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Continued Tale.

TEMPEST AND SUNSHINE;

OR, LIFE IN KENTUCKY.

BY MRS. MARY J. HOLMES.

Continued from our last.

CHAPTER XIII.

TRUTHFULNESS AND DECEPTION.

In order to keep the threads of our narrative connected, it is necessary that we go back for a time, and again open the scene in Frankfort, on the 24th of March, several days after the party, at which Florence Woodburn met Fanny Middleton. Seated at her work-table, in one of the upper rooms of Mrs. Crane's boarding-house, is our old friend Kate Miller. Her dazzling beauty seems enhanced by the striking contrast between the clearness of her complexion and the sable hue of her robe.

On a low stool, at her feet, sits Fanny. Her head is resting on Mrs. Miller's lap, and she seems to be sleeping. She had been excused from school this afternoon, on account of a sick, nervous headache, to which she has recently been frequently subject. Finding the solitude of her own chamber rather irksome, she had sought Mrs. Miller's room, where she was ever a welcome visitor. To Kate she had imparted a knowledge of the letter she supposed Dr. Lacey had written.

Mrs. Miller's sympathy for her young friend was as deep and sincere as was her resentment against the supposed author of the letter. As yet she had kept Fanny's secret inviolate, and not even her husband had ever suspected the cause of Fanny's failing strength. But, this afternoon, as she looked on the fair girl's sad, white face, which seemed to grow whiter and thinner each day, she felt her heart swell with indignation towards one who had wrought this fearful change. "Surely," thought she, "if Dr. Lacey could know the almost fatal consequences of his faithlessness, he would relent; and he must, he shall know it. I will tell Mr. Miller, and I know he will write immediately." Then came the thought that she had promised not to betray Fanny's confidence; but she did not despair of getting her consent, that Mr. Miller should know the secret.

For a time, Fanny slept on sweetly and quietly; then she moved uneasily in her slumber, and finally awoke.

"How is your head, now?" asked Mrs. Miller,

at the same time smoothing the disordered ringlets which lay in such profusion over her lap.

"Oh, much better," said Fanny. "I had a nice sleep, and such pleasant dreams, too."

"Did you dream of him?" said Mrs. Miller, in a low tone.

Quick as thought, the crimson tide stained Fanny's cheek and forehead, but she answered, somewhat bitterly, "Oh, no, no! I never dream of him now, and I am trying hard to forget him. I do not think I love him half as well now, as I once thought I did."

Poor little Fanny! How deceived she was! After a time, Mrs. Miller said, "Fanny, Mr. Miller seems anxious about your altered and languid appearance. May I not tell him the truth? He will sympathize with you as truly as I do; for he feels for you the affection of a brother."

At first Fanny objected. "I know," said she, "that Mr. Miller would only think me a weak, silly girl." Mrs. Miller, however, finally gained permission to tell every thing to her husband. "I know, though," persisted Fanny. "that he will laugh at me. You say he likes me: I know he did once; but, since the time he visited my father's more than a year ago, he has not treated me with the same confidence he did before. I never knew the reason, unless it was that foolish, romping mistake which I made, by riding into the school-house!"

With many tears and some laughing—for the remembrance of the exploit always excited her mirth—Fanny told a part of what we already know, concerning Mr. Miller's visit at her father's in the winter previous. She related the adventure of the sled ride, and said that the morning after she noticed a change in Mr. Miller's manner towards her. The unsuspecting girl little thought what was the true reason of that change.

While she was yet speaking, Mr. Miller entered the room. On seeing Fanny there, and weeping, he said: "What, Sunshine, in tears? This is hardly the remedy I would prescribe for headache. But come, Fanny, tell me what is the matter?"

"Oh, I cannot, I cannot!" said Fanny, and again she buried her face in Kate's lap.

Mr. Miller looked inquiringly at his wife, who had not yet ceased laughing at Fanny's ludicrous description of her sled-ride; but overcoming her merriment, she at length found voice to say, "Fanny is crying because she thinks you do not like her as well as you used to."

Kate had never dreamed that her husband had felt more than a brother's love for the weeping girl before her, and she did not know the pain her words inflicted on his noble heart. Neither did