

might be mine always, were we differently situated. As it is, the time may, perhaps, come when I shall have to stand by and see her given to another. Think heaven, the dear child only thinks of me as she did in her doll and pinafore days. I am glad I am nearly a dozen years her senior. She will never think of me except as a brother—a grave, elderly, goodnatured kind of person, to whom she might come even with her little love secrets. Yes, I shall come back frequently," he said, "but not to make such a longed stay. Let me run down three or four times a year, when I am well, and want to get out of houses for awhile; and mind that you write to me."

"Every day?" "Well," he said, "I will not give you quite so much trouble, pet. Say twice a week or so, and when anything particular occurs, do not think Eugene seems so sad or thoughtful since Mr. Grantley went away."

"He never told you anything?" "Never; but I have a little matter to mention before I go. He is strangely reticent, even to me, and there is some confidence between him and Mr. Grantley that I should like to know the secret of. Nothing of grave importance, I am sure, by the mere fact that he seems so much happier since your cousin went."

The week wore on, and Laurence Drayton wrote a *Paris* in the last folio of his book. It was a pleasant task, and pleasant, and the author alone knew how much he was indebted to Julia's society for the sweetest character and the most beautiful incident in his story.

He might have drawn such a character from the purer depths of his inner consciousness, and enlarged upon it in his dingy town rooms; but it would have lacked the freshness, been wanting in the tender, poetic bits of imagination which it gained by his study of the girl as she lived, and moved, and spoke in her native place.

"And I love her," he told himself many a time, "and know there is no one in the wide world with whom she would be so happy as with me; but there is the difference of money between us, and in the natural course of things our paths will widen out, and take us far from each other. She will only lose a friend, and I shall have to meet her with an empty heart, and smile and talk with careless courtesy, as if these things—this sweet interchange of thought and tenderness—had never been."

The last chapter of the story was written, and Laurence Drayton said farewell to Brookdale. He spoke seriously to Eugene on the night before he went away.

"When I first came here," he said, "I saw there was some secret between Mr. Grantley and yourself, and for your sake—for Julia's—I tried to find out what it was. You told me it was nothing very serious, Eugene, and I had to believe you; but I do not think you told me the truth."

"I did as far as I could, Laurence, old fellow," said the master of Brookdale, apologetically. "It is a point of honor between Everard and me that I shall say no more."

"I might have heard for myself had I listened to that interrupted conversation," said Laurence; "and I almost wish I had if you are bound by a promise not to tell me."

"Well, I am—that's the truth. Nothing very solemn, you know, and besides, if anything turns up, you are sure to know quite soon enough."

"And you not better tell me now?" Eugene put out his hand with a faint smile. "My dear old friend, it is impossible."

"Well," said Laurence, "I shall, should any trouble come, see that you send me, for Julia's sake. Promise me that."

"Do!" "And they parted so. He kept his last words for Julia, and there was more than a brother's affection in his tone and in his eyes when he told her to remember that Laurence Drayton would always be her true and faithful friend. Her brother's steady hand had never seemed so absolute as it did when Laurence Drayton went as he had come—in fact, carrying his own valise, and with Brutus by his side.

(To be continued.)

THE DIVINE COMPANIONSHIP.

It is to be regretted that our sense of God's presence is so generally confined to certain exceptional times. When we go to church, or when at home we kneel down to pray, then we try, at least, to realize the presence of our Father. We think of him, too, when we are in great trouble, or intensely sympathetic, or when we are in the presence of a noble man, put in sudden peril of his life, cries out to Heaven for help. The Christian thinks of God when he is in trouble, and when he is tempted, and when any specially deep experience comes to him. This is all well. But we ought not to open the doors of our souls to God only at special times and seasons. We think wrongly of him when we suppose him to be responsive only to our specially religious moods.

