

AMOS JUDD

in a lofty mirror that filled the space from floor to cornice, marched her own reflection. She stopped, and regarded it. With her white dress and the moonlight upon her head and shoulders, it was a striking figure and recalled the night, a year ago, when she stood at the window of her chamber, and tried in vain to discover why such a vision should have startled Mr. Amos Judd. Mr. Amos Judd! How she hated him that night! Hated him! the dear, lovely, old, perfect Amos! She smiled, and beat time with a foot, humming a fragment of that bewitching waltz. And the crescent that he had asked her not to wear again, flashed back at her from the mirror. She would remove it now, upon the instant, and never more, not even to-night, should the dear boy be troubled by it. As her fingers touched the jewels she saw something in the mirror that sent the blood from her heart, and caused the hand to drop convulsively to her breast. Behind her,