

you were to write it. Now look at this."

And Maud went over to her writing-desk, and wrote the name "Carrol" several times.

"There certainly is a resemblance, as you say," remarked Mrs. Lovell, as she looked at the writing, which was in the most pronounced angular "lady's hand." "There really is quite a resemblance," she repeated, "though the words are so unlike. But then, you know, Maudie dear, you say you wrote 'My dear Mr. Carrol'; would n't it seem a little odd to him to read 'My dear Mr. Count'?"

"O, he would have no trouble about that," said Maud, mournfully. "He might, in the first place, attribute it to my ignorance of the proper style of addressing him, or, what is still more likely, he would probably take the 'Mr.' as a plain 'M,' and would read it, 'My dear M. Count,' which would n't seem to him so very much out of the way, you know. See here."

And Maud, taking up a sheet of note-paper, wrote the words, "My dear Mr. Carrol." Mrs. Lovell looked at it thoughtfully for some time.

"There's a great deal in what you say, Maudie," said she. "I confess that you may really read those words as 'My dear M. Count,' or even, 'My dear M. le Count.' In fact, I think you could even turn it into 'My cher M. le Count'; and if a pressure were put on one, I would not say that one could not read it as 'Mon cher M. le Count.' In fact, I dare say he reads it that way himself."

Maud sighed heavily, threw down the pen, and retreated to a chair, where she rested her head on her hands, and sat looking gloomily at the floor.

III.

REJECTED ADDRESSES.

AT the very time when the two ladies were carrying on the foregoing conversation, one of the subjects of

that conversation was in his room engaged in the important task of packing a trunk. Mr. Seth Grimes was a very large man. He was something over six feet in height; he was broad-shouldered, deep-chested, well-knit, muscular, and sinewy; he had a large face, with small, keen gray eyes, short beard, mustache, and shingled hair. About his face there was an expression of *bonhomie* mingled with resolution, to which on the present occasion there was superadded one of depression. The packing of his trunk, however, appeared at the present time to engross all his thoughts, and at this he worked diligently, until at length he was roused by a knock at the door. He started up to his feet, and at his invitation to come in a young man entered.

"Hallo, Carrol!" said Grimes, "I'm glad to see you, by jingo! You're the very fellow I wanted. It's a thunder-in' piece of good luck that you dropped in just now, too. If you'd come half an hour later I'd been off."

Carrol was a good-looking young fellow enough, with a frank, bold face and well-knit frame. But his frank, bold face was somewhat pale and troubled, and there was an unsettled look in his eyes, and a cloud over his brow. He listened with a dull interest to Grimes's remark, and then said, "Off? What do you mean?"

"Off from this village for good and all."

"Off? What, from Montreal? Why, where are you going?"

"Around the globe," said Grimes, solemnly.

"I don't understand you."

"Wal, I'm packin' up just now with the intention of startin' from this village, crossin' the plains in a bee-line for Californy, then pursuin' my windin' way per steamer over the briny deep to China, and thence onward and ever onward, as long as life pervades this mortal frame. I'm off, sir, and for good. Farewell forever, friend of my soul. Think of me at odd times and drop a tear over my untimely end."

"Hang me if I understand a single