

Technical Notes / Notes techniques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Physical features of this copy which may alter any of the images in the reproduction are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Certains défauts susceptibles de nuire à la qualité de la reproduction sont notés ci-dessous:

Coloured covers/
Couvertures de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Coloured plates/
Planches en couleur

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Show through/
Transparence

Tight binding (may cause shadows or
distortion along interior margin)/
Reliure serré (peut causer de l'ombre ou
de la distortion le long de la marge
intérieure)

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Additional comments/
Commentaires supplémentaires

Front cover missing.

Bibliographic Notes / Notes bibliographiques

Only edition available/
Seule édition disponible

Pagination incorrect/
Erreurs de pagination

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Pages missing/
Des pages manquent

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Maps missing/
Des cartes géographiques manquent

Plates missing/
Des planches manquent

Additional comments/
Commentaires supplémentaires

Sea-sickness prevented by Brush's Elixir. Price \$1.00

Brush's "Elixir Prophylactic" prevents Train-sickness. Price \$1.00.

EPIDERMA!

For Softening,
Preserving, and

BEAUTIFYING THE SKIN.

It contains no oils, greasy substances or chemicals.
Is quickly absorbed, and cures

Chapped Hands, Face & Lips.

As an after-shaving
preparation it is unequalled.

PRICE 35 CENTS.

MANUFACTURED BY

HATTIE & MYLIUS,

DISPENSING CHEMISTS,

HALIFAX, - - NOVA SCOTIA.

J. J. ANSLON

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

MYLIUS, - - Agents for Nova Scotia



Carrie J. Harris

A Romantic Romance.

: BY :

CARRIE J. HARRIS, \

Author of "Mr. Perkins, of Nova Scotia."

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

WINDSOR, N. S. :

J. ANSLOW, BOOK, NEWSPAPER AND GENERAL JOB PRINTER.

1893.

*Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in
the year 1893, by CARRIE J. HARRIS, at the Depart-
ment of Agriculture.*

A ROMANTIC ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

THE LOVER'S PARTING.

"You will not forget me, Eva, when I am gone? No other man will be allowed to take the place in your heart which now belongs to me?"

"No, dear Charlie! No other man can ever find a place in that heart which beats alone for you; and if you were to forget me, and wed some proud belle in the great city where you are going, I should have no further wish to live."

"No fear of that, my darling; the proud belles of New York are not likely to honor me, a poor clerk, with their fancy, even could I be base enough to forget my sweet little Eva, in far-away Nova Scotia," replied the ardent young lover, taking the golden-haired Eva into his arms and imprinting passionate kisses upon cheek, brow and lip;—"You wrong me by such suspicions, you dear little goose. You have trusted me with your priceless love, and I will be

true to that trust, through time and eternity. So, lay aside your doubts, my darling, and let us be happy, on this, the last evening we are likely to spend together for some time to come. I promise not to look at any young lady I may meet in New York, my cousins excepted. You will, of course, have no objections to my being civil to them? It will be expected of me, you know."

"Charlie, did I ask you to give up the society of any young ladies you may chance to meet? I know I can trust you, darling, and I also know how lonely it will be for you among strangers, so far away from your home. No; I ask no such sacrifice at your hands. Enjoy yourself when you can," and she looked into his eyes with a trusting smile.

"Tell me, little one," he said, as he smiled back at the fair, beautiful face; "tell me, what shall you do for your own amusement while I am away? Like your namesake of long ago, shall you bring out the wheel and distaff, and spin the family linen by the kitchen fireside, or will you find a more modern way of passing the long winter evenings?"

"I shall turn to my music for employment," she answered, a little sadly. "Every hour I spend at my piano will remind me of you. You must not be able to tell me, when you return, that you cannot listen to my playing, after hearing the performance of the accomplished belles of your adopted city."

"Still harping on those New York belles! Well,

I suppose I shall have to stand it! Who ever knew an Eden without a serpent, or the course of true love to glide along without a ripple? But I cannot find it in my heart to scold you to-night, love; so let us kiss and be friends."

They made a pretty picture in the soft moonlight, those two young lovers, as they leaned over the curb of the old well, exchanging their vows. The well where the beautiful Evangeline and her stalwart lover might have stood scores of times, nearly two hundred years ago.

The same moon looked down upon the peaceful scene to-night; the same grand old willows waved their branches above their heads; the same fertile meadow lands stretched away, almost from their feet, into the misty moonlight, until their outlines were lost, and land and sea seemed blended. The sails of the passing ships, glimmering in the moonlight, appeared like the white wings of giant birds, as they floated majestically up the Avon and Cornwallis Rivers, while the Kingsport and Partridge Island lights tried their best to rival the beams which the fair Luna still delights to shower upon the world. The gentle lowing of the cattle came up from the dykes on the balmy September breeze, and the sleepy twittering of the birds, all helped to give an air of unreality to the peaceful scene. Away in the distance old Blomidon lifted his stately head against the cloudless sky, seemingly placed there

for the sole purpose of guarding his peaceful valley from the rude touch of the wicked outside world. Could sin or sorrow ever force their way past such a sentinel, and enter this quiet Arcadian retreat. Yes; gentle reader, even here, in the days gone by, has been heard the roar of the cannon, the rattle of musketry and the clash of the sabre. Only a few yards from where the lovers are now standing, the bones of many a hero lie mouldering in one common grave, their only monument the sturdy apple trees that grow above their grass-grown sepulchre. And now, although the inhabitants have no fear of the scalping-knife and tomahawk of savage, or daily dread the invasion of the terrible armies that were constantly contending for the possession of our fair Province in the past, a more modern system of warfare is carried on at the present day.

Even here the seeds of infidelity are sown broadcast through the land by the pernicious works of Ingersol and such as he, warning the soldiers of the Cross to be as faithful in defending the forts of Christianity against the assaults of the Archfiend, as were our brave defenders when they protected us from the wily redskin and their allies, in the days of long ago. But nothing of this is felt by the lovers who are so soon to part. The last good-by is said, the last kiss given, and, as they are about to separate, she throws her arms around his neck and sobs upon his breast.

"Oh, Charlie," she moans, "I feel as if I should lose you forever if you leave me now. Why not stay here and make a home? Why must you leave us at all?"

"Nonsense! you goose," he answered, somewhat impatiently. "Why, darling, what can part us? Not until the tide ceases to ebb and flow on yonder beach will I forget, or cease to love you. Do you want to kill my ambition, and tie me to this little country village? What can I do here? You know how I hate farming. No! be brave, my dear Eva, like the sweet little woman you are. I must go now, but I shall soon be rich enough to return for you; and then, no more partings for us."

With those words ringing in her ears, she saw her lover turn and pass swiftly down the little garden path. At the gate he paused and threw her a last kiss from the tips of his fingers. She waved her white hand towards him as he vanished from sight in the moonlight, and, with a heart-rending sob, she entered her home. "He is gone," she moaned, sinking into a chair by the open window. "Oh, Charlie! will you ever come back to me? It cannot be that we are parted forever." She looked around the room, which was flooded with the bright moonlight, and where every article reminded her of her lover, and again the memory of his words brought back the vague feeling of despair which she had felt when he had first spoken them.

What strange freak of fortune had given her the name of Evangeline? "The modern Evangeline" she had always been called by her young friends. Was her fate to resemble that of her predecessor? Was she only to meet her lover again at the grave? "Ah, well!" she sighed, "if fate should part us in this world, we will spend eternity together. There are no partings in Heaven."

Long after midnight she remained seated by the open window, watching the clouds sailing over the bright moon, until, thoroughly chilled, she sought her bed.

She was awakened the next morning by the scream of the locomotive, as it dashed into the little station, and, arising and going to the window, she saw the cars disappear, bearing her lover away. Would he ever return? To what dangers might he not be exposed in the wicked city whither he was going? But not a doubt, not a single fear entered her heart that he might prove false. She would as soon have imagined that the sun would cease to shine, as that her lover, the man who held her heart in his keeping, would ever break his vows, or prove false to his plighted word.

Oh, woman! why were you placed in this wicked world to be the plaything of fickle man?

As the cars bore Charlie from his native village, the slight sorrow he had felt at leaving home and Eva began to grow less. Was he not going to the

great city of New York, to make his fortune? What folly for him to mourn because he was leaving the stagnant little country village behind him. He pictured to himself the time he should return for his bride, and bear her away to the beautiful home he should prepare for her.

True, he was only to have the position of a dependent clerk, at present, but it was to be in the employ of a wealthy uncle,—an uncle who had left his native land many years ago, a poor lad. He had worked his way to the top of the ladder unassisted, so what should prevent his nephew from prospering, with a rich uncle to reach him a helping hand? In a year or two he saw himself rich and prosperous, and then, no more parting for him and Eva.

Blame him not, dear reader. Who among us has not dreamed of the bright future that was to be ours when we made the slight effort that was necessary to bring a brilliant fortune in a glittering shower around us? At twenty we are all prone to look at the world through rose-colored glasses. When, in after years, we learn, by bitter experience, that nothing great is lightly won, we wonder at our childish folly, and scorn those who dream, perhaps, those very dreams that once made life so sweet to us.

Although the time has passed away that our country youth are completely bewildered when they first visit a large city, yet even in these enlightened days

no person can fail to be surprised when they first enter New York. Charlie's uncle met him at the steamer and escorted him to a grand mansion on Fifth Avenue, where he was warmly greeted by his aunt and cousins. As the young ladies came forward to welcome him, arrayed in their handsome evening dresses, he mentally contrasted them with the little country maiden he had left in her Nova Scotian home. "Could he ever," he asked himself, "have the courage to bring Eva among those haughty and graceful women?"

Poor little Eva, are your fears so soon to be realized? Though your devoted lover has been but an hour in New York, he is already drawing comparisons between you and those brilliant city belles.

The evening passed pleasantly away; and, at what seemed to him a very late hour, he was shown to his sleeping apartment.

"Well, girls," asked their father, after the young man left the room, "how do you like your cousin? Is he verdant enough to suit the popular taste. I understand rural relatives are very fashionable now in society."

"Not too bad, papa," answered Mildred, the youngest daughter. "A little rustic, but nothing like what I was expecting to meet. He appears to have enjoyed very fair educational advantages for a country lad. He neither poured his tea into a saucer, nor

picked his teeth with a fork, as the country cousin invariably does in novels: I think, with a little tuition from Clifford, he will be fairly presentable."

"Of course Clifford will have to have a hand in the transformation," scornfully exclaimed Maud, the eldest sister; "nothing can be complete in Millie's eyes without his aid. Is that young gentleman expected to have the usual fee for his services, or will he work in this case gratis? I do not imagine Charlie's present salary will stand very many lessons at lawyer Stanhope's regular prices."

At this allusion to her lover's mercenary spirit, Miss Mildred blushed, while her sisters laughed as merrily as was considered allowable for three such well-bred young ladies.

Clifford Stanhope was the eldest son of their father's partner, and already, though quite young, a very popular lawyer, as well as a brilliant society lion. Either of the four had been quite willing to wear golden fetters for his sake; but, to the surprise of the others, his choice had fallen on Mildred, the youngest and plainest of them all. Consequently, when occasion offered, the other three never lost an opportunity of indulging in a bit of sarcasm at his expense.

The evening after his arrival, Charlie was presented to Mr. Stanhope, who took quite a fancy to the Nova Scotia lad, and soon had him fully initiated in the mysteries of New York society. He

soon became quite a favorite with the young ladies of his acquaintance, but none pleased him as well as Clara Stanhope, a sister of his cousin's betrothed; for, though quite a stately young lady, she frequently reminded him of his little blue-nose love, and his attentions in public soon became so marked, that it was whispered that an engagement existed between the two.

"Well, Charlie," said Millie, entering the drawing-room one evening, about six months after his arrival, and finding the young man alone, "When are we to have the pleasure of congratulating you?"

"Congratulating me!" he exclaimed, in evident surprise. "Why, Millie, what do you mean? I was not aware that any special good fortune had befallen me; that is, anything to call forth congratulations.

"Let me be the first to congratulate you on your engagement, Charlie; for, of course, such devoted attention as you have shown Clara all winter can have but one ending, and as you are probably not aware that engagements in our set are always announced before the end of the season, I thought it would be as well to give you a little hint on the subject."

"My attentions! Mildred, you are talking in riddles. I have never thought of asking Miss Stanhope to be my wife, and if I should so far forget my position as to do so, I would expect nothing better

than a severe snubbing for my presumption."

"I do not know about that. I should imagine that papa's nephew might be considered a fair match for Clara Stanhope. I know the family think you good enough for her, and neither papa nor Mr. Stanhope will be pleased with your conduct if you do not ask her to marry you. You have rendered her conspicuous by your attentions, and kept other young gentlemen at a distance. As for your presumption, that is all nonsense. I can assure you that Clara will not say no, when you ask the all-important question."

"Here is a nice dilemma," thought Charlie, when his cousin left the room. "A fellow engaged to one girl, and expected to marry another. Millie seems so well posted, that the affair must have been talked over among them. That is what Stanhope meant the other day, when he hinted at a partnership. Clara is a nice girl; and, were I free, I might do worse than make her my wife. My success with the firm will be at an end when I tell them I am engaged to another; but there is no help for it. I cannot throw poor little Eva over, come what will. Here are some more of them coming to give their gentle hints, confound them!" he muttered, as a light footstep was heard approaching. "Well, as I am not in a mood to stand any more of that sort of thing to-night, I will bolt out this side door," and

he made his escape as some one entered at the opposite side of the room.

"A letter for you, sir," said the housemaid, coming towards him, as he crossed the hall. Mechanically taking the letter from her, he mounted to his room, locked the door, and lighted the gas. "From Eva," he murmured, tenderly, as he sank into a chair and tore it open.

"Only a few lines! This is not like Eva! What can be the matter?" Glancing over the epistle, he threw it aside with an impatient exclamation, and going to the window, he opened it wide, letting in the cold night wind which blew freshly from the river. For over an hour he remained by the open casement, with his head bowed upon his hands, but was at last aroused by his cousin's voice at his door.

"Charlie," she called, "are you coming with us this evening? If you are, please hurry, it is time we should be starting."

"I will be with you in a few minutes," he answered, and, hurriedly dressing himself, he joined his cousins in the hall.

"Do not forget my hint," whispered Mildred, as he escorted her to the carriage. "Clara looked pale this afternoon. Better put her out of misery at once, you will have plenty of opportunities this evening."

"All right; stand guard to keep off listeners,

while I button-hole her in a corner," he replied, with a mirthless laugh. "If laying such a trifle as my hand and fortune at her feet, will bring back the vanished roses, you will see them blooming brilliantly enough before morning."

"You speak about your hand and fortune; but how is it about your heart, young man? Did you leave that most important article in your Nova Scotian home? I hope it is not already bestowed on some rustic belle down East."

"Did not know such an article existed at the present day. Thought it went out of date in New York society many years ago. Here we are. Shall I escort you to the cloak room?"

An hour afterwards, true to his promise, he led the fair Clara to the music room, which was deserted, and laid his hand and fortune at her feet. As Millie had told him, she certainly looked pale; but the roses did not return as she listlessly listened to his proposal, and accepted with a faint smile. No word of love passed between them. The young lady evidently did not expect any sentiment, and Charlie was in no mood to declare himself about to be consumed with the tender passion.

"Thank goodness, that is over," he growled, as he closed the door of his cousin's carriage; and, lighting a cigar, he started for home, conversing with himself in an undertone as he walked.

"I suppose I shall have to speak to papa Stanhope

to-morrow ; ask for his blessing, and all the rest of it. What an icicle she looked to-night ! One would find about as much pleasure in making love to a statue. They would probably pay about as much attention to a fellow. Oh, my darling Eva ! How can I give you up forever ! But I suppose one cannot have everything they wish for in this world. I will probably have a good supply of money, so I ought to be content." And, with this sage reflection, he entered his uncle's home, and quietly made his escape to his own room.

On entering his place of business the next morning, he was surprised to find that his chief had requested a private interview as soon as he came in. He tremblingly followed the messenger into Mr. Stanhope's office, where he was kindly received by the old gentleman. "Mr. Smith," he began, as he closed the door, "my daughter tells me you have something to say to me this morning."

"Your daughter, Mr. Stanhope, did me the honor last evening to accept me as her future husband, subject, of course, to your consent."

"You have, I understand, no private means,—nothing, in fact, except your salary?"

"No, I have only what I can earn."

"Then, may I ask, how do you propose to support Clara ? Your present income would not begin to pay her milliner's bills."

"We are both young, sir, and in two or three

years I ought to have a salary large enough to begin housekeeping."

"No doubt; but I do not propose to have her kept waiting for two or three years, and perhaps at the end of that time to have her thrown over for a younger and fairer maid. I have had enough of that already."

"Do you think, sir," began Charlie, indignantly, when he was interrupted by the other.


"No offence, Smith. To be candid with you, Clara was engaged to a young villain for some time, but I refused to give my consent to the match, for I strongly suspected that it was her fortune he was after. However, a few months ago he inherited a large fortune. His first act after taking possession was to jilt my daughter, so I shall have no further waiting. If you wish to marry her, you shall do so at once. Her private property will provide you with a junior partnership in the firm. We need a younger man to look after the business. I shall give her a furnished house for a wedding present. Arrange the matter with Clara as soon as you wish. No thanks, please," he added, as the younger man attempted to express his gratitude. "I have other business to attend to, so be off to your desk."

Charlie soon found that he was to have no easy task in arranging the matter with Clara. She would listen to no proposal that involved a wedding before September. She was tired out, she

declared, with the gaieties of the preceding winter, and must rest during the summer.

The first of June the family left the city for their Hudson villa; but soon, to Charlie's dismay, he learned they had gone to a northern watering-place, where her recreant lover was staying. But if Clara cherished a secret hope of bringing him again to her side, it was speedily dispelled, and a kindly-worded note was sent to Charlie, asking him to join them.

A few weeks afterwards, they all returned to New York, and the wedding took place. Mr. Stanhope, true to his promise, presented the young couple with an elegantly furnished mansion, and they began housekeeping on a scale of magnificence which surpassed Charlie's wildest dreams.



CHAPTER II.

BROKEN PROMISES.

THE long Nova Scotian winter was a dreary one for Eva without her lover, and the letters which came regularly were more precious than gold to the little blue-eyed maiden. He told of the busy life he led, of the beautiful mansion where he dwelt with his uncle's family, and of the handsome cousins who had received him as their brother. How her heart went out in gratitude to those lovely women who were so kind to Charlie, *her* Charlie.

True to the promise made the evening of their parting, she spent all her leisure time with her books and music, for on Charlie's return he must find her fitted to take her place among his wealthy city relatives. Months had passed away since she had heard from him, but still poor Eva hoped on. No letter had come to gladden her heart; but he, of course, was coming soon, and wished to surprise her. Every stranger upon the street was closely scanned,

and every Sunday her eyes wandered to his father's pew in church, expecting to see the loved form that was to come soon, so soon. Oh, loving, trusting maiden, soon are your eyes to be opened, and soon is your heart to bleed for the fickleness of man!

One morning she went to the post-office, as usual, for Charlie's letter. "Nothing but the paper, Miss," said the postmaster, handing her the local sheet.

Carelessly opening it, she began to read, as she turned towards home.

Now, pitying angels, haste to earth and comfort the poor little maiden whose heart is to die when that paper is opened, for there it is announced that Charlie, her own lover, has been for some days the husband of another. Charlie false! It is impossible! But why those months of cruel silence?

"Oh, heaven!" she moaned, "it must be true."

She staggered into the house and up to her own room, where, flinging herself upon her knees, she prayed, as many a stricken one has prayed before, for death,—the death that will not come at the bidding of us poor, weak mortals.

Oh, little Eva, although the scar will never leave your heart as long as life shall last, yet Time, which heals all wounds, will also bind up yours. But he is yet to come, so you must learn to suffer and grow strong.

For weeks she wandered around the house, the shadow of her former bright self. Books and music

were thrown aside. Of what use would her education be to her now ?

For the last year she had studied so hard to prepare herself for the position in which her lover was to place her, and now that position was occupied by another. She packed away her books, locked her piano, and gave herself up to despair. Her father tried to reason, her mother scolded and coaxed, but nothing would rouse her from her grief.

