

of bed, I took my departure and sought my own couch—not to sleep, Heaven knows, but to toss and turn and tumble, and see horrid visions, waking as I was, and think of everything dreadful that might happen to my cousin, and confess to my own heart how I loved him now, and hated myself for having treated him as I had, and reveal, as it were in self-reproach and self-torture. It was broad daylight ere I fell into a sort of fitful doze, so out-wearied and over excited was I, both in mind and body.

CHAPTER XXIV.

It is very disagreeable to face a large party with anything on your mind that you cannot help thinking must be known, or at least suspected, by your associates. When I came down to breakfast, after a hasty and uncomfortable toilette, and found the greater portion of the guests assembled at that gossiping meal, I could not help fancying that every listless dandy and affected fine lady present was acquainted with my proceedings during the last twelve hours, and was laughing in his or her sleeve accordingly. I cast a rapid and frightened glance round the table; and, to my infinite relief, beheld Cousin John eating his egg as composedly as possible; whilst a reassuring smile and pleasant 'Good-morning' from Mr. Lumley gave me to understand that his mediation had averted all fatal proceedings.

The other guests ate and drank, and laughed and chatted much as usual; but still I could not help remarking on the face of each of them a subdued expression of intelligence, as though in possession of some charming bit of news or delightful morsel of scandal. Lady Scapegrace was the first to put me on a footing of equality with the rest.

'We have lost some of our party, Kate,' said she, as she handed me my tea. 'I confess I suspected it last year, in London. She is a most amiable girl, and will have a large fortune.'

I looked at her ladyship as if I was dreaming.

'You needn't be so surprised, Kate,' said she, laughing in an utter bewilderment; 'don't you miss anybody? Look round the table.'

Sure enough the Molasses party were absent, and there was no Frank Lovell. Then it was true, after all! He had sold himself to that lackadaisical young lady, and had been making a fool of me, Kate Coventry, the whole time. How angry I ought to have been! I was surprised to find I was not. On the contrary, my first feeling was one of inexpressible relief, as I thought there was no earthly obstacle between myself and that kind face on the other side of the breakfast-table; though too soon a horrid tide of doubts and fears surged up, as I reflected on my own unworthiness and caprice.

How I had undervalued that noble, generous character! How I had wounded and annoyed him in sheer carelessness or petulance and thought little of inflicting on him days of pain to afford myself the short and doubtful amusement of an hour's flirtation and folly!

What if he should cast me off now? What if he had obtained an insight into my character, which had cured him entirely of any regard he might previously have entertained for me? What if I should find that I had all my life been neglecting the gem which I was too ignorant to appreciate; and now, when I knew its real value, and would give my life for it, it was beyond my grasp?

At all events, I would never forget him. Come what might now, I would never care for another. I felt quite glad Frank Lovell was as good as married, and out of the way. The instant I had swallowed my breakfast, I put my bonnet on and rushed into the garden, for I felt as if fresh air was indispensable to my very existence. The first person I met in the morning amongst the flowers

enough; but people don't travel night and day into such a country as Wales, where there are no railroads, merely for the purpose of standing in a ride or knocking over a certain quantity of half tame fowls. No, no; I ought to have seen it long ago; I had lost him now, and now I knew his value when it was too late. Too late!—the knell that tolls over half the hopes and half the visions of life.

'Too late!—the one bitter drop that poisons the whole cup of success.' Too late! The golden fruit has long hung temptingly just above your grasp; you have labored and striven, and perspired, and you seize it at last and press it to your thirsty lips. Dust and ashes are your reward; the fruit is still the same, but it is too late; your desire for it has gone, or your power of enjoying it has failed you at the very moment of fruition; all that remains to you is the keen pang of disappointment, or, worse still, the apathy of disgust. I might have made John my slave a few weeks ago, and now—it was too provoking, and for that Welsh girl, too! How I hated everything Welsh! not ancient Pistol, eating his enforced leek with its accompanying sauce, could have entertained a greater aversion for the Principality than I did at that moment.

To be Continued.

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In one little year, Harry Armstrong, the Harlem Athletic Club wonder, has worked his way up from an eight-minute man, until to-day he stands, as far as records go, without a peer in the world—that is, in the amateur world. In the professional arena he has but one superior, even if superior he be, and that is Perkins. Like his great English prototype, and, in fact, like all the fast sprint walkers, with a few exceptions, he is a rather small man, standing about 5ft. 4in. and weighing in the vicinity of 140 lbs. This, in our estimation, is the right height and weight for a fast walker. All precedents go to prove this assertion. We have such models before us as George Topley, Bill Hartley, H. Thatcher, Billy House, and Perkins; not one of these men stands over 5ft. 5in. in height, and yet some of them have wonderful records attached to their names. We do not wish it understood that tall men cannot walk, and walk fast too, for we have one or two examples at hand in the persons of Charles Westhall, George Davidson, and Thos. McEwen, the New York amateur. We are very glad that Mr. Armstrong accomplished the time he did for a two-fold reason, as in the first place it gives an American the fastest three and four miles, and gives him an unbroken American amateur record from one to seven miles. This will save us a lot of trouble in answering questions. It makes us feel uncommonly satisfied with ourselves to think that in the space of four years we have done more than England has in four times that space of time. There will no doubt be carpers who will say there is something wrong with the track, the timing, or the method in which the man gets over the ground. All we can say is, come and see for yourself. Our cousins on the other side of the Atlantic would not believe that we had a yacht that could sail, but we think that they are now convinced of their error. Neither did they think we knew anything about shooting, but they are now certain that we know the nearest way to the "bull's-eye." In rowing, too, they found that we had several oarsmen who could get through the water quite lively. The London Rowing Club will substantiate us in this assertion, and if they will only pay us a visit next summer we think that they will be convinced that we have some good walkers and runners here also. There is one thing very plain to us, and that is that the day is not far distant when the walking record at one mile will stand inside six minutes, and eight miles and a half in the hour will be gotten over. After that the gait will have to be altered or the record will stay there.—N. Y. Sportsman.

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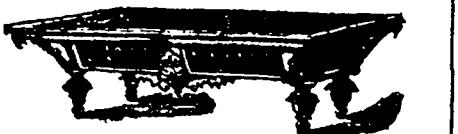
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