

it caught in a thorny rose-vine, and held me like a fetter.

Doctor Thorne leaned forward and disengaged it, but so awkwardly that some of my coils got loose and rolled upon his hand.

I began to fasten them up again, but he restrained me.

"Stop!" he entreated. "Stop one moment, Miss Hetherstone. Once, long ago—in sleep—I saw this very picture—this garden—you, sitting here in the moonlight, with loose hair, and that flower on your breast. My father was a Scotchman, and he used to claim that there was in the family the gift of second sight. It assumed, in my case, the modified form of a dream."

I looked at him with surprise.

"You are as mysterious as a sensation novel," I laughed.

"Not at all," he answered, with earnestness. "I simply state a fact. The vision became indelibly photographed on my memory. Even then I knew that it was not of the stuff that ordinary dreams are made of."

"Are you sure I am the person you saw?"

"Positively."

"Very odd! Why should you dream of me?"

"I know not. This is a part of the matter I cannot explain. It was a few days after the death of a relative—my wife, in fact—and I was weary of life."

"Weary of life!" I repeated, on purpose to draw him out. "That is a strong expression. You must have loved her very much."

He was silent for a moment. Then his voice took an indescribably bitter tone.

"You come too quickly to conclusions. It was my own plans and ambitions for which I mourned—a legion of them, lost and wasted."

"Ah, indeed!" I murmured under my breath.

"That admission represents me in a new light, does it not? I fear that few men are unselfish enough by nature to assume the part of a hero and play it successfully to the end."

I dared not say more. Sydney and Louise came back up the walk, and we returned to the parlour.

Doctor Thorne bade me good night in a constrained voice, and took his departure.

The days that followed—oh, they are written, one and all, upon my memory in letters of fire. I had never been so fiercely and thoroughly alive in my life. I gloried in my own youth and beauty as never before. A feverish happiness took possession of me. I hardly knew myself. This visit to Louise promised to become a rare event in my history.

"Kate, Kate," expostulated Mrs. Sydney, "I wish you would leave off flirting with Doctor Thorne, or, at least, tell him of your engagement. It is dangerous to play with edged tools."

"So I have heard before," laughed I; and I pursued the tenour of my way.

One memorable afternoon in winter, when the trees were leafless and bare, I walked alone to the post-office—by this time all the ways of the neighbourhood had become familiar to me—and took from thence two letters, one from Aunt Jude, the other from Colonel Van Hausen.

"Your trousseau is really superb," wrote my relative. "I have spared neither pains nor expense. It is very ungrateful in you to be absent yourself just at this time, and especially with a disgraced and discarded member of the family. Bear in mind I have made great sacrifices to secure a good match for you, and that I expect you to compensate me fully for the same when once you are established in life."

From my lover's letter, full of painfully sweet things, I select the following passage:—

"My darling, I enclose you a portrait of my daughter. Perhaps it may interest you, for she was very dear to me. She died young, and the man she married—poor infatuated Julia—flung her large fortune quite away—ingrate that he was! His very name is detestable to me."

I had strolled out, the day being particularly fine for the time of year, and was resting myself, when I read these letters.

From Colonel Van Hausen's envelope a coloured photograph dropped into my lap. It represented a plain, sickly girl, in rich attire, her eyes hollow and sad, a conventional smile on her dubious mouth. And this was Doctor Thorne's wife. Poor thing! In truth, she had been no beauty.

I sat quite still, thinking. All was as solemn and silent as the grave. The afternoon was fast waning, and the light fell low and red and level among the trees.

Suddenly I looked up, and saw a man advancing towards me along the little foot-path—Doctor Thorne.

"What! are you lost again?" he said, lightly, stopping beside my mossy seat.

"Yes," I answered, thinking of my increasing troubles. "That is, no, certainly not."

He smiled.

"Lost in doubt, then, or something as misty—I see it in your face. Allow me."

He sat down beside me, and tossed off his hat with the eager air of a boy.

"Don't let me keep you from your patients," I stammered.

"Forbear to mention them. It is impossible for me to go on—now," he answered, pointedly.

The sun sank lower in the west.

I knew that I ought to rise and pursue my homeward walk, but I could not stir. A soft dusk crept over the scene.

From out of the gathering shadow Doctor Thorne's gray eyes gleamed on me, in a strange, fixed way. I wished he would not sit there and look at me in that manner.

Darker the place grew and darker.

A spell seemed to have fallen on us both. Presently, two gray birds flitted low through an opening, and alighted on a branch over my head, piercing the air with a short, keen cry.

I gave an involuntary start, and stretched up my hand towards Doctor Thorne, and then—I do not know how it happened—his arms were around me, his face to mine—his lips to mine—he kissed me once, quickly and wildly.

