

who was true to her and to all the world. She wished, oh how often, that she had told him all before he had married her. It seemed to her now that it would have been so much easier then. Now, when she thought of doing so, a dread which she could not overcome crept into her heart and kept her silent. How could she endure his contempt? How could she bear to lose his love, his confidence, his respect? She shrank appalled from the prospect. And so the gay winter passed, and the snow melted away from the earth once more, and the river, loosened from its icy fetters, sang the old song as it dashed its green waves against its pebbly banks—the song that Juliet remembered in the springs long ago; and flowers peep out here and there, and grass grew green in the sheltered nooks, and birds sang in the branches of the trees, and everything seemed full of hope and promise; but the secret still lay heavy on Juliet's heart.

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Thurston had procured a situation for Mr. Amhurst. It was the secretaryship in a company which had just been formed, and in which Mr. Thurston was a stockholder to a large amount. The salary was not a very large one, but it looked considerable in the eyes of the family so long accustomed to poverty; and as it was largely supplemented by presents and assistance from Juliet and her husband, it enabled them to live more comfortably than they had done for many years.

"Your marriage has been the turning-point for good to all of us, Juliet," Mr. Amhurst said, gratefully, in conversation with his daughter; and Juliet, knowing that it was so, tried to feel content.

Spring was well advanced now, and the air was so soft and balmy, the green earth and the blue sky and open river so tempting that she spent much of her time out of doors: in the gardens and grounds of her home, or even in the woods and by the river's bank, as she had done when she was a girl. Sometimes Mr. Thurston was with her; but oftener she was quite alone. He was not a man given to romantic rambles,

and he had his walk or drive to town, as it was by courtesy called, every day, and back, and that usually sufficed him. Sometimes Juliet drove him there herself in her pretty pony phaeton, and called for him again when it was time to return. This day, of which I am about to speak, she had been out for hours. Mr. Thurston had told her that business would detain him until evening. So she had wandered away directly after luncheon, partly, as she acknowledged to herself, to escape chance visitors, and partly because it was so delightful out of doors now that the spring was fairly come. It was a distance of two miles from her own home to her father's, and the road lay along the river's bank, open on one side to the broad stretch of the Detroit with its fleet of swiftly sailing vessels, and bounded on the other by the stately poplars of Lombardy and the graceful fringing maples, crimson now with their wealth of bursting foliage; or the deep green woods, or here and there a villa residence standing in the midst of its cultivated grounds. Juliet sauntered idly on, till, finding she had gone farther than she had at first intended, she concluded to proceed the whole distance, and look in upon them at her old home. The sound of voices, seeming to come from the woods by which she was passing, caused her to look in the direction, and as she did so she saw two figures, those of a man and a woman, or a girl, disappearing rapidly into the shade of the trees. Who could they be? she thought. They seemed intent upon escaping observation. She had caught but the merest glimpse of them as they had rapidly retreated into the thicker covert of the woods, apparently startled by her footsteps and anxious to get out of sight. Some lovers, perhaps, and she laughed a little bitterly, remembering how she herself and Mark Ardesley had often walked in the covert of the same green woods; no great distance from her home, and reached from it by a stile over the fence of what had once been the orchard. A few minutes more and she was sitting in the parlor with Mrs. Amhurst and the girls. They had seen her coming and had hastened to receive her, though as Hester had explained, apologizing for herself, she had