Going out one afternoon for a walk, to please her mother, she wandered listlessly to the old well, where Charlie and she had spent their last evening together. Throwing herself under a hedge a short distance from the spot, she tried to picture to herself the future. How was she to spend the weary years that were to come ? She was aroused from her reverie by the sound of voices near, and, not wishing to meet with any of her young friends, she was about to move away, when she caught the speaker's words, chaining her to the spot.

"Yes," said a voice, which she recognized as that of Charlie's sister, "he is married. Eva Parker thought she was going to get him ; but the very idea of such a thing ! A nice wife she would make for a man in his position. She is the greatest little dunce you ever saw. Just fancy her being mistress of Charlie's New York mansion, ruling his servants and entertaining his guests. Oh no, my brother, I can assure you, is not so foolish as that. Why, he

has married into one of the first families of New York. The bride had a large fortune in her own right, and her father made her a present of an elegantly furnished mansion."

"But," said another, when the first speaker ceased, "I understood that he was engaged to her when he went away. Do you consider that he acted honorably in marrying another under those circumstances? I am told she had no idea of his falseness until she read an account of his marriage in the newspaper. It must have been a bitter blow to her, poor girl; but she can console herself with the reflection that she is well rid of a worthless scoundrel, who, sooner or later, is bound to come to grief, for there is a fate, even in this world, that punishes such villainy. He may have won a large fortune by his marriage; but, mark my words, his future will not be a happy one."

"Much obliged to you for your compliments, my dear Mrs. Wilson," returned the other; "but, supposing he was engaged to her. What does an engagement amount to, anyway?"

"Nothing, it seems, if both parties do not happen to be honorable people."

"Charlie told me, in his last letter, that there was a sort of childish engagement between them, but he did not consider it binding. He said he never asked her positively to marry him; and, in his present position, she would be the last person he would

think of making his wife. When they were children, they used to plan what they were going to do when they grew up and married, and if the little dunce thought his attentions were serious, I do not consider my brother should be blamed. Every young man flirts, more or less, before he settles down for life. Old Parker, they say, is furious, and would be trying a breach of promise case, if he had any chance. That, I should think, was proof enough there was no engagement between them. Charlie seemed very much amused at the idea of introducing a green little country girl like Eva to his friends as his wife. He intended, he said, when he married, to select a lady for the mistress of his home. I can tell you, it needs an educated person to hold her own in the circle in which Charlie moves. They say the poor girl is breaking her heart over her loss. It is a pity. I feel very sorry for her; but she should not have allowed herself to get so desperately in love, until she was sure her affections were returned."

Eva waited to hear no more, but swiftly and noiselessly left the spot.

"Well, Eva Parker," she said to herself, when she had withdrawn to a safe distance. "Do you not think you have acted the simpleton long enough for the pleasure of the Smiths? It is about time now to show them that you possess a little common sense, and can manage to get through life without

their precious Charlie. Yes, my dear Miss Mattie, you will yet see poor, foolish, despised Eva Parker occupying as high a position in life as your honorable brother.

“And so, Master Charlie, you wanted an educated lady for the mistress of your home, not a green little country girl. Be careful, my young gentleman, you have yet to learn what it is to incur a jilted woman’s hate. I will show you all I am not quite ready to die of a broken heart, even if I am so desperately in love. I can live and enjoy life for a time, I think, without the aid of the Smiths.”

But, as the indignant girl spoke those passionate words, she felt, in fancy, her young lover’s kisses upon her lips, and again those words were ringing in her ears,—“Not until the tide ceases to ebb and flow on yonder beach, will I forget or cease to love you.” Her tearful eyes were turned toward the sea shore, almost expecting, for an instant, to find the tide had ceased to flow; but no, the grassy flats she had noticed when she first came out, were now almost covered with the rising tide.

“There is a proof of man’s constancy,” she murmured, resolutely forcing back her tears; and, springing to her feet, she hastened home.

Her first act, on reaching the house, was to make a package of her false lover’s letters, picture and ring, and address them to him at New York. One long, last look she gave the portrait, before consign-

ing it to the packet. "This is the burial of my dead love," she moaned, as she covered it reverently with the wrapper. "Oh, Charlie, who could believe, to look at your pictured face, that you could be so false and cruel! Now, the first step is taken, the funeral is over, what am I to do with my life? It must be spent far away from here, if I wish to succeed in the world; but the first thing, I suppose, is to obtain an education. If papa and manma will consent, I shall at once enter some first-class boarding school. After graduating, there will be time enough for me to decide on a future career. I have no fear of papa not giving his consent. He will be so pleased to find me trying to forget that scoundrel, as he calls Charlie, he will be willing to agree to almost anything likely to assist me. But mamma, will she be willing to let me go? However, I must, in spite of all opposition; so I may as well broach the subject as soon as papa comes in to tea."

"Why, Eva!" exclaimed her father, looking up with a pleased smile as she entered the dining-room, gaily humming a popular air. "You are as gay as a lark this evening. Where did you gather all your roses, little girlie?"

"How could any person be otherwise than gay on such a perfect night, papa? If you are going near the post-office after tea, will you post this, if you please?" she asked, handing him the package of letters.

Her father placed it in his pocket, without a word. He could see, although apparently so cheerful, what an effort she was making to appear so.

"Eva," he said, at last, breaking the silence, which had lasted for some time. "How would you like to go away for a visit? Don't you think a trip to Boston would do you good? See if you cannot coax your mother to go with you. We have many friends there, some of whom she has not seen for years. The change would do you both a lot of good."

"Oh, papa, if we only could go! But how would you manage while we were gone?"

"Nicely. Of course it will be rather lonely; but, if you come back in a few weeks and tell me you had a real good time, I shall be glad to have you go."

As her father finished, Eva felt that now was the time to gain his consent to her plan of remaining in Boston, and attending school.

"Papa," she began, somewhat timidly, "if mamma and I were to go to Boston, could I not stay and go to school this winter? Could you afford to send me? I will study so hard, and be so saving, if you will only let me stay."

"To school! Why, Eva, what ever put such an idea as that into your head? Don't you know enough already? You seem to be about as well educated as any of the girls around."

"Be that as it may, Charlie thought I was not well enough educated to be his wife, and I should like to show them all that I am not such a little dunce as they seem to think me. Besides, papa, I cannot bear the thought of coming back here this winter, if we go away. We have good schools in Canada, I know; but I would rather go farther away from home. Everybody I meet, if I go out, looks at me as if I were a being to be pitied. They will probably forget about everything, if none of them see me until next summer."

"Very well, my child, you need not come home if you do not wish to. I can afford to send you to school as long as you want to go, so make your mind easy on that subject. I have a tidy little sum in the bank that I laid away to buy your wedding fixings, but if you would rather spend it on your education, I am quite willing for you to do so, only you must not study too hard. I do not want to see my little Eva coming back without her roses, even if she does bring a big diploma with her. Health is before everything else in this world. But talk the matter over with your mother while I am gone, and do not be afraid of bankrupting me when you are getting your finery. I can stand anything in reason, and will get you some money to-morrow to begin with."

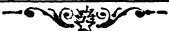
Eva drew a sigh of relief as her father left the room. She had been so afraid of her parents re-

fusing their consent to her going away, for she well knew how hard it would be for them to part with their only child during the long, lonely winter. Could she have heard her father's soliloquy as he left the house, she would not have been so much surprised at his ready consent to her wishes.

"So that's about the size of it," he muttered to himself, as he walked down the street. "My girl's education wasn't fancy enough for you, Mr. Charles Smith. Well, if you have managed to get hold of an educated woman for your wife, you are the first one of the family that ever possessed such a luxury. Eva won't be long in showing you all what kind of an education she can obtain, when once she gets into one of these swell boarding-schools; and that's where she's going now, if it takes my last dollar to put her through. We will have her graduating with high honors before many years are gone by, or else I am very much mistaken in her. Poor little Eva, the old farm will be lonely enough without you; but we must not be selfish. Your mother and I would soon have had to give you up in any case. If you go away to school, we can have you home for the summer vacations; but if you were married in New York, we should hardly see you at all. So, perhaps things are better as they are. If you can only learn to forget that villain, all will be well."

The old gentleman gave the package a vicious tug, as he pulled it from his pocket, by way of

emphasizing his last remark ; and, entering the post-office, he started it for New York with anything but a blessing for the one to whom it was addressed.



CHAPTER III.

LEAVING FOR SCHOOL.

THE next few weeks were busy ones for Eva. Her mother first opposed the young girl's leaving home; but, being overruled by her husband, she soon gave her consent, and began the necessary preparations for a lengthy sojourn in a Boston boarding-school. But, although she gave her consent to the departure of Eva, she firmly refused to accompany her; so, one fine morning, the express train bore Eva and her father away from their little country home.

Arriving in Boston, Mr. Parker lost no time in placing his daughter in one of the most popular schools of the city; and, giving her a liberal supply of pocket-money, and a charge to be sure and not study too hard and injure her health, he re-embarked for his native land.

Eva soon grew accustomed to the routine of her school life; and, in following the course of study

laid down for the graduating students, she began to forget her disappointment. It is true, the face of her old lover would sometimes, in fancy, come between her and the printed page over which she bent, but she would resolutely drive the phantom back to the grave in which she had consigned it, and turn with renewed energy to her books. Her ambition to learn, and her untiring perseverance, soon placed her at the head of her classes, and made her a general favorite with her teachers, while among her classmates she made many warm friends.

She spent her Christmas vacation with a Miss Bertie Morley, her room-mate, whose parents lived a few miles from Boston; and, while there, met frequently with a cousin of her young friend, who fell violently in love with the fair young Evangeline. Several times during the winter he went to the city, and drove the two girls out to spend Sunday at Bertie's home.

Her friend used frequently to tease Eva about her conquest. "Only think, Evangeline," she would laughingly remark, "how furious the girls around home will be, when it becomes known that you, a stranger, have secured the matrimonial prize of the community. They have all been setting their caps at him ever since he returned from Europe, but you are about the only young lady of whom he has condescended to take the slightest notice. His first

love, in fact. Not many young ladies of the present day can boast of being the first love of their husbands."

"I was not aware that Professor Morley was my husband, Miss Bertha!"

"Well, if he keeps on at the rate he has been going lately, it will not be his fault if he is not your husband before many months are gone by. I believe he actually counts the days that intervene between his trips to Boston. I have been here two years, and before he fell in love with you, no one thought it possible for me to be homesick, or have the least wish to see 'Riverside' occasionally. I thought myself fortunate to get home once or twice during a term; now it is nothing new for us to average three or four trips a month. I wonder how often I would get an opportunity of going if I did not invite you to go with me. How grateful I should feel to Madam Siddons for putting you in my room, so that we could become such good friends. I wonder if Walter will have the courage to come for us to-morrow; he came last week and the week before. He wanted to know last week if you were going home after commencement. I asked him if he intended to go too, if you were, and bring you back transformed into Mrs. Walter Morley. He said he would like to do so, but would it be possible for him to accomplish such an undertaking, did I think? I offered to sound you on the subject,

and report at our next meeting; but, will you believe it, that instead of feeling grateful to me for my disinterested kindness in taking an interest in his affairs, the fellow actually told me, if I did so, he would never speak to me again as long as he lived. There is gratitude for you. I have heard there is nothing so unreasonable as a man in love, and I, for one, am quite ready to believe it. There is nothing under the sun to which I can compare their uncertain tempers, unless it is the renowned Burdett's description of the Bay of Fundy tides. You never know how suddenly they will rise."

"The gallant Professor must have been at a loss for a confidant when he selected Miss Bertie Morley. Do you think you are acting fairly in betraying his confidence in this way?" asked her friend.

"Come, Eva, darling, don't you get angry too; for the displeasure of both at once will quite overcome me. How do you suppose I was going to help telling you? Learned as my sedate cousin is, for the most part, there are yet some things for him to find out, and one of those is,—never to trust a school-girl with secrets, especially if they concern her bosom friend. I have been bursting to tell you ever since he was talking with me, and consider that I have done remarkably well to keep it to myself for nearly a week. The poor fellow had to tell somebody, I suppose, for his love is almost consum-

ing him, and he dare not declare it to the fair object of his adoration.

"I wonder, by-the-way," she went on, looking roguishly at Eva from under her long lashes, "why men are such cowards when they fall in love? They give one the impression, moping around the way they do, of some person just recovering from a severe fit of sickness. Say, girly, the next time you meet Walter, just smile on him as sweetly as ever you can. Give him a chance to propose, and put him out of his misery. When once you are engaged to him, he will soon recover his spirits."

"What makes you so sure that I shall be engaged to him?" said Eva, with a laugh. "Allow me to inform you that you are making a great mistake. I have no intention of accepting Professor Morley for my husband. It is true, he has not yet done me the honor to ask me, and I sincerely trust he never will, for it will be no pleasure for me to decline the alliance."

Bertie stared at her in open-eyed astonishment.

"Do you mean to tell me, Eva, that you will really decline such a brilliant match as Walter Morley?" she said, at last. "You must be mad to think of such a thing."

"That is exactly what I do mean to say."

"Then you are a greater goose than I thought it possible for you to be. Why, he is considered one

of the best matches in all New England. His father left him a large fortune, which he has more than doubled during the last five years."

"His fortune would not influence me, if I cared for the man."

"You have always appeared to like him well enough. What has come over you?"

"As a friend, yes, I like him immensely; but, as a husband,—that is quite another matter. Girls are supposed to love the man they marry."

"Love! Fiddlesticks! Love is an old-fashioned idea, gone out of date many years ago. There is no such thing in existence at the present day. A brilliant position is what a girl aims at in these enlightened times; and, certainly, the girl who becomes Walter's wife will have that."

"You are not very consistent, Miss Morley," laughed Eva. "A few moments ago, you declared your cousin was nearly consumed by his love; now you declare, as positively, there is no such thing in existence."

"Did I say that? Well, I take it back again. I think I ought to acknowledge the existence of love, for I have conjugated the verb *Amo* in all its moods and tenses. But, if you are not already in love with Walter, I see nothing for you to do except fall in love with him right away. I should not suppose that a very difficult operation for you to accomplish, with a handsome husband, a splendid

establishment, and a lot of other good things in prospect."

"Not so very difficult, perhaps, if one is only heart-whole to begin with."

"Oh, Eva! do not tell me you are already engaged. You wear no ring. What a blow this will be for poor Walter! It will break his heart!"

"Hearts do not break so easily," said Eva, a shade of sadness in her tone. "If they did, mine would have been broken long ago. I am not engaged, for the man I was to marry deserted me for a wealthy New York heiress; but I can never marry another. My faith in the sex is completely destroyed."

"Never marry another! Who ever heard of such nonsense! Pray, my dear young lady, what do you intend to do with your life?"

"I have not altogether decided upon my future career. I have some thoughts of becoming a trained nurse, it seems to be such a beautiful life."

"Beautiful! Yes, very! I can imagine nothing more beautiful than holding the head of some low-bred Irishman, while the doctor hacks off his maimed limbs, which have become crushed in some drunken street brawl! I have heard that the life of a nun was more beautiful still; but, unfortunately, you are not a Roman Catholic. Now, Eva, do listen to a little common sense! My advice would be for you to smile sweetly upon Walter, and when he plucks up courage to ask you to be-

come Mrs. M., (and it will not be long now before he does, if you give him the least bit of encouragement), just say yes. Show the man who jilted you that you can enjoy life as well as he."

"Bertie, if you had ever loved, you would never advise me to marry one man, loving another."

"If I ever loved! Do hear the girl! I think I have been in love twenty times, at least. Let me see; my first love was a boy of twelve. He used to call for me every morning, and draw me to school on his sled. How I did love the little wretch; but he jilted me for Amanda Stone, and a pretty little thing she was, with long golden curls,—mine were only a common brown. What pangs of jealousy I endured for a whole month! It was awful while it lasted. Then another admirer took his place. The other fellow had a pony, and I used to ride on its back. That was a triumph, for the snow was gone then, and poor Amanda had to walk. It was fine while it lasted; but the pony broke his leg, and his master was not nearly so nice afterwards.

"However, I got another beau I liked better before the summer was gone, and Howard consoled himself with another girl. My last love was my ideal man. He had the most exquisite little moustache you ever saw. And he was so very neat, it was a real pleasure to have him kiss me. He was the most divine little figure! His tailor fitted him without a wrinkle. He took another girl to the

opera one evening when I was ill, and that ended everything. It almost broke my heart at first, but the wound soon healed. I never liked any one half so well as he, but I do not intend to wear the willow for him all my life. I will find some other tailor's block to take his place before many years go over my head, of that you may be sure; and, if you are wise, you will follow my advice and accept Walter. I will wager, if you do, that you will be as desperately in love with him, before a month is over, as you were with the other fellow!"

Eva shook her head, half gravely, half smilingly. "My dear," she said, "I have already told you that I can never love your cousin; consequently, I shall never commit such a crime as to marry him for his money and position.

"Shades of Troy! Cannot love him? What is there so objectionable about the young man? I do not believe there is another girl in Boston who would refuse him. You ought to be packed up and sent to Barnum as one of the greatest living curiosities of the age. A girl in the nineteenth century who actually believes in love and constancy! The best thing you can do is to go on the stage. What crowded houses you would have. Be sure and make your *debut* in New York, so the man you love so fondly can be present to cheer you. He will probably bring his most intimate lady acquaintance with him, (not his wife, of course;

gentlemen never escort their wives anywhere in New York society). Engage some friend to take a seat near them, so you can learn his opinion of your acting. I can fancy I see him now, stroking his mustache with a reflective air, as he tells his companion you have a fine figure, rather pretty complexion, but not altogether his style, although he is almost certain that you are an old flame of his when he was a youngster. Then, he will probably remark that such a pretty little thing ought to have married before this. Then, with a self-satisfied smirk, he will insinuate that your fondness for him has kept you single.

“Men are all alike, with a few exceptions, Walter being one, of course. But I will not say another word in his favor to-night. Sleep on what I have already said, and I will wager anything you will agree with me in the morning.”



CHAPTER IV.

THE ENGAGEMENT.

EVA pondered over the advice given by her young friend before she slept. "Bertie was right after all," she thought. "Walter was rich, young and handsome; and, as his cousin had said, she had every reason to think he adored her. What a triumph it would be for her to marry him. As his wife, she would occupy as important a position in society as Charlie now occupied. But could she bring herself to commit such a crime as to marry for wealth and position? True, she respected him, she told herself, more than any man she knew. Bertie was right, he certainly was an exception to the average young man; but respect was not love, and what right had she to mar his life, as she certainly would do, if she married him without loving him? If she could only learn to love him, things might be different; but that was an impossibility. Her heart was dead. The bright fountains of love were dried forever.

Henceforth her life was a desert waste, with not a single oasis to gladden her weary journey. She would become a sweet Sister of Mercy, watch over and endeavor to alleviate the sufferings of the afflicted; and, perhaps, when life was ended, she would reap her reward in the better world. Walter would find, somewhere, a sweet wife, who would love him for himself alone, and she would rejoice to see his happiness."

Poor, foolish Eva! You are not the first who has made those heroic resolutions in the darkness of your chamber, while suffering from the pangs of unrequited love, nor yet the first who has changed your mind when morning, with its rosy flush, comes to convince you of your folly. Life never yet was made so sad for mortals, but some gleams of sunshine are to be found behind the darkest clouds, if we are only brave enough to search for them, or patiently wait the bursting of the thick curtain which hides them from our view.

The morning brought Walter to drive the girls to "Riverside." Eva firmly refused to accompany her friend.

"No, Bertie," was her answer, when urged to go; "I will not do your cousin this great wrong. I have already told you I can never marry him, and it will only make matters worse for me to encourage false hopes."

"I am afraid you did not sleep well last night,

after all," said Bertie, with an indignant glance. "If you had enjoyed a good night's rest, you would not feel so decidedly blue this morning. I think, myself, you had better not go out to-day. Let me tuck you up in bed, and I will ask Miss Siddons to send for the doctor. I fear you are going to have an attack of brain fever, you look quite wild about the eyes. Perhaps I had better send for a physician at once."

"Bertie, come back!" called Eva, imploringly, as her friend turned to leave the room.

"All right; get ready to come with us, and let me hear no more of this nonsense."

"Oh, Bertie, I cannot," she answered, with a sob. "Why do you persist in torturing me so?"

