BY HIRAM BICH.

Baby has been here, it seems
Baby Annie on the wing—
In my little library,
Plundering and reveling.

Annie dear, the darling witch— See how innecent she looks— But she has a world of wiles When she gets among my books.

Haif the time I own she seems Less a being than a star; Then again I ory, "My books; Annie, what a rogue you are!"

" No, no—" papa cries in vain : Down the dainty volumes come : Papa, here you are no king, I am queen in baby-dom.

Stately Johnson lies in grief Under laughing Rabelais; Emerson is flat for once; Heine's thumbing Thackeray. :

Whittier, O poet rare! Thou hast many pages less; But if all where gone but one, That would hold and charm or bless,

Baby with the double crown, And the laughter-haunted eyes, Papa's mactum, volume-strewn. Is to thee a Paradise!

I forgive thee when I feel Breath and lips upon me pressod, Sweet as any allen air, Blown from harbors of the blest.

"Pana." something whispers me,
"Better every laden shelf
Emptied by her taby hands
Than the house all to thyself."

## THE VISIT.

I was admired and envied by my acquaintance. I was handsome, sprightly, quick-wit-ted; and though I did not paint in water-colors, was tolerably accomplished, nineteen years old, and of one of the best families in Kingsford. My family was all that it should be; but notwith-standing its prosperity and power, I was much dissatisfied with my condition at this time. To me Kingsford was a desert. My inner life was a desert, a waste, a solitude, where, figuratively speaking, there was no castles in the air, no palace of the Sleeping Beauty. Of course I did not value the inestimable privilege of health, youth, and the enjoyment of solid worldly com-forts. My mind was empty; in fact, it was wasting for every possible experience and its result. The mysterious oracle which proclaims the power and solare of nature was doubt and family was all that it should be; but notwiththe power and solace of nature was dumb, and the instinctive sympathies which give us an insight into the individualities of others had not been roused. Without dreaming the truth con-cerning myself—and there was no one to tell me of it-this was the statement of my case. There was no social stimulant in Kingsford, no society; there was not a delightful man in the range of my acquaintance; the whole male population of Kingsford might have been marshaled before me dally, and rank and file would not have given my heart one extra bent. Months passed in this way, and no gleam of relief ap-peared beyond my horizon. Nobody visited us, no letters came to me, not even from my dear school friends, from whom I had been absent a year. What a sellish world—and me perishing! lying with hunger and thirst, which no one suspected. My mother, whose vocabulary of reproof was choice, bestowed it upon me in a mechanical way, but she did not discover the oot of the evil. Do mothers ever discover the wants and needs of their daughters? should they, in the fullness of their own co tent with husbands, children, and the absolute queenship of home created for them?

One summer day, when, more than usual, i perceived there was no philosophy in heaven or earth to dream of, I went to mother, who was in her sitting-room. My appearance must have struck her disagreeably, she frowned so, and

said, irritably,
"Go away, Anne Capel."

But I would not go; I planted myself in a chair by the window, and stared out. The clouds rose in snowy masses up the blue sky, dipping and breaking into each other; the nelds, with their boundary walls, stretched away till they met the dismal pine woods. I never see those fundamental clouds, white and solid. towering into the blue ether, without seeing the image of my fair mother, as she sat with a re-

Have you finished your novels, Anne?" she

Yes, every novel in this old town. I am not famishing for books, though I am starving for human beings, and there ain't any in these parts."

"Oh, Anne, Anne, what a wicked girl! You are spoiled by indulgence. You are too idle for anything. I have an errand or two for you to Will you do them, and turn yourself to a little account?

"Yes; anything to break the monotony,"
"Widow Clapp must have some ten, and I want you to go to Homon's and ask him to save to go to Homon's, you know, Anne,"

And so I did. In a few minutes I was on the

road which skirted the upper part of our village; it was steeped in sunshine, and perfumed with the wild flowers in the thicket. Mrs. Chapp's gratitude detained me, and the sun was when I started for Homon's, a little way up the same road. Homon's was a farm where some of our supplies were obtained. It was a cheerful old place, one building tumbling into another, mixed with a delightful familiarity of weeds, flowers, poultry, "creatures," and peo-ple. I walked over the short turf of the front ped across the threshold. The doors were all open; the rooms were occupied; a parrot squal-led in emulation of Homon's laugh, who sat against the wall. Mrs. Homon was flying about with the supper utensils.

