

said Mrs. Elliott, angrily; "fortune-hunter though he is, undoubtedly."

"There, mamma, I am sorry I have vexed you; I promise I will not say another word against my future father-in-law. Where are those trifling gifts of which Mr. Delancy speaks in his letter. I am anxious to see what his tastes are when selecting gifts for ladies."

"There is a box on the back stoop which has just arrived, and if one is to judge by the size, his presents cannot be trifling ones. You had better call William and have it opened."

"How lovely!" exclaimed Adelaide, rapturously, as the pictures were exposed to view, the upper one with a card attached bearing the inscription, "For Miss Elliott, with best wishes for her future happiness, from her friend, Harold Delancy."

"Let William carry it into the house for you, my child," said her mother, as she watched her daughter's efforts to remove the heavy painting from the packing-case. But the girl imperiously waved him aside. She would allow no sacrilegious hand to touch her lover's parting gift. She carried it to her own room, where, with tear dimmed eyes, she gazed long and earnestly at the only souvenir she possessed of the man who had won her young heart's love, only to desert her. What had changed him so? she