

HARRY DELAWARE.

OR

AN AMERICAN IN GERMANY.

By MATHILDE ESTVAN.



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DEDICATION.

To Mrs. G. W. LEAKE, *née* EDMONDS.

As I have nothing else to offer you for all the kindness and friendship with which you have sustained me through many sad and lonely hours, permit me to present to you these thoughts of mine. Though they are not decked with gems, and come but humbly dressed, they are a part of that best gift of God to man—the human mind—therefore I beg you to receive them kindly.

MATHILDE ESTVAN.

New York, 1872.

Coe American Studies

HARRY DELAWARE.

CHAPTER I.

THERE was much commotion in R— on the Rhine. Many guests had arrived in Louisenrest, the Cold-Water Establishment in that beautiful little town, and its inhabitants—at least those who had leisure for such speculations—were in a flutter of curiosity respecting the strangers. The questions: "Who are they? Where are they from?" passed from lip to lip.

This resort for invalids had been established only a few years, but had already acquired a marvellous reputation, through several remarkable cures effected by its physician, Dr. Herbert. The number of patients who went there from every part of Europe to try the healing power of its pure, clear water, increased largely every year.

The few merchants of whom R— boasted, dreamed of the money these strangers would spend, and began to think that their shops were too small and unattractive. Some made little improvements, but did so quietly and unobtrusively to avoid the notice of their neighbors.

In Germany, particularly in small places, people are apt to say:

"What was good enough for the father, ought to be good enough for the son."

No one, however, planned and contrived as much as did Mrs. Süss, who kept a little cake shop near the Cold-Water Establishment, and was known for her delicious apple tarts. She was already, in imagination, building a store with an eating-saloon attached, which was so magnificent, that she herself, overcome with awe and wonder, could never walk over the entire premises, but always stopped short when she reached the large mirror in the saloon, which reflected herself wonderfully transfigured in that dream of many a long day—a black silk dress.

The élite of the town, such as the Mayor, Judge, Doctor, and several officers and merchants from neighboring cities, who had retired to R—, had long conversations during the winter evenings, in their Casino, as to the addition to their social enjoyment, which the expected arrivals would make. The ladies of the rural place had never given so much attention to the latest fashions as since Louisenrest had made R—a retreat for the invalid and the rich.

It was all very natural, and Mr.

Berg, the innkeeper of R——, alone thought that Louisenrest was not in conformity with the times. Was not wine the first thing forbidden to his patients by the Doctor, and had not the good and comfortable looking host an immense cellar full of this "Fountain of Life," as he called it? And though he tried to induce the Doctor to prescribe it to his patients, by sending him bottles covered with cobwebs, Dr. Herbert's "Fountain of Life" seemed to spring out of numberless little rills in the shady park of Louisenrest.

Little wonder then, that the stout and rosy-looking Berg stood on this memorable day rather disconsolately at the door of the old-fashioned inn, looking as gloomily down the street, as such a little mountain of flesh could look.

What would all these new-comers bring to him, except the trouble of counting over what they could, but unfortunately did not, drink of his Fountain of Life.

"It seems to be a good, profitable season for Louisenrest," said Mr. Trommel, the schoolmaster and organist of R——, who came every evening to drink his glass of wine at the "Angel," as the inn was called.

"Yes," grumbled Berg, who although an old friend of Trommel, thought him to-day rather pedantic and tiresome. "Yes, but what does that profit you or me? I tell you, if I were the Mayor, I would make every guest over there pay for the water they drink. The Doctor makes them swallow enough to drain all our springs. I wonder for what our good God, who, as the Pastor says, does all things well, gives us such an

abundance of grapes, if we are only to look at them. Bah! Don't talk," added he reddening with anger, as Trommel was about to make a remark, "the Doctor is, and always will be, a fool, and his whole establishment is the most watery affair I ever beheld. They never need be afraid of burning, for they have enough water in themselves to extinguish the largest conflagration."

Upon this Berg was turning his rotund little figure within doors, when the sounds of approaching wheels made him turn back again as quickly as his short legs would permit. A carriage stopped before the door.

"Can we have rooms here for a night?" asked an elderly man, who sat beside the driver.

"Yes," replied the landlord, "handsome rooms, and the best wine on the Rhine."

The carriage door opened, and a young man descended slowly and carefully, assisted by the elderly man. Berg officiously offered his arm, but the gentleman, though evidently in great pain from the effort to walk into the house, declined it. He surely deemed mine host too much of a barrel, and feared that he would roll away at the slightest touch.

The stranger was soon comfortably settled in the best room of the house, which was a low, but otherwise spacious apartment on the second floor. Its windows overlooked the Rhine and the ruins of an old Castle on the opposite shore.

"John, put that arm-chair near the window," said the invalid to his attendant, who placed the chair so that his master had a fine view of the

Castle, with its deep *crevasses* and recesses illumined by the straying beams of the setting sun. Did the young man enjoy the picturesque and beautiful scenery? Who can tell?

How many have looked sometimes at external objects, even the most sublime works of nature, with so aching a heart, or so disturbed a mind, that while they gazed, they saw not.

Judging by outward signs, the traveller enjoyed but little of the view before him. His large, gray eyes were not lit up by enthusiasm, or roaming over the scene before him; they seemed fixed upon something to him alone visible. His lips were pressed tightly together, and the pain written on his pale brow was not altogether physical, though his left foot, from which John had drawn the boot, was badly swollen, and found not much ease on the chair, where it was carefully placed, on a pillow from the bed.

After John had made his master as comfortable as circumstances would permit, he went down stairs to smoke his pipe, where we will follow him, to bid our host good-night.

CHAPTER II.

