

you know the manner of man I wish to seem and try to be ; you know what I have been. You do not know, because you cannot guess, the things which you have put into my head."

Mrs. L'Estrange blushed and began to tremble. Could it be possible that he was actually going to—

He was.

"You and I together, Mrs. L'Estrange, are gone to wreck in this almighty hurricane. I've got one or two thousand dollars left ; perhaps you will have as much, perhaps *not*. Mrs. L'Estrange, will you think it presumptuous in a rough American—not an American gentleman by birth and raising—to offer you such protection and care as he can give to the best of women ? We, too, will go to Virginia with Mr. Dunquerque and his wife ; we will settle near them, and watch their happiness. The Virginians are a kindly folk, and love the English people, especially if they are of gentle birth. Say, Mrs. L'Estrange."

"O, Mr. Beck, I am forty years of age !"

"And I am five-and-forty."

Just then Phillis and Jack burst into the room. They did not look at all like being ruined ; they were wild with joy and good spirits.

"And you are going to Virginia, Mr. Dunquerque ?" said Gilead. "I am thinking of going too, if I can persuade this lady to go with me."

"O, Agatha, come with us !"

"Come with me," corrected Gilead.

Then Phillis saw how things lay—what a change in Phillis to see so much !—and half laughing, but more in seriousness than in mirth, threw her arms round Agatha's neck.

"Will you come, dear Agatha ? He is a good man and he loves you ; and we will all live near together and be happy."

Three short scenes to conclude my story.

It is little more than a year since Agatha L'Estrange, as shy and blushing as any maiden—much more shy than Phillis—laid her hand in Gilead's, with the confession half sobbed out, "And it isn't a mistake you are making ; because I am not ruined at all. It is only you and these poor children and Lawrence."

We are back again in Empire City. It is the early fall,