

"Is Miss Weldon within," inquired a young gentleman, Mr. Sydney Ellwood, whom we have previously introduced to our readers.

"Yes, Sir, she went into the garden a few moments ago, but if you will walk into the parlor, I will go and tell her. Or, perhaps, you would prefer going into the garden yourself."

"By all means," was the reply, and suiting the action to the word, Sydney, directed by the servant, stepped out into the porch, and was soon slowly treading the somewhat steep path that led to the summit of the garden, where, so she had informed him, it was probable Miss Weldon could be found.

He reached the height, and for a moment paused to take breath, and to admire the pretty prospect that lay so invitingly before him, but as his glance wandered around, he saw not the slightest trace of Alice.

"The girl must have been mistaken," he thought, or Miss Weldon must have returned to the house without her knowing it; for she certainly is not here."

He turned to descend, but perceiving a narrow path at the foot of the grassy slope, terminating at a rustic arbor, very naturally turned his steps in that direction, hoping there to find the object of his search; and had nearly reached the summer house, when his attention was arrested by the sound of weeping within; a low choking sob, now and then, as though the mourner had become almost exhausted from the violence of previous emotions.