"For your own good, you little goose. If you were not as stupid as an owl, you would understand that without further explanation. Come, I never give up when I once set my heart on anything I want. If you do not come with us this morning, I shall have Dr. Allen sent for. I can manage the old gent famously, and see if I do not have you invalided, and sent out to 'Riverside' for pure air, and to be under my father's treatment before the day is over. I have set my heart on seeing you Mrs. Walter Morley, and I never give up anything I undertake, while there remains a ghost of a chance to accomplish my ends. Fates are against you, young lady, so you might as well yield with

a good grace, for you will certainly be compelled to yield, sooner or later."

"Bertie, I did not think you could act so cruelly."

"Acting cruelly, am I? Well, Eva, you are amusing, even if you are obstinate. Is it cruel to try to stop a foolish girl from throwing away her future? Is it cruel to endeavor to open her eyes, in order that she may see the perfections of the man who adores her? Some day, young lady, you will go down on your knees before me, and, with streaming eyes, humbly ask my pardon for the great injustice you have done me, which will be readily granted, for you are a lovable little dear, in spite of everything. Now, kiss me, darling, and get ready, for we have kept poor Walter waiting long enough."

"Bertie, if you have no mercy for me, do you think it fair to your cousin to bring us together in this way?"

"Oh, I have not the least anxiety on his account, I can assure you. But, seriously, Eva, as you are so conscientious about accepting him, having loved another, why not tell him about this early love, now dead and buried, for I suppose it is dead and buried before this?"

"I suppose so," Eva replied; "but, even now, I cannot help feeling, sometimes, that, in spite of appearances, there must have been some mistake, and that Charlie was not altogether to blame."

"May heaven grant me patience! Who can sound

the depth of woman's love, or measure woman's faith? Not believe him guilty, when he has jilted you and married another, without even taking the trouble to let you know he had changed his mind! He must be one of the greatest villains on earth! I can believe in love and constancy, when the object of one's love is true; but to be true to a person who has proved false to his heart's core, that, I must say, is altogether beyond my comprehension. But, let me hear no more of this foolishness, and do not keep us waiting much longer. I am going down to tell Walter you are coming."

"Will the girl be foolish enough to refuse him?" she thought, as she hastened to the reception room. "I must give Walter a hint of affairs. It is hardly fair to the poor girl, but it will be better for him to know. She is a true little darling, and worth the trouble of winning. If he does not get discouraged, he will succeed in time."

But even wise Miss Bertie was somewhat surprised when her cousin Walter came to her a few hours after they reached "Riverside" for congratulations.

"Oh, Bertie," exclaimed her friend, when they were alone that evening. "Walter was so kind and good this afternoon, I could not say no. I hope I may love him some day, for he deserves it."

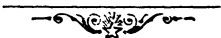
"I hope so," answered her friend; "but you are telling me nothing new when you say he is good."

He has always reminded me of chocolate candy. When is the happy event to take place?"

"Not for a long time yet. After I graduate. You will be my bridesmaid, Bertie darling, will you not?"

"Of course I will, you old silly! Do you think you could get through such an important affair without me? I am not—— Oh, Eva, I do hope you will be very happy," she suddenly exclaimed throwing her arms around her companion, and Eva, looking up, saw her eyes were filled with tears. But they were brushed aside in an instant, and the laughter-loving girl was herself again; but those tears troubled Eva for many a day.

A short time after her engagement, the school broke up for the summer holidays, and Eva, her left hand adorned with a band of glittering diamonds, sailed for her native land.



CHAPTER V.

EVA MEETS CHARLIE.

Two years have passed away, and to-night a large and fashionable audience has gathered in the assembly hall to witness the closing exercises of the school.

More than the usual amount of interest is noticed this year, for it is rumored the talents of the graduating class are far above the average.

A brilliant array of young maidens filed into the hall at the ringing of the school bell, and among them all, none looked more lovely than our fair Nova Scotian.

She was to deliver the valedictory, and after the others had given their essays, with the usual amount of applause, she was introduced to the audience.

As her eloquent voice rose in a touching farewell to teachers and friends, every sound was hushed, and at its close all were agreed that she had carried off the palm.

After the diplomas were awarded, the fair graduates withdrew to the reception rooms to receive the congratulations of their friends. Professor Morley took a position by Eva's side, and wonderingly saw her turn pale as a lady and gentleman came toward her. She made a violent effort to recover her self-possession, as Charlie's well-remembered voice reached her ear.

"Allow me, Eva," she heard him say, "to offer you my warmest congratulation on your success to-night, and also to present my wife. She is very anxious to know the heroine of the evening. Mrs. Smith, my old friend and playfellow, Miss Parker."

Eva turned to the lady with a distant bow and a murmured "Mrs. Smith does me too much honor," and immediately turned, with outstretched hand, to a young gentleman who had, with difficulty, made his way to her side.

"Ah, Master Fred," they heard her say, "you really did us the honor to come, after all. I have been in tears ever since I heard you were not going to encourage us by your presence, but I might have known you would not desert us at the most important moment of our lives."

"Important moment of your lives! What fibs you girls can tell. The most important moment of *your* life will take place a few weeks hence; but you may be sure I shall not desert you then. Walter has had my promise to be on the spot for

years. Where is Bert? I have a choice piece of news for her to-night. Ta-ta, Eva. Will see you at 'Riverside' to-morrow, I hope?"

"Oh, yes, we are all coming out in the morning," she answered, as Fred Morley moved away.

Friends were crowding around, and what a triumph she felt was hers. The heroine of the evening, and Charlie to see it all! Charlie, who thought she would disgrace him with her ignorance, if he presented her to New York society as his wife. Involuntarily, her eyes turned to the spot where he was standing with her rival, and a scornful smile curled her proud lip, as she gazed at the faded woman by his side.

At length the reception was over, and the two girls were alone again.

"Oh, Eva!" exclaimed Bertie, as she closed the door of their own room. "I have had such a pleasant surprise to-night. My cousin Clara, of whom you have heard me speak, came from New York to see me graduate. Think of what a lot of trouble she took for your humble servant. There was a party of tourists coming this way, so she and her husband joined them. She is the dearest old girl you ever saw. I am sure she and you will be great friends, for everyone falls in love with her at first sight. They are coming to 'Riverside' in the morning. What fun we shall have, if Walter does not monopolize you during your visit."

"I do not think selfishness is a vice of Walter's. But let us go to sleep, or we shall not be fit for anything in the morning."

But, although so anxious for sleep, Eva wooed the drowsy god in vain. Her old lover's handsome face was constantly appearing before her mental vision. How dare he have the audacity to speak to her! It was an insult, but to introduce his wife! And to call her, Eva, his old friend and playmate! Would he care to tell Mrs. Smith that she was once his dearly loved Eva? For she still believed he had loved her once, until it came to a choice between her and gold. It was gold that had been her rival, not that plain and faded woman she had met to-night. Would Walter have served her so, she wondered, if he had been placed in the same position? All men were alike, she murmured; and, with this reflection, she sank into a troubled sleep, from which she was aroused by the ringing of the dressing-bell.

"Come, Eva," cried Bertie, gaily, "obey that tyrant of a bell for the last time. The carriage will come for us soon after breakfast, and we have so much to do before we go. Just think, our education is finished! No more hard study for us for the future, nothing to do except enjoy ourselves. But I forgot, you are going to be married right away. What a selfish fellow Walter is. He might have allowed you a year of liberty. It seems like

walking out of the school-room straight to the altar. If it was not to be for a year, now, I could have you with me part of the summer, and then go down to Nova Scotia and finish it out with you. Who knows what I might meet there in the shape of fate? Some handsome young gentleman might captivate my heart, and settle me on his broad acres to make butter and feed chickens. If it should turn out so, I will keep the biggest and fattest for Professor Morley and family, when they come down East to spend their summer vacations."

"You will probably get enough of Grand Pré during the fortnight we are planning to spend there. And, as for your rustic beau, I do not imagine Miss Bertie Morley is the sort of a young lady to lose her heart in a country village."

"I do not know. I met a gentleman last evening who was handsome enough to capture one's heart, wherever he was found, and he was from Grand Pré. I should have fallen in love with him, if he had not already possessed a wife. I must find out if he has any marriageable brothers. If he has— Bother! There goes the breakfast-bell!—Come, Eva, for the last time."

"A gentleman from Grand Pré, handsome and polished," thought Eva, as she went towards the dining-hall. "It must be Charlie she has met. Some one has introduced them,—but what nonsense! How could Charlie know any person who

would be likely to introduce him to Bertie? But the New York cousin! There was a party of tourists! He and his wife, of course, were of the party. The cousin was to be at 'Riverside' for a few days, and she would have an opportunity of hearing all about Charlie and his wife.

"But what cared she, Evangeline Parker, about Charlie Smith, or his wife either. How she wished the cousin had stayed at home with her husband, and not come down just now to spoil those last weeks of freedom for her. They would take all Bertie's time, leaving her for Walter to entertain; and he was so tiresome, playing the devoted lover in the way he did."

Shortly after breakfast, the carriage from "Riverside" was brought to the door. Their schoolmates had all said good-by, and the two girls went to the private room of the Principal for a final leave-taking.

"I believe, Bertie," remarked Miss Siddons, "you are glad to leave us, you appear so happy this morning."

"Why should I not be happy?" asked Bertie. "My work is done, my education finished, and I am going home for good, with nothing to do for the future but enjoy myself. Who could help being happy, with such a prospect in view?"

"Ah, my dear child, life has some more solemn duty for you than mere enjoyment; but, whatever your future lot, I trust it will be as full of sunshine

as your past has been. Good-by, my dear; you have my warmest wishes for a happy life. Of you, my dear," she continued, "I have no fear. Your future is assured, as far as it is possible for man to be sure of anything. I have known Walter Morley from a child, and the woman who has been fortunate enough to win his love, cannot fail to enjoy a happy life. Good-by, my dears; do not forget your *Alma Mater*."

"My future cannot fail to be happy," thought Eva, bitterly, as she followed Bertie to the carriage. "How dreadfully things do get mixed in this world. Oh, if I had never known Charlie! They say love makes a woman's life. It has ruined mine; and yet, what would I not give to see his face once more. But I must not give way like this, or Bertie will wonder what is wrong," she concluded, looking up, and forcing a smile, as she seated herself in the carriage.

As they were bowled swiftly through the streets behind Dr. Morley's matched bays, she kept on the watch for a passing glimpse of Charlie; but, when the city was far behind, she gave up the hope of seeing him again, and, rousing herself, began to talk with Bertie until they reached home.

Kind, motherly Mrs. Morley gave them both a hearty greeting, and sent them directly to their rooms to dress for dinner.

"Be sure you look your very best," she called

after Eva, as she ascended the stairs, "for Walter is coming down immediately after dinner."

"Have Clara and her husband arrived?" she heard Bertie ask her mother, as they came up together behind her:

"Yes, they came down with Walter and Fred this morning. Walter will bring Archie and Minnie Blake down with him, so you will be quite a little party for this evening."

Eva sank into a chair with a weary sigh when she was left alone. Ever since she had met Charlie, she had been longing for a few moments to herself. Now that she had gained her wish, she felt she no longer cared for solitude. Why had he crossed her path. She was contented with her lot until he came; but his coming had upset everything. Well, the dinner-bell would ring in a short time, and she was not dressed.

Getting up, she selected a simple white dress; and, throwing aside her dusty garments, she unfastened her golden hair, which fell in a glittering shower far below her waist. As she was gathering it up to twine around her shapely head, she started as if she had received a severe blow. People were talking beneath her window; and, peering through the curtains, she saw a number of gentlemen, and among them her old lover. "How came he here?" she asked herself, and turned white to the very lips, as the truth occurred to her. Bertie's cousin

was Charlie's wife, and they were both visiting here.

"Oh, heaven! What have I done to deserve it all?" she moaned. "How can I bear it? To sit at table with him for days. To be obliged to treat them as friends. If I could only go home!"

The white dress was tossed contemptuously aside, and an elegant silk was selected to take its place. Charlie should see that she could dress as elegantly and behave as gracefully as any lady of his acquaintance, if she was but a country girl. The reflection that looked at her from her mirror satisfied her fastidious taste; and, taking a rose-bud, she pinned it into her dress as the dinner-bell rang.

"Why, Eva," said Mrs. Morley, as she came into the drawing-room, "what a good little girl you are to mind. I did not expect you to get yourself up in so regardless a manner, when I told you I wanted you to look fine. Walter will think you are perfect; but I suppose he thinks that already."

"As a matter of course," answered Eva, with a little laugh. "They all think that of the young lady of their choice, or say they do, which amounts to the same thing, I suppose, as long as we are green enough to believe them."

"You little skeptic," replied her hostess. "No one ever before accused Walter of insincerity, no matter what might be said of other young men. But, allow me to present my niece and her hus-

band, from New York. Mrs. Smith and Mr. Smith, Miss Parker."

"I met Mrs. Smith last evening, and Mr. Smith I have also met before," said Eva, with a graceful bow to the lady, and scarcely deigning to notice her husband. She went forward, with a bright smile to meet Dr. Morley.

"Welcome to 'Riverside,' Lady Evangeline," cried her host, as she came towards him. "So you girls have burst your chrysalis and emerged into the gay world. Did you come down from Boston on the wing?"

"Yes, I think we must have flown," answered his companion. "They tell me, young lady, that you carried off the highest honors at the Institution last evening. Sorry I could not be there; but, 'business before pleasure,' you know. I feel very proud of my niece that is to be. Only eight weeks, they tell me, before Walter will have you fettered again. The selfish fellow! Well, little one, if you are to be caged, your prison bars are well gilded. I was down there this morning, and I can assure you there is nothing like 'Maple Grove' to be found in these parts. Where's Bert?"

"Coming," replied a merry voice, and the owner, rushing forward, nearly smothered her parent in a hearty embrace.

"There, there, puss, that will do! I did not know that Madam Siddons made bears out of the young

ladies sent to her establishment. Eva, I will have to place her in your charge. See if you cannot improve on Madam. And now, Miss, allow me the pleasure of taking you down to dinner," and, with a low bow, the old gentleman drew Eva's hand through his arm and marched her off, leaving the rest of his guests to follow.

It was quite plain that Eva was a great favorite with all the family. He seated her at his right hand at the table, and the two kept up a continuous stream of gay talk during the meal. Charlie listened like one in a dream. How came Eva here, so far away from her home?

After their return to the drawing-room, he could not remove his eyes from her face. What had changed her so? The Eva he once had known, was a quiet, dear little girl, whose greatest pleasure was to nestle by his side and receive his caresses. Could it be possible that this haughty and brilliant belle was the same Eva to whom he had bade good-by that lovely September night, nearly four years ago, in her far-away Nova Scotian home? He almost laughed aloud, as he thought of his sister's words the morning he left Nova Scotia. Could she see Eva now, what would she say to the change? How she had remonstrated with him when he told her of his engagement.

"Charlie Smith," she had said, "are you crazy? If you succeed in New York, as you are likely to,

how can you ever think of taking such an insignificant girl as Eva among our relatives?" When he told her to remember that Eva was his promised wife, she had answered, with a harsh laugh, that promises were easily broken; and, in all probability, before a year had passed away, she would be the promised wife of another. "For, out of sight out of mind, you know," she had said; "and, sooner or later, you are bound to hear that your loved one is the bride of some rustic swain. Eva is not the girl who could be constant for any length of time to an absent lover. Moore must have had some one like her in his mind when he wrote,— 'When we are far from the lips we love, we have but to make love to the lips that are near.'"

How angry he had been with her, at the time; but her words were partially true, after all. Their promises had been broken, but Eva was—instead of the bride of some rustic swain—to be the bride of one of the best *partis* in New England. He had visited her future home that morning, little dreaming, when he passed from one magnificent apartment to another, that the girl he once had loved so dearly, was soon to be the mistress of it all.

"Oh, Eva!" he cried in his heart, "why were we ever parted so cruelly?"

He was a lonely and disappointed man. His child had died soon after its birth, and his wife, a fanciful invalid, looked upon her husband as a

sort of a machine, who existed for the sole purpose of ministering to her wants. How he longed to take Eva from the gay crowd which surrounded her, and pour his troubles into her sympathetic ear. But what right had he to burden her with his troubles. The tie that bound them once was broken. The handsome young professor leaning over the back of her chair had a right to all her sympathies, if, indeed, such a gay lassie ever gave a thought to sympathy.

If Charlie was surprised at the change in Eva, Bertie was still more so. But what had caused this sudden change in her friend? Unlike Charlie, she could detect the undercurrents of bitterness, and the false notes in her apparently gay laughter. These might escape observation by the man, but could not the sharp eyes of the watchful maiden. As the girl's wedding-day drew near, did she repent of her engagement? Was she still pining for her old lover, Charlie? Her old lover! A sudden flood of light was turned on the mystery. Charlie was the name of the false lover, and he had married a New York heiress. Charlie Smith was a Nova Scotian. He had also married a New York heiress. The villain was actually beneath the same roof with the girl he had so bitterly wronged. What was to be done? She well knew Eva was not capable of keeping up this appearance of gaiety for any length of time. The poor girl was likely

to break down at any moment; and then, what a blow it would be for Walter if anything should happen to prevent his marriage. Eva must be rescued at any cost. But how was it to be accomplished? They had invited Clara and her husband to spend a fortnight with them, and she could see no way of getting rid of their guests till the end of that time. Eva was to stay with them till she was no longer needed by the stylish dress-makers who were preparing her wedding trousseau, and then she and her friend were to sail for Nova Scotia, to remain till after the wedding.

Plan after plan was rejected, till at last she laid the matter before her father.

"Oh, Bertie, if I had only known when I asked them here! I might ask them to go, but that would be betraying the poor girl's secret. She evidently wishes him to think that she no longer cares for him. I would like to kick him out of the house, the scoundrel!" he muttered, savagely. Why must such villains be tolerated in society. Cannot you get up some excuse for going away somewhere with the poor girl. A previous engagement with some of your schoolmates, or something of that kind. Does Walter know anything about this other love? I suppose not, poor boy."

"Papa! Eva is as honest as the sun. Do you think she would deceive Walter in that way! He knows all, but not that the villain is so near. If

he did, I am afraid—— I think I will tell him, though. He may be able to help us.”

“Yes, I think it will be best. How some girls do manage to make a muddle of their lives. I hope you will try and keep a level head on your shoulders, Bert.”

“I do not believe in falling in love. I do not think it is in me,” answered his daughter, with a laugh.

“I hope you are not going to set yourself up among those women who pride themselves on having an icicle for a heart. But no, my daughter, you have a warm heart, only love has not touched it yet.”

“Bertie smiled bitterly as she left her father. “Never yet been touched by love,” she thought. To the world she was a happy, light-hearted girl; but sometimes, in the solitude of her chamber, bitter tears were shed, as she gazed upon the pictured face of a handsome young man, who was wandering in some foreign land. She, too, had had her love dream; but the bitter awakening had been her own folly, and remorse was mingled with her sorrow.

Following her father's hint, she sent a note to a school friend who lived a few miles further up the country, asking for an invitation for herself and Eva. “We want to spend a few days away from home, to be out of the way of some disagreeable New York relatives, who have come to visit

us at such an inconvenient time," she had written. "I know you will be delighted to have us, or we should not abuse your hospitality in this way. Do not forget, if you can find time to come for us tomorrow, that it is a promise of long standing, and that you will be very indignant if we think of breaking it, even if our house was filled with visitors."

Walter was dismayed when Bertie told him of the contemplated visit, and the reason for it.

"Yes, Bertie, take her away as soon as possible," he had said, when his cousin had told him all. "Do not allow her to remain under the same roof with the villain longer than is absolutely necessary. Poor Eva! I wondered what could be the matter with her last evening, she was so unlike herself."

Their old schoolmate came for the girls that afternoon, and on their return to "Riverside" a week later, Charlie and his wife—who found it very dull after their departure—had left for home.

Eva told Walter all the first time he came to visit them at the old farm-house, but he firmly refused to give her up.

When she tried to show him how wrong it would be for her to marry him without loving him, he had taken her by the hand, as he answered, "I hope to win your heart some day, my sweet wife; but, if I do not succeed, I know I shall always have your respect and friendship; and, with that, I shall be content."

CHAPTER VI.

THE WEDDING.

BERTIE was charmed with the old historical home of her friend. She was never weary of roaming over the breezy dykes, clad in their rich June verdure. From morn till night she wandered around the quaint old village, with her note and sketch books, in search of subjects for brush and pen.