The heart of God lies about our lives as closely as the air. There is no smallest act or thought that does not echo itself in him. And this divine presence is intensely sympathetic. It is not the mere oversight of a judge, registering praise and blame. It is the companionship of one who rejoices in all our joy, and suffers in all our pain. There is no glad heart-beat in the world that the Almighty heart does not beat with gladness in response. There is no little child's cry of sorrow over its broken toy, that a more than mother's love does not enter.

The sense of this presence should not be burdensome to us. Nothing is sicker than to suppose God to be always exacting. He gives himself with all the generosity and freedom of love. He would not have us always serious toward him. Our God dwells not in Sinai; not even Calvary is his only home. He is in all the beauty of the world about us. In the trees of the forest, in the dew-drops quivering on the grass, in the robin's song, in the fleecy clouds, in all the beauty and music that fill the heart on Spring's brightest day—in all these is our God. They are his vestments and his voice. As looking on the face of a friend, we feel the soul within, so we are to look upon Nature and say, "This is the face of God."

We do not need to laboriously carry our feelings to God, or to call him into us, as if from outside. He is in us whether our thoughts go out to him or not. If when we feel his presence our thoughts fall back earthward, through weariness or weakness of the flesh, his tenderness responds to our weakness. If, when we are glad with simple human gladness, or when a mood of innocent mirthfulness is upon us, the thought of God crosses us, we need not try to adjust ourselves to him, to clothe ourselves, as it were, for the heavenly guest. He is happy in our happiness. Our gladness, though it be without thought of him, makes him glad. And there is no trouble so small that his sympathy is not with us before we can ask for it. No household perplexity, no bodily ache, no little ail of the heart, comes to us that is not felt in sympathy by him. We have but to open our eyes to see him in everything about us. And when we cannot open them, none the less is he there.—*Christian Union.*

HOME.

By F. McD.

Know ye the place to loving heart most dear, The name which quickens thro' the falling tear, The thought which makes the lonely exile raise A cheerful song of hopefulness and praise? 'Tis that of home.

Not the cold house where closed in four square walls, We simply live, because our duty calls; Nor e'en that spot, most sacred on this earth, The country fair to which we owe our birth. That is not home.

But where hearts beat in sympathy with hearts, Where one's good fortune joy to all imparts; Where the tear shed, or the half-uttered sigh, Meets quick response in each observant eye. Such is home.

But O, while grateful for the human love, Forget not, thoughtful and the home above; All tender joys with which we now are blest, Are shadows faint of Heaven's peace and rest. There is our home.

WINDALE'S SOUVENIR.

BY ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.

CHAPTER I. THE SIGNED RING.

"Rinlet, oh Rinlet, She gave you me and said, 'Come kiss it, love, and put it by. If this can change, why so can I.' Oh, kiss you golden nothing lie; You golden lie."

"A splendid shot! I don't think I could beat that myself, Windale," and the speaker, a red-faced military man, nodded patronizingly at the marksman and surrounding group of gentlemen.

Windale, of Windale Towers, looked critically at the mail his ball had driven into the wall of the shooting gallery, and then back at Colonel Martin.

"I think I can do even better than that, Colonel," he answered.

"Here Jim; tell Jean to bring me the mother-of-pearl case he knows of, and be quick about it."

Jim scuffled away on his errand, and Windale continued, touching the pistol he had laid on a stand beside him.

"These clumsy affairs hardly give one a fair chance; I'll show you a pair I was given while in Egypt that it's really a pleasure to shoot with. Ah, here they are!"

His valet had appeared, bearing carefully in his hands a mother-of-pearl case, elaborately mounted with gold, on a broad band of which blazed the Windale crest and initials, in brilliant and considerable size and lustre. The care with which Jean handled it showed that it was valued highly by its possessor, who, taking it from him, proceeded to open it with the aid of a small gold key attached to his watch-chain.

With all the enthusiasm of men on such subjects Windale's guests crowded around him, and many were the exclamations of admiration that greeted the exquisite, though doubly so, glittering on their head of snowy satin. They were roused round the group, and even Colonel Martin, an acknowledged authority on such subjects, condescended to pronounce them "Perfection, sir! Never saw anything like them, except a pair ordered a few months ago for the Shah of Persia!"

