped him at this moment, and his hand shook as he passed it slowly across his brow.

"Seated before the porch," he at length continued, "was a man who, judging by his rugged, weather-beaten features, must have been sixty years of age. He wore a blue woolen shirt, with the collar drawn far back over his broad shoulders, and a black handkerchief loosely knotted, sailor fashion, round his brawny throat. A pair of fishermen's boots were drawn over his thick cloth trousers, and on the back of his bald head was perched a low tarpaulin hat. He gave me a rough but hearty welcome, and bade me dismount and enter the cottage."

I accepted his invitation, and as I passed into the house I encountered his wife, a plea-

sant-featured woman, about the same age as her husband. She rose from her chair, knitting in hand, and greeted me in words of homely kindness. My host handed me a seat, and I sank into it my eyes for the first time fell—

Again the Squire paused, as if struggling for words; and I could see by his quivering lip and working features, which he vainly tried to suppress, that the recital caused him a painful sacrifice. "Upon the face of a little girl," he at length added, in a tone of deep emotion. "I was fascinated, spell-bound, not so much by her extraordinary beauty as by the strange resemblance she bore to one—to one—Oh, Harvey, boy!" he cried, suddenly, in a voice sharp with agony, "I thought I could feel the memory of those old times, and of that one particular face with a braver spirit. Some men would call this weakness—folly. I have another, holier name for it. Bear with me! bear with me!"

He rose from his chair, and paced the library floor for some moments in silence; at length he grew more calm, and, returning to his seat, continued his recital.

"I was speaking of the child, was I not?" he asked, and then, without waiting for my answer, went on: "Yes, yes, I remember. There was a shy yet graceful timidity in her every movement. Her large black eyes were shaded by long silken lashes, and her dark hair hung in a profusion of jetty curls around her slender throat, while a sad smile lent a tone of melancholy to her olive features. As I looked from her to the aged wife, I felt assured that no tie of kinship existed between them."

"A fresh supply of green wood was placed upon the fire, and the dame spread a frugal supper on the table, of which my host kindly invited me to partake. When the meal was ended, we all gathered round the hearth; my host smoked his pipe, and endeavored to make himself agreeable by reciting some of his adventures. At length there was a lull in the conversation, and my gaze, which had till then been fastened, as if by magic, on the child's face, suddenly rested on the miniature and cross which hung upon the wall."

"That is a very beautiful painting," I remarked, as I pointed to the picture.

"A deep, plaintive sigh from the child again attracted my attention to her, and I was surprised to see her eyes filled with tears. I drew her toward me, and lifting her on my knee, kissed them away."

"Ah," said the old man, removing the pipe from his mouth, "there is a sad story connected with that picture, and a deep mystery as well. Whether it will ever be unravelled, our great Commander above alone knows."

"Have you any objection to make me acquainted with the story?" I asked.

"None," he replied. "My name is Thomas Peck; I was a fisherman. Two years since last Christmas Eve I had been out in my boat all day, and was just hauling in shore with a stiff breeze, when suddenly a heavy fog fell over the sea like a curtain. I was obliged to shorten sail and lie to for awhile. Suddenly I heard the signal-gun of a ship in distress. I tried to penetrate the thick wall of mist as at shorter intervals the same booming sound rose above the storm. In a few moments more I heard the wailing shrieks of some poor souls hurrying to their doom. It was against nature to hear those cries, and not stretch forth a saving hand. So I crowded all sail, and steered away I knew not whither; for, what with the fog and the sleet, I could hardly see my hand before me. I was pitching and tossing hopelessly about, uncertain, except from the sound of the signal-guns, which seemed to come nearer and nearer every moment, whether I might not be driving right ashore among the surf and rocks. Providence, however, willed it otherwise. My boat suddenly emerged from the fog, and, by the light of the moon, which was just then peeping from beneath a pitch black cloud, I saw the poop of a large ship gradually sinking down into deep water. I crowded every stitch of canvas, and came up to the wreck in time to take from a lady's arm two children—a boy and a girl. The lady was leaning over the stern of the vessel, and, as she threw them to me, I placed them in the bottom of the boat. Then she gave a wild leap forward—her hands grasped mine a moment, but, before I could draw her on board, a cruel wave swept my boat from the sinking hull, a dense cloud passed across the moon, and when her light broke out again, a few floating spars were all that remained of the doomed ship. I hung about the place where the ship went down as long as I thought it likely any poor soul might be seen, and then ran my boat into the nearest creek. I landed with my little freight; and taking off my jacket, made a bed for them in a cavity of the rock, where they were sheltered from the wind. After a while they laid their little heads close to my rough breast, and fell off in a deep sleep; then, lifting them tenderly in my arms, I started off across the country in the direction of my home. When I arrived, my wife took my little burdens under her care at once. She placed them in a warm bed, and we both watched over them, till we saw them sink to sleep clasped in each other's arms. I felt as though I could have sat beside them the long night through, and never tire of watching their soft, sweet faces. I have often wished," he added, with a quivering lip, and a voice hoarse with emotion, "that I had done so; for when we went to their bedside in the morning the boy was dead. I lifted his little form, cold and stiff, and then for the first time noticed that miniature and cross. The picture was the breathing picture of his wee