"Glad you've come, Miss Anne," Homon wled; "for some folks have come who know you. Saves me taking 'em along to your house

Come in, come in."
"Sartinly she's going to stay," added Mrs.
Homon. "They've come upon me unawares, and here they are; and go right in unto them,

[7] looked across the passage, and, to my sur-prise, looked on an old friend and schoolmate, Olive Vernon, from whom I had received no tidings since her wedding-card six months ago. She was calmly surveying me through her eye

glass, and wore a refreshing smile.
"Olive! Olive!" I cried, "ghost i
gray, and here! What does it mean?
"I am here because my aunt has

"I am here because my aunt has busines with this bovine man; I was going to you after ward. Are you ready to make me a visit at once? My purpose holds good for that fact."

"Yos; we are housekeeping in Moreham. My husband is a doctor, you know, and is try-ing to establish a practice. Now will you come?

Doctor knows all about you, and he told me to invite you sure.'

"It is like a dream, seeing you here."
"Now, really," interrupted Mrs. Homon, "it is right nice to see you young ladies together, and I knew your mas when they were your age. Won't you go in the garden and see my holly hocks? Supper ain't quite ready."

The garden, with the rows of boy and althea

bushes, I had seen a hundred times, but it looked new to me new, with the refreshing Olive added.

Olive added.

"We might play grand dames in this pleached alloy," said Olive. "Aune, I want you in my house, so maybe, we can revive our old litusions. Never a dream comes true, though. Life shapes itself; we don't shape it. I am curious for you to see somebody."

"You are happy, Olive, with him?"

"Hiff corpse! the as humpy as I always was

"Of course; just as happy as I always was, and always shall be, you sentimental goose with or without hims."

"I am so glad to see you, Olive! To tell the truth, I am just bored to death, and long for a change. Will you beg mother to let me go?" And so it was settled. Offive passed the next

day with us, and in a week from that time I was ready for Morehum. I happened to go alone, and arrived at the Moreham station late in the afternoon, finding no one waiting for me. I inquired the way to Dr. Denbigh's, and a boy about the premises offered his services as guide.

"I know 'em all." he said: "fust-rate-and-ahalf folks. I hold Captain Wilson's horse some-times, and black Mr. Denbigh's boots. The

house is above the bridge yonder."

The bridge be spoke of spanned a lovely little stream; willows waved over it, like a delicate green vell, and I stopped to admire it.

"Them weepin'-willows is often remarked," good fortune after you left school? I am an said my guide. "I've seen Captain Wilson wipe heiress." his eyes when he tooked at them, but Mr. Den. "Dear, dear me!" and she sighed, thought.

bigh stumps by; he's lame, you know. Going to stay a spell?"
I answered satisfactority, and he left me at Olivo's gate with a flourish. She ran to meet me, olive's gate with a flourish. She ran to meet me, full of apologies for the absence of all the gentlemen. She appeared fidgety, and I felt constrained. The house was large, dlingy, and chilly. We sat in a partor a few minutes to exchange remarks, and then she took me to my room up-stairs, an apartment with two long whodows, which opened upon a plazza covered who down that evening, it being hright moscilleht, and warm; lamps stood on the tables with vines. I expressed my liking for the room and for the view from it, "Howglad I am, and howanxious I feel about

your opinion of our gentlemen!"
"Gentlemen, Olive?"

"Yes, the doctor consented to take for the season, Captain Wilson, a widower, his little girl, and nurse. The other gentleman is George Denbigh, the doctor's brother, who spends much of his time here. Yes, I am exy enrious to shrepty I was vexed and weary; this was or his time here. Yes, I am *evry* curious to know what you will think of him; he is a puzzle. We shall meet at tea, soon to be ready. Look your best, miss. I'll leave you now. Come down when you hear the bell. The train is nearly due."