"COME in and take a glass of my fountain of life," cried Berg, as John passed the room where he and his family were enjoying a good supper of cold meat, eggs, lettuce and potatoes.

"Your master speaks German very well for an Englishman," con-

tinued he, filling a glass to the brim with Hochheimer for John.

"Mr. Delaware is no Englishman," said John, who himself spoke excellent German, with a very slight foreign accent.

"What is the matter with his foot?" queried the loquacious host, who would have been delighted to hear a romantic story of a duel, which he could repeat in manifold ways to his guests in the long winter evenings.

"My master is an American gentleman, and was wounded in our late war. The wound, having healed rapidly and badly, has again broken out, and we are on our way to Berlin, to consult a surgeon who was recommended to Mr. Delaware," replied the man, who was becoming communicative under the influence of a second glass of wine.

Berg would soon have heard more of the history of his guest, but the bell from his master's room called John away, just as his glass was about to be filled a third time.

"Oh mother, they are Americans!" cried the host's two children, as Mrs. Berg, a tall, slim woman, who could easily look over her husband's head, entered the room. She had just left the kitchen, and was very much heated, and of course a little vexed.

What good housewife leaves the kitchen always in good humor?

"Well, what of it?" said she rather sharply, being tired and worried.

"I don't believe a word of what that man said," cried Karl, a wiseacre of about twelve years old. "My history tells that the Americans are

red people, and this gentleman is whiter than we are."

"Nonsense Karl," said the father, who had himself only very faint notions of how the Americans ought to look, but who happily recollected something that Trommel had told him of the land which Columbus had discovered. "Nonsense Karl, their forefathers were red, but they are white now."

"Their forefathers red!" cried Trina, a year younger than her brother, and, as Berg would have it, "a deep thinking child." "Well, I wonder how ours looked." Were they blue or green, father?"

Louisenrest, which hundreds of years ago, was a religious retreat for high-born ladies, is a large, fine building, situated on an eminence near the Rhine, and surrounded by a park and pleasure grounds.

It commands a most beautiful view of the surrounding country, and there is not one window in the grand old mansion from which the eye cannot rest on objects which either tell tales of bygone days, or interest by their beauty and grandeur.

The rooms are all lofty and spacious. Many of them are changed into every possible and imaginable sort of baths.

In every nook and corner of the broad, old-fashioned corridors, the ingenious Doctor of the Establishment has constructed a little fountain so that the guests who visit there to recruit health and strength, find at intervals of a few feet, that element which is blessed by many who leave Louisenrest.

One of the most frequented promenades of the guests, is the park,

which extends to the foot of a mountain, on whose summit is erected a rustic building.

The lofty trees of this beautiful park have seen many a generation. They doubtless whispered in the soft summer breeze, centuries ago, as confidentially to the noble ladies who said their prayers under the shady boughs, as they now do to the youths and maidens who wander laughingly over the fresh grass, or to the lovers who dream in the moonlight, under their drooping branches, of a future, which will never realize anticipations.

Grand and sublime is the park with its deeply-rooted trees, when a storm approaches, and the dark clouds angrily drive over their fine old heads. It is then as though they would shake out of every leaf and bough all the broken vows, all the sorrow and grief, all the uncontrolled passions they have listened to. Those who understand their impassioned voices, seem spell-bound. They heed not the surging elements, nor the driving rain; they listen with bowed heads, and learn many a deep lesson, see unveiled many a dark corner in their own hearts.

A streamlet which flows through the park, and murmurs its soft, little songs peacefully all day and all night, is a favorite resort of almost every guest at Louisenrest.

Not the young, the sentimental, or poetic only, love its low music as an accompaniment to their reveries, but also many a man and woman who have fought hard battles with their destiny, come here to soothe their worn and weary hearts, and lull to sleep all strife and passion.

This spring seemed to open better

than any of the bygone seasons, for the speculations of those who had bought and reconstructed Louisenrest into a Cold-Water Establishment.

It was now May, and already a large portion of the extensive building was filled with patients and their relations or friends.

There were people, sick and well, from every quarter of the globe. Some with servants, horses and carriages, others unattended, and with only moderate sized trunks. German, French, English, Spanish, Italian, Russian, every kind of dialect could be heard at the table during the meals.

Doctor Herbert, who, besides being a good physician, was an excellent linguist, had plenty of opportunity for the exhibition of his talent, and could soothe all possible complaints in all possible tongues.

We find him just now, on this lovely May morning, on the south veranda, consoling a Russian lady—who is said to be a princess incognito—about her own and her lapdog's health. She never has a cold, but the dear dog has it too; and she asked the Doctor if she should put a cold water bandage similar to that which she had to wear, round Fido's neck, when fortunately for the Doctor, he was called hastily away.

CHAPTER III.

BEFORE we follow the Doctor to his study, we will say a few words about him.

He was about forty years of age, and somewhat above the medium height. He had dark, curly hair, which he never could keep smooth,

and through which he, when lost in thought, would run his ten fingers. Forgetting to brush it down again, one would often see him with it standing on end. He had a broad, massive forehead, deep, clear and intelligent eyes, a nose rather larger than otherwise, and a firm, decided mouth, around which, notwithstanding a certain sternness, little quivering lines would occasionally show that he had a quick, keen sense of the ludicrous.

His grandfather and father had been physicians, and his family was known all along the Rhine for its respectability, and extreme kindness to the poor and helpless. His name was a household word, wherever he went, and it was not strange that when his studies were ended, and he returned home, a young, talented physician, he could have chosen a wife from among the best and the wealthiest families of Cologne, his native place. But his was no common character, and instead of being attracted by the beauties and graces which the young ladies lost no opportunities to display before him, he seemed insensible to all, except as far as courtesy required. Many rosy lips pronounced him an "unfeeling bear."

