

"Oh! what shall I do?"

"The only thing you *can* do," the daughter answered unsparingly, "go, and let the lion in."

With a last despairing look, Mrs. Smith disappeared.

When she returned, Henrietta flew from the window, just as she entered, and hastily put on her hat; and gathered up her host of small parcels with which women seem to always travel.

"Henrietta! what are you going to do?"

"Good-bye, mamma! I am going. Miss Briarsford is coming. What have you done with Harry Newman?" All this breathlessly.

"I have sent him up-stairs to her rooms."

't be surprised if you hear a terrible scream and heart-breaking sobs in a little while. If she faints, the smelling salts are just inside that closet."

"Don't be nonsensical, Henrietta. Do you think she is going to fall into a paroxysm of love; propose to him; be rejected, and die of a broken heart, as soon as she sees him?"

The only answer was the closing of the door.

When Alice Briarsford came in, she went directly up-stairs to her front room, and as she opened the door softly, her eyes rested on the form of a young man, who stood upon a chair, while taking down a picture that hung over the mantel shelf. She could distinctly see the profile of his handsome face as it rested close, upturned to the dark wall paper, and she uttered a half-suppressed cry as she recognized him as the unknown man whom she had learned to love.

Harry Newman heard the cry, and it startled him so, that he dropped the picture with a crash. Miss Briarsford saw the chair topple, and with a piercing scream, rushed forward, as man and chair came down on top of the already wrecked picture.

Downstairs, Mrs. Smith heard the scream, and flying in terror to the closet, seized the smelling-salts bottle and dashed up-stairs—it must have been three stairs at a time—she afterward told Henrietta. When she reached the door-way of the room, her face pale with fright, she paused as the scene there presented itself.

There were an over-topp'd chair, the shattered remains of Miss Briarsford's best oil painting, Harry Newman on his knees with the young lady herself insisting upon soaking his forehead with a wet-handkerchief, while the water ran down into his eyes and blinded him.

"What on earth has happened!" the old lady exclaimed.

"Oh! Mrs. Smith!" Alice cried, dabbing vigorously at the young man's forehead, "it was so stupid of me; but I was so—so startled at seeing—a—man in here (dab) when I opened the door (another dab), that I am afraid I startled him by crying out, and he gave his head such a terrible knock on the shelf as he came nown."

"No, no, I beg of you," the young man expostulated, struggling to his feet. "It is nothing serious, I am not hurt—much."

"Good gracious," Mrs. Smith said, dropping into the chair, "it did frighten me so. I brought up the smelling-salts."

The young man could not help smiling, as he wiped the water out of his eyes.

"I don't think I shall need—smelling-salts," he said grimly, and then his tone changed to one of self-rebuke. "The picture, I am afraid it is ruined."

Oh, that is nothing," the young lady exclaimed hastily, "it was only a little piece of my own work; nothing of any importance."

And she gazed with perfect serenity at the great long hole the chair-rail had torn through the centre of the picture that had been the one great pride and treasure of her artistic days.

"You may take it down-stairs, and throw it in the ash-box," she said without a tone of regret.

The young man stopped on the stairs, and taking out his pen-knife, opened out the large blade, and carefully cut the canvas away from the shattered frame, folded it up with almost a reverent touch, and placed it carefully in his breast-pocket.

CHAPTER IV.

When he returned up stairs, Mrs. Smith was helping Miss Briarsford to finish packing her trunk, and Harry Newman stood a moment in the doorway, watching the graceful figure of the young lady as she bent and swayed over her work, with the same earnestness and vigor as she exhibited when dabbing his forehead. He put his hand up doubtfully at this recollection, and caressed the little round discolored lump just above his left eye-brow. Her figure was small and delicately moulded in rounded curves. Her face was not beautiful, but it was pretty, eminently and exquisitely pretty. And he knew that she had brown eyes, soft, and deep, and tender; and he knew that she had a heart warm and impulsive, and, more than all, he knew that she loved him. Ah! if she was only rich! He even thought that if even one-half of her prettiness was taken away, if her eyes were grey instead of brown, and her hair was red instead of dark, with that same warm heart and a hundred thousand dollars, he would be satisfied.

She turned around suddenly, and saw him leaning against the doorpost, with his hand to his forehead.

"You have really hurt yourself very much," she said.

"No, no," he replied quickly, "I was only waiting for you to show me what things are to be got ready."

"There is not much," she said. "These two trunks, and those two easy chairs, that rocker, and that other chair over in the corner, my easel, and one or two boxes in the back room, and—oh! my two pictures hanging up there. Here, I'll hold the chair while you get them down."

Harry Newman had to smile at the situation, as he mounted the chair. It seemed so funny. Here he was, hired like any ordinary odd-jobs man to do a job, and she was treating him more like a friend, a brother, a husband, or a lover.

After he had taken down the pictures, and gathered the other things together handily, he was about to shoulder the largest trunk, when he suddenly remembered that Mrs. Smith had never told him where the young lady was going to remove to.

"Where have they got to go to, Mrs. Smith?" he asked.

"Why! don't you know, Harry? Miss Briarsford has rented the top floor in your mother's house. This is Mrs. Newman's son, Miss Briarsford."

Miss Briarsford looked surprised, and bowed silently. The young man bowed stiffly, and a hot flush mounted his face, as he turned quickly, and lifted the trunk to his shoulder.

As he went down the stairs, he wondered if she had done this purposely; if she had found out where he had lived, and had engaged his mother's top floor with an object in view. Then he remembered the look of surprise that had come into those honest brown eyes, so deep, and so soft, and so tender; and his disengaged hand was laid softly on the pocket that held that piece of folded canvas.

(To be continued.)