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CLIVE WESTON'S WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

BY MRS. LEPROHON.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER VI.

“HOW does Mrs. Weston feel to-day?” enquired Captain Dacre, as he seated himself on a low ottoman beside her.

“Like the weather—out of sorts; but what brings Captain Dacre out this shockingly wet morning?”

“What brings him out in all seasons and at all times to Weston Villa?” questioned the new-comer in a low, earnest tone.

“To kill time, I suppose,” rejoined Virginia, barely disguising a yawn. “I would go out myself this morning in the rain if I thought doing so would answer such a purpose.”

“Can Mrs. Weston make no better guess than that?” The speaker’s tone was low and hurried, unlike his usual languid accents; but Virginia in perfect unconsciousness replied:

“Ah yes, how stupid I am! Of course, Captain Dacre, I know and appreciate the motive that brings you to us so often.”

“Are you certain that you really know it, Mrs. Weston?” he eagerly, yet hesitatingly, asked.

“Long since, Captain Dacre. I am a more shrewd observer than you seem to give me credit for being. Since the first evening we were introduced I have suspected it, and would indeed have been disappointed had it been otherwise. Few women possess the beauty and fascination of Miss Maberly.”

“Miss Maberly!” he ejaculated, in a tone the strangeness of which caused her to raise her eyes quickly to his face. Something in the expression she saw there brought a tide of crimson to cheek and forehead, and a strange light into her eyes, but she coldly, calmly rejoined:

“Who else could it be? For months