

of her tearful paroxysm was only deferred till after her departure. Eva found her pretty jennet impatiently pawing the earth, and Augustus soothingly patted the restless animal, calling it by name. She instantly raised her ears, joyfully arching her neck, and betraying in every possible manner that she recognized him. The circumstance seemed to awaken some deeply painful thought or reminiscence in the young man's breast, and he hurriedly turned away. Lightly raising his sister into the vehicle, he affectionately kissed her, and then re-entered the house. He did not wait, as on a former occasion, to wave her a joyous farewell, to watch her till she was out of sight, and Eva acknowledged to herself, with a long drawn sigh, "that there were ample grounds for fear on the score of her brother's domestic happiness."

CHAPTER XXI.

EMBOLDENED by the success which had attended her two first attempts, Eva soon set out again to visit her friends. Her young sister-in-law's delight on seeing her, was unbounded, and the eagerness with which she assisted in divesting her of her carriage attire, the warm, though deferential hospitality with which she pressed fruits and refreshments upon her, proved not only her lively sense of the dignity conferred upon her, but also the sincere affection she had already contracted towards her high-born, though gentle relative.

"How eagerly I have counted every day, since your last visit, dear Miss Huntingdon!" she exclaimed, as she took her place beside the latter on the humble little sofa. "The time has seemed so long and wearisome; but to-day, I had a presentiment that you would come, and in the anticipation of that happy event, I almost forgot my other little troubles."

Eva smilingly thanked her for the kind assurance, at the same time inquiring for her brother.

Mrs. Huntingdon's brow instantly clouded, and in a tone of ill-dissembled peevishness, she rejoined:

"Indeed, it would be difficult to say where he is. He went out before breakfast and has never returned since."

"Before breakfast!" was the wondering reply, "Why he must have been greatly hurried."

The young wife deeply coloured and hesitatingly replied:

"It was not exactly that." She had simply ventured on a few remonstrances concerning her limited amount of pin-money, intimating that she wanted an immediate supply. Mr. Huntingdon

had retorted in a most provoking and unbecoming manner, and after cruelly reproaching her, left the house, saying, "he would seek elsewhere the comfort denied him at home."

Eva suspecting her sister-in-law's version of the affair was not strictly impartial, gently hinted at the necessity of displaying patience for the failings of others who frequently suffered as much from our imperfections as we did from theirs. Mrs. Huntingdon, however, was strong in her own ideal excellence, and she insisted so ingeniously, yet respectfully, on her husband's provocations, and her own trials and inexhaustible patience, that her guest at length yielded the point and directed the conversation into another channel.

The long shadows of sunset were stealing through the little apartment, brightening its simple furniture and modest adornments, when Augustus Huntingdon returned to his home. As the sound of his rapid footsteps grated on the gravel walk leading up to the cottage, the brow of his young wife, which a moment previous had been radiant with smiles, became instantly overcast by a look of sullen peevishness. Strangely opposed was the quiet seriousness of manner with which he entered the drawing-room, to his usual turbulent gaiety; and after briefly but affectionately saluting his sister, he turned to her companion, and enquired "if dinner were over yet."

Her eyes studiously fixed in another direction, Mrs. Huntingdon replied in the affirmative.

The young man looked at her a moment, evidently expecting her to rise, but she made no movement, and he then approached an inner door and called loudly to the servant. The summons was unanswered, (the latter probably being absent,) and Mrs. Huntingdon feeling herself more imperatively called upon, rose, and soon placed before her husband, a meal, which, despite the sullenness with which it was served, was yet choice and delicate enough. Notwithstanding that, however, and his own seeming hungry impatience, he ate but little, and after a few moments, pushed away his chair and flung himself on the sofa.

His sister involuntarily sympathizing with the wearied sadness his handsome features so plainly expressed, kindly exclaimed:

"You look fatigued, Augustus dear."

"Yes, Eva, wearied both in body and mind."

"I am sure I do not know what he has done to weary himself so much," interrupted his wife sarcastically. "Snipe-shooting and fishing, are generally regarded as pastimes."

"But how do you know, Carry, that I have been engaged in either?" asked the young man with an