

seemed to him scarcely possible that this could be the Lottie he had known and loved.

If he felt any embarrassment at the meeting, it was evident that Mrs. Sharpley did not. She accosted him with the coolest unconcern, taxing him with neglect of his friends in never having been to see her. Alan replied briefly that he had been and was very busy, with but little leisure for formal calls. He laid the slightest possible stress on the word formal, to convey the hint that no intercourse between them could ever have any other character; and then bade them a coldly polite "good morning."

"Well," said Lottie, as he passed on, "I never thought Alan Campbell would have cut up in that way!"

"He did look kind o' soury," laughed Mrs. Marshall, in her loud uncultivated voice; "poor fellow, I suppose he hasn't got over being jilted, yet."

"Jilted! he was nothing of the sort," replied Lottie, indignantly. "Don't you know the engagement was broke off ages before I took up with Dick?"

Certainly that sight of Lottie did very much to cure Alan, especially as his standard of female character had become considerably raised by even the slight intercourse he had had with the Arnold family. True, in his mother and Jeanie he had always before him a high type of character, but then they had always been so much a part of his home life that he took them as a matter of course, and never thought of judging other women by them. But since he had met Lenore Arnold, with her sweet, low-toned voice, and her dainty, lady-like ways, with cultivation and refinement in every word and movement, he had grown more fastidious, and the contrast he could not help seeing in Lottie involuntarily repelled him. But it was with a sad and desolate feeling that he seemed to himself to lay the ashes over the grave of his buried first love, and to find himself alone without even the sweetness of a "loving memory" to cherish.

Alan paid two or three visits to Mapleford during that summer. The first time he went he took out with him poor Helen Morgan, drooping like a lily broken on the stem, to be taken care of by his mother for a few weeks of rest. Alan had written home about her, and about Lenore's desire that she should have rest and country air; and

kind-hearted Mrs. Campbell sent an invitation that she should come out and stay a few weeks under her hospitable care, while Lenore procured a temporary nurse for the helpless mother. To Helen these few weeks in the country, with Mrs. Campbell's kind nursing, and Jeanie's bright, bracing society, were wonderfully invigorating, and she returned with a new stock of health and spirits to her monotonous round of work with its scanty remuneration.

Jeanie had got Mary Burridge's school when the latter became Mrs. Robert Warwick and went to be the mistress of Robert's comfortable farm-house. Some who had noticed Robert's admiration for Jeanie, thought she had been a fool to let so good a chance escape her, while she had to drudge away at teaching for her own support. But Jeanie, at least, did not think so. She had never regretted her decision, and her strong, bright, "capable" nature and her overflowing energy found a congenial outlet in her school. She was soon thoroughly interested in every one of her scholars, and found a keen stimulus and pleasure in the work of drawing out their young faculties, and watching their daily progress. Teaching was no dry task-work to her. She did not content herself with "cramming," and with hearing dry, parrot-like repetitions. She liked to see that they understood everything they learned, and, if possible, to excite their genuine interest in it; and the result was, that the parents of her pupils declared that their children had never yet got on half so well.

Dan's letters were always eagerly watched for at Mapleford. They still came with tolerable regularity, though not so regularly as at first. They often contained descriptions of skirmishes; now and then of an engagement. Dan had got the "scratch" he had been longing for, in the shape of a sword-cut on his right arm; but it had soon healed, and, as he said, it was well it was not his left arm, so that it did not disable him from riding, after the first day or two. They were getting accustomed now to the constant danger; and as Dan had been so long preserved from serious harm, a sort of confidence seemed to grow up in them that he still would be. The life of adventure and excitement seemed just to suit his high-strung nature, though, now and then, a few words of loving, yearning affection in his letters, such as Dan, a