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LOST!

BY WAIF.

CHAPTER VIII.

Several days had passed away before Guy found an opportunity of speaking to Miss King concerning her *Connell*, but they were haled on days indeed. He had arrived at his "Mecca" at last, and found an Eden instead of a tomb. There was something in the young girl's manner, which, though he could not quite understand it, was like sunshine creeping into a darkened room, and the buds of hope that he had been unconsciously cherishing were fast bursting into bloom. This bloom might be tainted like the deadly upas as most of hope's blossoms are; but Guy drank their fragrance without a question. He should have remembered the story of the Sicilian Sirens, and taken warning; but no, the incantation was too strong—the refrain too sweet. Let him listen even though his bark is stranded in the end.

The travelling party had resumed its journey, with Mr. Frost and his pupil added to the number. As they were resting at one of those small Italian towns, where nature has done so much, and science so little, Guy joined Miss King on a vine wreathed colonade; and after a few preliminary observations, said:—

"I think, Miss King, that you were surprised, and perhaps annoyed at my inquiring your name from Mrs. Peppers. I have been anxious ever since to apologise; though, I must say, I had an object in view above mere curiosity."

"There is no occasion for an apology, Mr. Sinclair," replied the young lady indifferently. "the very fact of the dear, old lady's blundering it out before your face was retaliation enough, were I inclined to exact my uttermost due. With your permission, then, we will consider the subject settled forever."

"You are very kind," said Guy, gallantly, "but I must beg your forbearance a moment

longer. I have something in my possession that I think must belong to you; and one reason why I asked your name was that I might return it."

"Something belonging to me, Mr. Sinclair!" exclaimed Miss King in genuine amazement.

Although appraised by Ellis Blair, that Guy Sinclair had found her *Connell*, Harriet had at this moment quite forgotten it.

She possessed, in a remarkable degree, all those subtle instincts that attended the young so faithfully; through their agency she had understood at once that she was not quite a stranger to the young student. But no mental scrutiny had elicited an answer to her question, "where have we met?"

The moment she encountered his glance in her promenade, she felt that the question, which had grown to be a torment, was about to be elucidated; believing that Guy did not know her as Miss Percy, of course she could have no idea that he would mention the Stamp; hence her momentary forgetfulness about it.

While speaking, Guy had taken the *Connell* from his portmanteau and handed it to her saying,—

"It is yours, is it not Miss King?"

Harriet drew back, while returning memory brought a tell-tale glow into her cheeks. She answered evasively, "mine, Mr. Sinclair? How can it possibly be mine? Why it is a New Brunswick *Connell* as sure as can be. Do you think it is genuine? And all the girl's finesse returned as she looked up into her companion's perplexed face. "You have not answered my question yet, Miss King," said Guy very gravely,— "is this Stamp yours?"

"You ought to have been an Inquisitor, Mr. Sinclair," retorted Hattie with assumed petulance, "I do believe that you have been in some of those mysterious councils that one reads about when they are not in Italy. I declare that *Connell* looks like a thumbscrew, or some other horrible instrument of torture, already."

"It may prove one to me," said Guy, seriously.

"I don't understand you, Mr. Sinclair," replied Hattie, gently.

She saw that some deeper motive than a de-