

them occasional visits, to report as to the state of Mr. Crane's affairs, which were left entirely to his control. His manner to Kate on such occasions was that of a kind and judicious friend, but nothing more. He never made the least allusion to old times; indeed, his avoidance of any approach to topics which might elicit the slightest display of feeling was most marked, yet a close observer might have seen that he noticed Kate's every word and action, especially her behaviour to her husband, with a keenness of scrutiny which allowed nothing to escape it. Of Horace D'Almayne nothing more was known than that he had somehow eluded the search made after him, and got clear away, as it was supposed, to America.

We will now trouble the imagination of our readers to travel with us as far as H—shire, and join a group gathered one fine autumn morning around the hall door at Coverdale Park. The centre of it, and the especial object of interest to the bystanders, was a rough little Shetland pony, on which was mounted a singularly pretty boy, of some, possibly, four years of age, in whose chubby features might be traced a marked resemblance both to Harry and Alice, the former of whom was settling the reins in the child's hand, and giving him directions both how to sit and to manage the pony, while the latter was regarding the young equestrian with looks of mingled anxiety and affection. A sweet little girl, the image of her mother, perhaps a year older than her youthful playfellow, was endeavouring to attract the pony's attention towards a tuft of grass, which she held at a respectful distance from his nose.

"Now, my boy, stick your knees well into the saddle, give him his head, and let us see how you can canter round the sweep," observed Coverdale, who, save that his complexion had assumed a more manly brown than ever, and that his broad shoulders looked broader still, was little altered since we last had to do with him.

"Dear Harry, you will not let him go by himself—suppose he should tumble off!"

Alice, the speaker, whose rounded figure and matronly air only added to her beauty, smiled at her own fears, as, placing his arm round her still taper waist, her husband replied,—

"We are to be frightened about our dear boy now, are we? What a miserable little woman it is, and how she does delight in tormenting herself! Why, you silly child, little Harry has as good a seat as I have. He would be no son of mine if he could not ride by instinct. Hollo! what is the young dog at now? he never can mean to try and leap that ditch, surely!"

And as he spoke Coverdale ran off at the top of his speed, to secure the safety of his self-willed son and heir, who, having cantered round the grass plot, coolly turned his pony's head towards a low haw-haw which separated the garden from the park beyond. Before his father had half crossed the lawn, he slackened the reins, and, giving his pony a cut with the whip, cleared the sunken fence with greater ease than many of his elders with whom we are acquainted could

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