

"What a refreshing place this is! so cool and fragrant! but do you not find it dull sitting here all alone so often as you do, Miss Judith? I am sure you must."

"On the contrary," she answered, coolly, "I never enjoy myself half as well as when I sit here quite alone save for the companionship of the birds and squirrels and chipmunks, who know me now and are not afraid of me—and with no sound to listen to but the falling and the splashing of the water yonder. And yet, sometimes I like Trap to be with me; he amuses me."

"Which means, I suppose, that my company is less welcome to you than your dog's," said Mr. Thorpe, with a short, unpleasant laugh and an ominous glitter in his eye, which showed that the undercurrent of meaning in Judy's light words had not been lost on him.

"I did not say so, Mr. Thorpe."

"But that was your meaning. Do you think I am so dull-witted as not to perceive that you prefer any other company to mine?"

This was true; but she was not hardened enough to tell him so outright; nor would she utter any denial, for in her eyes the smallest and politest of lies was abhorrent. Besides, she had a vague idea that Mr. Thorpe had no right to talk to her in this way. Being engaged to her cousin, he ought not to care whether she—Judith—liked his society or not.

"So that young Englishman has taken himself off at last, has he?" said Thorpe, presently, apparently following up a train of thought suggested, most likely, by his own last remark.

"Mr. Littleworth?" inquired Judy, sweetly.

"Yes, who else should I mean?"

"Oh! well, he has gone to Toronto for a day or two on business; he is coming back the day after to-morrow."

"I am sorry to hear it; I cannot imagine why you all make so much of such an insufferable prig, with his English drawl."

"Do you forget, Mr. Thorpe, that Mr. Littleworth is not only my brother's friend, but mine, also?" said she with gentle coldness.

"I humbly acknowledge my rudeness; I should have kept my opinion to myself," answered Thorpe, bowing slightly.

"You should, indeed," the gentle, cold voice assented.

There ensued a pause, during which he watched the busy little fingers drawing the needle in and out of her work.

"That is very pretty lace you are making," he remarked.

"Yes; do you not think it will be a nice wedding present for Augusta?" The question slipped out before she thought to whom she was speaking, and the expression on his face startled her; he turned pale, and repeated:

"A wedding present for Augusta!" He groaned and dug his stick into the soft earth, then throwing it from him, he turned suddenly toward the frightened girl, and seizing a piece of the beautiful lace tore it into shreds and flung it from him. Judith uttered a cry and started up, as she saw the work of many weeks destroyed in a moment. Thorpe arose also, and they stood facing one another.

"I think I am mad," he said, hoarsely. "Forgive me, Judy; but when I saw you working with your own hands a wedding present for Augusta, and thought that it was I who was to be her husband—I who love you—Judith my fair sweet love! I could not endure it. I know—nay, you need not tell me, I know that you dislike me, I see it in your eyes, I hear it in every tone of your voice when you speak to me. I love you! Yes, see! Sooner than be parted from you for-

ever, sooner than see you the wife of either Standfield or Littleworth, I would like to take you in my arms and fling us both over yonder falls to be dashed to death on the rocks below. But you need not shrink from me in fear like that; I would not hurt one hair of your head." He laughed mockingly, and looked away from her.

"Mr. Thorpe, you have behaved in a most ungentlemanly and cowardly manner. How dared you come here and take advantage of my being quite alone to speak to me like this? If, as you say, I dislike you, it is your own fault that I do; your conduct all along has not been such as to win my respect and liking. And after this, Mr. Thorpe, I desire that you will not presume to address any conversation to me at all, except in the presence of others, until you have cured yourself of this folly. Now, if you please, leave me, or if you prefer to remain here, I shall go home."

"I shall leave you in undisturbed enjoyment of your retreat in one moment," he replied, bitterly. "You call me ungentlemanly and a coward, and I am fool enough to be wounded by your words; but I give you my word of honor as a man—if not a gentleman—that I had no intention when I found you here, of speaking to you as I have done; the words were wrested from me by the passion of the moment. A better man than I, yes, even Donald Standfield, might have proved as weak. Oh Judith! is it such a crime in your eyes, that I love you? Do you think a man has power to forbid this passion, called love, coming into his heart and dwelling there? Do you think I taught myself to love you? You scorn me for marrying a woman whom I do not love; but at least I was content with my lot, hopeful of the future with her, until you came and showed me what a barren future it was. It was not your fault, oh no! you did your best to show me how little you liked me. You forbid me to speak to you save in the presence of others; very well, I obey your command; but some day I hope to prove to you that I am not the coward you think me. And now I ask your forgiveness for the annoyance I have caused you this afternoon; you are too generous to refuse me that, Judith."

"I forgive you, certainly, Mr. Thorpe," but her voice was cold and rather hard.

"A lip pardon, that," said he, sullenly, "but I suppose an ungentlemanly coward can expect no more from a woman. She can pardon any crime; but cowardliness—never!"

"I take back that word, I—I am sorry I uttered it."

"No, let it be," he answered, roughly—"Taking back one's words does not necessarily alter one's opinions, and besides, when a word like that is spoken it cannot be unspoken again. I wish you good afternoon now, Miss Judith." He raised his hat and Judith bowed slightly, but when he had gone a few steps he turned and came back again.

(To be Continued.)

### Quarrelling.

"If anything in the world will make a man feel badly except pinching his fingers in the crack of a door, it is a quarrel. No man fails to think less of himself after than he did before; it degrades him in the eyes of others, and what is worse, tends to blunt his sensibilities, and increase his irritability. The truth is, that the more peaceably and quietly we get on, the better for ourselves. In nine cases out of ten, the better course is, if the man cheats you, to quit dealing with him; if he slanders you, take care to live down the slander. Let such persons alone, for there is nothing better than this way of dealing with those who injure us.—Hilton.