

man. His conversation with Emily was carried on in an earnest though subdued tone,—while she appeared to listen with deep interest, for it was not until they approached very near that Emily, lifting up her eyes, observed him. The crimson blood mounted to her cheeks as she met his earnest though, as she fancied, slightly reproachful glance,—but, coldly returning her graceful bow, he rode rapidly by. For a few moments Charles seemed determined, by the rapidity with which he urged his courser, to disconcert thought,—but he checked it at length and proceeded more slowly, musing on what he had just beheld. “Who can he be?” was the inquiry, respecting Emily’s companion, with which he tortured his brain. “She has no relatives in the city,—and very few acquaintances. He looks like a stranger,—and is, probably, a person from her native village, perhaps brought up together in the same place and—But why pursue those reflections further? What matters it to me?” Ah, but Charles Percy it does matter a great deal to you, for attempt as philosophic an air as you like, it is but a flimsy disguise after all and cannot conceal the real state of your feelings. All potent love, that laughs at the fancied power of the strongest to resist his influence, no doubt, secretly exults over his unsuspecting victim. A true knowledge of our hearts can only be acquired by deep and often painful experience,—and sometimes there lurk feelings within which only await circumstances fully to develope. This was now the case with Charles. He had lulled himself into the belief that he was merely doing Miss Linwood justice in admiring and esteeming her,—but happy man, forgot that he was treading on dangerous ground,—and was only awakened from his fancied security by experiencing a sensation more akin to jealousy than he had ever before known. But suddenly, and most unexpectedly, a stop was put to his meditations. A boy, with a red cap on his head, was rolling a wheelbarrow of stones from the grounds adjoining a dwelling, and emptying them a little beyond the pavement, returned for another load, intending to carry them away together. Charles Percy’s spirited horse, startled, perhaps, at the colour of the cap, gave a sudden spring aside, and threw its rider, who was carelessly holding the reins, with violence

from his seat. His foot, catching in the stirrup, he was dragged a short distance,—but the strap, fortunately, breaking, he was left senseless on the pavement, while the horse galloped rapidly away. There was no person passing at the time,—but the accident had been observed by a lady, who occupied a large and handsome dwelling facing the street. Mrs. Mayo, for she it was, instantaneously saw that this was “a tide in her affairs,” which “if taken at the flood,” might lead if not to “fortune,” at least to the execution of her plans as regards Emily, and, with the rapidity of thought, ordered her servants to carry him into her dwelling.—To prepare a room for his reception, and to summon a physician, was the work of a few moments,—and Charles Percy awoke, from a state of insensibility, to find himself in an apartment in Mrs. Mayo’s dwelling. Scarcely conscious of anything but excessive pain, he was, however, enabled to inquire of the physician, who stood by his bed-side anxiously watching his patient, the nature and extent of the accident.

“I regret to say that your leg is badly fractured,” was the reply, “but I trust by patience and attention you will soon recover.”

“But cannot I be removed?”

“Not on any account.” “Mrs. Mayo wished me to inform you that she will feel only too happy to accommodate you in any way.”

“She is very kind,” was the reply, uttered in a faint tone of voice, for the exertion of speaking overcame him and, exhausted, his head fell back on the pillow.

“Remember, perfect silence must be maintained,” was the Physician’s injunction to the nurse, who had just entered the apartment, “and on no account, for some time at least, allow any person to enter his room except Mrs. Mayo.”

But while the strong man has become almost helpless as a child under the weight of excessive pain, let us turn, for a few moments, to Emily Linwood.

“Who is that gentleman to whom you bowed just now?” inquired Mr. Derwent, a cousin of Emily’s now on a visit to the city, and the young man who had attracted Charles Percy’s attention.

“It is Mr. Percy, a resident of this city,” Emily replied, with a slight hesitation in her