"Rather long in the barrel, Windale," said a young man who had not yet spoken, though he had examined them with closer attention than any, perhaps, of those present.

He was a tall, slight man, of some thirty years, with more aristocratic grace about him than about his features. He was dressed in the rather picturesque costume affected of late by gentlemen in the country, and the dark blue shooting jacket and knickerbockers displayed to advantage his fine form and erect bearing.

Windale, short, dark, almost swarthy so, and with the crisp curls at his temples slightly touched with gray, formed a strong contrast to his guest, as he leaned forward to take the pistol from the other's slender, white fingers.

"Do you think so?" he said carelessly. "Well I venture with them what I would not with any others I ever handled."

Despite his complimentary remark, Darwyn's fingers lingered lovingly on the weapons as he restored them to their owner, and his light blue eyes followed them eagerly, as Windale laid them for an instant on the stand. But his attention was speedily drawn to the proceedings of his host.

On Windale's left hand blazed a ring, a table diamond, set in a massive band of gold, and engraved on the stone, the seal of the family. It was a real antique, and it was well known the almost superstitious regard in which it was held by each successive hand of the house.

A murmur of interest ran round the group, as Windale proceeded to take the ring from his finger, and passing a slender cord through it, suspended it against the end of the wall of the gallery, while Jean, who appeared quite up to the business, loaded both pistols carefully.

"A risky business," muttered the Colonel to Darwyn, as Windale drew back in order to take proper aim, and while everyone held his breath, Windale raised the pistol, there was a sharp report, and the ball was lodged within the unjaded circle of the ring.

There was a burst of applause from all but Darwyn, who stood by with a slightly supercilious curl of his lip, which was not lost upon his host. In the buzz which followed the successful shot, his voice, in an aside to the Colonel, reached Windale's quick ear.

"A more trick," he was saying, in a low but perfectly audible tone, "and assisted by great good fortune. He might not be able to do the same thing again in five hundred attempts."

"Don't agree with you," said the Colonel shortly, "Windale's simply the best shot I ever saw in my life. He's not the fellow either to risk his ring on chance."

Darwyn shrugged his shoulders, smiled, and was turning away, when deep Windale's voice arrested him.

"Hear, Jean, re-load this pistol, and hand me the other."

It was evident that Windale was about repeating the shot, and the glance of annoyance he darted at Darwyn showed the latter he had overheard his remark to the Colonel, although he took no other notice of it.

Twice the feat was repeated, and Darwyn, despite himself, was forced to join in the general applause. Windale's countenance had recovered its serenity, and with his finger on the delicate trigger he was about taking aim for the last time, when a small door, but a few paces from the suspended ring, opened, and a group of ladies entered the gallery.

Observing Windale facing them, and about to fire, a chorus of little screams burst from the gay crowd, and, with great fluttering of dainty summer raincoats, they ducked back into the corri-

dor, with the exception of one who remained undaunted and motionless on the threshold. On her white form the eye of Windale fell; he started slightly, but perceptibly; unintentionally his finger pressed the trigger and discharged the pistol. Before the wreath of smoke had curled away he had sprung forward towards the lady in the doorway.

"Miss Ogilvie!" he exclaimed, his dark face flushing deeply with agitation. "Are you unhurt? Pray speak, and assure me that I have not reason to regret my awkwardness!"

Miss Ogilvie smiled. "I am perfectly safe," she said, advancing into the gallery, "and must, on my part, make my excuse for disturbing your aim. We came to see how you gentlemen were passing the time, as you deserted us so quietly after breakfast."

