

“Edward, and Gerard, and Thomas might be fine lads,” he said, “but they were none of them, so clever and handsome as his own Larry.”

The Earl erected a beautiful monument over the grave of his unfortunate countess, and resisted all Dorothy's earnest entreaties to cut down the melancholy yew that kept the sunbeams from visiting her mother's grave.

“The spot is holy ground, my Dorothy. The mournful tree, a fit emblem for love like ours, which was cradled in sorrow, and whose constancy survives the grave. There, too, I hope to sleep in peace, by the side of the beloved.”

THE END.