I tore myself free.

"How dare you?" I cried. "Leave me this moment! I thought you were a gentleman!"

The blood rushed into his face.

"Forgive me!" he groaned. "I love you, Kate. To me, as to other men, the hour has come at last, and the woman."

The solid earth seemed reeling under my feet. I struggled to make a stand against the whirl and riot of my own heart.

"Doctor Thorne, I am surprised at you!" Yes, I actually said that. "Let go my hand! You must be beside yourself!"

Colonel Van Hausen's letter slipped from my lap into the path, and the coloured photograph with it.

He stopped and picked them up. I saw him start back at sight of the picture.

"Miss Hetherstone," he cried, "this is the portrait of my wife!"

"Yes," I answered; and no effort of mine could keep my voice from trembling; "it was sent to me by her father."

"Indeed! I was not aware that you knew Colonel Van Hausen."

The inevitable moment had come. It was best to be as brief as possible.

"He is my betrothed husband. Our marriage will take place some time within the coming month."

I did not, could not look at him, but I knew that his face was like ashes.

"You are surely jesting!" he cried. "I cannot believe it!"

"You must, for it is true," I answered. "See, this is his ring." And I took the diamond from my pocket-book and slipped it back upon my finger.

"Do you mean to say," he exclaimed in a strangely altered voice, full of stern accusation, "that you were engaged to that man when you came to this place?"

"Why did you not tell me? Why did you bring me to this pass? Why did you lure me on to love you? He is my deadly foe. Was it at his instigation?"

"You know better!" I cried out, indignantly.

"Then to your woman's vanity alone I owe this moment. You have sacrificed me to an idle pastime, Miss Hetherstone. I have told you that I love you. Now I can only add, *I despise you!* Farewell!"

And without another word, he turned from me there, in the gathering night, and walked away.

Well, I had deserved it, surely. If there is any consolation in knowing that one's punishment is just, then I was consoled.

I went back to the villa, and sat all night at my window counting the stars. In the morning I packed up my trunks, and returned, as fast as steam could carry me, to Aunt Jude.

She thought my sudden appearance was the result of her letter. I did not deceive her.

"Come and see your trousseau," she said, "ungrateful girl! I could not have done better by a daughter of my own."

I inspected all the purple and fine linen with becoming admiration.

"A fortnight from this day you will be married," proclaimed Aunt Jude.

As we sat together in the shabby-genteel drawing-room that night, the front-door bell rang, and Colonel Van Hausen came in.

I shook hands with him, deftly evading an embrace. I saw, as I had never seen before, that my betrothed husband was an old man, bald, obese, with a leaden-hued face and a pompous manner.

"How pale you are!" he said to me. "I fear your visit was not—"

"On the contrary," I interrupted quickly, "I found it everything which I could desire."

And then, as Aunt Jude was about to leave us together, I cried out, "Don't go, Aunt Jude; I have something to say to Colonel Van Hausen which I wish you to hear."

She stopped, with her hand on the door-knob. I gave one look at her, and another at my lover, and then drew the ring slowly off my finger.

"I have made a great mistake, Colonel Van Hausen," I said. "I cannot marry you—take your ring."

He stared, as if he thought I had gone mad. So, also, did Aunt Jude.

"The world has all changed to me since I last saw you," I went on. "I now perceive that such a marriage as we contemplated is simply monstrous! Good night, Colonel Van Hausen, and—good-bye!"

He was a man, elderly and philosophic. He pocketed his ring and departed. Aunt Jude was a woman, furious and pitiless, who had spent her money and wasted her hopes on a vain cause. She opened her doors, and turned me into the street.

Louise wrote at once, urging me to return to the villa. She mentioned, incidentally, that Dr. Thorne had left the place—gone, whither no one knew. Did I accept the refuge thus offered? No. That which I had sown I meant to reap.

In a secluded and somewhat decayed part of Lambeth I found a situation as companion to an

old widowed gentlewoman, Mrs. Morrison by name. She lived in a musty house, shut in a sunless street, with one cross servant, as decrepit as herself. She received no visitors. She seemed to have no relatives, though once I heard her allude to a son who was abroad.

The place was no sinecure. Mrs. Morrison was very deaf and very testy. Nevertheless she was not unkind to me; and I suppose there was really no good reason why life at this time should have seemed as dreary as death.

Yet so it was.

Two years passed. Time makes no delays, I notice, for joy or sorrow. One incident alone broke the monotony of my dull existence.

I was hurrying along a thoroughfare one day, bent on some errand for Mrs. Morrison, when I found the way suddenly impeded by a crowd, gathered around the entrance of a fashionable church.

