

"Well what did happen?"

"Well, I just talked, without any thought of anything else,—the night, the road or the horse."

"Oh! yes; you made yourself out a wretch, hoped she would forgive you, etc. Just like you. I tell you, Doc, you are far too good for the finest woman I ever met."

"Not for Helen" he said soberly, as he came over and took his old position with his hands on my shoulders.

"And that was all of it" I growled out.

"No, not quite, I—"

He rocked to and fro sideways, but said nothing.

"I suppose the rest is too holy for my profane ears?"

"For yours—or any one else's in the whole wide world, although you know what you are to me, Cambell.

"I am going home" I said abruptly. "Will you come?" But he said:

"Not yet:" so I left him there with the shadows and the fire light to talk to him.

"THE TRAITOR."

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

BY EMILY WEAVER.

Author of "My Lady Nell," "The Rabbi's Sons," etc., "Now, Mother shall I do"?

Sybil Vernon was standing in the dark oaken doorway. The light from the lamp, which she held high in her right hand, fell full upon her slight graceful figure, and sparkled on the diamonds round her neck and in her hair. A long-waisted dress of pink brocade, a satin petticoat of white and silver, high-heeled, white satin shoes, lace ruffles, and the jewels a ready mentioned—such was the dress of which its wearer so gaily challenged criticism as she stood there in the doorway with her head half turned away to display the wonderful arrangement of towering plumes and powdered locks, while her mischievous dark eyes flashed sidelong glances at her mother, who sat regarding her half proudly and half (as it might seem) in nervous apprehension.

"Well, mother," she repeated, setting her lamp upon a table, and coming forward with a sweeping courtesy that admirably exhibited her perfect management of her long train, "how do you like it all?"

"You look splendid, Syb! I shall be proud to have the honor of escorting you!" exclaimed a boyish voice, as its owner came forward with a bow that matched the courtesy in its quaint burlesque of stateliness.

"I did not see you, Dick! I am glad

that you are ready!" said Sybil, looking at him approvingly. He was a handsome lad of seventeen or eighteen and was very fashionably attired in a long velvet coat and small clothes, lace ruffles, silk stockings and shoes with silver buckles. He wore his hair in a queue and powdered like his sister's.

"Your dress is becoming, Sybil," said her mother at length," but I wish you would not go! It makes me very unhappy I am afraid some misfortune may happen to you!"

Sybil's face clouded, and she stamped her foot impatiently on the floor. "Mother! mother!" she exclaimed, "I am tired of staying at home. I am tired of living in this tedious fashion. I want to see something more. It was all very well when we were poor, but now—I cannot bear it, mother. What is the use of having money if I must live shut up like a prisoner in this dull place?"

"Now, mother dear!" said Dick kissing her, "do not fear. Trust Sybil to me. I will bring her home safely!"

"It is so far!" urged Mrs. Warren. "Sybil, my dear child! I know it is not safe! You may be robbed, murdered! Mrs. Lane ought not to have asked you!"

Sybil flung back her head proudly, "She thinks, mother, that I ought to go out now!"