

of a visionary dirge uttered in the darkness of despair, and heard and felt by her alone!

I must draw the veil over the few days which followed;—not that anything of importance occurred, as having a direct bearing on the main event of the story. Indeed, one circumstance only deserves to be mentioned. I gathered from her one evening, in the course of conversation, that 'George's cold, unmanly, and dishonoring speech, as conveyed to her by Miss Carruthers, had almost shaken her reason and driven her to madness!'

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Well, it was not long after this, when a Mr. Franz Engelbrecht (a gentleman who had on many occasions shown marked attention to Annie, came on a visit to her; and during the interview—*proposed!*

Whether he had ever done so before, and been rejected, I am unable to say. However, he was now *accepted*,—on the condition that the engagement should be kept secret; an unusual procedure in Germany, and one which always involves much pain in the case of an honorable German lover. Still, he loved her intensely, and as he felt confident that he could place the utmost reliance upon her honor, he *assented to that condition!* And so that visit was brought to a close, and he took his leave.

Again a few days elapsed, and another visitor was announced,—Cousin George, this time!

Annie and I were sitting together working, as he walked in; and, after the usual salutations, he took a seat midway between my chair and her's.

I did not notice Annie's manner at the time, as my attention and conversation were just then devoted to George, *who appeared to be a little less self-possessed than usual. You understand why, I suppose?*" asked Kate laughingly.

I smiled in response, and she continued:—

Having taken his seat, his eyes wandered in the direction of Anne, when suddenly he drew himself up and looked fixedly at her; and then with a voice full of affection and love for the idol of his heart, he asked her in a low, tender, and soothing tone, 'Annie, have you been ill? you look so changed!'

Annie's features exhibited a subdued and care-worn expression, as she replied, 'Oh no, thank you; I am quite well, only—sometimes—I feel my heart—a—'

She could get no further; and using her handkerchief in the manner of a fan, to moderate the mid-day heat, she resumed her work.

George truly felt for her—he looked intently and compassionately at her—he took her by the hand—and again her gaze met his! He could not speak; but slowly and silently drew from his card-case a recently-executed photograph of himself, which he presented to her with a request that she would accept it as another little souvenir of his love. She accepted it *very graciously, but silently.*

Feeling that under the circumstances three persons were not company on this occasion, I rose to retire; but, strange to say, George did exactly the same thing, at the same instant; and then in the most kind and feeling manner he took leave of Annie, expressing a heart-felt hope that she would be much better next day.