Through its open door a bridal party was just coming out. Touched by a momentary curiosity, I flung back my shabby veil.

Could I believe my own eyes? Who was that fat bridegroom, with his bald head and pompous air? Who that thin, elderly bride, with pinched nose, and yards upon yards of glittering raiment? Colonel Van Hausen, and—yes, Aunt Jude.

Motionless with amazement, I stood and saw them enter their carriage, and roll away from the church.

"Take my best wishes with you," I muttered. And then lowered my veil, and went on, half-laughing, half-crying behind it.

After that the weeks and months dragged by in dull, unvarying routine.

My sole pastime was the reading religious books to Mrs. Morrison and such papers as her son sent from abroad. My poor throat used to burn and ache in my efforts to pierce her deaf ears, and my voice to sound as cracked and wheezy as a centenarian's. And then the house! How I hated its sunless silence, upon which nothing ever intruded more cheerfully than the pit-pat of the cross servant as she stole, like a ghost, in and out of the mildewed rooms!

"I shall break a blood-vessel some time," I said to myself, "and die here, and that will be the end of it all."

In the third year of my bondage, I was pinning on Mrs. Morrison's false front one morning when she made the following announcement:—

"My son is coming home from abroad, Miss Hetherstone. He writes that I may expect him at any time."

"Indeed!" I answered, listlessly, for what did I care about her son?

"I want you to see that Martha puts the best chamber to rights. She's growing old—sixty last Easter. You must look after her."

"Very well," said I: and we made the whole house ready, but the wanderer was in no haste, it seemed.

He did not come.

In the autumn of the year my twenty-first birthday crept on me with sad and sombre countenance. Nobody knew of its arrival but myself. Who was there in the wide world whom it could concern? Nevertheless, I donned my best gown—a shabby affair enough—and coiled up my black braids with unusual care. Dubious as life seemed, the leaven of youth stirred in it still.

"My dear," said Mrs. Morrison, "you look pale to-day—quite ghostly, in fact. I hope you are not going to be ill. I will give you the afternoon. Go out and take the air."

I went, thankful for the only birthday-gift which I was likely to receive. I wandered about the streets till dark, and then returned to the house, bearing in my arms a pot of tea-roses, and another of English violets which I had seen at a flower-store, and, in spite of my slender purse, could not pass by.

I found the hall as dark as the plague of Egypt. Martha had not yet lighted the jet. As I groped towards the door of Mrs. Morrison's parlour, it was opened quickly from within, and a man came out, running against me, and dashing my precious pots from my hands.

I uttered a despairing cry as they fell to the floor, and then—then—in the light which streamed through the open door upon us both, I saw that I was face to face with Doctor Thorne.

I think his amazement was quite equal to mine. Neither of us spoke. He seemed struggling vainly for his voice.

"Miss Hetherstone," said Mrs. Morrison, from the doorway, "this is my son."

"Miss Hetherstone!" he cried. "She calls you that! Have you not married him, then?"

"I have married no one, Doctor Thorne," I answered, standing over the ruins of my shattered pots. "How came you to be Mrs. Morrison's son?"

"By the natural law of birth; I am the child of her first marriage. But you—how it is that I find you under her roof?"

"I have been for three years your mother's paid companion."

He drew nearer. He looked steadfastly at me.

"And for three years I have wandered over the earth, trying to forget Colonel Van Hausen's wife."

"But you told me you despised me. Why, then, have you kept me in remembrance?"

"Because I could not help it—because forgetfulness does not come at one's bidding—because I loved you then, and I love you now."

Then I told him what I had done, and it was good to see his face flush and change.

He took me in his arms, there in the presence of his astonished mother, and this time I did not repulse him.

"Oh, Kate," he groaned, "why did you not tell me you loved me?—You have suffered, I know, in these three years?"

"Yes," I assented; "but I don't mind it—now."

After which, I suppose, it is quite needless for me to add that I married him.

LITERARY.

LORD HOUGHTON will, it is said, write a book on America.

AMONGST forthcoming publications is *The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*, by his nephew, Mr. Trevelyan.

THE Marquis of Lorne's poem is to be illustrated, it is announced, by H. R. H. the Princess Louise.

A weekly French newspaper made its appearance last month at Berlin entitled *Journal de Berlin*. The journal will henceforth be published regularly every Sunday.

DR. GINSBERG, the well-known Oriental scholar, and one of the revisers of the Old Testament, is going on an expedition to Egypt and Syria, in order to examine some MSS. of the Bible which have been discovered at Cairo and Aleppo.