I tossed over my wardrobe with some apprehension, but at last selected a plain dress, and decorated it with blue ribbons. Just as the last knot was arranged, I heard a masculine voice call "Olive," then a little run, then a bell, which I concluded was my summons, and descended. I walked slowly down the broad stairs, and saw in the parlor, on my right hand, a handsome, red-haired, portly gentleman tossing a beautiful little girl in his arms; and as I entered the parlor on the left I encountered a pale, dark-haired gentleman, limping to and fro, who was reading man, her husband, who rose, and, with her introduction, gave me a polite welcome. Mr. George Denbigh was also introduced; he bowed, and sald,

"Now, Olive, give Miss Capel her tea; she

needs it, 1 am sure."
We filed into a large room, sparsely furnished, and took our seats at a table, which was comfort-less, to my ideas. We did not proceed; Office looked at the tea-pot as if she were saying grace; the doctor's eyes were fixed; George Denbigh scrutinized the cake-basket. A door opened, and Captain Wilson entered, leading his child. To him I was introduced, and our meal began. At once I was profoundly interested in all persons present and every passing fact. I was hungry, I was glad, I was grateful. We were not a noisy party, but Capitain Wilson ap-peared to be the one in authority; he ordered dishes that were not prepared, and lumillated Olive with reference to the weak tea and the burned toast. His fastidiousness was provoking; but as it was with this meal it proved with all. Captain Wilson was a very imperfect man, especially where his dinner was concerned. I thought his manners pompous; and when he asked me about my journey, I replied haughtily; when he recommended any thing, I refused. Olive seemed afraid of him. She blushed at his office seemed afraid of him. She blushed at his implied reproaches, and for that reason 1 felt inclined to be saucy with him.

He was very handsome. I was compelled to admit the fact, even when I inventoried his red hair, freekles, stoutness, forty years, and widow-hood. What a contrast was George Denbigh! Pale, thin, sinister-looking, with closely curling black hair, nervous, lithe, and with artificial I was soon at home with Olive Days went as months—there seemed so much in them. The old duliness oppressing me so at home disappeared. Olive and I were alone for the most part during the mornings, while the doctor was on his rounds, Captain Wilson in town or elsewhere, and George Denbigh confined at his office. Olive was satisfied to see that I was suited with my surroundings. Little Alice, the first child I ever loved, was fond of me, and

clung to me so that George Denbigh more than once succred, "Love me, love my dog." At first Captain Wilson was inclined to talk with me. All at once he grew so rigidly formal that I got up a chronic anger against him; but no chance was given me to express my anger. I know, however, that he was a constant and intense observer of me, my every movement and act; and George Denbigh was also.

One day, of course thinking, as usual, that One day, of course trinking, as usual, that, I captain Wilson was away, to please Alica, I played hide-and-seek with her. We ran round the hall, hiding here and there, seizing each other with kisses and laughter. The door of his parlor was open—a place I had never entered. Now I bilindly rushed in, and darted behind the sofa. Somebody was near. In an instant Cap-tain Wilson was beading over me, his face aglow, his eyes lit with fire. I was so assonished I could not move, and making no attempt to rise, I simply stared at him. "I should like to join in this play," he said. "You are too old," I answered, stupidly.

"I suppose so-too old for any thing," he re plied, with a bitter voice, turning so pale that I was frightened. I did not stir, but looked at him, mute as if I had lost the power of speech. At this moment Alice burst into the room, ex-

chaining.

"Miss, I have found you! Oh, pupa, she does not play fair !"

He made a cross gesture, then turned, and looked into my eyes. His look taught me something—that I was fond of him! Red hair, forty years, forty centuries, went for nothing before

that beseeching, searching look. My face that beseeting, searching look. All like burned; I feared my eyes were betraying me. As my head sank, I saw a sudden, Joyous sparkle flash into his eyes. Some impulse stirred him; his lips half opened, and he hid his face against Alice, who had climbed into his lap. What Alice, who had climbed into his lap. What made him doubtful? I was glad to escape. As I went I caught a glimpse of a portrait over the

mantel-piece—that of a severe-looking lady, whose forbidding eyes drove me from that sacred spot as an intruder. I went at once to Olive with my adventure, and spoke of the por-

"It his that of his wife," she said. "Before you came he spoke of her frequently. Her will was the law of his life. He is still afraid of her influence. She must have been an awful mar-tinet, because he seems so shocked when my doctor chucks me under the chin. What do you think of such a chap for a lover," she added, multilously—"one who so abandon himself to the arders of emotion? Yet George Doubligh insists that he is head over ears in love with you, but is afraid of you. George may judge by himself, so I am not so sure."
"What do you mean, Olive?"

