

ed; and that sound was the gasping breath of him who knelt with the slight form of Lucy Linton, supported in his arms. All that yet deceitfully told of life, was the shivering communicated by his trembling grasp. He laid her down, and felt that he was gazing on a corpse. Peals of laughter, and merry voices came faintly from the garden, where the event was unknown. "Oh, stop them!" stop them!" exclaimed Lord Linton, as he gazed towards the portico. "Oh! madman! fool! to let her dance!" And as he uttered these words in a tone of agony, his eye fell on Lady Glenallan with an expression that froze her very soul. A terrible dream seemed to haunt her; a dream from which she could not wake. Slowly, and with an effort she withdrew her eyes, and gazed round the circle,—all, all were gazing spell-bound and horror struck, on that awful sight; all but one. Claude Forrester supported the girl with whom he had been walking, and whose gaze was rivetted on that mournful group of the young brother and his dead sister. His eye alone sought another face—Bessie Glenallan met it—and fainted.

Many, many years have passed since that night of sudden horror. They have danced in the same ball-room, to the self same tunes; and the name of Lucy Linton is a sound forgotten even by those who knew her best. But Lady Glenallan yet remembers in her prayers that fearful evening, and smiles tearfully in her husband's face, as, for the thousand time he repeats to comfort her, the certainty that poor Lucy would have died in a few days at all events; and pressing his little daughter's silken curls against her mother's cheek, bids her guide and guard her well, lest she too should be a coquette.