

cluded, he left the room with some indistinct apology, anxious that no time should be lost from his favorite pursuits. In passing through the hall leading to his apartments, the fluttering of a white dress, and the rapid shutting of a door at the other end, attracted his notice.

"Who could this person be?" he asked himself, "so mysteriously anxious to avoid me?" It must be the pretty little sister of whom he had had a flying glimpse the first day of his arrival, but whose existence had almost escaped his memory since then. Impelled by a boyish feeling of mingled curiosity and mischief, he strode rapidly down the hall, and threw back the door of the apartment into which the owner of the white dress had vanished. Eva, for it was she, was leaning breathless against the wall, and her brother's first act on witnessing her discomposure and confusion, was to fling himself on a seat in a peal of prolonged violent laughter.

"Well, upon my word, Miss Huntingdon," he at length exclaimed, mimicking to the life, his mother's voice and manner, "I think the kind interest your brother evinces towards you, calls at least for some return. Come, that won't do, my cunning Eva," he suddenly exclaimed, starting up and seizing the arm of his sister, who had been silently edging towards the door with the view of making her escape. "What are you afraid of me for? There is nothing ferocious or formidable in my appearance that I am aware of; but I suppose, handsome young gentlemen, with high spirits and good lungs, are somewhat rare down in Cumberland, so the first of the species that you have seen naturally startles you. In course of time, however, I hope you will become more reconciled to my exterior. To accomplish that, we must see a little more of each other than we have heretofore done, so we will begin by taking a walk together to day. I am going out fishing and you will accompany me, at least part of the way."

"Oh! no, I cannot. Pray, Mr. Huntingdon, Augustus, let me go!" and Eva struggled hard as she spoke, to free herself from his tight grasp.

"I will do no such thing, for you are an obstinate little fool. Choose between coming out with me, or standing pinioned here all day, for I'll give up fishing, fun, everything, rather than encourage your nonsensical whims by giving in."

"Release that young lady, instantly, Mr. Huntingdon," said a stern commanding voice behind him.

The young man turned, and eyeing the intruder, who was Mrs. Wentworth, from head to foot, with an air of ineffable disdain, at length coolly exclaimed:

"Pray, who the d——I are you?"

"Your sister's preceptress, sir, was the cold reply. "And if you have no regard for your own character as a gentleman, I must request that you will display a little more consideration for Miss Huntingdon, whose ear has not been accustomed to such language as you have just indulged in."

A long contemptuous whistle from young Huntingdon followed this speech, and then with a smile, half sneering, half humorous, he rejoined:

"And, pray, old lady, would you have the kindness to inform me what sort of language she has been used to? Theological discussions perhaps, well seasoned with the attic salt of detraction and slander."

"Miss Huntingdon, leave the room," interrupted Mrs. Wentworth.

"Miss Huntingdon, stay where you are," was the prompt edict of the other power. Eva, afraid to disobey either party, advanced a step or two, then paused as she saw her brother with a rapid movement station himself before the door.

"Do you dare to bar my passage, sir?" asked Mrs. Wentworth, her flashing eyes contradicting the haughty calmness of her tones.

"Do not flatter yourself so greatly, my dear madam. Had I a thousand doors, they would at all times and seasons be joyfully thrown open for your egress."

Mrs. Wentworth waited for no more, but with a muttered threat about "applying soon to lady Huntingdon," swept from the room. The mention of her mother's name acted like a charm on Eva, and with a sudden spring she darted past her brother into the passage, and gained Mrs. Wentworth's side. He, either disclaiming pursuit, or tired of the contest, contented himself with contemptuously exclaiming: as he ascended to his apartment, "What a precious pair of fools!" Eva did not venture out of her own room the remainder of that day, but the following morning, just as she had entered on the day's tasks, with inward aspirations more heartfelt than ever for Mr. Arlingford's speedy return, Morris entered to say, that lady Huntingdon requested Mrs. Wentworth to grant her pupil a holiday, if possible, as her brother wished to shew her the environs of the place, a duty, which lord Huntingdon's pressing affairs had hitherto prevented him doing. Mrs. Wentworth, who had already discovered that with the lady of the mansion, the will of the spoiled heir was paramount, had no alternative but to comply, whilst Eva, thankful for a day's freedom, no matter how or by whom