"Let me place you on rapport with George a little. By profession he is a lady-killer. He is so plaued by your indifference that he is con-fused as to the state of his or any body clse's feelings. He believes all is fair in love, and is disposed to practice any amount of chicanery. He can not comprehend what it is to be singlebearted, straightforward. Emotion with him is a complex machine, and he delights to set its cogs and move its springs. You might fancy his Byronic self, if you were not diverted by Captain Wilson. Then he knows, too, that he is poor, while the other is rich."

"I am rich too. Did you not hear of my

fully.

"I never knew it." To the credit of human nature, Dr. benbigh was more respectful in his manner that eventhe plazza and lawn that evening, it being bright mounlight, and warm; lamps stood on the tables lustle. It was a pretty scene—one to be recalled as a picture. George Penbigh sat sometimes on the step, by a vine-clad pillar, his pale face and dark hatr looking very well against the leaves. Captain Wilson occupied an easy-chair; be smoked thoosently, and only said o Vos!" shrubbery. I was vexed and weary; this was my least happy evening, and I thought of home wholesome, simple, hearty old home! Dr. — wholesome, simple, and heart was a good place. — I am utterly weary; let me go in. I have the model of the property of th Kingsford, and asked me If it was a good place for a professional man, and whether it would be pleasant to me to have the Denbighs there.

" 'My face is my fortune, Sir.' she said,"

ang Olive, down by the gate, her thoughts still harping on my unexpected revelation of wealth. "dust so," remarked the doctor, with a grat-ing laugh. "Money is the god, Miss Anne, not love, after all."

"I have never felt its value," I replied, "till

but George Denbigh stretched binself across the window-sill where I was, brought his face close to mine, took my fun, and twirled it before my face,

"When so much is perfect, why can not the

crown be added," he said—" the crown of true passion? Ah!"—ending with a sigh, "What is perfect here?" I asked, crossly, " I

feel mosquitoes,"

"You are. You are too beautiful to-night, and
you mean to make us feel it. Won't you end

I could not decide whether Captain Wilson heard this. He rose suddenly, tossed his clear into a flower bed, and walked off:

"Old Truepenny has started," muttered George Denbigh, "What is your opinion of our fat friend? He serves for a foil."

I was watching the flery end of the cigar, and stility saying, for a test, "He loves me a little, he loves me not at all, he—" It expired, "There! it has gone out," I cried. "The moon is hid."

The doctor began to prose again, and George Denbigh slipped back to his pillar, Looking round for Captain Wilson, he said, loodly. "How easy to climb this pillar! The vines mark. are tough as a rope-ladder. A cavaller might easily seronade you, Miss Anne, directly before

your window." "Suppose we have one now," said Olive.
"Captain Wilson, where is your guntar?"
"I made no mention of the disturbance;
"Its strings are broken." His voice sounded wished afterward that I had.

close to my car. He was standing behind me.
"Miss Capel," he said, hurriedly, "the moon
is at its full; will you permit me to drive with you after ten to-morrow, and show you More-ham Lake?"

"Good-night, then; pleasant dreams, and no

erenade, I trust, jackanapes."
And he glided away. All at once my vexation vanished; the beauty of the evening struck me foreibly, and I strolled down to the gate where

Olive was again.

"Witch-clms, really," she said, with her face
"Witch-clms, really," the long boughs wave to us, in obelsauce to us superior creatures; but they can never go away with their trunks! What have you been doing? Crossing elements? pitting those men against each

"Olive, you are absurd, and wrong,"

" Perhaps you can not account for your mere presence. You say little, do less, effect much, You are like the cluss—seemingly pliant, yield-ing; in reality in crowable in the ground of your

"Nonsense. I have no purpose,"

"You must have. Doctor says so."
"People construct me into a remarkable or erratic being, because my appearance favors some theory. But I am going to my room. Continue your moonshine, Heavens?"—I grasped her arm...... I see a circle round the moon. If should rain to-morrow!"

"Mercy, Anne! what alls you? Suppose it

should?

"If so, I shall have to build me a little bark of hope again; that's all. Good-night."

She soon followed me, and we were dispersed about the house, I lingered in the hall, and heard the halling step of George Denbigh behind me; he touched my hand, and gave me a chill.

