

last, rising to pull down the curtain across a too inquisitive ray of afternoon sunshine.

“Ah, the noblest, best man in town!” she breathed, with a burst of gentle pride. “Mr. B——”

She went no further, or if she did, I did not hear her, for just then a hubbub arose in the street, and lifting the window, I looked out.

“What is it?” she cried, coming hastily towards me.

“I don’t know,” I returned. “The people are all rushing in one direction, but I cannot see what attracts them.”

“Come away then!” she murmured; and I saw her hand go to her heart, in the way it did when she first entered the room a half-hour before. But just then a sudden voice exclaimed below: “The clergyman! It is the clergyman!” And giving a smothered shriek, she grasped me by the arm, crying: “What do they say? ‘The clergyman’? Do they say ‘The clergyman’?”

“Yes,” I answered, turning upon her with alarm. But she was already at the door. “Can it be?” I asked myself, as I hurriedly followed, “that it is Mr. Barrows she is going to marry?”