Suddenly, after the lapse of several years, the startling announcement was made, that the Doctor, who had been supposed to be a confirmed bachelor, had married, and whom? A young girl whose parents had formerly belonged to the "best society" in Cologne, but who, by the death of the head of the family who left little but an unstained name, were first pitied, then neglected, and later, as is usual with such reverses of fortune—forgotten by the world.

The Doctor first met Emma Leiden at the house of Major Von Danzig, an old friend who lived in Deutz, opposite Cologne, where Emma gave music lessons to the children. Mrs. Von Danzig, who became very fond of her, often urged her to remain all day, and so it happened that the Doctor on one of his occasional visits to the Major, saw her, noticing her beauty and gentleness, and still more, her freedom from coquetry or affectation.

He began to frequent the Major's house more than he had ever done before, without questioning himself, why he now strolled so often over the bridge to Deutz.

This bridge being a fashionable promenade, was always an abhorrence to him, and this so much so, that his friends would pass him without observing him. No one imagined that Dr. Herbert would be himself leisurely walking over the bridge between six and seven o'clock, just the hour of *rendezvous* of all the world. If he had been riding, or running at full speed, people would have noticed him, surmising that a patient required his care.

Walking like an ordinary mortal, and as if it were for recreation over that detested bridge, Dr. Herbert was as invisible as *Æneas* in his cloud.

Emma, who had frequently heard him mentioned as a physician of great skill, and a man of superior learning, was rather shy at first, treating him, as he thought, with undue reverence. Some months later, while on her way to the Major's residence, Emma fell on the slippery pavement and sprained her wrist. The Doctor hearing of it, went to see her. It was surprising

how rapidly she lost her shyness after his first visit, while he who had hitherto been impassible, and supremely indifferent to his personal appearance, now became at times a little nervous, and looked at himself closer in the mirror.

He even tried to keep his rebellious hair in order and to scold his tailor for not taking sufficient pains in the fit of his clothes.

The tailor, a shrewd man, afterwards said when he heard of the Doctor's marriage, that he knew something unusual was going on with Dr. Herbert, because, after having made his clothes for many years always to suit, he had suddenly found fault with every thing he wore.

The Doctor soon became an almost daily visitor at the house of Emma's mother, but, with the little knowledge he had of women, never would have had courage to tell Emma how dear she had become to him, had it not been for Mrs. Von Danzig, who having long seen how matters stood, encouraged him.

When at length he gained sufficient confidence to tell her of his love, was with such fervor, such passionate earnestness as only a man possesses, who never trifled with the feelings of a woman, and who is sure that he has at last found that other half of himself, which makes his existence complete.

Three months after his declaration, they were quietly married, made a short trip up the Rhine, and returning to Cologne, gave the gossips plenty of hard but delightful work.

The young wife, a refined, educated girl, who had by her talents aided her mother in educating her younger sis-

ter, cared not to play a prominent part in circles whose shallowness the misfortunes of her parents had shown her, and was glad when the Doctor received an offer to go to Louisenrest as resident physician.

Having an excellent practice in Cologne, Dr. Herbert had no desire to leave it, but the health of his wife was so delicate that he thought the change from the narrow streets of the old city to the broad, open fields of R— would benefit her. He accordingly accepted the offer, and went for a year with his wife to Graefenberg, to study under Priezenitz, the healing powers of water. It was there their first child, a fine boy, was born.

They had now been almost eight years at Louisenrest, and neither of them had ever regretted that they had changed their residence.

The Doctor appreciated daily more and more the excellence of his wife, and sometimes wondered that he could have lived so many years without her—a good evidence that she occupied the right place in his heart.

She won, by her gentleness and knowledge of his peculiarities, more and more power over the often obstinate man, and it was curious to observe how often he would yield to her without being himself conscious of it.

The study, in which the Doctor received his patients, and to which he was called, when we found him with the Russian lady and her dog, was a large room, on the second floor. It was situated in the centre of the ancient building, and a cheerful, pleasant spot for a man to study in, overlooking the park, where numberless nightingales warbled during spring and summer. Massive book-

cases filled the walls, and near one of the windows stood a curious, antique writing desk, which had belonged to the father and grandfather of the Doctor. Mrs. Herbert sometimes laughingly said, that on that desk no one could write any thing but a prescription.

Large cases, with surgical instruments stood on the top of this desk, while between the windows hung a life-size portrait of the Doctor's father. Over this was a pair of foils suspended, at which the Doctor seldom glanced, without lightly rubbing a scar on his left temple, "a memento of the follies of his youth," he said. This sanctum, Mrs. Herbert had, on first arriving at Louisenrest, daintily arranged, with the aid of her mother and sister, who were both with her much of the time.

The handsomest and, as she thought, most useful articles filled the desk, the small table and *étagères*. The Doctor fearing to wound his wife's feelings, left all these things for a few days undisturbed, till one day, unable to bear it any longer, he huddled them all together on a side table, opened an old leather trunk, and took out a quantity of useful, quaint, but not very ornamental things for his desk, etc.

Mrs. Herbert silently collected her trifles, and was laying them carefully in a large basket, when her husband entered the room.

Without a word he approached her, and putting his arm around her, he, with rather a provoking smile, looked in her face and kissed her.

That was all the explanation he gave for declining to have his study adorned, and it was all she required.

CHAPTER IV.

RE-ENTERING his office, Doctor Herbert found John, Mr. Delaware's man, awaiting him, who requested him to go as soon as possible to his master, of whose wound in the foot he told him, and also that he had suffered so intensely during the night that the journey to Berlin would be impossible for him. The Doctor promised to attend him as soon as he had seen his patients residing at Louisenrest.