The words were few and sufficiently commonplace, but the voice in which they were spoken, and the look in which they were perceived, were something long to be remembered. It was low and peculiarly soft, yet containing suggestions of latent, but wonderful capabilities. It was not a youthful voice, though its owner was yet young, that is to say, it had none of the bell-like ring in it of untired girlhood; its tones were full of memories, but of what? Probably, after all, this wonderful voice was simply the result of some uncommon development of the lungs and larynx; for women who live so prominently before the public as did Miss Ogilvie, are frequently blessed with such visions of the past as lend a deeper richness, a more solemn melody to the natural voice. No matter whether came its thrilling power, those who had once heard her speak waited with impatience for her next words, and more than one of the admitted judges of such matters had observed that it was a great misfortune to the musical world that Miss Ogilvie had not been born in an humbler sphere, in order that she might have won fame and fortune by its aid.

For the rest, she was strangely beautiful, that is an order of beauty which seemed strange amid the universal blending of the rose and lily in the faces of the blooming girls by whom she was constantly surrounded. Her features were a tradition in the family that Miss Ogilvie's grandmother, twice removed, had been a Peruvian lady of rank, and society always brought forward the circumstances to account for such thoroughly un-English traits in one of its idols as the creamy hue of Miss Ogilvie's skin, and the unfathomable ochre blackness of her lovely brilliant eyes; each eye to be crowned with the pale gold locks derived from her Saxon ancestors. However, the contrast, though unique, was charming, and while Dowagers with unmarried daughters pronounced Alaxara Ogilvie a "fright," the men, from the young Duke who had just attained his majority, to the majority, to Herbert Ensel, the famous head of the R. A., declared her "perfection," and so she was—physically.

When she blushed, as she did now, under the eloquent and tender glance of Windale, the dawn of the roses in the rich, creamy velvet of her cheeks, was a superb bit of coloring, Miss Ogilvie seldom felt called upon to blush, and a tremor of delight ran through Windale, as his eager eyes noted the unwonted hue deepening on the face of the first and only woman he had ever loved.

The moment of exquisite pleasure was not fated to linger long. Darwyn, languid and aristocratic sauntered just Windale, and approached the dark-eyed beauty.

"Miss Ogilvie," he said, "pray allow me," and he stretched out his hand in order to relieve her of a potted up basket of flowers which she held, while Windale, turned away to address some courteous words to the ladies, who had just entered the gallery.

He never saw another man engaged in conversation with Alaxara, without a pang of disquietude, hardly however sufficiently strong as yet to merit the name of jealousy, and while he was ostensibly engaged in an animated exchange of badinage with the honorable Godine Architrave who for some time had been bringing all the fascinations of her aristocratic, but rather frosty charms of mind and person to bear on the owner of Windale Tower, with, as certain advertisements say "a view to matrimony," he was listening with keen attention to the low voices of those behind him.

Darwyn's next remark proved that Alaxara had declined his proffered courtesy. He was quoting Tennyson.

"Ah, one rose. One rose, but one, by those fair fingers called! Would worth a hundred kisses pressed on lips Less exquisite than thine."

It was very softly spoken, evidently intended for one ear alone, but each syllable fell with perfect distinctness on the hearts of two beside Miss Ogilvie, Windale, and a lady standing a little apart from the group, and whom Darwyn's remark had declared to be the betrothed of Darwyn, who heir to an ancient barony was considered a very eligible party indeed.

Doubtless a certain mysterious sympathy exists between people whose minds are absorbed with the same subject, and the eyes of Windale and Ygerne Orkney met, as Darwyn's softly breathed request suited the ears of both.

Miss Ogilvie had a decided penchant for the stately old Towers with their wide stretching dormer, and did not exactly dislike their swarthy owner, added to which Darwyn was, as she would have been, a man whose rent-roll would never bear comparison with that of Windale. Hence her answer was different to what it might otherwise have been. She laughed and drew a little away from his side, and said in that clear, careless voice which is a death-blow to whispered sentiment.

"Thanks for your compliment, but you should have addressed it to Miss Architrave, whose poor fingers really suffered from the thorns in cutting them! I am only one of Flora's handmaids!"

