

PATRICIA A STORY OF A WOMAN'S CONSTANCY.

ALICE HORLOR. CHAPTER V.

It was Autumn; the dead les know how badly Lawrence had beunder Patricia's tread as she haved, he would most probably in his sed down the Abbot's Walk, which anger disinherit his nephew, and order night from the back of the "Well," she thought, " her woman's ouse into a wood about half a mile

at; from thence a path through the villag ce a path through trophe when the time for explanation. f Earneleigh. The golden and red arrived." the trees as she passed

under them, flew onwards, and far giant's sigh. Patricia sighed too, as though to keep the breeze company; and then a quick glowing blush rose

ject. "Rely upon me to do so. But it value as a " Ah, but then I am only a girl," she

-BY-

Charlotte



over her like a ruddy sunset. In her beart she was vexed that she should Lawrence, of course, was there: blush; for what had set her pulses ooking a little shame-faced. certainly, ing but the sight of Lawrence but still he seemed to be very happy. as he advanced to meet her by ap-And can it be believed, he had already ent: and she had resolved to be proposed to Rose Maynard and had so cold so dignified. been accepted? Such was the case. wished to see me, Pat," he There was not much convers aid. " What is the reason you have going on during the first part of the ned me here?" meal: Mr. Hazeland and his nephew ee, look at me." vere enjoying their dinner, and Pat-"Well, dear, I am doing so; what then?" he questioned lightly; but his game went swiftly from her face. ricia was triffing with here while feigning to eat.

game went swiftly from her face. "Did I ever seek your love; ever try to win you?" she asked, a tremor The desert being laid, and the servants departed, Mr. Hazeland, looking up, made a speech which seriously disher voi urbed his auditors.

"Never! I gave it to you, unasked. But, Pat, I don't know what you mean "I mean this-I did not seek you;

you sought me, and, Lawrence, you have ceased to love me."

"I swear," he began, but the look of ar eyes checked him.

" Lowre

" Pat, I am a beast; but it is

"I thought so," she answered very publy, so quistly that she doceived ism about how she was suffering. "It is just as though Rose Maynard and east a spell upon me, as the old roman say," he continued in excusing forms. "She is very beautiful, and her beauty means to interients me. I have still like a brute to yon. Pairicia; meme to interiests me. I have like a brute to yon. Patricia; non my honor, if I had not met hould have been true to yon." If some other protty face took

tonat bat she could it; and if over a man deserv-ursly it was Lawrence Haze-