John returned with long strides to his sick master, who, having been delirious during many hours, awaited the visit of the physician with the patience of an exhausted body and mind. Doctor Herbert went as quickly through his round of visits as the various complaints of his patients would permit, and then hastened to the "Angel," where the landlord, who had denounced him as a "fool," impatiently looked out for him, as he had the greatest reliance upon his skill.

"Good-morning, Mr. Berg," said the Doctor, "I hear you have an invalid in the house. Where is his room?"

"Ah, Doctor, how happy I am that you have come at last," replied Berg. "Yes, yes, a very sick man, who raved all night in the strangest lingo, and though I could not understand a blessed word, yet his servant would not let me stay a moment in the room when he began to talk. I am sure, quite sure, Doctor, that there is mystery connected with that wound in the foot. He never got it for his country."

Dr. Herbert lost half this interesting disclosure in hurrying up the

stairs, for time, of which Berg had plenty and to spare, was to him precious and very fleeting.

Arrived at the bedside of his patient, whom he found quite as ill as John and Berg had represented, he took—in the quiet way, which his patients said, he only, of all physicians, possessed—a seat near it.

Mr. Delaware told him what we already know, that he received a cut with a sabre in his right foot during a battle. The wound had not healed well, and having broken out afresh, pained him excessively.

The Doctor, on examining the injured instep, found splinters of bone which had not been extracted when the wound was first dressed. This preventing its healing, except superficially, caused the whole foot to be much swollen and inflamed, and in a critical condition.

"Your foot needs prompt attention," said the Doctor to Mr. Delaware, who had borne this painful examination without moving a muscle. "Will you trust me with the operation, or do you prefer a surgeon from Cologne, or any other city near by. If the latter, I will send a telegram to any one you select, as there must be no delay. Choose freely, you will not offend me. Too much depends on your mental condition when this operation, which will of course be very painful, shall be performed. Confidence in the physician is sometimes more valuable than his prescriptions."

"I have confidence in your skill," replied the young man, who had been gazing fixedly upon the physician while he probed his wound, and whose eyes, rendered more brilliant by fever

and excitement, now softened. "If you are willing to undertake the operation, tell me when you are ready, and I will be prepared for it."

"Very well," answered Dr. Herbert, who manifested no surprise that the stranger trusted him so far without ever having heard of him before, "very well, but it will be necessary for you to be removed to Louisenrest. Your case requires more care and attention than I could give it here. I will go home immediately and send two of our nurses with a hand carriage. They are strong men, and will carry you down stairs as gently as if you were an infant, and making you comfortable in the carriage, will convey you at once to Louisenrest."

"Do as you think best," said Mr. Delaware, while John began to pack the few things together which were scattered about the room.

"I am sorry, Mr. Berg," said the Doctor to the landlord, who called him to drink a glass of his "Fountain of Life" before he went to his "watery place"—"I am sorry that I have to take your guest away from you, but as I am sure that you would rather have him leave you alive than dead, we must make haste to remove him. I have not even time to take a glass of wine, but you may send me a cask, and present the bill at the Inspector's office."

Having thus sweetened the bitter dose, for Dr. Herbert knew but too well how it vexed Berg, when one of his guests left for Louisenrest, he walked away at his usual quick pace.

A little later, a comfortable hand carriage stopped at the Angel, and the young American was carefully placed in it, and conveyed to Louisen-

rest. While he awaits the Doctor's visit, we will make our readers better acquainted with him.

CHAPTER V.

HARRY DELAWARE was a fine looking young man of about four or five and twenty years of age. He was tall and slender, and had noble if not strictly regular features. His deep gray eyes were large and expressive; and his mouth, shaded by a heavy mustache, was adorned with teeth faultless and white. His whole bearing evinced that perfect self-control which is either the effect of such experience as costs bitter hours of sorrow and self-conflict, or imparted by early mingling with the world.

Those of his own station would call him haughty, while the poor whom he relieved could not bless him as fervently as they wished to do, because he gave not with the compassion of a warm, generous heart, but rather with the air of one who, though only half believing in their distress, gives because he places little value on the gift.

Yet nature had endowed him with a warm, nay, a passionate heart, and a mind ever ready to appreciate all that is good and noble. But what Dame Nature gives, the teachers Life and Circumstances shape, and as they are not always in conformity with her, men are seldom, or rather, they are never, complete beings. Who ever saw a man, however good, intelligent and noble, who had not something in his character, which nature

plainly had not given him, but life and circumstances had.

Harry Delaware's father had been a merchant in New York, but having attained great wealth, had retired from business. This son, and a daughter, several years younger, were his only children.

His wife, the daughter of a Georgia planter, had died before the unhappy civil war broke out in the United States of America. Neither he nor his children could speak without feelings of deepest regret of her, who had made their home happy, and they missed more and more the gentle little hands, which were never too weary to smooth their path. A woman of superior intellect and knowledge, a woman of *genius* is a noble being, but never can she render happy the home she adorns, unless piety gives her gentleness and kind consideration for others.

Mrs. Delaware was one of those rare women, who though by her brilliant talents an ornament to society, was a most devoted wife and mother. One who regarded it her first duty to make home happy, and sustain her husband and children in any affliction which might befall them, with her unostentatious piety, and her unwavering trust in Providence.

Harry Delaware, who had early shown that while he inherited his father's form and features, he had likewise his mother's talents, had manifested a strong inclination for the study of the law. He had seen in imagination his mother's pride, when he, a second Patrick Henry, should electrify the world with his eloquence, but found, as occurs only too frequently, the vision more attractive

than the reality. Finding close application to study not pleasing to his taste, he would have tried the army, but the delicate health of his mother and sister detained him at home.