Anything more unlike the rosy Goddess than the honorable Godine, who turned towards them on hearing her name mentioned, it is impossible for one to imagine. The voice of Alaxara was as liquid honey, but between her ruby lips there dwelt a something that had a sting in it. A smile at the expense of the acid and angular Godine, slight but perceptible flew from lip to lip, merging into a convulsive chuckle in the person of Colonel Martin, whose particular horror Miss Architrave was, for some deep-seated reason known but to himself.

Darwyn was secretly annoyed at Alaxara's thus making their conversation public property, but his usual languid good humor was not apparently much disturbed. He begged, and obtained a half-opened rose bud from the skinny fingers of Miss Architrave, with as much embarrassment as he would have shown on receiving a similar favor from Alaxara's glowing self.

Windale breathed freely as the consciousness that Miss Ogilvie was not encouraging Darwyn's attentions stole on his disturbed mind like a breath from the balmy south; in his sudden content he glanced again at Ygerne Orkney, and man-like was surprised and puzzled by the stern pallor of her fair face. He was satisfied with the terms of the little bit of play-by-play, why should not she?

But Ygerne saw only the slight put upon the man she loved, and who was bound to her, by her triumphant rival. The love she had fondly

thought all her own, she saw spurned by Alaxara, and her face darkened into something more than gloom as she turned and walked proudly away.

The glitter of something at her feet caught her eye, and stooping she lifted it from the ground. It was Windale's ring. His aim, rendered unsteady by the sudden apparition of Miss Ogilvie on the threshold, had swerved so far that the ball had at once cut the slender string by which the ring was suspended, and fractured the golden setting. The ring was familiar to the eyes of Windale's guests, and bending her gloomy eyes on it as it lay in the palm of her hand, Ygerne turned again towards the group, part of which had already left the gallery. Behind with lingering steps and lowered voices walked Windale and Alaxara.

Twice Ygerne spoke, but it was not until she laid her hand on the arm that she perceived her, and with a silent gesture she laid the ring in his hand, and flitting past them, disappeared up the corridor, followed by a glance from the Peruvian eyes of Miss Ogilvie, which might have told a tale to Windale had his mental vision been clear enough to see the low triumph gleaming in them.

As it was, Windale with a deep flush on his bronzed face, was looking with mingled grief and vexation at the shattered ring lying in his palm. His mind had been so fully occupied by the accident that he had forgotten it, and in some way the accident had happened to it. He knew not why. At any time it would have been a subject of keen regret with him, but something that was more subtle than regret possessed him as he glanced at it.

The same indefinite feeling drew his eyes from it to the face of his companion, with perhaps less tenderness than usually shone in them. He met the full magnetic glance of the dark eyes, and without so much as looking again at the ring he slipped it mechanically into his pocket. They were alone, and the far away laughter of others rippled faintly back to them from the distant lawn whither the rest of the guests had betaken themselves to while away the hours of luncheon, with croquet and flirtation.

Miss Ogilvie was perfect mistress of the proprieties, and her tone and manner as she said, "Shall we join the others?" was perfect. They conveyed two things, that her inclinations would have led to the prolongation of their life-a-lie, but that she would sacrifice her inclinations to decorum. She knew quite enough of the nature of the man beside her to feel that the woman he would choose must occupy a position which the faintest breath of scandal could never assail. Hence she was willing to forego the present opportunity in order to bind him more securely in her fetters.

From the gross flattery conveyed by words Windale would have shrunk as from an adler; but what man will turn from the delicious incense offered up to him, in the voice and glance of the woman he loves? Windale saw that he was not indifferent to her, and his sudden enlightenment broke down the last barrier he had erected round his heart.

Men at Windale's time of life are frequently more impulsive than men of fewer years, and Windale was by nature more than commonly rash.

"Not if you will grant me a few moments," he said, in answer to her inquiry. "I feel that I must say to you what has been next my heart for weeks. Let us yield the orangery, we are not likely to be disturbed there."

