

Colonel Monmouth found himself strangely attracted to this proud, dark girl, whose flower-like beauty was chastened by a cold reserve which he found it difficult to overcome. She, at first, was very distant in her manner toward him, when she came to visit Diana. Her father's recent death, and his strong prejudice against this remarkable man had affected her; but the more she saw of him and his home, the more she had to admit that her people had not done him justice; although she realized that there was something about him, which set him apart from others—a lofty pride, the superficial observer would have called it. But this girl, who had been close to nature, read by intuition, the presence of a great sorrow or tragedy, which clouded his life, and which he outwardly cloaked in an air of gallant courtliness or cold cynicism. She soon discovered two things—that he detested Carey, and that he had some inkling of her interest in Etherington. This last discovery made her shy of meeting him, as she would rather have died than have this man aware that she gave the young soldier a passing thought. She never mentioned his name; Monmouth had done so casually once, but the manner of the girl's reception of his words prevented their repetition.

One day, when she had come over, he had invited her into his rose garden, and was both surprised and pleased at her warm appreciation of its beauty, while she, on her part, got a better conception of his nature. There it was that each got an inkling of the other's secret, which brought about a mutual respect; and the beautiful young rebel, as he called her, and the cynical old