When however the war broke out in 1861, he took up arms, and through his father's influence, received a Captain's commission. After the battle of Manassas he was promoted to a Colonelcy, not through favor, but for his own undaunted bravery and endurance through that fearful conflict.

Shortly after, wounded in the foot, he was obliged to return home, where he observed after a few days, how much his father had altered since the death of his mother.

Resolved to do all he could to rouse him from the deep melancholy into which he had fallen, he endeavored to appear cheerful, even gay, although having been away since his mother's death, home was to him sadly changed. Ah, truly the memory of those who depart from home soon after death has bereaved them of a loved one, will when they return—and if years have elapsed—wander to the heart-rending scenes of the last days passed there. Linking them with the present, the intermediate time is as if it had never been. Their grief is as fresh as if it were but of yesterday, while those who remain, and roam daily through the desolate, empty rooms, may suffer more keenly at first, but time will gradually and gently assuage their anguish, if it *can* be done.

"Well, father, what will you write to uncle St. Clair in reference to the lady whom he proposed as a companion for Lydia?" said he one day to his father, when he had been at

home some time, and was doing, as his surgeon reported, as well as could be expected under the circumstances.

"I have only awaited your convalescence, to consult you," replied Mr. Delaware. "As it is of some importance to all of us, and especially to Lydia, I did not wish to act hastily. I wish you would marry and bring a young wife home, and with her, renewed cheerfulness to this large and lonely house. I am so averse to having a stranger here, and I feel that Lydia will never overcome her repugnance to it."

"A fine time for preaching courtship and marriage to me," said Harry. "I should like to see the girl who would take a fellow with a foot like this," added he laughing, as he pointed to his swollen and bandaged foot.

"Your foot will soon be well," said his father. "Ah, sir," Harry interrupted, "and you wish me to promise that the first use I make of it shall be to go wooing a daughter for you, with accompanying sunshine, etc. Well, to tell the truth, I myself wish sometimes that I could find a young creature to make the house resound again with joy and mirth, but it seems to me that I am doomed to be an old bachelor, for the older I grow, the more I see how frivolous the generality of women are. They live for dress, pleasure and admiration alone. When I marry, I will have a wife who cares to please me only, and not every one whom she may meet in society. I am afraid that Ned Denton is right, when he says that a girl nowadays is an agreeable creature to flirt with, but that one may as well drown one's happiness in

deep waters, as to marry such a butterfly."

"Ned Denton is a man destitute of principle," said Mr. Delaware, the virtues of whose wife shone so brightly in his memory that their rays were reflected upon all woman-kind. "I do wish that I could learn what gives young men of this generation a right to speak so disparagingly of women, just as if they were greatly their superiors. Really it is sometimes more than a sensible man can well bear, to hear them talking of women; of what is requisite in a wife, and of the faults and follies of young girls. I only wonder what they think they have to recommend in themselves, or what makes them so superior. All the vanity of a frivolous woman is trifling in comparison with the depravity of a heartless, soulless man, who can hide his own evil doings, and whom society is weak enough to receive, notwithstanding his vileness.

"In every day life, my dear boy, women are seldom as bad as men, and if a man is not totally blinded by love, he can rarely make as great a mistake in marrying, as woman may. It would not astonish me to hear a Turk speak of women with little respect, but in this land, where we pride ourselves on our chivalry toward ladies, and the liberty we give them, it is too much. Let people say what they like, times have sadly changed since my youth. I am sure I never thought of drowning my happiness when I married your mother."

"Oh, I believe that," said Harry laughing, glad to see his father so animated, "because that was as the German peasant said to his

parent, 'quite a different thing.' You married my mother, while I shall take as the wife of my bosom, a stranger."

Mr. Delaware could not help laughing, and as at that moment his daughter entered the room, they held a consultation about the lady whom Mrs. Delaware's brother, residing at the south, had recommended to them as a companion to Lydia; and it was at last decided that she should come.

CHAPTER VI.

LYDIA DELAWARE, a girl of seventeen summers, who had been from her childhood in frail health, and cherished with the most tender care by her mother, was very lonely and sad since that best of all friends had been called away.

The old housekeeper, Mrs. Pine, who had lived with the family since the birth of Harry, lavished every attention upon her, but though good and kind, she was not a companion, who, by occupying her mind, could divert her thoughts in some degree from her sufferings.

Lydia's fragility of constitution, together with her extreme timidity and shyness, had prevented her from associating freely with young people.

As long as Mrs. Delaware lived, she had no desire for other society than her mother's, and would now not have wished for a companion, had it not been for her dread to do the honors of the house as its mistress. The effort to overcome her timidity when obliged to preside at her father's

table when he had guests, was so painful to her that it generally gave her a nervous headache, which prostrated her for days. This was the reason why she had herself first suggested, though not without many misgivings, that a lady should be invited to the house who would at once be a companion for her, and assist her to entertain the occasional guests of her father and brother.

We say, occasional guests, because, though the Delawares were generous and hospitable, they had always lived so happily in their own family, that the circle of their acquaintance was not large, and had visibly lessened since the death of the dearly loved wife and mother.

Harry, proud of his sister, who, though pale and delicate, was beautiful with her soft hazel eyes and her long golden curls, tried to cure her of her shyness, but the more he represented to her the claims of society upon her mental and personal charms, the more did she shrink from it.

No one who saw the silent, timid girl, would have imagined the depth of her richly-stored mind, or the warm, compassionate heart kept so closely veiled from all eyes. Even her father and brother never would have thoroughly understood her, had it not been for her mother, who taught them to see and appreciate the treasures enshrined in the soul of this young girl.

Miss Marion Courtenay, the lady chosen as a companion for Lydia—and who was by her expected with dread, by Mr. Delaware with a vague uneasiness, and by Harry not at all—was a widow of a planter from Virginia.