Return with me to the piazza." he urged We are alone at last, and I have a word to

His face made me uneasy: it was agituted, and full of contradictory express
"It is too late, Mr. Denbigh." "Do not put me off with coquettish excuses

Do not forever deny yourself. Iknow you. We Somehow, in spite of my contrary intention, I did go back, and sat beside him. I heard Olivo close her blind, and saw the moon slide from

the zenith. There was a hitch in George Denbigh's volubility; he hemmed as if his voice troubled him. "You have a cold," I said, crossly; "we had

better go in. "Won't you really speak to me, Miss Capel ?" "I did not come to talk myself, but to oblige

Oblige me! Why do I wish you here ?" "You will have to tell me; I never guessed

He was too self-involved now to heed me. A torrent of words burst from his lips, a little elo-quent, but more foolish. I had inspired him, he, the invulnerable of heart, with an overwhelming passion, which he should resist, till I was conquered by my own as irresistible—a passion for him—was the substance of his remarks. I pitted him, hated him, and allowed him to talk on. I was naturally struck with the dramatic—whatever it might be.

"There is but one question to answer in life," he continued. "Whether it can be answered or not we describe to Te the continued.

or not, we eternally ask it. To its solution every thing comes. I know this by experience, you by intuition. Four intuitions are all alive. You can not deceive me. You have a burning soil. To be near you is to breathe the atmosphere of a being who intoxicates, bewilders, de-There is no other heaven, you convince Well, I seek no other. Let me enter me. Well, I seek no other. Let me enter paradise with you. In hestowing happiness I can be your mate."

I was dumb outwardly, and as cold inwardly as if in the midst of an aurora borealis, so far as he was concerned, but stirred for myself. 1 peeped into the dark trees, and listened to the far-off sounds of night. What mystery ap-proached me that I was prepared to recognize?

"I am rich too. Did you act hear of my good fortune after you left school? I am an have known," commencing again his mono-, smoking.

helpess."

"You are not the only beautiful woman I not returned; but he was there on the plazza, have known," commencing again his mono-, smoking.

helpess."

"You are not the only beautiful woman I not returned; but he was there on the plazza, have known," commencing again his mono-, smoking. worship beauty; it consumes me, but it shall as I sprang to the ground. "Are you not afraid feed me too. Need I come a beggar to you? of the rheumatism, captain?"

Am I to be played with? Perhaps my mis"Awfully; got it all over me, Denhigh. feed me too. Need I come a beggar to you? Am I to be played with? Perhaps my mis-forture makes you despise me." Here his voice trembled humanly, and I discovered what a mortal torment his lameness was, "1 despise a blemish too; curse lt! But why not an ob-vious one, as well as one hidden? We are all deformed secretly. Even your perfect self will

mean! A dreadful loneliness fell on my spirit; I must escape his dark influence. A forlorn I must escape his dark influence. A forform wind mouned through the trees, and a sad sound rushed through all the air. Black clouds gathered and parted from the moon, which hung in mid-heaven; the awful pictures of that forsaken and ruined orb, as revealed by the telescope, came into my mind, and it seemed the kind of world for soils like this before me, lost in the dregs of sense. I started to my feet, "Poor Mr. Denbigh, look at the moon-sdark,

miserable mistake of a universe."

"What are you possessed with ?" he insisted,

done with the subject you have brought up, i understand; our me you do not, never can understand; nor would I have you. To be in any bouldage to you—and I perceive that there is one in which I might be—would prove a moved death. Let make I. moral death. Let me go,"

"Anne, never! You are a fool-blind. You of somebody else-the idiat snoring in . his bed youder."

I struck down his hands and passed blue. "I have never left its Value," I replied, "till is three down its hands and passed him, women, I have never left its Value," I replied, "till its down." Why did I look back from the statist? For the wes-begone you work of having a hateful expression fastened in my memory? He stood in the doorway; his have the wise was lively except a vermillon spot in the cheeks, and his eyes gleamed as savagely as a must see you." wild animal's. An ugly determination was expressed in every feature. I reached the haven of my room. In my bed lay little Alice, a fresh rose-bud; she had crept away from her nurse, to come and sleep with me. Delighted, I caught her up and kissed her, so that she woke up and eried. I rocked her to sleep again. Then I put my lamp out and undressed, leaving off a hatebut in the future, troubled me. What danger could come to me, though? I must be nervous. I listened long, but no noise earne; and after a while I made a suddon run for the bed, and in

its security fell sound asleep.

