

in my room, where I shall see it every day. Good-by!"

She turned, and walking quickly across the grass-plot, entered at her aunt's door. When it grew dark, and I left my work, she was still there.

For some days after, I worked upon my hound—touching and re-touching, bringing out every line and curve until I thought it perfect. Then I took it one afternoon under my arm, for it was slender and not heavy, and set out for the park lodge. It was a small cottage, in side the flower-worked iron gates the entrance to the park. The roof was thatched and the walls beneath were of gray plaster, showing a frame-work of oaken beams. The porch was covered with sweet clematis, and the little garden at the side, was filled with drooping fuchsias and geraniums. Standing at the doorway, I looked down a long dusky avenue of limes, whose branches grew down to the ground; and in the distance I saw the Tudor turrets of the mansion. I knocked at the door, and Alice opened it.

"Mr. Langdon, and the dog, too! I had forgotten all about it; but I see you do not forget a promise. Come in, and see my sister-in-law."

She led me into a parlour, where her sister-in-law, a tall, thin Scotch woman, sat knitting.

"This is Mr. Langdon," said Alice, "a friend of Aunt Mary's; and see what a present he brings me."

"A stawn dog!" she exclaimed; and after staring at it for a few moments, she went on with her work. But Alice stood over, looking down, with her light hair touching the stone.

"You live in a pretty neighbourhood, Miss Paton," said I. "I should like to see something of the park before dark. Perhaps you would walk with me."

"Wait one moment," she exclaimed; and putting on her shawl and bonnet, we went out together and walked down the avenue.

"You come too late to find the limes in blossom. Look," said she, plucking some leaves, "three weeks ago every one of these little green seeds was a flower."

We went on in silence for some time; then I said, "I think we have time to walk down to the mansion and back before dusk, if you do not wish to return immediately."

"Oh no," said she, "I have nothing better to do. The sun is nearly setting, but the light will linger for some time to come."

I looked into her face as she spoke, and saw again how beautiful she was. When she spoke seriously, her features gave no indication of her light and playful character; there was even a sorrowful air in her countenance, that made me think that deeper feeling lay under all that outward gayety. Once she left me suddenly, and, running across the road, plucked some more leaves. Then, making a hollow with her hand, she laid a leaf across and struck it sharply, making a noise like the report of a pistol.—"There," said she, "try to do the same, and if you do not know already, I foretell you will not succeed the first time." I took several leaves, and strove in vain, to imitate her, and at every failure she laughed, till I gave it up, vexed with myself and her.

"Now," she said, "I have offended you; but never mind, I will teach you the whole secret by-and-by—though I found it out without teaching; but every one has his peculiar talent. I could not carve a 'stawn dog,' for example."

We both laughed at the mimicry of her sister-in-law's pronunciation. By this time we had come up to the mansion. We entered the gateway, and walked several times round the quadrangle. The place was silent—the family that inhabited it being absent. Issuing by the gate again, we returned down the avenue, the full moon before us growing slowly brighter till we reached the lodge, where I bade her good night and departed.

Short as my acquaintance had been, I felt that I loved her deeply, in spite of her bantering; but my pride was strong, and I could not endure the thought of telling her my passion, at the risk of being met by scorn and railleury. I remembered the history of her cousin, which I had heard from the old woman, and I thought that she waited only for an opportunity of treating me with the same derision. I thought she had discovered my pride, and proposed to herself the task of humbling it. But I would not allow her; I would rather keep the secret all my life, or quit the city, if that were necessary, than tell her while she kept her flippant way.—Yet, I hoped that this would change, after a while. When I thought of her beauty, her thoughtful look sometimes when she did not