Her husband and father had perished on the battle-field early in the war. Her mother died of grief. But a short time before, one of the wealthiest women of the South, Mrs. Courtenay must now be dependent upon the bounty of others, or her own exertions, as her fortune consisted chiefly of negroes, without whom her plantations were of little value.

Her father had been an old friend of Mrs. Delaware's brother, and the latter gave her a home in his family after the death of her mother.

Finding, however, that she could not live in harmony with his youngest daughter—the eldest, who was about to be married, was absent from home—he persuaded Mr. Delaware to receive her as a companion for Lydia, not doubting that this weak, timid girl needed a strong hand and will to guide her.

Weak! Strong! How often have we not mused over these words and their meaning. What is strong? What is weak? have we said many a time when we saw a man strong in health and intellect, bowed down under misfortune, while his delicate and apparently feeble-minded wife, not only bore the calamity with cheerfulness, but sustained her husband.

Weak! strong! have we exclaimed, when we saw, after a gale, the wreck of a mighty ship tossed on the ocean, while the nutshell of a boat, played unharmed over the still disturbed waters.

Weak! strong! have we thought, when, after a storm in summer, the rose in the garden shook the rain-drops from her leaves, while the lofty tree near her was felled by the tem-

pest, never more to tower above his lowly neighbor.

CHAPTER VII.

TWO months have passed since Mrs. Courtenay arrived at the residence of Mr. Delaware, and we find her, on a clear, cold day in March, in the conservatory, amidst the most brilliant plants and flowers, in whose fragrance she delighted.

She is a superb-looking woman, and no surroundings could have been better suited to her style of beauty than these tropical trees and flowers, with their warm, bright colors, and their luxurious atmosphere. She was tall and graceful, had an exquisitely formed head, lustrous, full dark eyes, black hair, and a profile which might serve as a model for a sculptor, so finely cut were her perfect features.

She was about twenty-four years of age, and had all the ease and the self-possession of a woman of the world. Not having laid aside her mourning, she wore a black silk dress which, cut *à la Pompadour*, showed the beautiful shape of her white throat. The only ornament in her luxuriant hair was a white rose.

It was curious to observe the impression she produced upon the Delawares on her arrival. Lydia having dreaded to meet her, became more than ever shy when she saw her. Mr. Delaware looked rather surprised, and Harry, whom John, his father's servant, had wheeled on his little couch to the sitting-room, ran his fingers through his hair, secretly.

wishing that he had not been in such a confounded hurry with his toilet.

It was not strange that his young friends, who became suddenly more attentive to him, exclaimed that he was the luckiest dog in all Christendom to have such a glorious woman in the house. Neither could it be wondered at when old Mrs. Peyton—who lived opposite, and had dearly loved Mrs. Delaware—asked Mr. Delaware if he did not fear that his son would fall in love with this beauty? A thought which was not likely to cross Mr. Delaware's mind, because, as he said, "was she not a widow, and her husband dead scarcely two years?"

Poor Mr. Delaware seemed to forget, in his constant grief for his own great loss, that not all who are bereaved of their partners, will go sorrowing till the end of their pilgrimage, and that not every widow aspires to have "Univira" as an epitaph on her tombstone.

How often are we so influenced by our own feelings, that we judge others rather with our hearts than with our heads. Mrs. Courtenay had now been two months an inmate of Mr. Delaware's family and according to Mrs. Pine, the housekeeper, "it would have been better if she had never come."

But then, what did Mrs. Pine know about her? She, who had all her life prided herself upon her insight into people's character, would have been exceedingly uncomfortable if she had been called upon to explain why she expressed such an opinion.

But one thing was certain, Mrs. Pine was not only a shrewd woman, she was also a very good one, and

devotedly attached to Mr. Delaware and his children.

Lydia, with whom Mrs. Courtenay every morning read, studied, or practised music, and in the afternoon drove or walked, never manifested regard or aversion for her. This was the cause of the first reproach ever given her by her brother, even in his heart—a fact which told very plainly that he admired Mrs. Courtenay very much.

And indeed, their opposite neighbor, old Mrs. Peyton's words had been prophetic; since from the first moment in which Harry saw this beautiful woman, a new life seemed opened to him. His bachelor ideas melted under the influence of her large brilliant eyes, like snow in the rays of the sun.

We cannot say that Harry had never before met with any woman who had made his heart beat more quickly, and had seemed to him an angel sent for his especial comfort and delight. He could tell of most romantic, though short-lived attachments which began when he was scarcely fifteen years old, and the object of his adoration nearly double his age.

From that period his love lit upon different characters and ages, endangering, however little, his peace of mind. But now it was love, the passionate love of a young heart which kept him in bonds, which made him—the proud man who had always declared he would never wed a woman whose first affection he was not—the slave of a widow who was at least as old as himself.

He never disguised his admiration for her from the first moment of their

meeting, and she apparently not observing it, or not caring for it, made him, before one month elapsed, determine to win her heart and hand. Reading his thoughts in the passionate glances which followed her every motion, she kept closely by Lydia. If the young girl were too ill to leave her room, Mrs. Courtenay would excuse herself immediately after dinner, not noticing the reproachful looks given to her by Harry, and avoiding the sitting-room of the family, left the young man to the conflicting emotions of love and torment.

Sometimes a word, or a look, led him to think that she understood and encouraged all that he dared not express; but more frequently would she appear perfectly ignorant of the fact that his very heart seemed to stand still in her presence.

Thus matters went on for some time; he becoming daily more infatuated with her, and yet kept by her at an unaccountable distance. Often, when he would have thrown himself at her feet, and offered his hand and heart, one look, one word from her, laid like an icy hand over his wildly-beating heart, kept him silent.

