

you sit just as well as if you were standing, you know," he said, in the broad, easy-going way which made John Hannington such a favorite with his acquaintance, while the girl accepted the seat with a little nod of thanks and a pleasant smile. "As to Moncrieff—he lost his wife three or four years ago under specially sad circumstances; she was thrown out of a pony cart which he was driving, and killed before his eyes. Then, his only son is weakly—in fact, something of an invalid. He has a young daughter, I believe, but no other child."

"How very sad!" said Miss Raeburn. Her gentle eyes were full of sympathy. "His wife's death must have been a great loss to him."

"Conventionally, yes," answered Mr. Hannington, fingering his black moustache, with a smile. He found Miss Raeburn's simplicity adorable, and thanked fate for sending him on board the steamer from London to Dundee, where he had found her in the charge of a lady with whom he was acquainted. "In real life, you know, the death of a wife does not always leave a man inconsolable. It is rumored that Mr. and Mrs. Moncrieff did not get on very well."

"Oh, then, he is even more unfortunate than I thought," said the young girl, quickly.

"You think I am very hard-hearted because I do not call him so? I understand. To a sweet-natured, loving woman, it must seem strange—the callous way in which we men of the world look at things!" cried John Hannington, with apparent impetuosity. He was really very much on his guard. "To a worldly man like myself, Miss Raeburn, it does not seem that Mr. Moncrieff is anything but a lucky man. He has a fine estate; he has a splendid income and a magnificent house; he has—or may have—all the official County distinctions which he wants; no career is closed to him; and, although he has lost his first wife, whom rumor says that he did not love, he is free and able to marry again, and to marry whom he pleases—which many men are not."

A harsh note was audible in his voice. The girl kept silence. She was still gazing towards the West, where the light was growing faded and dull. It seemed to her, suddenly, that if she listened long to Mr. Hannington's worldly wisdom, life also would fade in brightness as surely as