

Everybody knows what goes into a pudding, so everybody knows what goes into a serenade—a star and a guitar, light and night, eyes and skies, love and dove, and so on.”

“Very well, we’ll see.”

“Yes, the future is the best exponent of present mysteries.”

“But, my dear Henry, I forgot to tell you that it was an English composition, not French.”

“Was it?”

“Yes, to be sure; and that shows there’s something.”

This last piece of intelligence convinced the doctor that his wife’s conjectures were not groundless.

They had now returned, and found Mary in the place where we last saw her.

Ten o’clock came, but brought no music. Alike anxious for the coming of the non-arrived, no member of the party had time to take particular notice of the silence which they involuntarily held. At last Henry, beginning to wax somewhat warm of the occasion, threw up the windows, and to all appearance prepared himself for the expected treat. Occasional remarks; few and far between, were all that broke the monotony of the hour. ’Twas eleven. And such a night! Oh who, with music in his soul, and love inspiring the strain, would neglect that golden opportunity? No note was heard. How often did Mary’s heart that evening whisper within itself these wizard words:

“That strain again! It had a dying fall—

Oh, it came o’er my ear like the sweet south

That breathes upon a bank of violets,

Stealing and giving odor.”

’Twas vain; no minstrel came. Nor did he come that night, nor the next, nor yet the next, nay, nor that week.

Henry, having been cheated into a belief in the mystery,