With these exceptions, nothing had changed in Mr. Delaware's household. Every thing went on in the same old quiet routine as before Mrs. Courtenay's arrival.

When at first the few acquaintances Harry had out of the army went often to visit him with the hope of seeing the beautiful widow, he received them in his own room, and they soon tired of their visits.

Lydia required little of Mrs.

Courtenay: she was glad to have some one in the house who could make every one forget, that such a being as Lydia Delaware existed.

Her health, which had for some time forbidden her visits to the sick and poor—who were left her by her mother as a legacy—seemed slowly improving, and she resumed what she considered her duty. Accompanied by Mrs. Pine, and followed by John, she went twice a week to those abodes of poverty and wretchedness with which New York abounds, receiving, as it does, more than any city in the United States, the indigent and distressed of all nations.

Well would it be for the poor and the sick if more young ladies who, like Lydia Delaware, have nothing to do but to seek their own gratification, would visit at least once a week the squalid abodes in which dwell so much misery and want. The blessing derived from it would be greater for themselves than for those whom they would relieve. They would learn better than from books, more impressively than from the pulpit, the vanity of human life, the instability of fortune, the emptiness of pleasure.

It would not check their youthful gayety, or give them gloomy thoughts, for the feeling of having done good, of having like Christians ministered to those in distress, would ennoble their feelings, and enhance their innocent amusements.

Mrs. Courtenay once accompanied Lydia, but the sight of so much suffering made her nearly ill, to the great indignation of Mrs. Pine, and the admiration of Harry, who singularly enough, was pleased with the

fortitude and unselfishness of his fragile sister, and equally so with the appearance of the entire absence of these virtues in this strong, healthy woman.

Lydia often thought that their quiet mode of life must be uncongenial to Mrs. Courtenay, but the latter appeared satisfied and happy.

She was not of a cheerful nature, which, with its sunny brightness, sheds light over a whole household, but she was lively, clever and polished, and therefore an agreeable companion.

In her youth her education had been somewhat neglected. The spoiled heiress liked at that time rather to dream idly on the broad, shady verandah of her father's mansion, than to pore over dry books. Seeing later her deficiencies, she for some time studied hard, and acquired sufficient knowledge to appear, with her natural abilities, a more thoroughly educated woman than she really was. Her graceful dignity and stateliness covered a wide, barren field.

Of her character we will not at present speak. Less jealous than Harry, we will give our readers an opportunity to make her better acquaintance.

CHAPTER VIII.

HARRY'S wounded foot began slowly to heal, and he could sometimes, with the aid of a cane—a crutch he could not be persuaded to use—walk about the rooms. Lydia's joy was unbounded, when one morning he came into the music-room, where she was at the piano with Mrs.

Courtenay, who seemed to rejoice in her happiness.

Giving her hand to Harry she congratulated him with a few well-chosen words, but when she saw the light in his eyes, and his rising color, as he lifted her hand to his lips, she coolly withdrew it, and sitting down, again played a lively waltz, while he, pale and disturbed, left the room.

Lydia, who had seen all this, promised to observe more closely the brother, whose happiness was dearer to her than life.

The same day, at dinner, Mr. Delaware remarked that Harry had, since his foot began to improve, looked paler and more ill than before. He told him that it would be well for him to go to Europe, as he would not consent to his returning to the seat of war until his health was perfectly restored.

Harry looked earnestly at Mrs. Courtenay while his father spoke, but though she did not raise her eyes from her plate, she showed by her flushed cheeks that she felt his glance.

Mr. Delaware saw nothing that occurred. Was she not a widow whose husband, whom she had dearly loved, had been dead hardly two years? But Lydia had seen the expression of her brother's eyes, and the momentary embarrassment of Mrs. Courtenay, and she understood it all. She now knew what had changed Harry so unaccountably in so short a time; she now knew why his gay happy laugh, his easy carelessness had gone, and her heart ached in sympathy with his grief.

"Why does Mrs. Courtenay so

torment Harry?" mused she, as she sat in her room. "She certainly loves him, or she would act either differently, or leave the house, knowing his devoted and passionate attachment to her."

She began now to comprehend all the vague insinuations of Mrs. Pine, to which she had hitherto paid no attention; and revolving again in her mind all she had herself witnessed, this "weak, timid girl," whose uncle thought she needed a strong hand to guide her, sat and thought long and deeply.

Yes! yes! She did truly need a strong hand to guide her, and rising, she knelt and sought it where alone strength and guidance may safely be found.

Lydia was the following day quite a different being. She carried her head, which always had drooped a little, erect. Her countenance, hitherto so timid and shy, had the appearance of self-confidence which, when it arises from perfect trust in Providence, gives so much soul and expression to the features; but which, when the result of pride or self-love, gives hardness and coldness to them.

Her whole aspect and bearing were altered, and her father silently wondered what had so suddenly changed his tender joy into a beautiful flower, which balanced its head fearlessly on its slender stem, while Harry could hardly wait until they were alone, to tell her how much she now resembled their mother.

She looked up at him smilingly, but seeing his pale, haggard face, she laid her head on his shoulder, and wept as if her heart were breaking.

"What is the matter, sister dear?" exclaimed Harry, who, not

imagining that he was the object of her grief, feared that something had befallen the sensitive girl.

"Oh, brother, brother, you look so pale and sad, you have pain and sorrow, and would conceal it from your only sister," sobbed the poor girl.

"Then it is I for whom you shed these tears," said Harry, turning to the window to hide the emotion he could not entirely control. "Do not be distressed about me; I shall soon become my old self again, when my foot is well enough for me to go out, and mingle with the world once more. I have had, during this long period of enforced idleness, too much leisure for thinking, and the weakness of my body influencing my mind, has driven away my gayety and buoyancy of spirit."