A rare compliment has been paid to the Prince Wales's trip to India. A Parisian journal, the *Temps*, has sent out a special correspondent to follow his movements. The enterprise is an event in the history of French journalism.

A translation of the entire works of Proudhon is contemplated by Benj. R. Tucker of Princeton, Mass. The first volume is promised for immediate publication: "What is Property: or, an Inquiry into the Principle of Right and of Government."

M. DIDOT has just issued one of the most curious poems of the fourteenth century, *La Guerre de Metz en 1324*, published by MM. de Bouteiller and P. Bonnardot, a document written in the Metz dialect, and equally valuable from an historical and philological point of view.

THE *Standard* and the *Daily Telegraph*, following the lead of the *Times*, have secured special wires for transmission of their Paris correspondence. They were to have been in operation last week but the opening of the service is deferred. The first cost of the wires will be £3,000 a year, £1,200 being for the French wire, an equal sum for the cable, and £500 for the wire from Dover to London. In addition, there will be the special staffs which have been organised, and it is estimated that if the two journals get off with an expenditure of £5,000 a year they will have nothing to complain of.

THE following, written by Mary Queen of Scots, a short time before her execution, may be new to some of our readers:—

O Domine Jesu, speravi in Te
O care mi Jesu, nunc libera me;
In dura catena,
In misera paena,
Desidero Te;
Languendo, dolendo, et genua flectendo,
Adoro, imploro ut liberer me.
We may be permitted to offer the subjoined imitation for those who may prefer English to Latin:—
O Jesus, my Lord, I have trusted in Thee;
O Jesus beloved, deliver Thou me;
In thralldom oppressing,
In sorrow distressing,
I long after Thee;
And bowing in anguish, I trustingly languish,
And adore, and implore Thee to liberate me.

IN reply to his health drink at the N. Y. Lotus Club, Lord Houghton said that Americans were very fond of appealing to their youth. When anything went wrong or seemed incomplete, or disappointing, they said, "You should remember how young we are." Now, he was not prepared entirely to admit that pretension. In all that constitutes a nation, in the aggregation of thought, in the expansion of ideas, America had all the experience of the Europe from which she came, added to the interest and vivacity which she had gained from her transportation to a novel hemisphere. She had indeed that charm of middle life and that full, luscious beauty, and mature intelligence, which a great French novelist had impersonated in the "Femme de Quarante Ans." (Great applause.) Balzac himself may have taken his notion from the anecdote of an old Frenchman giving to his son two counsels on his entry into the world. "Listen to the old men and make love to the women of forty." This is the advice he would now repeat. Love your America with all the devotion she deserves, and do not disregard the words and thoughts of veteran Europe.

ARTISTIC.

GUSTAVE DORE is said to be engaged on a large picture representing Christ's entry into Jerusalem.

MR. JAMES STOTHERT, an English writer, has in the press a work entitled "French and Spanish Painters," which is to contain an account of living artists as well as of "the old masters" of those countries.

CARPEAUX, the late sculptor, was very affected while at work, now insisting upon smoking a pipe, now theatrically assuming attitudes, and now rushing furiously forward to add another piece of clay.

THERE is talk of erecting statues to Lamartine and Paul Louis Courier—the latter one of the finest of pamphleteers, and by some very enthusiastic persons thought to be a fitting successor to Voltaire in his way of writing.

MR. ALMA TADEMA is exhibiting for a few days at the Cercle Artistique et Littéraire, at Brussels, two pictures which he has just finished, representing "An Audience of Agrippa" and the "Death of the First-born."

A series of meetings of female artists desirous of mutual improvement, and who hope to gain by the criticisms of a qualified painter, is announced to be held at the ensuing season in the gallery of the Society of Lady Artists, London. It is proposed that pictures which are in progress for exhibition, by female painters, should be brought together, and their merits and shortcomings pointed out, and advice for avoiding errors proffered to the artists.

THE island of Ceylon possesses a remarkable antique known as the "Lion of Pollannaruwa," which has just been removed from the jungle where it has lain for centuries to the new museum at Colombo. It is a huge lion finely sculptured in white stone, and is said to have been used as a judgment seat by the Singalese King, Nissaula Mala, who reigned at Pollannaruwa in the twelfth century. The arrival of the lion has caused some excitement in Colombo.

DAVID SINTON, one of Cincinnati's many public benefactors, has about decided on his plan for erecting a public forum in the Fifth street market place in that city. He has in view an esplanade forty-eight feet wide, running the length of the square, and in the middle a splendid bronze forum and platform, with marble approaches; in the centre a pedestal supporting a bronze statue—"Queen of the West"—and below and around it figures symbolizing trade, agriculture, science, arts, etc.—all in bronze.