For the first week after their arrival, a continuous stream of callers invaded the home of Eva, as she laughingly remarked one morning at the breakfast table. She declared that she was quite worn out receiving her guests. Had the population of Grand Pré increased lately, for she was sure if it had not more than doubled during the last three years, why, the same people must have come twice, anyway. From the wife of the village squire, down to the old negress, who had first washed her infant robes, all came to welcome her home, and to offer their congratulations on the grand match she was

about to make. Presents were also daily arriving for the fair young bride, causing another source of amusement for the two girls, as they unpacked the various articles which every mail brought to their home.

"For the wealthy Mrs. Walter Morley!" exclaimed Eva, with an unmistakeable sneer, as she tore the wrappings from an elegant silver and gold-plated card-receiver, the day before her wedding. "To Eva, from her loving friend and schoolmate, Mattie Smith," she read from a card which accompanied the gift.

"Loving friend and schoolmate! How ridiculous!" exclaimed the fair recipient. "The girl was grown to young ladyhood long before I learned my A B C's. What shall I do with it, mamma? Send it back? I shall receive no gifts from any of the Smith's."

"Keep it, Eva, and send it to Miss Mattie for a wedding present when she marries," said her father.

"I am afraid I would have to harbor it for many a year, if I kept it for such an important event as that," answered Eva, with a harsh laugh.

"Not at all, my dear young lady. You must not imagine that Miss Eva Parker is to be the only bride we are to send from Grand Pré this summer. Miss Mattie is to unite her fortunes with a wealthy Halifax widower in a few weeks."

"Is that so? Then her gift is accounted for. She thinks I will be able to return her present with interest. Well, I will not disappoint her. I wonder how much the thing cost? Put it out of my sight, please, mamma; I shall never take the trouble to carry home a gift from Mattie Smith."

Mrs. Parker picked it up with a sigh, as she noticed how easily the word *home* slipped from her daughter's lips, and placed it on a side table, as the young girl opened another package, this time bringing to view a handsome covered work-basket, elaborately adorned with colored flowers.

"From poor old Nancy Jedrow, I do believe!" she exclaimed, with misty eyes, as she lifted a crumpled paper from the bottom of the basket. I wondered why she had not been to see me before. See, Bertie! The spelling and composition are not elegant, but it was a true heart that penned the words."

Bertie took the paper from her hand, but could not resist a smile as she puzzled over the contents."

"FORMISEVFROMHERHUMBLFREND
NANCY," she read.

"Is it English?" she asked, with a laugh, as she returned the paper to Eva.

"I guess so," replied her companion. "But, Bertie, I wish you had seen Nancy. She is the most original character, and would have given you lots of information about the early settlers, as she calls her tribe. Poor old woman! How much time she

must have spent making that basket. And among all that medley," pointing, almost contemptuously, to a table groaning under its weight of gold and silver plate; "there is not a single article offered me with one half the good wishes which come directly from the heart that accompanies this basket. In my eyes, it is the most valuable gift I have received this morning, even though the donor resides in a lowly wigwam. Now, one more and we have done. Suppose you open this, Bertie, my fingers really ache. I have quite worn them out untying so many knots."

"All right," replied Bertie, gaily. "Come, let us make a guess. What will you say this box contains? It has U. S. stamps, and has been to the Custom House. I say a silver cake basket, from one of your old schoolmates."

"For the sake of opposition, I will say a dressing-case, or writing-desk, from one of Walter's forty-second cousins. Open, and see which of us has come nearest the truth. However, I sincerely trust it is not another piece of plate."

"Sorry to disappoint you, Miss Parker," laughed Bertie, "but it is another piece of plate, you see, and a handsome piece at that. Another cake basket, 'with the compliments of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith, New York.' Not so far out either, for Mr. Smith, I presume, is a schoolmate of your youthful days. What a pity we had not put up a few pairs

of kids on the subject. A nice lot of work is in store for me, to pack and direct all those precious things for home, and I do not suppose one single grain of pity for poor me, or my tasks, will be bestowed upon me by Mrs. Walter Morley, as she floats swiftly down Halifax harbor, on her way to Europe."

"You need not trouble to pack or direct that thing for home, Bert. If it were not for his wife, I should pack and direct it to New York. But, leave it on the table, mamma can stow it out of sight somewhere, after we are gone."

"What, Eva! Stow all this beauty out of sight! I say it is wicked. Observe how lovingly those doves hover over Cupid, as he sits astride the handles with his drawn bow in his hand, apparently aiming his shaft. It is a crying shame to hide such a work of art from the light of day. Can you not think of some use to which it might be put, even if you have already seven cake baskets?"

"Yes, now I think of it, it will be a capital plan to send it to Mattie Smith for a bridal present. How I should like to slip the card-receiver inside; but I suppose it will not do. She will think she made a good investment, till she finds it belongs to the family."

"Here comes the train!" cried Bertie. "Walter and Fred will be here in a few minutes, and we

are not dressed to receive them. But, never mind! Save your strength for to-morrow. Walter will think you look divine in that cotton gown, and Fred will never know but that you are got up in the most elegant silk. He has about as much idea of a lady's dress as a five weeks' old kitten. We have a lot of packing to do yet to-night, remember; so, stick to your calico, I say."

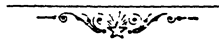
* * * * *

The wedding morn dawned fair and bright. The air was fragrant with the flowers which were blooming everywhere, along the streets and behind the palings of the old-fashioned gardens. At an early hour the friends and acquaintances of the bride began to fill the little church, which the deft fingers of the village maidens had transformed into a bower of roses.

As Eva passed up the aisle, leaning on her father's arm, the choir broke forth into the grand old bridal hymn, which had welcomed every bride to her portals for the last two generations, and at its close the old clergyman, who had baptized her in infancy, came forward to speak the words which should make her and Walter Morley one. A few hours afterwards the gleaming white satin robes, lace veil and orange blossoms, were exchanged for a handsome cloth travelling costume, the good-bys were said, and, amid showers of rice, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morley boarded the train for Halifax *en*

route for England and the Continent, for an extended bridal tour.

The next day, Bertie and her brother, the packing all done, sailed for home *via* Yarmouth, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Parker alone, with only an occasional letter from Eva to break the dreary monotony of their existence.



sid
Sm
yo
ter
to
ma
ha
wi
tu
He
an
of
th
in
se
ev

CHAPTER VII.

MRS. SMITH SELECTS A WEDDING PRESENT.

WHEN Charlie Smith and his wife left "Riverside," they turned their faces homeward. Mrs. Smith had taken a fancy to Eva, in spite of the young girl's dignified bearing. Perhaps the contempt she showed so openly for the husband served to increase the wife's liking, for Clara, after her marriage, apparently hated the man to whom she had bound herself, and never wearied taunting him with the fact that he had wedded her for her fortune. The poor man bore his humiliation bravely. He felt he deserved all he was forced to endure, and her family excused her ill-humor on the score of ill health. While at "Riverside," she learned that Eva was to be married in a few weeks, and immediately decided to prove her friendship by sending the bride a handsome wedding present.

"I wish, Charles," she said to her husband, the evening after their return to New York, "you

would step into a silver store, on your way down town in the morning, and order up some handsome cake baskets. I wish to send Miss Parker a wedding present, and I do not feel equal to going down and selecting one myself. Be sure you tell them to bring up something very nice, for I wish my gift to compare favorably with those of her other friends."

Charlie looked up from the paper he was reading, with an intensely surprised look on his face. "Do you think, Clara, that you are at liberty to call Miss Parker a friend of yours? I thought, from her manner while we were at 'Riverside,' that the girl actually disliked us. She appeared to take a positive pleasure in saying disagreeable things when we were present."

"I really must congratulate you, Mr. Smith, on your powers of observation. I noticed nothing of the kind, excepting the slighting remark she made one evening about persons being base enough to marry for wealth. 'Tis true, what she said might apply very nicely to your case, but I fancy it was a shot fired at random; and, for my part, I cannot see why she should be blamed if the cap fitted one of her listeners to perfection. She cannot have a greater contempt for fortune-hunters than I have."

An angry reply was trembling on Charlie's lips, as his wife finished speaking; but, with a violent effort, he mastered his indignation, and spoke to her calmly.

“Clara, I do not often interfere with your wishes, but I must ask you to-night not to send a wedding present to Eva Parker. She will not expect it of us, and you are not strong enough at present to undergo the fatigue of selecting one.”

“There will be no fatigue attached to the selection, if you are kind enough to do as I ask you, and order the baskets in the morning. Perhaps you are afraid I shall spend a few dollars of my own money on my cousin that is to be.”

“You are at liberty to spend every dollar of your fortune in any way you choose. You well know it has been invested in your own name for some time, and if you were well enough to look after it yourself, I should not handle a dollar for you. I will order the silver for you in the morning; but, if you send it, you will do so against my express wishes.”

“I shall send it, all the same, with a card attached, bearing the compliments of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith. And now, if you will be so kind as to ring the bell for Martha, I will retire, for I am completely tired out.”

At his wife's request, he calmly rang the bell, and politely bowed as he bade her good-night, but a weary sigh escaped him as the door closed behind her. How would Eva receive the gift which Clara proposed to send? What a fool he had been to interfere. If he had been content to let matters take

their course, his wife would have sent the basket in her own name; and, as a relative of Prof. Morley, why should she not send a wedding present to his bride? If the card bore his name, as well as Clara's, she would look upon the offering as a positive insult. Well, there was no help for it; the basket would go in spite of his opposition, and all he could do was to hope it would not be contemptuously returned to the donor.

Accordingly, in the morning he obeyed his wife's commands, and sent an elegant assortment of cake baskets to the house, from which she was to make her selection; and, when he had returned from his place of business for the day, the one chosen was packed and on its way to Grand Pré.

From the time that Clara left "Riverside," her strength failed, and, a short time after Eva's marriage, she was too ill to leave her room. Her querulous temper vanished with her strength, till the peevish, fretful woman was entirely lost in the gentle invalid, who clung to her husband fondly, as he daily carried her from her bed to her couch by the open window.

"Charlie," she called, one evening, as she heard him passing her door, "I want you to come and sit with me. The nurse has gone out. Bring a chair here and sit beside me, for I want to talk to you to-night," she continued, as he entered in obedience to her summons. "The doctors say I have not long

to live. What will you do, my husband, when I am gone?"

"Doctors are frequently mistaken, my poor Clara. I cannot believe them in your case. While there is life there is hope. When the cool weather comes, you will find yourself much better. It is this fearful heat that is destroying all your strength."

"No, Charlie, it is useless trying to buoy me up with false hopes. I know I can never recover. I knew I was dying before I heard their verdict. I have been a poor wife for you, my husband; but I should like to feel that you will miss me when I am gone. Perhaps things might have been different if my baby had lived. You little know what a blow his death has been to me. I had fondly hoped, when he was born, that, although you cared nothing for your wife, you could not help feeling some affection for the mother of your child; but his death destroyed all my hopes, and made me long to be laid by his side beneath the green turf. Not even when they carried him from my side, as he lay in his little coffin, did you come near to comfort me with one word of sympathy. If you had only known, Charlie, how I longed for your love, you surely would have pitied me in my dark despair, and a few words would have made me so happy."

"My dear Clara, could I only have guessed the truth! But I thought you New York girls cared naught for love; that, in fact, the tender passion

was looked upon by you all as a something that existed only among rustic belles and rural beaux, and not for an instant to be tolerated in polite society."

"You can spare me your excuses. I know all now. I have learned why my efforts to win your heart were not crowned with success. You were once engaged to the wife of my cousin, Walter Morley. I suppose you cared for her, but the temptation to gain possession of my fortune proved stronger than your love, and the poor girl was thrown over for myself. If I had only known the truth that night, when you asked me to be your wife, how different would have been my answer; but it was not for me to know, so the double sacrifice was made, and you gained a fortune by making shipwreck of two young girls' lives. In the years to come, sweet Eva Morley will be happier far with the man she has married, than she could ever have been with you; and, when I am gone, you will soon marry again. But, Charlie, if you have one spark of pity in your breast, never forget the request I am now going to make of you. Do not treat my successor with such indifference as you have ever shown toward me, for nothing can so completely embitter a woman's life, as to feel herself irrevocably joined to a man who shows her he cares nothing for her happiness."

For a few minutes after his wife finished speak-

ing, Charlie sat as if he had suddenly been turned to stone by her chilling words. "The shipwreck of two girls' lives!" Was the woman losing her reason?

"Clara," he at last began, in a husky voice, "you little know how you have wronged me by your charges to-night. If I have spoiled your life, I never knew what I was doing. Would to heaven I had earlier known of your love for me. We might have been so much happier, my sweet wife! But you have charged me with falseness towards Eva Parker. I have listened patiently to you, you must now hear what I have to say. You are right when you say I was engaged to her once; and, had she been true to me, no worldly wealth would have ever induced me to break my plighted word. But the matter did not rest with me, Clara. I was the one thrown over. Yes, my wife," he continued, as he noticed the incredulous look on her face, "as heaven is my witness, the night I asked you to marry me, I had a letter from Eva in my pocket—a letter telling me that henceforth our lives were to be lived far apart. I never found out what I did to earn her hatred, but hate me she certainly does, if one may judge by her conduct when we met at 'Riverside.' I never thought of wronging you when I placed a wedding ring on your finger. My uncle's family were anxious to see us married, and I was informed that we were both in the same position.

In fact, your own father told me you had been jilted by your lover only a short time before. Had I dreamed you cared for me, I would have told you all; but, as we both had been served alike, what folly it seemed to me to rake up a past that both would rather have remain buried."

"Charlie, had I known they told you that! And papa, too, how could he have treated me so cruelly? About three years before I met you, I was engaged, for a short time, to Ernest Wildmere, a handsome, good-for-nothing society beau, possessing all the accomplishments of the profession, and, also, all the vices. However, for a few short weeks he was perfection in my eyes. One evening he came to my home, and, finding me alone in the drawing-room, he urged me to fix the day for our marriage, when I reminded him that my father had not yet sanctioned our union, and that, before deciding to take such an important step, I considered it necessary to have my parents' consent.

"'Clara,' was his answer, 'if you disliked all the fuss attending those fashionable weddings one half as badly as I do, you would be as anxious as I to go quietly away to some country church, and there have the knot tied as securely as if yourself and a dozen bridesmaids were arrayed in miles of satin, lace and flowers. Besides, it takes time to get up a lot of finery, and I do so much want to call you all my own as soon as possible.'

“I told him that he must obtain my father’s consent, and then I would marry him, as soon and as quietly as he wished. He continued to urge his scheme for eloping, till, finding I was firm, he at last sulkily promised to speak to papa in the morning. During the following day I watched for his coming, but the evening lamps were lighted before I heard from him. Just before papa’s return from his office, a tiny note was brought to me, and, quickly tearing it open, I mastered the contents. For a moment I was almost stunned by the blow I received.

“‘I have seen your father,’ he wrote, ‘and he insists that your entire fortune shall be settled upon yourself. Now, darling, perhaps you do not know how awfully poor I am, and if he has all your money tied up in this fashion, what in the world are we to live on? We cannot exist on honey and kisses, and if we could sustain life on such exquisite diet, we should require means to procure the honey. So, you see, after all, we shall be compelled to patronize that country church and parson I have already told you about. After you are once my wife, you can do as you please with the cash; until then, the old man can hold it in spite of you. Such are the terms of your grandfather’s will. If the old dolt had been willing to divide, we might have come to terms; but not a bit of it, although I must confess it struck me as rather strange, that the old

curmudgeon was willing to trust me with his daughter, when he was so determined to hang on to the gold. Send a line to my address, telling me when and where to meet you; and, oh, darling! let it be to-night, if possible, for I shall know no minute of happiness till I clasp you in my arms, all my own. We can return in the morning for père Stanhope's blessing; for, when he finds the knot irrevocably tied, he will know it is useless to kick.

"Indignation prevented me from finishing the epistle; and, tearing it up, I enclosed the scraps in a sheet of paper, upon which I scrawled a few lines in order to show my further contempt for one who would dare insult me with such a letter. Old man! Dolt! Curmudgeon! Was it possible that I had ever consented to become the wife of such a villain? Had actually insulted my dear father, by urging the cur to enter his presence! I was too proud to show my contempt for him openly, and my parents seemed to have conceived the idea that I suffered from his desertion. When you asked me to be your wife, I thought you cared for me; that the large fortune I was to receive on my wedding-day was an inducement for seeking my hand in marriage, never for a moment entered my mind. It was in vain I looked for some proof of your love, some tender caress, for the first few weeks after our engagement; but, after a time, I was obliged to acknowledge to myself that I had only escaped

from the net of one fortune-hunter to be captured in the meshes of another. Knowing, if I broke my engagement; I should have to endure a storm of reproaches from my family, who had taken a strong liking to you, I resolved to keep my promise, but also vowed to make you rue the day you made me your wife for the purpose of possessing my wealth. You well know how my vow has been kept; but, looking back from the threshold of eternity, I can see all my mistakes. Forgive me, my husband, for all I have caused you to suffer. As far as lies in my power, I have atoned. I have divided my fortune between you and Millie's children. Now, kiss me, Charlie, for the first and last time. I will try and rest,—I feel—very—tired!”

As the agonized husband bent over his dying wife, he felt almost a murderer. When his lips touched hers, she made a violent effort to return the caress, but the long story she had just related to him had completely exhausted her strength, the blood poured in a crimson tide from her mouth, and, with a faint struggle, she fell back upon her pillow, a corpse.

“My poor boy, she is gone,” he heard Mrs. Stanhope saying, as he frantically called for help. “Poor girl! how little any of us knew how she was suffering, when it was in our power to have made her so happy. What fearful mistakes are frequently made in this world! Her fatal pride has ruined her life;

but our Heavenly Father willed it so. This has been too much for you, Charlie; you must now go and take some rest."

A few days more, and the dead wife was laid by the side of her infant in the family lot of the Stanhopes, and the bereaved husband went back to his counting-house.

Everything he now touched seemed to turn to gold; but wealth could not fill the aching void left in his heart, or bring back the wife he had loved so little in life, yet so truly mourned after her death.



CHAPTER VIII.

THE BRIDAL TOUR.

WHEN the bride and groom reached Halifax, they were informed that the steamer would not sail for some hours; so, after going on board and disposing of their luggage, Walter proposed a drive through the city, instead of moping around the decks of the steamer.

"I do not imagine, Eva," he remarked, "that we will be fortunate enough to find anything to interest us in this little out-of-the-way corner of the globe; but, as we are not likely to come here again very soon, we might as well have it to say we have 'done' Halifax. We shall see nothing except water for the next week, so let us cling to the land as long as possible. I have often heard the boys at school banish their friends to Halifax, when they were very much displeased with them; and, as they invariably used the tone adopted by the street roughs, when they request their friends to travel on till

they come to very objectionable quarters, I imagine Halifax must be a pretty mouldy place. However, we will take a look at their bricks and mortar, if the town will furnish light enough for us to see them through the smoke and fog."

Eva smiled when her husband finished speaking, but made no effort to defend the capital of her native Province from his sneers.

The last rays of the setting sun were gilding the grand old city as they stepped upon the pier, and, calling a cab, they settled themselves among the cushions.

"Where do you wish to go?" asked the driver, as he mounted to his seat.

"Oh! we are not particular. Of course, there is nothing to be seen here; but we wish to while away an hour or two before the boat gets ready to leave."

Again a mischievous smile flitted over Eva's face, as she proposed going to the public gardens.

"What in the world do you want at the gardens, Eva?" asked her husband, as the horses started off at a brisk trot.

"To procure some flowers, of course. Do you not think it will be quite pleasant to have a few flowers to brighten up our cabin during the voyage. My bridal bouquet is already faded, and there will not be a rose-bud left by morning."

"Sure enough! What a stupid I am not to have

ordered flowers sent on board. How fortunate you happened to think of them."

A few minutes rapid driving brought them to the gardens; and, requesting the man to wait for them, they alighted, and began strolling along the gravelled walks, among thousands of pleasure-seekers, all arrayed in their holiday attire.

