

lène, shyly, disappearing through the door, blushing prettily.

Thus was the wooing begun: it lasted for many days; it had all the freshness, and poetry, and brightness of "life's early morning." Hélène was sweet and frank, but shy and somewhat uncertain. Eric found much difficulty in winning a confession of love from her. She had a certain girlish pride, and, with all her pretty *naïveté*, was not easily won. But this very reserve pleased Eric; her maidenly dignity charmed him; each day he found some new grace in her, and a fresh impetus to his task of winning the proud little heart. When she did yield it to him, it was graciously and sweetly, as became a high-born damsel, the last of a noble line. She plighted her troth to him in the Haunted Tower. It was an exquisite afternoon; the room was filled with the shadows of the creeping plants, the growth of centuries, upon those walls, within which many a bride had been wooed and won. The trees, in their beautiful autumn garments, waved and nodded friendly greetings through the loop-holes of the tower to the youthful pair. Hélène was glad that her faith should be plighted where, according to an old tradition, many maidens of her race had plighted