It lay a glittering line at the farther side of a hedge of thicket roses, through a little rustic gate, in which Windale led his beautiful guest, whose heart beat with a triumph that sent the rich blood in rosy waves over her exquisite throat to the nubby gold of her hair, and to the tips of her long, white fingers. Oh, rosy hue of love, how many unworthy thoughts mask themselves beneath your proper color!

"Trifles light as air Are to the jealous confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ."

The eye of a lover is keen to take encouragement or the reverse, from signs even less definite. Windale saw the blush, and was happy.

He threw open the door of the orangery, and, leading her in, closed it carefully.

"Shall we walk," he said, "or would you prefer a seat?"

She motioned him to proceed, and they walked slowly on, between lines of orange trees, on which golden spheres hung like topazes amid a wreath of snowy blossoms. The air was faint with the aromatic perfume, although the glasses were partially up to admit the balmy breeze, summer did not a sound broke the silence save the twitter of the swallows as they skimmed on swift wing overhead.

Well, here it was that Windale asked the question, on the answer to which depended, he felt, his earthly happiness, and here it was that Alaxara breathed a "yes" that did her infinite credit. It was so exquisitely poised, so full of a great love, and the gracefully gracious consent which might have become an Empress, conscious of the inestimable boon she was conferring.

Windale was, as I have hinted, rather difficult to please, and even had he been less in love, her manner of accepting his suit would have left him nothing to desire.

An hour of gold came at least once to a man during his lifetime, and Windale basked in its sunshine now. His life from boyhood had been so fully and actively employed, its early years in distant travel, its later in the arduous and honorable service of his country, that little time had been left him to cultivate the more pleasures of existence, and this new train of thought and feeling came to him like a revelation of a new and more beautiful life.

As they turned to leave the orangery, he touched very lightly one of the heavy curls which lay on her white dress, and whispered, "Give me a ring from it that I may have it set in diamonds, as something tangible to remind me that you have promised me to be mine, and something of yours to lie on my heart when I am dead."

He could not have made a request more disagreeable to his beautiful betrothed. Her magnificent Saxon hair, in its rich undulations of curls and waves of paly gold was dear to her very soul, and even slightly to mar one of its tresses was inexpressibly repugnant to her.

But, at a glance of hesitation crossed her brow, as lifting Miss Architrave's garden sel-sow from amid the roses in the basket she still carried, she slipped the glittering tendrils of a ringlet, and with a smile as sunny as the June morning without, laid it in his hands.

For a moment they paused, while he produced his note book, in order to place it between the leaves. As he drew it from his pocket, something came with it which fell glittering to the floor between him and Alaxara, and the old feeling returned as he perceived that it was the broken signed ring.

"My ancestors would have predicted misfortune from the omen," he said, laughing a little grimly, as he lifted it from the floor; "but we of the nineteenth century are wiser, my darling."

But some way it grated harshly on him to

remember that it was through her the valued heirloom had been injured.

CHAPTER II. TWO INTERVIEWS.

"How many among us at this very hour Do forge a life-long trouble for ourselves By taking true for false, or false for true." *Idylls of the King.*

Ygerne Orkney was a proud woman, none the less so because her sweet and gracious qualities kept her pride mostly from public view, and when Darwyn returned to her side after his attempted flirtation with Miss Ogilvie, her reception of him piqued his self-love amazingly. She was courteous, but cold as the marble nymphs on the terrace, and absolutely ignored his skillfully implied compliments and hinted overtures for a life-a-lie to walk through the park.

She laughed and talked resolutely with two or three men who lingered at her side as she walked up and down the wide south terrace, and as when one fears the loss of an object one has held but lightly, it develops a thousand new beauties, so Darwyn, looking frequently at Ygerne's delicate face, was only surprised at the exceeding beauty he had but dimly perceived before.