"'Tis like a scene in fairy-land!" whispered her husband. "One is almost afraid to speak above their breath, for fear the magic picture may vanish, and leave us standing on some barren spot, alone. It is all here, lights, flowers, music—and even the fairies themselves. What handsome girls Nova Scotia can produce! Those complexions remind one of peaches and cream. No cosmetics are needed here to improve the fair beauties we meet. A bath in these limpid waters, and a few breaths of this glorious air, are worth more than all the pearl powder ever manufactured. I do not wonder you smiled so knowingly, my little wife, when I said there was nothing worth seeing in Halifax. If there is anything needed to complete the picture, Her Majesty's red coats supply the want. 'A thousand lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men,'—and there is the cannon!" he exclaimed, with a slight start, as the nine o'clock gun was discharged.

"Well, as much as I admire all this, I suppose we will have to tear ourselves away. It will not do to

let the steamer sail without us, for it would be decidedly inconvenient to be left in a strange city with nothing except the clothes we stand in. I am afraid it would serve to remove some of the polish from the picture. I think our best plan is to look up our Jehu and go on board."

A short time after reaching the quay, the steamer weighed anchor, and, before an hour, Halifax, with her myriads of twinkling lights, was completely lost in the distance. The decks, which were covered with passengers at starting, were quickly deserted, as the huge ship steamed majestically down the harbor towards the open Atlantic, and the next morning, when Eva appeared, Nova Scotia had been left far astern, and there was nothing to be seen except the boundless ocean, through which the gallant vessel was boldly ploughing her way to the eastward. By night, the passengers had all settled themselves in their places, and acquaintances had been made with the recklessness which is usually practiced on board ship, and the days passed pleasantly.

"I think, Mrs. Morley, you must have been born under a lucky star," said the Captain, coming up to her the morning before they reached Queenstown. "I do not believe a bride ever crossed the Atlantic who was favored with more magnificent weather, a succession of fine days and beautiful moonlight evenings. The sea has been like a mill-pond ever

since we left the docks. It would be impossible for a person to be sea-sick."

"And yet, Captain, how soon one becomes tired of the dreary monotony; and what can be more monotonous than floating over this glassy surface day after day! I declare, I have been almost praying for a violent storm, or a collision with an iceberg, every day since we left Halifax, but I have begun to think those seas we sometimes hear of, being piled mountains high, have their existence only in the imagination of sailors. I hoped, when I came on deck, that we were soon to have a change, as the sun was trying to hide under a clond; but I am evidently doomed to be disappointed, and I will not be able to write home, giving a description of any hair-breadth escape from the depths of the angry ocean. If I am only to relate my own experience, I will be obliged to confess it is rather a tame monster."

"Ah, young lady, if you were to cross here sometimes! But, I trust, as you are so anxious to meet with a storm, you will be more fortunate on your return voyage. Then you will be able to give your friends a verbal description of your adventures. However, the monotony of the glassy sea is almost at an end for you. We will probably sight Ireland in less than an hour."

The Captain's prediction, however, was not verified, for over two hours passed, and all were seated

around the luncheon table before the signal of the lookout was heard, and a general rush was made for the deck.

Eva felt a thrill of disappointment, as she looked towards the east. There was nothing to be seen except water. But, at length, after straining her eyes for some time, a tiny cloud appeared on the edge of the horizon, which her husband informed her was the outline of Ireland.

"See, Mrs. Morley," said the Captain, approaching with a smile, and offering her a set of powerful marine glasses, "yonder is the boundary of your glassy surface, but you will need the aid of these to tell you that it is the Emerald Isle we are nearing so rapidly. Shall I arrange them for you?" he asked.

"Thanks," she answered, taking them from his hand. "I confess I need something to convince me that that little cloud is a portion of our globe, as I feel decidedly skeptical, in spite of the assurance of those around me."

"Well, look and be convinced that we tell the truth sometimes," he replied, with a laugh. "You must not expect to see the branches of the trees waving in the wind, nor have the songs of the birds wafted to your ears; but still, I think you will have to acknowledge that the little cloud is composed of rocks and earth."

"I confess myself in the wrong, and yield to your

sup
his
dre
we
I
Qu
a s
age
ven
wh
ing
rai
fro
tar
spe
Le
At
ma
fri
ye
en
hi
tel
pr
To
ha

superior judgment," she laughed, handing him back his glasses. "This glaring light has given me a dreadful headache. I will go below and rest till we get into port.

Late that afternoon the passengers and mail for Queenstown were landed, and Eva went below for a short rest after they left the pier. When she again came on deck, she found her husband conversing very earnestly with a strange gentleman, while, a short distance from where they were standing, a handsome young lady was leaning over the rail and gazing, with longing eyes, at the shore from which they were fast receding.

"Eva," called Walter, as she paused a short distance from the two, "you have frequently heard me speak of Jack Hartly, my friend and classmate at Leipsic. Allow me to present him to you. Lord Atholstane, my wife, Mrs. Walter Morley."

Eva looked up, with a bright smile, as the young man came towards her.

"Your husband, Mrs. Morley, is an old and valued friend of mine, although we have not met for some years; and, owing to an accident, our correspondence was broken off. I am truly delighted to see him again, and accompanied by his wife. Walter tells me this is your first visit to Europe. He has promised to spend a few weeks with us at Athol Towers, before crossing to the Continent, if you have no objection to changing your plans on such

short notice. You must not refuse, my dear Mrs. Morley; remember, Walter and I have not met for so long, it would be cruel to part us. But here is Lady Atholstane. You must make her acquaintance," he continued, as the lady Eva had already observed came forward.

"Gertrude, my dear, this is the bride of my American friend, Walter Morley. It was yesterday, was it not, we were speaking of him, and wondering if it were possible to obtain his address; and now, here he is. Walter, this is my wife, Lady Gertrude Atholstane. Walter has promised to come with us to the Towers, if Mrs. Morley is willing; so, I will leave you, my dear, to persuade her, while Walter and I pay a visit to the smoking den. I am dying for a few puffs of my meerschaum."

Lady Gertrude turned to Eva with a charming smile, as the two gentlemen disappeared in the direction of the smoker's cabin. "Lord Atholstane will be invisible for the next hour, if he can persuade Professor Morley to keep him company while he enjoys a few puffs, as he calls it, of his pet meerschaum. I have often heard him speak of your husband, Mrs. Morley, in very glowing terms. He has been very anxious to hear from him for a long time. The two were rooin-mates, I believe, at Leipsic. You must try and arrange matters, so you can come with us for a few weeks, or Jack will be very much disappointed. We are planning

to spend a month or two on the Continent later in the season; perhaps we can manage to all go together.

"We planned to spend a few weeks in England, on our way home," said Eva; "but, I think, Lady Atholstane, if Professor Morley is willing, we might remain a short time at present."

"I understood Lord Atholstane to say that Professor Morley left the matter with you, so you must promise to come with us, to-morrow. We will remain in Liverpool till morning. It is very quiet in the country at this season of the year; but we will do our best to make it pleasant for you during your visit. Jack will be so delighted to have his old friend with him once more. I fancy they will be like a couple of boys let loose from school.

"I was not aware that the Jack Hartly I have so often heard Walter talking about, bore the title of Lord Atholstane," said Eva, when her companion ceased.

"Nor was he Lord Atholstane when your husband knew him. He was only a poor lad, struggling for an education. He was very ill while they were at the University, and would actually have suffered from want, if it had not been for the kindness of his friends. About three years ago, Lord Atholstane, his predecessor, a distant cousin, was killed, with his son, in a railway collision on the Continent. Shortly after, a nephew died, on his passage home

from India, leaving the title to Jack's father, who was next of kin; but the poor old gentleman, whose life had been one long struggle with poverty, only lived to enjoy his prosperity for one short year. But here are our smokers, tired of their pipes and their own society already."

"Well, ladies," exclaimed his Lordship, as he joined the group, "I trust you have decided to spend the next few weeks together. I think, Gertie, we might manage to start on our tour in about three weeks, if nothing happens. It would be very pleasant to travel together. Do you not think so?"

"Just what I was proposing to Mrs. Morley before you came," answered his wife. "But there is the dinner-bell, and I am not ready!"

Shortly after dinner, Eva, her husband, and Lord and Lady Atholstane were again on deck, watching the lights glimmering along the shores, as the ship steamed swiftly up the Mersey.

"Your husband tells me," said his Lordship, turning to Eva, "that you are a Nova Scotian. You cannot imagine how glad I am to hear it, for I always said the only drawback to Walter's perfection, was the fact of him being an American. However, he has remedied the evil, as far as possible, by marrying a subject of Her Most Gracious Majesty. When a man's better half is British, he certainly may be considered loyal to the Union Jack. Gertie,

you must induce Mrs. Morley to be presented before her return to America. The modern Evangeline, the society papers will be calling you, if they discover you are a native of Grand Pré, and also that your name is Evangeline. But here we are, ladies, opposite the landing. Prepare to disembark. I suspect, Mrs. Morley, that you are not sorry to have the opportunity of placing your foot on *terra firma* once more. Gather your traps together, while Walter and I look after the heavy luggage. It is getting so late, we must get to the hotel as soon as possible."

The landing was soon accomplished, and the four were comfortably installed in a quiet hotel, before Eva realized that she was actually in England, the land which she had dreamed of visiting for so many years; and she was not only here, but her companions, during her sojourn, were to be members of the British aristocracy. She, who once was not considered a fitting mate for a humble clerk in New York, was in a short time to bend before her sovereign, presented by the Lady Gertrude's mother, one of the most popular Duchesses in the kingdom. How Mattie Smith would envy her the proud position, when she read an account of her triumphs, which were sure to be recorded in the provincial papers. And she owed it all to Bertie! If she could only share her honors with her friend, she would be the happiest woman in existence. If

Bertie had left her alone, she would have been insane enough to refuse Walter, who was worthy to be the husband of a princess. How happy it would make Bertie, to write and tell her how she had learned to love her husband.

With those thoughts, she fell asleep.

In the morning they all went on to Athol Towers, where they spent the next few weeks. From the Towers they went to London, and, after a short stay, crossed to Paris; then, on to Switzerland, where their party was joined by Lady Atholstane's brother and his wife. Through Switzerland they journeyed, sometimes in the beaten track of tourists, sometimes wandering among the rugged hamlets of the Alps.

At Lake Como they paused, as Eva laughingly explained, for breath. Their stay was short, for all the noted cities of Italy were to be explored before the beginning of London season, when Eva was to be presented at the first drawing-room.

While they were at Lake Como, Eva was surprised one evening to see her husband leave the group by which they were surrounded, and cross the room to greet a stranger.

"One of Walter's Leipsic classmates," she thought, as she observed the evident pleasure of both at the unexpected meeting.

"Who was your friend, Walter?" she asked, when the two were alone.

"Stanley Winthrope," he answered. "He has been travelling in Europe for several years. He used to be a fine fellow, but wealth has spoiled him. I thought once that he and Bertie had decided to become life companions, but it amounted to nothing. I should have brought him over and introduced him, but he declined. I fancy he is a woman-hater; possibly some European coquette has spoiled his life."

When Eva, accompanied by Lady Gertrude, entered the breakfast room the next morning, they found the stranger and Lord Waldo, Lady Gertrude's brother, conversing in a friendly manner. As they seated themselves, his Lordship introduced them. Winthrope acknowledged the introduction by a distant bow, scarcely deigning to glance at either lady. Lord Waldo, who appeared much annoyed by the coolness of his greeting, turned immediately to the ladies, and began conversing.

"Your husband, Mrs. Morley, has gone off with a party of excursionists for the day, leaving you in my care. I have pressed Mr. Winthrope into our service. He will devote himself to the ladies Waldo and Atholstane, leaving me free to look after you. I think you will be pleased with your cavalier, ladies; for, although Winthrope was born in the United States, yet he has been in Europe for so many years, that he is almost civilized."

"Are you not afraid, Hal, of affronting Mrs.

Morley, when you speak so disrespectfully of her countrymen?" asked Lady Waldo.

"Not at all! You must remember, my dear wife, that Mrs. Morley is not a native of the States!"

"Mrs. Morley not an American!" repeated Winthrop, looking up, for the first time, at Lady Gertrude. "I beg your pardon, Madame, but I understood some one to say Professor Morley had married his cousin. I now see I am mistaken, but your chance resemblance to her caused the mistake."

"You are still mistaken," chimed in Lord Waldo. "The one you are addressing is my sister, Lady Atholstane. This is Mrs. Morley; and, as I have already said, she is not from the United States, but is a Nova Scotian. Ladies, I have chartered a boat to row you over to some of those islands you all admired so much yesterday. The boatman is to be ready at ten, and, as it is past nine now, I suppose we will have to hurry, if we wish to reach the shore on time."

Obedying the hint, the ladies hurried to their apartments, and, in a short time, they were all seated in the boat, rowing rapidly from the shore.

Arriving at the island, Lord Waldo endeavored to assign the Ladies Waldo and Atholstane to Winthrop, but he seemed to prefer Eva for the companion of his rambles; and, seeing this, the young peer good-naturedly fell back with his wife and sister.

"Kindred spirits," thought his Lordship. "There is a trans-Atlantic manner about the little lady that has given the poor fellow a fit of homesickness; for, in spite of his wanderings, his heart sometimes turns to his native land. He evidently knows Walter's cousin. I wonder if he and Walter have ever met?"

As if in direct answer to his mental question, he heard Winthroppe saying to his companion, as they paused at the foot of a mossy bank, "I met your husband last evening, Mrs. Morley; but, not feeling very well, I did not wait long enough in the *salon* for an introduction to yourself. I used to know Walter's family well, a few years ago, but I suppose there have been many changes since I left Boston?"

"Of course, in a large city like Boston, there must necessarily be many changes," answered Eva; "but there have been none to speak of in the Morley family during that period."

"I used to frequently visit at Doctor Morley's. Are they all well at 'Riverside.?'"

"All quite well, thank you. The Doctor and dear auntie, you know, are persons who will never grow old."

"And Fred and Bertie, I suppose, are married before this time, and settled in homes of their own?"

"Fred is to be married in a few weeks, while Bertie, although a warm advocate of marriage, as far as her friends are concerned, seems rather in-

clined to steer clear of the matrimonial quicksands herself. We often tell her she regards marriage in the same light that her father does his medicines. It is a pill she is anxious for all her acquaintances to swallow, but one she herself does not care to taste."

"She is young yet; probably she will change her mind and settle down some day. But where are our companions? Shall we go back and find them?"

"I think it will be our wisest plan. It must be nearing the time when we were to start on our homeward journey."

Professor Morley was somewhat surprised, on his return, to find Winthrope among his friends, and his wife the young man's chosen companion.

"He has found out Eva is a warm friend of Bert's," he thought. "Poor fellow, I wonder if he will ever get over the vain little flirt's treatment. How little those girls know what a wreck they may be making of a man's life, by what they call a harmless flirtation."

"Did you tell me that Winthrope was an old beau of Bertie's?" asked Eva of her husband, when they had left the *salon*.

"Yes, they were engaged once, but it did not amount to anything."

"What parted them?"

"I do not know, but I fancy Bert did not know her own mind. Stanley worshipped her; but they

were always quarrelling, and at last she put an end to the engagement. The poor fellow left Boston, a short time after his dismissal, and has never been home since. He was with you to-day. Did he inquire after Bert?"

"He asked if she were married, and seemed much pleased when I answered in the negative. He also told me he thought of going home this winter. I think he mistook Lady Atholstane for her at first. He had heard that Bertie was your wife. I fancy that was the reason he refused an introduction to me last evening. He could not bear the idea of meeting her as Mrs. Morley."

"Possibly. I hope he does not still cherish the hope of winning her, for it is quite evident that Bertie cares nothing for him."

In spite of her husband's assurance that Bertie did not care for Winthrope, Eva was not convinced of such being the case.

"Why," thought the astute little bride, "if Bertie cares for no one in particular, does she not accept one of those excellent offers she is constantly declining? I think I will tell her about meeting Winthrope, when I write. I think very little encouragement will take him home; and then, what happiness, to be the means of uniting them, if they do really care for each other."

With this sage reflection, the happy wife fell asleep, and the next morning the letter was written and dispatched across the Atlantic.

CHAPTER IX.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

WEEKS had passed before the answer came. The gay party had explored Italy. English tourists were turning back to their beloved London; and, among the number, Lord Atholstane's party, with Winthrope still in their train, were preparing for their homeward journey.

"I had a letter from Fred to-night, Eva," said her husband, at the dinner table, on the last evening of their stay in Rome.

Stanley Winthrope, who was sitting next Eva, looked up somewhat anxiously, as she inquired after her friends.

The look did not escape Walter, as he answered carelessly:

"Fred thinks Bert has really decided to settle at last. She has been spending a week or two in New York; and, while there, made the acquaintance of a young naval officer. He was very atten-

tive, and has followed her home: She appears to like him immensely, and the family hope to prepare for a wedding soon."

He looked away, as he finished, to avoid the look of despair on Stanley's face.

"Poor fellow," he thought, "it is not pleasant news for you; but, better hear it now than later."

Eva also felt much disappointed at her husband's information, for she had been weaving a delightful little romance for her friend, of which Winthrope was the hero. But greater was her sorrow the next morning, when he came to bid her good-by.

"Why, Mr. Winthrope," she exclaimed, with tearful eyes, "I thought you intended to return to Boston with us this winter."

"I did think of doing so, at one time; but you ladies must not think of monopolizing the privilege of changing your minds. The fact, my dear Mrs. Morley, is, that I have spent so many years in Southern Europe and Africa, that I am almost afraid to face the cold and stormy Atlantic in mid-winter. Perhaps, some time during the summer, I may surprise you all by a visit. Please remember me to all our friends, Mrs. Morley; and I trust you may have a very pleasant voyage home."

A moment after, he was gone, and Eva remained for some time, thinking sadly of his disappointment, only rousing herself from her reverie when

the waiter brought the morning mail. The expected letter from Bertie was placed in her hand, and mechanically she broke the seal.

“‘RIVERSIDE,’ MONDAY EVENING.

“*Dear Old Eva:*

“Your welcome letter at hand. You must be having a gay time over there among your Dukes and Lords. Don't you dare to flirt with them, and make Walter jealous. You never can guess where I have been lately, so I might as well tell you at once. I went to New York to visit some friends of mamma's, and stopped a week at uncle Stanhope's. Poor cousin Clara is dead, and the bereaved husband has mounted the heaviest crape hat band to be procured in the city. If there is one thing above all others I despise, it is a hypocrite; and, if there ever was a born hypocrite on the face of this earth, that man is Charlie Smith. He managed to crawl into his wife's good graces before she died, so as to obtain a will leaving him the greater part of her fortune; but, not content with that, he has made poor old uncle and auntie think him a perfect saint and martyr. I expect he is fishing for their property now.

“But I must not forget to tell you about my latest conquest, and the sad loss which I have been forced to endure. When I was in New York, I became acquainted with just the sweetest little specimen of humanity you ever saw. Well, I brought him home with me, and the family were planning a wedding on a scale of magnificence never surpassed around these parts. But, in the meanwhile, what does the villain do but upset all their plans by falling in love with that detested Amanda Stone. What reason I have to hate that girl! I will not shock your fine feelings by uttering threats of vengeance.

“And so you have been flirting with Stanley Winthrope. Has he a bride along with him? Of course he has, or he would not be tolerated in your party, a single man among a lot of pretty brides. I was insane to ask the question. But, whatever you do, please do not let him know I asked such a question, or

the conceited fellow will think I still have an interest in him ; which, of course, is not the case.

"I am going to a large party this evening. I do not care much about it, but I do not want Captain Jack to think I am pining in solitude, while he is floating around to the entrancing strains of our old brass band. †Papa and mamma send lots of love, and hope Eva will soon be home. Fred is to be married on Wednesday. Give my love to Walter. And now I will say good-by, with heaps of good wishes to my dear old friend, Evangeline, from her devoted friend,

BERTIE E. MORLEY."

The letter fell from Eva's hand. Then it was not true, after all, that Bertie was going to be married. If the letter had only come an hour ago ! But it was too late now.

"Do not tell the conceited fellow I have asked about him. Ah, Bertie, if you do not care, why did you ask?" thought Eva. "And Stanley's abrupt departure, immediately after Walter's news, is sufficient proof he is still attached to Bertie. Well, nothing can be done now, so I might as well go and help Flora pack for London."

A few days after they left Rome, they reached England, and were comfortably installed in Lord Atholstane's town mansion, to await the opening of the great social campaign. People of rank and fashion gathered around the pretty little Nova Scotian matron, and the amount of flattery she received was sufficient to turn the head of a far more sedate woman. She was presented at Court by Lady Atholstane's mother, a stately Duchess, in rich old brocade and diamonds of great value.