"Papa," said Alice, at the breakfast-table,
"I cried in the night, and my Anne rocked

Her father pinched her cheek and colored strangely, clattered his spoon, but made no re-

George Denbigh said, presently What makes little girls cry in the night? : Strange noises?

"Well," remarked George Denbigh, "I hate to go into town this morning: I had rather stay here with you helles. Miss Anne, would you read to me to-day?" And he came to the back of my chair, and leaned over it, as meant to speak confidentially to me. Captain Wilson looked at him intently. His expressive eyes showed wonder and annoyance. He glanced at me, too, with a little sadness, I thought. What was that creature doing behind thought. What was that creature doing it me? I looked to Olive for help, and she sur-

mised that I was vexed.

"George," she said, suddenly, "you look more soney and confident than usual this morning. Provided you have any enpacity for mischief, I believe you are proud of it.

"Must have power somehow," he laughed, picking up his but, and swinging it in adjou. To my great Joy, he was definited in town, and did not arrive till Captain Wilson and I had long been gone. When we struck the long

level road, bordered by beautiful tree Wilson turned to me with a happy smile, "Do you not feel free away from the shadow

of that house? I do: I am Joyous. So was I. We grow harmy and elected every moment. A little way on he told me that he had an errand to do at the station, and that he must leave me an instant in the chaise; the horse, his pet, was safe. Of course I made no objection. It was dark when we came to the station on the Moreham River, at the head of station on the Moreham River, at the head of station on the Moreham River, at the lead of station on the Moreham River, at the head of station on the Moreham River, at the lead of the station on the Moreham River, at the lead of the station on the Moreham River at the lead of the station on the Moreham River at the lead of the station o the little bridge, which we crossed to ride to the door. Beyond the bridge the railway lay, exactly ahead of the horse. Captain Wilson gave and the content and and disappeared. me the reins, jumped out, and disappeared. Five minutes passed, then ten; the horse turn ed his head back first to the right, then to the left, pounded his fore-leg, and began to champ his bit. I felt impatient, and bent forward, suddenly the horse frembled and shock the chalse; he snorted, and I rattled the reins softly, saying "old boy," and "old fellow." chance, looking to the right, I saw an awful red eye bearing down upon me—the locomotive! The horse swerved aside, wheeled, and thundered upon the bridge. I held at the reins, tugging at them with a mad strength to keep him from springing over the parapet. Then I saw Captain Wilson hanging on his fore-shoulder. He assumption of politeness, and we heard him declared afterward that he jumped from the stamble, station platform clear across the road. But the dog he where he falls; but now

with a blow added between the eyes, and I was when a new anded between the eyes, and I was saved from a terrible accident. Neither of us spoke for a moment; Captain Wilson could not speak, for he was gasping. At last he said, "Oh, my darling, I am so glad?"

I cried a little, and shivered a good deal, and tried to get hold of his hunds,
"Are you frightness to you gar?"

"Are you frightened, my dear?"
And I was soothed till my agitation grew into delight and peace. The horse trotted on meekly through the wooded read; and it was well, for we forgot him. He came to a standstill finally. Perceiving this fact, we laughed as lovers generally laugh. • Am I right, Anne, in thinking that you may

love me?"

"Yes, wholly right,"
"What shall I say, then? Tell the story of my life?"

"Not now-only of that which makes me And so only the old story was repeated—told always when men are honest and women are in carnest. We passed the beautiful lake sliver-ed by the moon, shuled by the silent woods. never saw that lovely lake again. It could never look the same again, for there never was such a night for me. Is there but one such ever? On the way home we talked of a hundred things, hand clasped in hand, I closely folded from the night air, my head against his

nounter,
"I dread reaching the house," he said, as we muc in sight of the white walls. "We have came in sight of the white walls. "We have been riding through the Elysian fields to-night." "I will dread nothing from the place where I have found you," I answered, with one or two more frank absurdities. But I did, for I thought of George Deubligh, I hoped he had

, smoking, — Have you had a pleasant drive?" he asked,

Never was worse in my life."

There was betrayal in every accent, joy in every word, and George Denligh felt it. He pulled my sleeve as I went in.

