

To Eva's enquiries, she rejoined "that Lord Huntingdon lived in the Hall about a mile and a half distant."

"Not him," was the quick interruption, "his son, the Honorable Mr. Huntingdon."

The woman had never heard of such a person; but then, as she apologetically added, "she was a comparative stranger in the place, having only lately arrived from the distant parish in which she had been brought up."

"Oh! surely, this universal ignorance, this utter oblivion is not without its meaning!" thought Eva, as wearied, sick at heart, she turned again towards the Hall, convinced that further search was almost useless and that if her brother and his young wife were still living, they must at least have left the country long previous.

"And yet," she murmured, as an elegant mansion, whose clustered turrets shewed to singular advantage through the groups of noble trees surrounding it, came in view; "And, yet will I make one more effort. I have asked of the poor—now, will I turn to the rich. Alas, alas! I fear 'tis all unavailing."

Hurriedly she passed up the stately avenue, noting not the marble statues gleaming through the trees, nor the sparkling fountains that threw up their showers of diamonds at her feet. Hers was a purpose that absorbed every thought and feeling of her soul and yet she repented of her hardihood as she approached the mansion, for a young and elegant looking man was standing in the portico with his back to the entrance. How could she expose her pale, agitated face to his curious, perhaps, mocking scrutiny—how enquire for a person that might have been dead or at least absent from the country for years? Yielding to her natural, shrinking diffidence, now increased tenfold by her nervous depression of spirits, she hastily turned, hoping to reach the end of the avenue ere he moved from his position. She was disappointed however, for almost immediately the sound of quick, light foot-steps, resounded on the gravel walk behind her and the young stranger was at her side.

Confused and annoyed, she hurried on, he still keeping pace with her and endeavoring all the while to obtain a glimpse of her face which was studiously averted from him. Suddenly the exclamation of:

"Good Heavens! 'tis, indeed her! Eva! my darling Eva!" caused her to wildly spring round. The next moment she was clasped in her brother's arms. With a faint cry of joy her head fell forward upon his bosom, and for a time she was insensible to the tender words and caresses he

lavished upon her. When restored to consciousness, she was still supported by Augustus who was kneeling on the ground beside the fountain, and looking down upon her with an expression of intense anxiety such as had never softened his handsome countenance before.

"Eva, darling! are you better?" he whispered, in tones strangely unlike the clear, careless accents of old.

"Yes, oh! quite well," was the girl's happy, smiling reply, and she quickly rose to her feet, but her brother's arm still encircled her waist and still his dark, varying eyes rested on her face with the same sweet, softened light. Alas! he was tracing with aching heart, the alteration time had wrought in his gentle sister; but trembling lest she should divine his thoughts, should learn, at least from him, the changed thing she had become, he cheerfully exclaimed in reply to her anxious enquiries concerning his wife:

She is quite well, my own Eva, but totally unconscious of the happy, thrice happy surprise in store for her. Oh! I can scarcely realize it myself! and again he passionately strained his companion to his heart. Fearing, however, he was adding too much to her agitation which already was sufficiently great, he led her on to talk of calmer and more indifferent subjects. Arrived at the portico, instead of entering, he turned to an apartment whose windows opened on the lawn.

"I wish you to see Carry before we enter, Eva," he smilingly exclaimed, "Look in."

His sister did so. The apartment was elegantly furnished. Books, pictures, engravings and all the accessories of the morning room of a refined and intellectual woman were scattered profusely around, but Eva's whole attention was rivetted by a lady who was reading on a couch at the other end of the chamber. In that elegantly attired, graceful looking creature, yet combining all the fresh delicacy of girlhood with the gentle dignity of the woman, she could scarcely recognize the silly, giddy looking Mrs. Huntingdon of olden days. Her countenance radiant with delighted surprise, she turned to her companion whispering;

"Is that indeed Carry?"

"Yes, Carry, such as you made her," was the affectionate reply, "but we must not keep her any longer from your embraces. Step into this other room, Eva dear, and I will tell her that a lady wishes to see her. The surprise will be a joyful one."

Eva obeyed, and the next moment her sister-in-law, with a dignified, graceful step, entered. She started as her eyes encountered those of the