face; so you may judge for yourself how full it was of real beauty. We had a little coffin shaped for his tiny form, and carried him to the pretty churchyard on the hillside overlooking the lake. A grave was sunk under the branches of an old yew-tree, and the green turf that covers it is often moistened by an old sailor's tears."

"Then this girl?" I asked.

"Is the other—the orphan child of the wreck?" replied Thomas.

"Again," continued the Squire, "was my gaze riveted on the young girl's features. In every lineament, in the soft, shy glance of the eyes, in the immature development of the childish face, I beheld the resemblance of her to whom I had given the wealth of my manhood's love."

"Is it possible!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he replied. "When I first met with Florence Grove, I was a struggling, penniless barrister, without name or fortune; she was the daughter of a proud family; but all their pride could not, however, subdue the mutual love we each felt for the other. But she was torn from me, taken I know not whither, until I heard that she had been forced—literally forced—by her proud unbending father, into a marriage with a wealthy West Indian planter. They went at once, I understood, to reside on one of his estates out there, and I subsequently learned that she had become the mother of two children, and, with them and her husband, embarked for America; but as neither ship or passengers ever arrived at their destination, it was presumed that the vessel had foundered at sea. I might have been right or wrong in believing that this young girl was my Florence's offspring, but the conviction entered my mind as I listened to Thomas Peck's story, and there it has remained ever since."

"And what became of the child? Did you leave her with the old man?" I asked.

"I offered him independence for life if he would but resign her to my charge," replied the Squire. "But he was deaf to bribes. Only when I appealed to his natural goodness of heart by contrasting the gloomy prospect his own narrow means afforded and the one I could bestow upon her, did he yield to my entreaties. Suffice it now to say that he did yield; and that orphan child, saved from the wreck, became my daughter—my adopted daughter—Alice Chadwick."

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed.

"And now, Harvey," said the Squire, "it remains with you whether you will crush your passion for her in its bud, or nourish its fragrance in the sunlight of a husband's love."

The joy I felt at those words has often come back to me since, not so wild perhaps, but ever in the spirit of the first-born brightness, when her voice and smile have filled my heart with their sweetness.

"She has passed for my daughter," said the Squire; "she believes herself to be such, and it is my wish that the pardonable deception should go with her to the grave. You will raise no barrier to that wish, Harvey?" he added, earnestly.

Of course I promised him that I would not.

He continued: "She will not come to you a portionless bride. I have taken care of that. One more request, and I have done. Do not rob me of her for three years at least."

Squire Chadwick had placed a long, long distance between me and the perfect happiness I coveted, but had he even doubled it, I could not have refused him.

"And now, Harvey," he said, returning to his old playful humor, "the reason that I pressed my invitation upon you was in the hope that is now fulfilled. I sent for that jacknape of a nephew of mine to start in the same race, although I had a secret wish that you might distance him; and, egad! you have!"

Need I say that Alice now sits at my hearth a wife! Not a wife, only, for two lisping children call her "mother."

THE GREAT RUSSIAN AND THE LICK TELESCOPE.—The work on the lens of the great Russian telescope is practically done. Recently one of the lenses was taken from the polisher, placed in the cell with its mate and put in place in the temporary tube which has been used for testing it upon celestial objects. The lenses and cell casting of the objective weigh about 420 lbs., and four men were needed to handle it. The tube was inverted and the cell put in place and fastened by capstan-headed screws. It was then directed upon several objects, and to the unpracticed eye it seemed perfection. The brilliancy of even the smaller stars to a novice is astonishingly great. A day or two after several other optical tests were applied, and Mr. Alvan Clark said that the glass was so nearly perfect that it would not be advisable to attempt more work upon it, as the risk would be too great in proportion to any possible gain. The aperture of the objective, as our readers may remember, is 30 inches, the greatest that has yet been attempted, or rather the greatest that has yet been completed, for the same firm have a 36 inch objective now in hand for the Lick observatory. One of the Lick lenses is now at the works of Mr. Clark. It is ground and polished, and the firm is awaiting for Chance, of England, to cast a glass suitable for the other lens. It would seem that the optician is much ahead of the glass-worker in skill, and that great advances are still possible in the manufacture of large lenses when the glass-maker can produce finer glass of large dimensions.