

pounding them with the flat stones on the bank), Constance and Hector stop at the entrance of the poplar-lined avenue that leads to the ruin of LaGaraye.

Before them for half a mile stretches a straight carriage drive, flanked on either side by a symmetrical row of stately poplars. The cold nights and sunny days have turned the leaves to bright and varied hues. Many of the branches stand out bare against the evening sky, while, what so short a time before served as their covering, now lie a restless and quivering mass on the ground beneath. In the distance rise the turrets of the old Chateau, the walls crumbling away, but over whose ruin the friendly vine spreads a leafy screen. Here, as if conscious of the decay they would conceal, the leaves still hang thickly.

As Constance and Hector stop under the archway that spans the entrance to the old courtyard, the scent of a wild rose, which grows about its stones, is wafted in their faces. Long afterwards in a crowded ball-room a girl who carries a bouquet of roses passes close by Constance; a whiff of their sweetness brings with so much vividness the recollection of this autumn evening, that the dancers and all the brightness of their surroundings are completely shut out, while before Constance rise the vine-clad walls of the old chateau—the lofty towers now crumbling into ruin, broken here and there by narrow openings