Shortly after her grand triumph, she received a letter from Bertie, telling her that Mrs. Morley was suffering from a severe attack of inflammation. They decided to cut short their stay in London; and, tearing themselves from their many friends, they were soon on the broad Atlantic.

If Eva wished for stormy seas, in vain, on her voyage to Europe, she was more fortunate on her return, for a more dreary passage could not be imagined. From the time they weighed anchor in Liverpool, till they reached New York, she was not able to leave her berth. Fortunately, her maid was a better sailor; and, assisted by Prof. Morley, she was able to give the poor sea-sick woman the best of care.

But, at length, New York was reached in safety, and the day after landing, in spite of Eva's exhausted condition, they reached home, where they were warmly welcomed by Dr. Morley and his family.

Mrs. Morley was slowly recovering from her illness at the time of Eva's return, and poor Bertie, who was nearly worn out with watching, was much relieved when her kind friend insisted upon taking her place in the sick room. Hour after hour, Eva would amuse her husband's aunt with glowing accounts of her travels.

"My dear child," she said to her one day, when she finished relating something that had occurred while they were in Switzerland, "I never met but

one person who could interest me as well as you, but he had been abroad almost from infancy. How I should like to meet him again, but I do not suppose I ever shall. He has probably forgotten all about Auntie Morley, as he used to call me, long before this."

"Who was he, auntie? Any one I know?" asked Eva, when the other paused, apparently overcome by painful recollections.

"His name was Stanley Winthrope. You never met him. He left Boston the year before you came here. I used to think once that he would be my son. I loved the lad almost as well as Fred; but Bertie, although she appeared to like him much, was never content, when he was present, unless she was quarreling with him. I ——"

"Stanley Winthrope!" interrupted Eva. "Auntie, he was our travelling companion last winter. He has not forgotten you. I was charged with all sorts of kind messages for you and Doctor Morley."

"Did he ask after Bertie?"

"He wanted to know if she were not married. He promised to write to Walter when he left us, but I have not heard of his receiving any letters from him."

"Did he have a wife with him, when he was with you?"

"He has never been married. I heard Lord Waldo telling him, one evening, that his object

in going home, was to look for a wife. Winthrop did not deny the charge, but always changed the subject, with a laugh. Indeed, I often thought, myself, that it was the chief object of his return to Boston. The evening before he left us, he was telling me how much pleasure he anticipated when he reached America. He had promised to spend the first few weeks of his return with us, and I imagined Bertie was the one attraction strong enough to draw him across the Atlantic. He was never weary of talking about her, and nothing seemed to give him greater pleasure than to praise her talents. However, that evening, at the dinner table, Walter told us he had received a letter from Fred that afternoon, and that Bertie was engaged to a young naval officer. Winthrop disappeared when he left the table; and, early the next morning, he came to retract his promise and bid me good-by. He told me he was going to sail that day for Africa; and, about an hour after he left, I received a letter from Bertie, denying Fred's news. But the denial came too late. Had it been a day earlier, I firmly believe Stanley Winthrop would have been with us now at 'Riverside.'

The door opened noiselessly, and Bertie came into the room as Eva ceased.

"Stanley Winthrop would have been with us now at 'Riverside,'" she repeated, much excited. "Eva, tell me, what do you mean? Is Stanley coming back to 'Riverside' at last?"

Mrs. Morley looked imploringly at Eva, for some moments, before speaking.

"Would you like to see him again, Bertie, dear?" she asked, as she watched her daughter vainly endeavoring to subdue her agitation.

"Would I like to see him again? Oh, my mother, if he does not come soon, I think my heart will break," she sobbed, throwing herself into her mother's arms, and bursting into tears.

"How came he to leave you, Bertie?" inquired the elder lady, after she had quieted her weeping daughter.

"I was so cruel to him, mamma. He was forced to leave me, at last. I used to get so very angry with him, when he asked me to pay more attention to my studies. At last, I told him, if he was so very learned, he could not be satisfied with a common-place wife, and the best thing for him to do, would be to return to Europe, and marry one of the accomplished ladies he admired so much. When he tried to reason with me, I flung his ring at his feet, and told him I never wished to see him again. I did not think he would take me at my word; but, when I came to my senses, he was gone, and I have never seen him since. Till Eva met him in Italy, I did not even know what part of the world he was in. I always felt as if he was coming back some day; but, if he does not come for years, he will find me still waiting for his forgiveness."

"My poor little Bertie, it may be years before he comes back," said her mother, tenderly stroking her flushed face. "It would be cruel to buoy you up with false hopes. Stanley has gone to South Africa, and he may never come back. If we could discover where he is, we might write and ask him to come home, but there might be much difficulty in obtaining his address. You must leave me now, my daughter, I want to rest awhile, and then you may come in and read to me till tea time. Eva will take care of you till I awake," she added, with a loving smile, as the two girls prepared to leave her.

"Eva, do you think Stanley will ever come back?" asked the poor girl, when they reached Bertie's room.

"'Tis hard to say, my dear; but, it is my impression, if he had the least idea you might wish to see him, he would fly to you on the wings of the wind; or, to be more exact, he would come as rapidly as wind and water, aided by steam, could bring him. Come, you must not get down-hearted now; you have borne the separation so bravely for the past five years, you surely can endure it for a while longer. We are sure to hear from him soon, for his last words were a promise to write to us. When he discovers you are still free, he will not be long in reaching your side. You must lie down now, and rest. I will call you when your mother awakes."

CHAPTER X.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

A YEAR has passed away since we last visited Riverside. This morning we will take a peep at the hospitable mansion, which we find is no longer occupied by the genial Doctor and his kind-hearted lady. The chair on the lawn, where auntie Morley used to sit, is filled this morning by a youthful matron who holds a tiny white-robed baby in her arms. At her feet lies a magnificent English mastiff, which gazes contentedly at his mistress as she coos softly to her infant. A short distance away we see our old acquaintance, Fred Morley, reclining on the velvet turf, and looking at the trio with a world of love expressed in his honest blue eyes.

"Fred," called the little lady, ceasing her baby-worship for an instant, "throw that horrid cigar away and pay your respects to baby. Papa has not been to see us this morning, has he, pet?" she continued, resuming her occupation.

"Treason in high circles," he laughed, as he rose lazily to his feet and threw the obnoxious cigar into a clump of bushes, a short distance away. "Let us have a look at the peerless infant. Really, Stella, he grows to look more like you every day of his life."

"We think we look more like papa, don't we, darling?" said the fond mamma, as she laid the infant in his father's arms.

"Halloo, old fellow! you seem very well contented, but you cannot roost there long. I must go over to Maplewood and see how Walter is this morning."

"Poor Eva! How she must miss Bertie. If it was not for baby I could go over and help her, but I suppose it would not do to leave him alone with the nurses?"

"Do! I should think not. Let me catch my little wifey going into that fever-stricken place. Eva will not expect it of you, and would probably be very much annoyed if you exposed yourself so rashly."

"No, Eva is not selfish, but still it would be a great comfort to her to have some one belonging to the family in the house. Have you written to your father yet?"

"A letter can do no good. If he is no better I shall cable to them this morning. Take baby into the house soon. I think there is much dampness lurking around, although the sun is so bright."

Good-by, pets," he exclaimed, as he gathered wife and son into his arms.

"Fred, I do believe he knows you are going away," said the proud young wife, holding up her rosebud mouth for her husband's kiss.

"Not the least doubt that he does! Well, take good care of him till I come back. I have a presentiment that something dreadful is going to happen soon. I hope poor Walter is not worse; but I must go and see."

"If anything should happen to Walter, what in the world will poor Eva do! She has no darling baby to console her, has she, my pet?" she fondly asked of the unconscious infant, as she raised the precious bundle in her arms and carried him to the house, where she laid him in his dainty bed and rocked him to sleep. Then seating herself by the open window she watched for the return of her husband. It was over an hour before she saw him coming swiftly up the avenue, and hurried down to meet him.

"You do not bring good news, I see it in your face," she cried, when he came up to her, as she waited on the stoop. "Is Walter worse?"

"Walter will suffer no more in this world," he answered sadly.

"Oh, Fred! he surely is not dead."

"Yes, he died just after I reached the house. He was unconscious till the last."

"Poor, dear Eva! Shall I go to her, my husband?"

"No! She expressly forbids your coming. You must run no risks, for baby's sake. I must start immediately for Boston, as I have to arrange for the funeral, which is to take place in the morning; and, also, to cable to father. What a blow it will be for them. If Eva could only have Bertie with her now! Poor old fellow! Who would have dreamed of this a month ago? If father could have been here—— But the poor boy was doomed from the first, and fifty doctors could not have saved his life."

"How does Eva bear her loss?"

"As well as could be expected. The poor girl is quite worn out, and hardly seems to realize what has happened. She was lying down when I left. You must try and persuade her to come here, as soon as the funeral is over. We must all leave here as soon as possible. It is going to be a very unhealthy season. The fever is spreading rapidly. Here is the buggy coming. Good-by. I will get back as soon as I possibly can."

As Fred Morley drove away, his wife sadly ascended to the nursery, where she found her child still slept.

"We must get away from here as soon as possible," her husband had said. "Then, if there was to be a change, there was plenty of packing to be done, and what better time would she have to begin than the present moment, when her baby

was sleeping so peacefully, all unconscious of the dark sorrow which had come to his family?"

Before Fred returned from the city, his wife had most of the packing done, ready for their departure. The next morning the mortal remains of Walter Morley were laid in their last resting-place; and, before a week had passed, both 'Riverside' and 'Maplewood' were left in charge of a few trusty servants. Fred had taken his wife, child and nurse to the mountains for the summer, while Eva, accompanied by her faithful maid, sailed for Nova Scotia, where she proposed remaining with her parents until Doctor Morley and his family returned from abroad, whither they had gone, the year before, in search of health.

The quiet little village of Grand Pré was very welcome to the bereaved wife for the first few weeks. She felt that she had at last reached a haven of rest, where she would be sheltered from the storms of the outside world. But she soon found, that, in spite of her determination to pass the summer in seclusion, she would be obliged to appear in public frequently. Walter had left her, unconditionally, the greater part of his fortune; and, even in this little country village, she found people ready and determined to worship the wealthy young widow. That she was not willing to accept their homage, was of no consequence. Scarcely had she arrived among them, clad in her widows' weeds,

before the country gallants began to trim their plumage for conquest. Who should become the successful candidate for the hand of the rich widow, was a question that required the verdict of the entire community to settle in a proper manner; and, had any person the audacity to suggest that the glittering prize—if she contemplated matrimony at all—would look pretty high for a successor to her talented and gentlemanly husband, they would, in all probability, have been almost annihilated for their presumption. That a person born in Grand Pré, even were she the chosen friend of some of England's proudest nobles, would not consider one of her own countrymen a fitting mate, never for a moment occurred to one of those unsophisticated youths.

Eva, at length, became so disgusted with the attentions of her would-be lovers, that she determined to return to "Maplewood." The summer was nearly over before she left Nova Scotia. Before leaving, she had, after much persuasion, obtained a promise from her parents, that, if the Morleys did not return to America before spring, they would close their house and go to Florida with her for the winter.

When Fred Morley and his wife, who had returned to "Riverside," heard Eva was coming to "Maplewood," they immediately decided to offer her a home with them for as long as she chose to remain.

"Of course you are coming with us," Stella had said, when she met her at the depot. "Do you not think it looks unreasonable, that we would allow you to live in that great house alone? You would be a fit subject for a lunatic asylum before many weeks."

"But papa and mamma will be here in a short time, and then I shall not be alone," insisted Eva.

"Well, let them come. We have room enough at 'Riverside' for you all; but, if you wish to be independent while they are here, it will be time enough to open 'Maplewood' when they arrive. For the present, your home will be with us; so, let me hear no more about it, but get into the carriage and come along."

Eva, too tired to argue the matter, smiled good-naturedly at her cousin's impetuosity, and followed her to the carriage. In a few moments the gates of hospitable "Riverside" loomed before them, and Fred came down the broad granite steps to welcome them.

When she reached her old room, she sank into an easy chair with an exclamation of content. Here, at last, she was safe from persecution. No lovers, rustic or otherwise, would be allowed to annoy her while she remained here. How kind the Morleys had always been to her, and why had she been so stupid as not to think of asking after that wonderful baby. She must atone for her

neglect at once; and, rising, she started for the nursery. But, on reaching the door, it was thrown open, and the young gentleman appeared in the arms of his triumphant mamma.

"Is he not a beauty?" questioned the mother, proudly, as she placed him in the arms of her guest. "See, Eva! I do believe he knows you already. The dear darling! Ask auntie Eva if she would not like to have a pretty little boy like you for her very own."

Eva bent over the tiny bit of humanity to avoid an answer.

"What do you call him? He was only baby when I was here last," she at length asked.

"Harold Emmerson, after grandpa. A pretty name, is it not? Fred wanted him called Walter, but grandma Morley objected. We have had much trouble to provide him with a suitable name; but, at last, pāpa came to the rescue, and promised him ten thousand dollars if we called him Harold. So, Harold it is to be. Come, darling, we must go back, and give auntie a chance to rest."

Mrs. Fred did not see the mischievous smile on the face of her guest, as she trotted away with her offspring, or she would have been much annoyed. The young autocrat ruled the entire household, and those who refused to bow to the reigning sovereign, might expect to be visited with Mrs. Fred's most severe displeasure.

That evening, after the son and heir of the house was settled for the night in his little crib, the mistress of "Maplewood" proposed a visit to her own domains.

"You will find everything kept in excellent order," said Fred, as they walked up the avenue between the two rows of handsome maples with which the road was bordered, and from which the mansion obtained its name.

"Old Chase and his wife are the most conscientious couple, and take as much interest in the estate as if everything belonged to them. If you were to hunt the country over, you could not find two people more devoted to your interest. But they are a most amusing pair of old fossils, and have no love for me, I can tell you. I think they have taken it into their heads I am trying to oust them."

"Dear old Maggie! I think she loved Walter better than her own son," said Eva, sadly, as she ascended the steps.

Mrs. Chase came quickly to the door, in answer to her ring, and a joyful exclamation escaped her, when she discovered who her visitors were.

"Oh, Mrs. Morley!" she cried excitedly, reaching her hand towards her mistress, but suddenly drawing it back, when she thought of the liberty she was taking. "Oh, my dear mistress, is it really you? And us never to know a word about your

coming; and everything in such a state; and the rooms all shut up; and nothing fit to be seen.

And the angry glance with which Fred Morley was favored, was enough to send that young gentleman into his boots, had he been at all sensitive; but the shaft fell harmless at the feet of the one for whom it was intended."

"I think things will do very nicely," replied her mistress, with a smile. "The rooms cannot be very much out of order, with you at the head of affairs; but, even were they in the condition you seem to think them, you will have plenty of time to get them ready for me, for I am not coming home for two or three weeks yet. But, are you not going to shake hands with me, and invite us to walk in?"

"A thousand pardons. Did any one ever hear of the like! Me standing in the way, and stopping you from coming into your own house! Come right in, and I will open the parlors. John," she called from the open casement, as she saw her husband crossing the lawn, "here's Mrs. Morley home again, safe and well."

Another sad smile crossed Eva's face, as she stepped through the window to meet the old man, who came hurrying towards her with such a warm greeting. The love of this old couple was very precious to her, and there were tears in her eyes, as she placed her hand in that of her faithful servant.

"I would like to look over the house alone, Stella," she said, as she ushered her companions into the drawing-room, which her housekeeper had thrown open, letting in the fragrant evening air.

Leaving her guests, she wandered through the deserted rooms. How the presence of her husband seemed to fill every apartment, as she listlessly surveyed them. "Stella was right. It would never do for me to live in this great house alone," she thought, as she seated herself in her dressing-room. "She must remain patiently at 'Riverside' until her parents came to her. If she could only have Bertie with her, how contented she would be; but Bertie was far away, caring for her invalid mother, and she must learn to do without her. Perhaps, by the time her father and mother wished to return to their native land, her friend would be home, and the two could live their lives together."

The voice of some one calling from the hall below, roused her from her reverie; and, hurrying down stairs, she found the twilight had faded into night, and her cousins were anxious to return to their homes.

A few days afterwards, she received a letter from her mother, informing her that she was to start for "Maplewood" in a couple of days.

"Tom and his wife," she wrote, "are going to take care of the place this winter. They came home from the Western States very unexpectedly, and,

having nowhere to go, were, of course, very glad to come here. As they wanted to come at once, I hurried matters to make room for them. Cousin Ella is home on a visit from Boston; and, as she is going back this week, I have concluded to come with her. Your father will stay here till after the fall work is done. Likely, by the time you receive this, I will be in Boston, for it always takes longer for a letter to go. Send to Ella's for me, for I do not suppose I could find my way out to your house alone."

Eva started from her chair, without waiting to finish her letter. "The boat has arrived hours ago," she said to herself, as she hurried across the room. "Poor mamma will be nearly distracted, if she has to stay in that stuffy little lodging-house where her cousin Ella lives. I must send for the carriage, and go for her at once."

She soon had the faithful Flora dispatched to "Maplewood" for her horses and carriage, while she went to her room to prepare for her drive.

She was soon on her way to the city, which she reached before dark, and drew up before the door of the despised lodging-house, with a feeling of disgust that it should have sheltered her mother even for a few hours. Ascertaining that Mrs. Parker was within, she entered the portals, after telling the coachman to drive around the streets for a short time, in order to prevent the horses from becoming restless while they were waiting.

As she anticipated, she found her mother almost distracted by the noise and confusion which surrounded her; and, notwithstanding her fatigue, extremely anxious to take her departure.

"I think, Eva," she said to her daughter, as they bowled swiftly along on their homeward way, "that I should have died before morning, had I been compelled to remain all night in one of those close little cupboards which Ella called bedrooms. How in the world can people ever get used to such homes? Especially any person accustomed to having everything as nice as she did when she was a girl, at home in Nova Scotia."

"I was afraid, mamma, that you would be home-sick, if you were obliged to spend the night with cousin Ella. I was there with papa, when he brought me to Boston, and I never had any desire to repeat the visit, although, I must confess, the poor woman tried to make it as pleasant as possible, with the means at her command. You should have sent me a telegram from Yarmouth, telling me you were on the way, and I could then have met you at the boat."

"Yes, I should have done so; but I had no idea that Ella lived in such a way, and I thought it would be very pleasant to go there and rest awhile, after I came off the steamer, before I travelled any farther."

"How did you enjoy your journey? Were you sea-sick?"

"A little; not much. I would have had a fine time, if it had not been for that awful lodging-house. Oh, dear, I am so tired! How long will it take us to get there?"


"We will probably be home before half an hour," answered her daughter. "You will have it quiet enough at 'Maplewood,' for, although we live such a short distance out of town, it is as quiet as though we lived in the heart of a forest."

"Do you burn gas or oil?"

"Neither; the house is lighted with electricity and heated by steam, the same as cousin Mary's, in Windsor, and aunt Kate's, in Yarmouth. I hope you and papa will enjoy your visit here so much, that you will never wish to leave us."

"I do not know about that, for I fancy that neither your father nor I could be contented very long away from the old farm."

"No, I suppose not. I must not be too selfish, but try and be contented to have you with me for the winter. Here we are, at home at last; and I am so glad, for I fear you are tired out."



CHAPTER XI.

A VISIT TO EUROPE.

WHEN Mrs. Parker entered the almost palatial residence of her daughter, she was too tired to notice the magnificence of her surroundings; but, when she awoke the next morning, after enjoying a good night's rest, she was quite prepared to examine and admire everything. Eva had told her, when she showed her to her room, that all the apartments communicating were for her private use; but she had paid little attention to the information at the time.

A loud-toned clock, somewhere in the distance, announcing the hour of eight, caused the old lady to start guiltily from her couch. In all the sixty years of her life, unless prevented by illness from rising, she had never remained in bed till such an unheard of hour. "What would Eva think of her non-appearance at the breakfast table," she thought, rushing around in search of her clothing, which,

with the exception of a gorgeous crimson dressing-gown and a pair of bedroom slippers, was nowhere to be found. Scarcely had she got herself arrayed in those articles, however, before her daughter entered, clad in a dainty morning wrapper, and bearing upon a silver tray, a cup of coffee and a slice of toast.