His engagement to Miss Orkney had been the result of much plotting and manoeuvring on the part of his uncle, the Earl of Harlestone, but while Darwyn had simply carelessly obeyed the commands of the head of the House to consider himself betrothed to the great Northern heiress, Ygerne had brought her heart in her hand, and fondly dreaming that she possessed his, laid it at his feet. But of late she was beginning to see with a clearer vision. For some weeks they had all been together at the Towers, and she was not slow in perceiving that Darwyn was deeply interested in the beautiful Miss Ogilvie, and the deep-seated pride of Ygerne was rising like an armed giant in her breast, by while many would have gladly taken her in her own hands, as King Cophelua did the hegem-maid, as she was seeking her wealth alone. Who can blame her that she turned resolutely on the love lingering in her heart, and that the armed host of pride surely, surely, was crushing his life out.

The scene of the morning had aided the work not a little, and Darwyn, keen-sighted enough to see his blunder, though not sufficiently so, or too careless to see its effects, was only dismayed.

Any rupture with Ygerne, he knew, would infuriate the old Earl, and though the title and entitled property could not be alienated from him, the latter was but a very trifling when weighed against the vast transferable property in the possession of his uncle; hence, with such inward self-upbraiding, he determined to recover by strenuous exertions the ground he saw but too plainly he had lost. What was the brilliant Alaxara to him that he should lose his hands and his bride for her smiles. And had not once—

He drove back the thought of a certain time long years gone by with a strong hand, and bending his head so close that his breath stirred the petals of the yellow roses in her black lace hat, and the crisp waves of her dusky brown hair, he said:

"Ygerne, do not be cruel. Walk with me as far as the Wood Lodge, for I have something to say to you that cannot be said before these men."

Ygerne's delicate scarlet lip curled very faintly, but she kept her velvety brown eyes fixed on the marble pavement as she answered: "And I have also something that must be said to you, but we need not go so far to exchange remarks. See, they have kindly left the terrace." Indeed, the gentlemen, fancying themselves de trop, had joined the party on the croquet lawn below.

Darwyn was filled in his attempt to obtain an unwelcome interview, for though out of earshot, they were within full view of the players, but he was fain to be content, and as Ygerne seated herself on the low, broad balustrade of the terrace, he felt that he had nothing for it but to sit down beside her and hear what she had to say.

Coldly, calmly, courteously she broke their engagement, withholding from him not one of her reasons for doing so, and it was a triumph of self-restraint that not a fluttering tone, not one varying blush, revealed to the man she was discharging that he was, despite pride and wounded affection, dear to her still.

Darwyn looked in silence, borne of utter dismay, at the pure outline of the face, the profile of which alone was turned towards him, and despite its delicate loveliness, the tender curves of the lips and the soft light in the eyes, softer still to the length of one dark, earnest, restless, but his fate was sealed. But the very certainty filled him with a kind of desperation. He started impetuously with his foot and stood before her.

"Ygerne!" he said; but her voice arrested him.

"Stop!" she said, rising also, and stretching her slender hand towards him with a gesture of command. "I will not hear you! Nothing you could say would alter my determination, and we might both be led to say what afterwards we would regret, for it is not my wish, Mr. Darwyn, that we should not go so far to exchange remarks. See, they have kindly left the terrace." Indeed, the gentlemen, fancying themselves de trop, had joined the party on the croquet lawn below.

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Darwyn looked in silence, borne of utter dismay, at the pure outline of the face, the profile of which alone was turned towards him, and despite its delicate loveliness, the tender curves of the lips and the soft light in the eyes, softer still to the length of one dark, earnest, restless, but his fate was sealed. But the very certainty filled him with a kind of desperation. He started impetuously with his foot and stood before her.

"Ygerne!" he said; but her voice arrested him.

"Stop!" she said, rising also, and stretching her slender hand towards him with a gesture of command. "I will not hear you! Nothing you could say would alter my determination, and we might both be led to say what afterwards we would regret, for it is not my wish, Mr. Darwyn, that we should not go so far to exchange remarks. See, they have kindly left the terrace." Indeed, the gentlemen, fancying themselves de trop, had joined the party on the croquet lawn below.

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