"Every night a lover," he whispered, menacingly,

I passed him without speaking, but, after I And this was love! As he presented it, how near! A dreadful loneliness fell on my spirit; must escape his dark influence. A forlorn wind mouned through the trees, and a sad sound concluded they remained together to smoke a concluded the concluded they remained together to smoke a concluded the concluded they remained together to smoke a concluded the concluded they remained together to smoke a concluded the concluded they remained together to smoke a concluded they remained together together the concl eigar. I retired, but was too excited to sleep I could not keep myself from listening to the marmur below. One voice tose above the other at intervals with a strange vehemence. At last it died away, and I heard divided foot-

steps.
It is not strange, perhaps, that I was kept in bot the next day with heatache. Olive was assiduous in her attentions, coming in often; but, to my surprise, she brought me no word from Captain Wilson,

o Are the gentlemen home yet?" I asked her, in the afterneon, o Captain Wilson has been immured in his

room all day. He was dum at dinner. Per-haps madam, his ghost, has beekoned him with her spiritual finger; he dare not be natural. Was he pleasant last night? If so, he may be doing penance before the portrait, and you will get an extra dose of formality. I have heard him talk with George about free manners in

women. I have no patience with him. How woe-begone you look, Anne!" "Oh, Ohye! dear Olive!" and the tears ran

o There, there, you are nervous; the doctor must see you."

I recalled every word and incident of our interview of the evening before. Nothing after all, had passed between us but a few words of love; there was no bond. And had I been too frank? Did be to-day think me unwomanty? I must see him once more; I had that right with one who avowed love for me, even if merely for the sake of passing an agreeable evening. I could not rise, however, being still dizzy with pain. The doctor compelled me to ful thought with every pin. The windows came evening. I could not rise, however, being still to the floor, and opened like a door on the upper piazza. I heard a quick snap there, which startled me. Like lightning I recalled what die hours wore away. I heard the clock in the George Denbigh had said about climbing the half strike ten, eleven, midnight: the house piazza; a foreboding of danger, not immediate, was still. I fell asleep at last, and woke, as I had the future troubled no. supposed, by a dream of a grating noise. But it was real. I saw by the light of the night-lamp which three had placed in the closer that my blind moved. An arm in a shirt-sheave appeared, then a head was thrust inside; a body followed. It was George bendights. He put one foot inside the window, and with his head hent low, remained so an instant, and with-drew. My hearing became acute. He writed on the piazza outside. I waited too; the truth was breaking in many true. was breaking in upon me. Some minutes passed, and I heard a ristling of leaves; he was slipping down the pillar.—His plan was evident. I rose, put on my shoes, and remembering that my water-proof cloak hung on the boluster out-side, found it, wrapped myself in it, and went down to meet what I expected to meet. Captain Wilson stood in his open doorway. His hands were twisted; the sweat poured from his forehead; his face was drawn with distress, and

jedousy fortured him. "Your friend will be here presently," I said; I will confront the bound!"

George Denbigh shot in then by the frontdoor, and closed it as if he were pursued, still in his shirt sleeves, achist with his scramble in the vines, and, Heaven forgive him! in an affeeted disorder. He turned frightfully pale when his eyes fell on me; his jaw dropped; and if I ever saw the picture of shame, I saw it then in Captain Wilson, when he beheld me

dragging George Deublgh into his own parlor o'l will not shame and hurt Olive," I sa why exposing you. God pity her for the hands she has fallen into! But here you shall own all your fraud, meanness, and vanity. You have pretended that I have received you at night more than once,"

o And see," he answered, a how easy it was for your clear-sighted lover to believe it; he is a

tool work enough for a woman even."

"Oh, Anne!" cried Captain Wilson, "you can never forgive me. But, my love, pray do. Remember that I am a jealous idiot, and that

this creature has known it from the first."

"I vowed you should feel the meaning of my

expect. Anne, my shame punishes me enough, And he showed me your picture."

"Ah! a root left--a joulous thorn," sneered George Denbigh. "What safety he warrants in the way of faith!"

"Stolen from Olive," I said; wa cheap trick. Yet it sufficed,"

"The play may end for all me," said George Denbigh; "I have done...beaten by sheer ac-Now let us suppose years to clapse. You and I, Miss Anne, may totter on the stage; but look at our valiant captain,"

With this shot he backed out, with a poor

horse was stopped by a word from his master, shall I punish myself Anne?"