"You are early this morning, mamma," was her greeting as she crossed the room. "How do you feel after your journey? And did you rest well last night?"

"Early!" repeated the elder lady, scornfully. "You surely do not call this early! I believe, Eva, you grow lazier every day of your life. It is a good thing you didn't have a farmer for a husband, or you would have to be around before this time in the morning. Yes, I rested all right, and feel as spry as a kitten this morning. You look as fresh as a daisy, as your papa would say, if he were here. But, Eva, where in the world did you put my clothes? I cannot find a thing to put on except these," she grumbled, gazing ruefully at the crimson folds in which she was enveloped, "and these," thrusting forth her slippereed feet. "I should not care to appear before the servants in those garments, or they would be sure to think I was some fresh arrival from the circus."

Eva laughed heartily at her mother's doleful face, as she surveyed herself in one of the numerous mirrors with which the walls were lined.

"Come into your dressing-room, mamma, dear," she answered, when at last she was able to speak, "and, after you have eaten your lunch, we will try and find something more sombre in which you can clothe yourself. Your present garb, I must confess, is rather striking for ordinary use. Come and drink your coffee, before it gets cold."

She picked up the tray, from a stand on which she had placed it when she first entered the room, and passed into the adjoining apartment, followed by her mother. The old lady gave an exclamation of surprise, as she sank into an easy chair, and looked around at the elegant furniture by which she was surrounded.

"What a beautiful room, Eva!" she exclaimed, after she had surveyed the contents for some time. "I declare it is too fine for every day use."

Eva smiled at her mother's enthusiasm, and for answer placed the breakfast tray upon a stand at her side, then turned away to an open press, from which she selected several garments, and left the room.

"Do you feel like taking a bath this morning?" she asked, returning, as the old lady finished her repast. "If you do, the bath-room communicates with this. You will find it at the end of this short passage."

After the bath was finished, Eva led her mother back to the dressing-room and carefully dressed her

in a becoming morning robe and dainty lace cap. After she had triumphantly gazed at her handiwork for some time, she proudly declared that her mother was one of the handsomest and most stylish looking old ladies to be found in the State. The day was spent in exploring Eva's grand home. The old lady felt she had much to learn regarding her daughter's magnificent way of living. However, before her husband's arrival, which followed her own when a couple of weeks had passed, she was able to instruct him in all the new-fangled ways, as the old couple called, in private, all modern improvements.

One of her first acts, when the two were alone, was to impress upon him the fact that he must not express any surprise, before the servants, at any thing he saw in the house, but that whatever he did not understand he must wait and ask her or Eva to explain when they were alone.

It was not long, however, before both were initiated into their daughter's way of living, and soon learned to appreciate the magnificence by which they were surrounded.

A few weeks passed away and the trio departed for Florida, where they proposed spending the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Parker were both delighted with the sunny Southern climate, where they could wander out of doors and pluck the flowers and luscious oranges, while the snow was piling drift upon drift.

over the fields and roadways at home in Nova Scotia. Both declared, when they left in April, their intention of returning, if their lives were spared, the following autumn.

Only a short stop was made at "Maplewood" on their homeward journey. The spring was advancing rapidly, her father declared, when pressed by Eva to make a longer visit, and it was time he was home to look after the spring's work. At last, finding it useless to urge them further, she bade them good-by, on the pier in Boston, and watched them sail for their beloved Nova Scotia, where she was sure her father would be always ready to relate, to all he could prevail upon to listen, the wonders he had seen while on his foreign tour, as he persisted in calling his visit to Florida.

A short time after her parents' departure, Eva received a letter from Bertie, telling her they had decided not to return to America till the autumn.


"But why," she had written, "cannot you join us in Rome, where we shall remain for a few weeks longer? If we cannot come to you, there is nothing to prevent you from coming to us. You can take a steamer from New York direct to Marseilles, then change for one to Civita Vecchia, where papa will meet you. You understand French well enough to get along without difficulty. But even if you did not, you have your faithful Flora to help you out if you should get stranded among the articles which

compose their lingo. Do, dear old Eva, say you will come as soon as you can. We are all dying to see you, and your presence would do mamma a world of good. Flora will take the best of care of you on the road, and Chase and his wife, assisted by Fred, can look after your affairs while you are gone."

"Bertie is right," she thought, as she finished her letter. "What is there to prevent me from joining them in Europe? It will be much nicer than helping to worship that wonderful baby here, or going down to Nova Scotia to be admired by the country beaux."

Having made this decision, it was not long before the preparations for her departure were completed, and before a week had passed she had cabled to her friends that she was coming.

A day or two after she embarked, accompanied by her delighted maid, upon one of the floating palaces which ply between New York and France.



CHAPTER XII.

THE SHIPWRECK.

NOT until after the ship left the docks did Eva realize what she was doing. Had she allowed herself time for consideration, she now felt that she never would have undertaken the journey across the Atlantic with no companion except her maid.

As she watched the shores from which they were rapidly receding, and saw the crowds which thronged the pier they had left, growing every moment smaller, a feeling almost akin to despair took possession of her. Before her stretched the boundless ocean, upon which she had voluntarily made herself a prisoner for the next week or so. She contrasted this voyage with the one she had made by the side of her devoted husband, scarcely two short years ago, and felt that she was only now beginning to realize her loss. Day after day she would be compelled to come on deck and mingle with the strangers who surrounded her; but with the exception of her maid, hardly a

soul would she be able to address, for nearly all were jabbering away in what was to her almost an unknown tongue.

What a mistake she had made by following Bertie's advice, and crossing direct to France. True, she had thus avoided many changes, but had she sailed from Halifax to England, she would in all probability have had the opportunity of relieving the monotony of the voyage by an occasional conversation with the captain of some English boat. Here, the ship and all her equipments were most decidedly French, and it would require more courage than she possessed to venture to address the surly looking individual, who stood upon the raised deck above their heads and gave his orders in such a commanding tone, as he scowled upon all around him. However, she had placed herself in a position where there was no possibility of turning back now; so, wisely resolving to make the best of her situation, she leaned over the railing and pictured to herself the pleasure in store for her, when she reached the end of her journey, and was once more united to her beloved friends.

So absorbed did she become in laying her plans, and thinking of what she and Bertie would do when they were once more together, that she did not notice her veil had become detached from her hat, and was floating across the deck.

"Pardon me," said a voice at her side, causing

her to turn quickly, "your veil has succeeded in making its escape, and I have managed to rescue it before it got fairly started upon an independent voyage."

"Thank you very much," she said, sweetly, reaching out her hand for the truant veil, and raising her eyes, at the same time, to look at its preserver. But, as their eyes met, the words "Charlie!" "Eva!" burst simultaneously from the lips of the two. For an instant both were too much astonished at the meeting for further speech; but, Eva, quickly recovering herself, quietly laid her hand in that of her old lover, saying, "This is an unexpected pleasure, Mr. Smith. I was just beginning to feel very lonely, as I realized that I had condemned myself to exist without companionship for so many days, and wondering what in the world I was to do to pass the time, for one cannot read continually."

"No; reading certainly does get rather monotonous, if carried to excess. But, are you alone?" he asked, as he returned her warm greeting with the old pleasant smile, which Eva remembered so well, and which, even now, after all those years, caused her heart to beat much faster than usual.

"Has Mr. Morley trusted you to the tender mercies of the stormy Atlantic without guardianship?"

"Professor Morley!" she repeated, in a surprised tone, as she looked at her companion.

"Pardon me," he answered, with a laugh, "it was

only a slip of the tongue. Is not your husband, Professor Morley, on board with you?"

"Professor Morley is dead, and I am indeed alone," she answered, sadly. "I am on my way to join Doctor Morley and his family in Europe. They have been abroad for nearly two years, on account of Auntie Morley's health."

"Yes, I remember hearing the Stanhopes say that Doctor Morley and his wife and daughter had gone to Europe, but I heard nothing of your husband's death. When did it occur?"

"About a year ago," was the answer. "He caught a dangerous fever while nursing some of his poorer tenants, who were suffering from its effects, and as his constitution was never strong, he soon became a prey to the malignant disease."

"Your father and mother, I trust, are well. Have you seen them lately?" He asked, breaking the silence which had lasted for some time.

"Quite well, thank you. They spent the winter with me in Florida, but returned to Nova Scotia a few days before I left home. How dark it is getting; I must find my maid, and have my cabin prepared for the voyage. I have been moving on deck ever since I came on board."

"How fortunate it is that we both happened to select the same steamer for our voyage. Like yourself, I am on the way to join friends in Europe; and also, like yourself, I am crossing the Atlantic without

even the companionship of a servant. I was beginning to feel pretty blue about the time the wind kindly brought me your veil. I had compared myself to a stray sheep among a flock of goats. The jabbering going on around me was like so much Greek to my untutored ears. Allow me to assist you across the deck," he pleaded, offering his arm. "I had not noticed how rough the sea was getting. Good-by!" he murmured, as he left her at the door of her cabin; "we will meet, I trust, again, at dinner," and, raising his hat, he walked away, as his companion made some inaudible reply, and closed the door of her private room. Looking around the room and finding she was alone, she threw herself upon a couch and reflected on the afternoon's encounter.

"How strange," she thought, "that she should meet Charlie here just when she expected to be so lonely. How pleased he had seemed to see her and receive her pleasant greeting, and how swiftly the time had passed while they were talking. He evidently thought it worth his while for him to be friendly with her now. Once she was but a poor, and comparatively ignorant, country girl. Now she was a highly accomplished and wealthy young widow, who had mingled in some of the highest society in Europe, and been presented at the court of more than one reigning sovereign. Although he might become a highly successful New York merchant, he never could be in a position to receive the

honors which had been showered upon the deserted love of his youth. No doubt he and his family would now consider her worthy to become one of themselves, but she who had once been so despised by them could, if the opportunity occurred, show them how thoroughly she despised them. And why should she not make the opportunity? Once Charlie professed to worship her. Was his old love so completely a thing of the past that it could not be revived? She had only to make him think she was not indifferent to him, and she felt positive he would soon be at her feet. She would prove the truth of her father's favorite maxim, that old brands are easily kindled, and when she had won a declaration of love from him, how she should enjoy laughing at his presumption."

Be careful, my dear Eva. If old brands are kindled quickly, watch that they do not, in your case, flame up suddenly and envelope your life's happiness in a dreadful conflagration. While you are preparing the stones of vengeance to throw at your early lover, be sure that you are strong enough to throw them with a firm hand, or they may rebound and destroy your own loving heart, while the adamant wall, which you used as a target, may escape unharmed. A woman's love is hard to kill; and, though yours has been buried for many years, there still may be some tiny roots deep down in your heart, which may only require the pressure

that years have placed upon them removed, to cause them to spring up and become a thriving tree. If you play with fire, you shall be burned, has been truly said. And what caused you such exquisite happiness this afternoon, while you were in the society of your old lover, if you are altogether indifferent to him?

"Be silent!" commanded Eva, to her inward monitor. "Am I a child, to again fall in love with one who has treated me so shamefully? Of course, I was pleased to see him to-day; and why? Because I had no prospect of being able to speak to a single person, except Flora, in an intelligible language. 'Twas like an oasis in the desert, to see a familiar face appear at that moment. I have no fear of consequences, but will arm myself for conquest; and, when I have him again at my feet, how I shall delight in crushing him! I will soon show him he has no love-sick maiden, dying for his affections, now, to deal with, but a stern woman, crying vengeance for the wrongs of her girlhood."

As she thus passionately declared her intentions, her maid entered, to assist her in preparing for dinner; and, under her deft fingers, the unpretending little widow was soon transformed into a brilliant belle.

As she emerged from her cabin, the crowd collected at the entrance of the dining-saloon, which was near, was expressing their admiration rather

openly, when Charlie, who had been waiting impatiently for her reappearance, came forward, and, drawing her hand through his arm, with quite an air of proprietorship, led her to a table in a retired corner. Seating himself by her side, the two kept up an animated conversation during the meal, much to the disgust of the foreigners around them, who could scarcely understand a word of what was said.

After dinner, the two promenaded the deck, till the crescent moon, sailing through the western sky, tired of her journey, and, descending to the earth, sank to rest in her watery bed.

When good-night had at length been exchanged, each felt that the day had been a red-letter one in the annals of their lives.

The days which followed were but a repetition of the first. The two were never apart during their waking hours, and when they separated for the night, 'twas but to dream of each other. Both had become indifferent to the remarks of their fellow passengers, who were much amused at the infatuation of the pair, and expressed their opinions in a rather open manner.

Charlie's happiness was without alloy. He was by the side of the only woman he had ever loved, and the deck of the steamer was to him an earthly paradise, into which no serpent could enter.

Eva, who still adhered firmly to her determination to sacrifice her love, in order to make her former

lover suffer for his treachery in the past, felt, as the coast of France drew near, that the end of the voyage would be the signal for the sounding of the death knell to all her happiness in this world; for, no matter how well Charlie now loved her, he had been false to her in the past, and she would never again consent to trust her future in his hands.

Marseilles was reached all too soon for the poor girl, who had managed to defer the important question from day to day. They found, on disembarking, that a steamer was on the point of sailing for Civita Vecchia; and, hurrying their luggage through the custom house, they started at once for Rome.

That night, as the little ship was bravely ploughing her way through the blue waters of the Mediterranean, Charlie resolved to learn his fate from the lips of his fair mistress. After dinner, he led her to the deck, and, beneath a radiant moon, which was smiling down upon them from a cloudless sky, he told her of his passionate love, and besought her to share his life. Poor Eva could hardly force her lips to utter a refusal to her lover's prayer; but, with a violent effort, the cruel words were at last spoken, and her heart was doomed.

"I feel very much the honor you have done me, Mr. Smith," she replied, when he begged her to consider the question before giving him a final answer; "but, were I to consider for years, my answer would still be the same. Our positions in

life are very different; and, pardon me for the suggestion, but I might reasonably be supposed to aspire to a much higher position than I could occupy as the wife of a humdrum New York merchant."

Ah, Mattie Smith, had you known, when you threw that stone so remorselessly at poor Eva's suffering heart, many years ago, that it was one day to rebound and destroy your brother's peace, would you not have stayed the fearful missile?

Had Eva looked at her lover's face, she would have been satisfied that her plan for vengeance had succeeded.

"Say no more," he answered, bitterly; "I understand all. The wealthy widow of Professor Morley needs but one link to complete the chain of her ambition, and that, her beauty and accomplishments, aided by her wealth, will soon secure to deck her haughty brow. Fool that I was, not to guess that the object of your present voyage to Europe was to win a coronet. I have helped to while away a few idle hours, that, otherwise, would have hung heavily on your hands; but, now that I have outlived my usefulness, I am to be tossed aside, like a worn out glove. I have met with many an accomplished coquette during my life, but none that can compete with you."

"You are mistaken, sir. I have not the least intention of searching for a coronet or a title. I

am going to Europe to be with my dearest friends—friends who have ever been the same through poverty and wealth. I shall never, never marry again. If I was certain, Charlie, that you loved me for myself alone, how gladly would I become your wife, in spite of the past. But you deceived me once, and I can never fully trust you again. I should always have a suspicion you married me for my wealth and position.”

Too astonished to reply to her charge, Charlie remained silent, as she left his side, for the poor, tortured girl, fearing she would relent if she remained longer in his company, hastened away, after making a partial confession of her feelings for him.

“Is the girl crazy?” he thought, as he lighted a cigar, the comforter of all masculine afflictions, and leaned over the railing. “I deceived her once, she says. There is some mystery here. Shall I try to solve it?”

A loud crash and a dreadful shock, was the answer to his question, and in an instant all was confusion on the deck of the steamer. She had collided with some dark object in the water, owing to the carelessness of the lookout, and was filling rapidly. The boats were quickly lowered, filled with the alarmed passengers, and pulled away from the sinking ship.

The boat in which Charlie had taken refuge was the last to leave, and the man in charge had just

given the order to shove off, when Eva, who had been below when the accident occurred, came on deck.

"Do not leave me alone here," she implored, coming to the side of the ship as the boat was preparing to move away.

"We must return for the lady," said Charlie to the officer, who appeared to be an Englishman.

"Impossible!" was the reply. "The boat is overloaded already. One more would be sure to sink her."

"Would you leave a helpless woman there to perish alone?"

"Better do that than imperil all."

"Order your men to pull back, then. She shall have my place; I cannot leave a woman to die like a rat in a hole."

"Very well, if you like to make the exchange, you are welcome; but, be quick about it. She will be at the bottom before ten minutes."

The instant the boat was alongside, he scrambled up the side, and, taking Eva into his arms, he murmured, "I will save you, darling."

She clung around his neck as he lowered her into the boat, which was instantly pulled away, leaving him standing on the deck alone.

"You are leaving him behind!" she screamed, frantically pulling at the officer's arm.

"I know it," was the cool answer. "He volunteered to change places with you, and we have accommodated him."

"Charlie!" Charlie!" she cried, as she was borne away, "I will not leave you alone; we will die together, my love!"

For an instant Charlie feared his sacrifice had been in vain, as he saw her making frantic efforts to leap overboard; but strong arms held her, and he watched her disappear with a feeling of exultation. By dying for her, he had proved his devotion, and he watched the boat till his tired eyes could perceive it no longer, then threw himself down on the deck with a groan of despair, and waited for the final plunge of the sinking vessel. How long he remained in an almost unconscious condition, he never knew; but he suddenly raised himself with a wild wish to escape from his doom. "There must be plenty of materials for a raft," he thought; "he could surely tie a few planks together and escape, if he had the time."

As he hurried forward in his search, he was astonished to hear a voice hailing him from over the water through a speaking trumpet; and, looking up, he saw a large ship a short distance away, from which they were lowering a boat. Scarcely had it touched the water, when three men sprang in, and, seizing their oars, they rowed rapidly towards him.

"Jump into the water, if you can swim, and the boat will pick you up," called the voice which had first hailed him. "You will have to look alive, or that sinking hulk will take you all down. If there are others on board, God help them."

Charlie, who had once been perfectly at home in the muddy waters surrounding his native shore, did not hesitate an instant, but leaped into the treacherous depths. For a second he thought he was sinking, but he quickly recovered his equilibrium and struck out boldly for the approaching boat. It was only a few seconds before he was pulled over the gunwale almost exhausted, and the boat's head was turned to the ship. But, scarcely had she begun her backward journey, before a warning was shouted to the men to look out; and, an instant after, the ill-fated steamer leaped into the air, then plunged into the depths of the Mediterranean, nearly swamping the boat as she disappeared. A few minutes more and they were all standing safely upon the deck of the ship, the boat was again hoisted to its place, and she had resumed her voyage. When Charlie was welcomed by the officers, he was taken to the cabin and provided with dry clothing. He was then informed he was on board a U. S. naval ship, which was on a homeward bound voyage.

"It was a narrow escape you had," said the Captain, after listening to Charlie's story. "I do

not believe a man was ever nearer death and lived. I believe, if the boat had been a couple of yards nearer the steamer when she sank, that you all would now have been lying at the bottom of the sea. I was paralyzed when I saw the awful danger you were in."

"Do you think it possible for the boats to be saved?" asked Charlie.

"It is more than possible. In all probability, if they are not picked up before, they will reach some of the islands near here before to-morrow evening."

"But they may not be able to find the islands."

"No danger there," laughed the Captain; "that fellow you have described is shrewd enough for anything. If he would rather sacrifice a human life than overload his boat, he will know enough to pull for land in some direction."

"I suppose you will not be able to put me ashore somewhere?"

"No; it would deprive me of my commission, were I to do so. I am very sorry, but I will have to take you back to the States before I land you. But, cheer up, it will not take us long to reach home. You can learn the fate of your friend by cabling after your arrival."

"The suspense will be almost unbearable, but I will be compelled to endure it," he answered sadly, turning away.

"Yes, you will have to endure it," replied the

Captain. "I would help you if I could, but I cannot; or, rather, I dare not. But you must rest now. Let me show you to the cabin which I have had prepared for you. I think you will find everything here you require. Good-night;" and the kind-hearted man closed the door, leaving his guest to seek repose.

A few days after he had been saved from the sinking steamer, they sighted the American coast. How slowly the hours crawled as he watched the land drawing nearer.

"Have patience, Smith," said the Captain, as the tug came alongside. "You will not be allowed to land till I show a clean bill of health to the officials. Do not be down-hearted now; you will soon find your troubles are all over."

