

PRUDENCE

(Continued.)

X.

Miss Armory certainly contrived to make things very simple for Jonas the next day. When he arrived at Cornwall Street, the butler solemnly showed him up into the same little room which he had visited before; but instead of Helena idling over rich embroideries, Prudence was seated near the fire, motionless, but with eagerly dilated vision.

It is evident that Jonas had arrived there with no thought of Miss Armory, beyond the general consciousness of her beneficent genius, yet almost involuntarily these rose to his mind's picture of her effective figure on that previous occasion. Perhaps he had not appreciated the impression she created upon him; perhaps it was that Prudence, moving to the window among the aesthetic luxuries of the boudoir, seemed to bear about her a favour of Pompadour that nothing could subvert.

In either case, the young man felt, as he came in, a sensation of disturbed pre-conceptions. He wished for a moment that he had seen Prudence in Guildford Street. There, at least, nothing confused his ideas.

Prudence stood still like a frightened child, and when she gave Jonas her hand, it was with a look as if she expected a rebuke.

"Prudence," he said, "was looking to take her in his arms, and had he in his strong embrace the first—but such as would embrace her what a little shelter might be—"Prudence," he exclaimed, "oh, my darling!"

The girl was trembling visibly. She still stood silently regarding him with a timid, beautiful gaze.

"What is it, dear?" said Jonas. "Don't you know I ought to have come two months ago! The time I agreed to wait was up; but I thought it best first to let you see this—this life here."

"Yes, yes," said Prudence, still fixedly regarding him. "I know—yes, that is just it, Jonas dear," she added, tenderly.

facing the girl—"Prudence, tell me one thing on your honor; has there ever been an hour or a day in which you have truly loved me?" Prudence looked at him through a mist of tears.

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He had seen the joyfulness of life, and all that remained was to be in it, watching it during the gathering hours of the night, until heaven opened and told him where he had been, and where he was to go.

Prudence paused. She searched furiously the recesses of her genius, as at heart, the background of gliding years against which this scene rose, her first genuine moments of perplexity or analysis.

But for one brief, happy summer, a few months ago, but for this fever of the world's praise to-day, she might have answered differently. As it was—"Jonas," she said, "I don't think I truly ever did."

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trunks of color represented the same thing that I saw, in faint splendors, in mystical wonderful harmonies, illumined by a western wind, faintly flooding palpitating, dusky, misted, and I remained silent while he talked, and I thought of you.

For a man cleverly and analytically as you are, not to understand that you are always in it or make people what you would have them? Don't you know that you imagine people must be what you think them? I don't think you do.

Prudence paused. She searched furiously the recesses of her genius, as at heart, the background of gliding years against which this scene rose, her first genuine moments of perplexity or analysis.

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General Business. TIME TABLES. Steamers Andover & New Era. 1882. Stmr. "Andover." Captain, Wm. Beattie, Purser, Jas. A. Rundle.

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