

CHAPTER X.

"When apple-trees in blossom are,
And cherries of a silken white,
The King-cups deck the meadows fair,
And daffodils in brooks delight;
When golden wall-flowers bloom around,
And purple violets scent the ground,
The lilac 'gins to show her bloom,
We then may say the May is come."

DR. GRAHAM sat in his favorite room in Fern Villa enjoying from the open window the beautiful view before him—the orchards of budding fruit, the great hills of pink and white blossoms, the wealth of verdure, the blooming lilacs whose perfume recalled too vividly one little room, one face shining out like a star in tantalizing allurements.

Indeed Erica had prophesied truly, and if the undertaking of a journey southward was not already a certainty, her father was even now dallying with the temptation to visit New