His first act, on landing, was to send a telegram to "Riverside," asking for the address of the Morleys in Europe, and also inquiring if anything had been learned regarding Eva's fate. In about an hour an answer was brought to his hotel from Fred Morley, informing him that Eva had safely reached her friends at Rome, and giving him the coveted address. With a feeling of thankfulness, our hero cabled to the Morleys the intelligence that he had been rescued, and the next day he was again on his way to Europe, where he arrived in due time, without further mishap.

CHAPTER XIII.

BERTIE'S MARRIAGE.

As the boat bore Eva from her lover, she watched the sinking steamer, which still floated upon the surface, till her tired eyes could look no longer.

"Do you think it possible," she asked, turning to the Englishman, "that the steamer should not sink, after all?"

"Possible!" he answered, scornfully; "I should think not. I am surprised to see her still afloat."

"Is there no hope of Mr. Smith being picked off by a passing ship, before she goes down? Are we in the track of many vessels?"

"He might be, but it is hardly likely. He might make some kind of a raft; if he thought of such a thing, and was at all handy. There is plenty of stuff on board."

"A raft," she thought. 'Twas but a tiny straw, but she grasped it readily, and hope sprang up anew

in her despairing heart. If Charlie should be saved, there might still be a happy future before them.

Soon after daylight they were picked up by an English yacht; and, coming on deck, after a few hours' rest, what was her surprise to see Stanley Winthrope leaning against the railing and smoking a cigar, with a very bored expression on his handsome face, which instantly changed to a look of pleasure as he recognized Eva.

"You, of all people!" he exclaimed, grasping her hand. "Were you among that boat load we picked up this morning? Or, has your ladyship provided yourself with a pair of wings to travel about the globe, and just lighted upon the *Cellia* for a short rest, as you were passing over Europe?"

"I was among the poor unfortunates you rescued this morning. Can you tell me where we are going, or what they are going to do with us?"

"They are going to put them ashore, as soon as we are lucky enough to find one, which will be soon, I trust, for we are awfully packed at present. Where do you wish to go? that is the question. Mention the place, and I will wager a good sum that the owner of this craft will steer straight for that point."

"He must be extremely accommodating, whoever he is," laughed Eva. "I was going to Civita Vecchia, when we were wrecked, and I am anxious to get there as soon as possible. I am on the way to

join Dr. Morley, auntie and Bertie in Rome, and if they hear of the disaster, they will be very anxious, for they know when I left New York, and will be watching for my arrival."

"Is Bertie's husband with them?" Winthrope at length forced himself to ask.

"Bertie's husband!" she repeated. "Oh, yes, I know; Fred's nonsense about Bertie's marriage. No, she is not married. The dear girl considers herself cut out for an old maid, and nothing will induce her to change her mind."

"I only heard of poor Walter's death a short time ago, Mrs. Morley. I have been travelling in the East ever since I left you in Rome, till within the last few weeks, when I fell in with a friend, who induced me to cruise with him in his yacht for the summer. We are travelling wherever fancy leads us, and I know he will not object to landing us at Civita Vecchia, for I do not intend to lose sight of you till I place you safely in the hands of your friends. No objections, please. You must grant me this pleasure, for the sake of old friendship, and it will be, indeed, a pleasure for me to meet with the Morleys once more. Please excuse me for a short time, till I find my friends," and the young man hastened away, while Eva seated herself under an awning to await his return.

The sad fate of her lover was for a time forgotten as she pictured the pleasure she was bringing to her

friends. What a surprise for them when she appeared, accompanied by Winthrope! Poor, dear old Bertie, who had watched so patiently for years the return of her lover, locking her sorrow away in her own heart, and brightening the lives of all, wherever she went! Truly, she deserved the happiness in store for her."

"Allow me, Mrs. Morley," she heard Winthrope saying, "to present my friend, Lord Frederick Arnold, a cousin of the Waldos."

Eva looked up, and could scarcely repress a smile, as she received the affected greeting of the dandified little Lord. If dudes existed in England, this certainly must be a noble specimen of the class. She could not help thinking of Darwin's missing-link, as she looked at the object before her. He was clad in Turkish trousers of white linen, with a loose blouse of the same material. A small white straw sailor hat, secured by a narrow blue ribbon to one of his jacket buttons, crowned his flaxen curls, while long blue silk stockings and patent leather slippers completed his costume. He had a gold-rimmed eye-glass screwed into his left eye; but what caused it to adhere so firmly to the orb, was beyond her comprehension.

"Mrs. Morley," he began, after he had surveyed her with much deliberation, "our friend, Winthrope, tells me you wish to be landed at Civita Vecchia as soon as possible. I am awfully sorry to lose my

companion, but I suppose I will have to give him up to his American friends. We will endeavor to make your stay among us as pleasant as possible, and if there is anything you wish that can be obtained on board, you have only to mention the fact, and I will see that you receive it."

Eva was quite surprised to hear him addressing her in such good English. She had imagined, from his appearance, that his drawl would be almost unintelligible. She thanked him warmly for his kindness, and began discussing the probable fate of her fellow-voyagers till luncheon time. When he discovered that she was a warm friend of his cousin, Lady Gertrude Atholstane, and, also, that she had been presented at the English Court by his aunt, he redoubled his efforts for her entertainment, and the time passed pleasantly till he landed her in Italy.

When the two friends left the yacht, they lost no time in hunting up a lady's emporium, where Eva provided herself with a few necessary additions to her wardrobe, after which they continued their journey, and presented themselves at Dr. Morley's hotel just at dark. Being ushered into the grand *salon*, she sent her name to her friends, and a moment after Bertie came rushing in breathlessly exclaiming:

"You dear, darling old Eva! Why in the world didn't you send us word you were coming, so we

could meet you? Oh, I am so glad to see you!"

"Is that the way you receive all your friends, Miss Bertie?" asked a voice at her side; and, looking around, she perceived Winthrope. Involuntarily, she murmured his name, as he endeavored to clasp her hands in his own.

"If you will excuse me, Bertie, I think I will find Auntie Morley," said her friend; and, softly crossing the room, she closed the door on the happy lovers.

Inquiring her way to Mrs. Morley's private apartments, she was soon clasped in the arms of her dear old friend, where, after gladdening her heart by telling who was her companion, she proceeded to relate her own sad story.

When they encountered Bertie and her lover at the dinner table, the radiant face and ringing laugh of the former told Eva her friend's happiness was complete.

The next day the impatient lover obtained Doctor Morley's consent to an immediate marriage with his daughter.

After a few days they all left Rome for a country villa near Lake Como, and preparations for a hasty wedding were begun at once. Three weeks after, they were quietly married in the flower-decked drawing-room; and, both declaring they were dying for a sight of their native land, they departed for America, by way of England, leaving Eva to care for the old couple, who were anxious to remain in Europe till the autumn.

That evening, as Eva was sitting alone in the moonlighted garden, thinking sorrowfully of the past, the faithful Flora, who had rejoined her beloved mistress, brought her a telegram. She quickly broke the yellow seal, and ran her eyes over the contents, then uttered a joyful cry and rushed towards the house.

"Charlie is safe!" she cried, bursting into the room where Mrs. Morley was resting, after the fatigues of the day. "Charlie is safe! He was picked off the steamer by a ship and carried home, but is now on his way back," and, sinking at the feet of her kind friend, she burst into tears.

"There, there, dearie, don't cry. He is coming back, and we will have another wedding, and all go home together."

"Do you think I ought to marry him?" asked Eva, doubtfully. "Would it not be treason to poor Walter?"

"My dear Eva," answered her friend, "I have lived many years in this world, and I have never yet seen the wisdom of parting two loving hearts. You were a faithful wife to Walter, while he lived; and I feel assured, that, could he send you a message from Paradise, he would sanction your union with the love of your youth. You have suffered much, my child; but everything in this world will be sure to come right at last."

CHAPTER XIV.

CONCLUSION.

EVA was sitting alone one evening in the moonlighted garden, a few weeks after Bertie's marriage, when she saw her lover coming to her across the lawn.

"Are you glad to see me, Eva?" were his first words, as he clasped her outstretched hands and drew her to his breast.

"Oh, Charlie, if you only knew how glad!" she answered, as she raised her face to his.

The fond lover drew her closer, as he murmured, passionately, "Eva! Eva! you will never send me from you again, will you, my darling?"

"No, Charlie, never again. I will forgive the past, and all you have caused me to suffer."

"There is some mystery here, Eva, which I must now solve. The night you refused to be my wife, you accused me of deceiving you once, and you also told me if you could be sure of my love for you,

that you would gladly marry me. Have I yet proved my love for you sufficiently, my dear one?"

"You would have given your life for me, Charlie. What greater proof can man give of his love than that? Forgive me for the cruel words I spoke that night. For the sake of my mad revenge, I would have deliberately broken my own heart."

"You will forgive the past, and all I have caused you to suffer! Explain your meaning, Eva, for I know not to what you allude. I have never knowingly caused you pain. What mad impulse prompted you to send me that fatal letter, before my marriage, telling me you no longer cared for me? I now see there has been treachery at work."

"Charlie, I never sent you such a letter. Some one has deceived us both. Your last letter to me, told me that you were coming home to spend your vacation. Long I watched and waited for another letter; but it never came. Then, oh Charlie! I saw your marriage in the paper, and I thought I should have died."

How the sweet voice quivered, as she recalled the sufferings of that time, and Charlie's loving arms clasped her closer, as he realized what anguish she had endured.

"Then," she went on, with a bitter sob, "I heard your sister say I was no fit wife for you; that you never thought of allowing me to disgrace you before your New York friends. It was then I made an

effort to forget my false lover, and show you all how I could win as good a position in society as you had already done. Aided by my kind friends, the Morleys, I succeeded beyond my expectations, and when I met you on the steamer, some fiend told me now was my time for revenge."

"We have both been wrong in trusting to appearances, and so cruelly doubting each other; but, now, tell me when can I call this little hand all my own? We have been parted long enough. Do not keep me waiting many days, my dear one."

"Only long enough to prepare the wedding gown," she answered, with a smile, and her lover kissed her parted lips as she spoke.

"What shall we do to those who have caused us all this sorrow?" he asked, as he rose to obey Mrs. Morley, who was calling him from the doorway not to keep Eva longer in the chill night air; and Eva, raising her happy face to his, softly whispered:

"Remembering our present happiness, we will forgive them."

The glorious September sun was bathing the picturesque little villa in a flood of golden light, as Eva, clad in plain white silk, was led into the church, on her wedding-day, by her kind old friend, Doctor Morley. The sunbeams played among her silken curls, as the white-haired old clergyman united her to the object of her young heart's devotion.

The same sun was smiling upon two ladies who

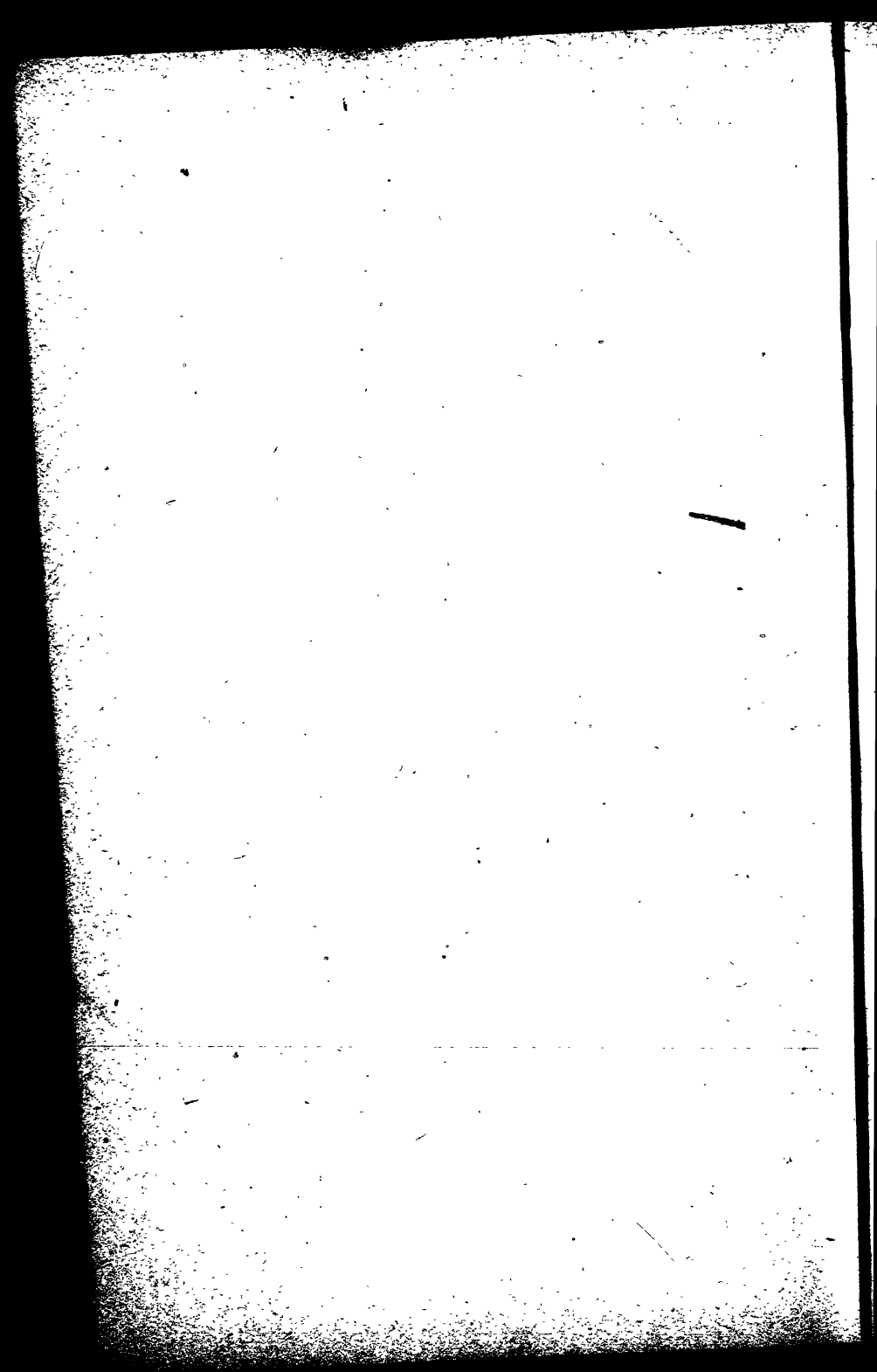
were seated upon the veranda of a pretty cottage in far-away Nova Scotia. The elder held an open letter in her hand, from which she was reading aloud.

"So that is the end of all your scheming, Mattie," said her companion, as she watched the reader tearing the epistle into tiny pieces, which she sent floating away on the morning breeze. "And such a romantic ending, like a chapter from a novel. We have a sister-in-law of whom we can feel proud. How I shall enjoy telling the Stacys what my brother's wife wore when she was presented at Court."

"Proud of her!" exclaimed the other, passionately. "How I hate her! hate her!! hate her!!! I will spoil her life for her yet!"

"I should not advise you to try it, my dear sister. Of course, all differences have been explained before this, and you had better be careful, or they will suspect that you had something to do with the sending of *that letter*."

THE END.



G. M. SMITH & Co.,

155 Granville St.,

HALIFAX, - N. S.

Importers of First-Class Family Dry Goods,
Dress Goods and Trimmings, Silks, Satins,
Velvets and Plushes,

Ladies' Cloaks and Garments,

Superior French Kid Gloves.

Agents for **BUTTERICK'S** Patterns.

Country Orders Promptly Filled.

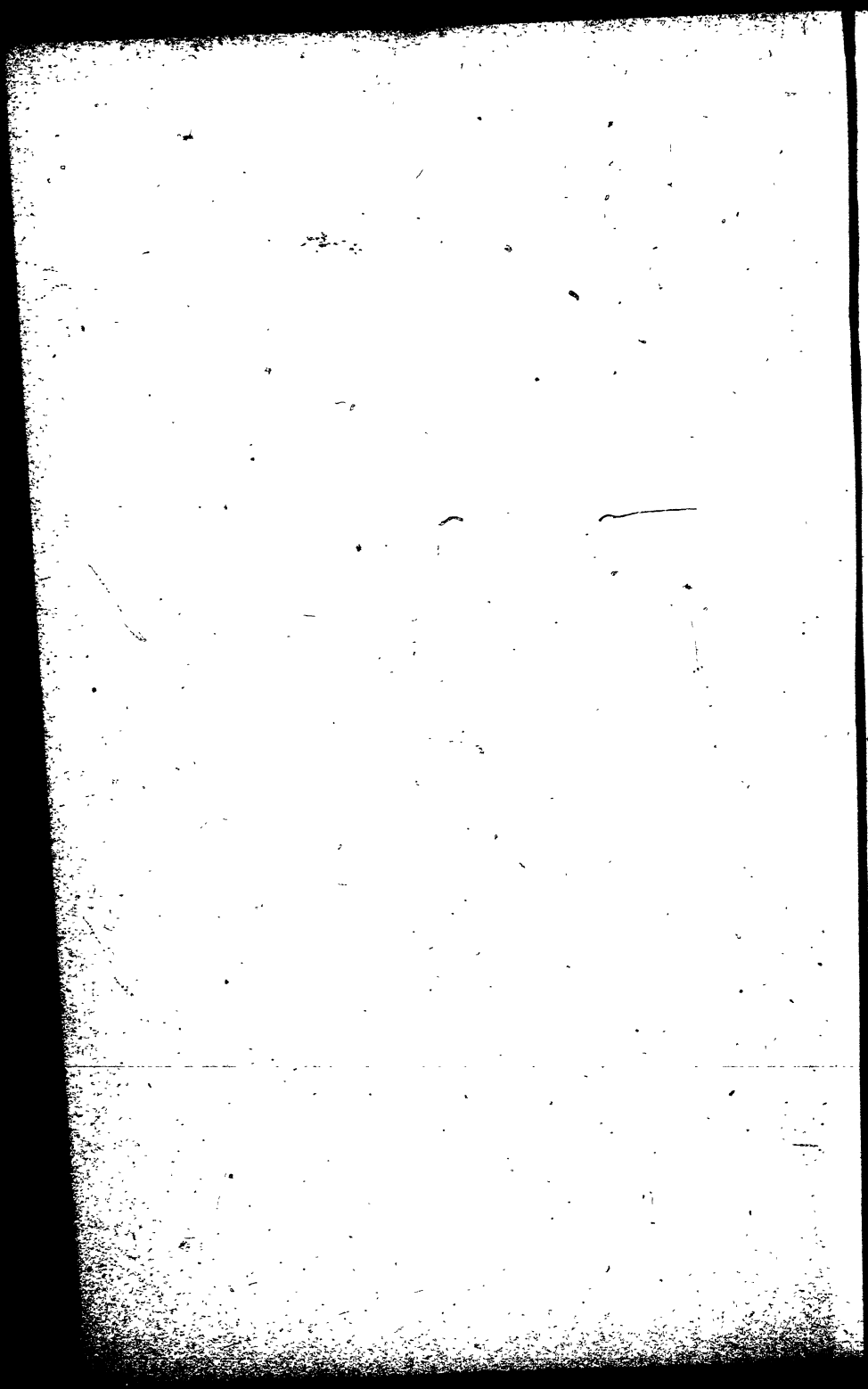
—BUY—
PIANOS WITH A REPUTATION!
—ONLY—
STANDARD MAKES
—KEPT BY—

W. H. JOHNSON.

Don't Fail to Write for Prices.

121 & 123 Hollis Street,

HALIFAX, - NOVA SCOTIA.



Sea-sickness prevented by Brush's Elixir, Price
One Dollar.

Brush's 'Elixir Prophylactic' prevents Train-sickness, Price \$1.00.

EPIDERMIA !

For softening, preserving and
BEAUTIFYING THE SKIN.

—It contains—

**No Oils, Greasy Substances or Chemicals,
Is Quickly Absorbed and Cures**

Chapped Hands, Face & Lips.

As an after-shaving
preparation it is unequalled.

PRICE 35 CENTS.

—MANUFACTURED BY—

HATTIE & MYLIUS, Dispensing
Chemists,
HALIFAX, N. S.

A Sea Voyage a pleasure when using 'Brush's Elixir Prophylactic.'

For Sale by all Druggists,

Hattie & Mylius, Agents for Nova Scotia.