"Oh! but it is your mind which is making your body ill. Why do you not tell her that you love her?" whispered Lydia, who, in her excitement, forgot that Harry had not yet made her his confidante.

"She knows it, she knows it," he replied, making his sister, whom till now he had treated as a petted child, his friend, his equal. "I told her last night after dinner, but she knew it long ago."

"Oh, then, it is all right now, and you are happy," exclaimed Lydia. "How foolish of me to cry." She dried her eyes quickly, for although she had not the slightest sympathy with Mrs. Courtenay, she would gladly have embraced her as a sister, knowing that her brother's happiness depended upon her.

"All right," said Harry, while a bitter smile passed over his fine countenance, "all right. No, my dear

sister, it is just as it has been, all wrong. But let us speak of it no more, and may my troubles never become a burden to you. It will not kill me," added he. "I shall overcome it, never fear."

With these words he would have left Lydia, but she was determined, for reasons best known to herself, to learn all; and he at length told her that Mrs. Courtenay, when she first noticed his admiration, had played so skilfully with his feelings, that he never could be sure whether she loved him or not. When, on the previous evening, determined to ascertain her sentiments, he had asked her if she loved him, and would become his wife, she had again manœvered so well that he knew no more to-day than he did before.

Lydia could with difficulty control her indignation, and almost blamed her brother for want of character and manliness. She, who was as yet ignorant what a tormentor and destroyer of strength and will love sometimes becomes, could not comprehend her brother's conflicting emotions. But who that loves, or has loved, can censure Harry if he, in a moment of desperation, determined to leave his home before his foot permitted any exertion; and then in a more hopeful mood, thought that his devotion must win her, and his perseverance overcome every obstacle.

Lydia had that day a long conversation with Mrs. Pine, who, the following morning, after breakfast, asked Mr. Delaware to allow her to go for a few days to Washington, she having received information to the effect that one of her nephews was severely wounded, and that his mother

being ill, was in no condition to attend him. Mr. Delaware not only gave a ready assent, but some letters to officers of high standing—lest she should have difficulty in finding the hospital where her nephew lay wounded—that they might facilitate her wishes.

Mrs. Pine had scarcely thanked him for his kindness, and left the room, when Lydia entered, asking her father to permit her to accompany Mrs. Pine. She thought that the latter—being well advanced in years—ought not to travel alone, and she also had a great deal of curiosity to visit Washington in this time of war and commotion.

"You know, papa," said she, putting her arms around his neck by way of coaxing him, "that Mrs. Read, Mrs. Pine's friend, is such a nice woman. She would be proud to have me there, and make me so comfortable! I think the journey, and the novelty of the scene, would do me a world of good."

"A world of good, a trip to Washington in this turbulent time!" exclaimed Mr. Delaware, amazed at this extraordinary request of his delicate, timid child. "Well, darling, what has come over you all at once?" continued he, after his surprise had somewhat subsided. "You go from one extreme to another. But a little while since you were too shy to look into people's faces, and now, without preliminaries, you are a heroine going to the seat of war, perhaps to fight for your country. Well, I dare say I shall not be astonished at any thing you may do hereafter."

"Of course if you have made up your mind that you wish to go, you so seldom ask a favor, I cannot but

grant it. Only you must not go alone with Mrs. Pine. I will accompany you."

"No, papa," returned Lydia, "I would then much rather remain at home, because the Doctor said but yesterday that you ought not to go out during this cold, piercing wind, with the rheumatic pains, from which you suffer in your head. Let John go with us, and then you know, father dear, all will be well."

Mr. Delaware at length consented, as Lydia knew he would. She felt, however, not quite secure, as her brother was yet to be informed of the proposed journey, and she dreaded more his decided disapprobation than her father's. She went, therefore, with a little flutter of anxiety at heart, to communicate her plans, but she won him over also, removing all obstacles with the tactics of an experienced general.

She started on her journey the following morning with Mrs. Pine, accompanied by John, without having bidden adieu to Mrs. Courtenay, or spoken to her of her intended visit to Washington. As Mr. Delaware dined out that day, and Harry had company in his own apartments, there was no one at the table, or in the drawing-room in the evening, to comment upon her journey.

CHAPTER IX.

LYDIA and her companions arrived in safety, and without adventure in Washington, though they were detained for some hours in Baltimore, as a great many wounded sol-

diers had arrived there on their way to New York.

Lydia had abundant time to distribute among them—as did many ladies resident of Baltimore—cigars, and little delicacies which John had bought at high prices, for it is a painful fact, that there are too many willing to profit by the misfortunes of their neighbors.

Mrs. Read received her friend, Mrs. Pine, and her honored young lady with hospitable kindness in her neat little cottage. Lydia, refreshed by a good, quiet night's rest, started early the next morning to go out with Mrs. Pine, when John presented himself, saying that he had strict orders from Mr. Harry not to let his young lady walk without his escort, and Lydia, after a meaning look at Mrs. Pine, was forced to consent to his following them. She knew him too well to endeavor to change his purpose.

John, when a young lad, went with his parents from Germany to New York, where his father, an able gardener, soon obtained employment at the country seat of Mr. Delaware.

John, when afterwards his parents went to the West to try their fortune, remained with the Delawares, who, father, son and grandson, thought that they could not do without him.

Although sometimes—as Harry said—as obstinate as an old mule, he never deemed it possible to leave the family which possessed all the affection he was capable of having. He never married, all women of his own class being his aversion, while those above him were puzzles to him, even his young lady, to whom he was otherwise most faithfully devoted.

In person he was tall, lean and lank, and had he been born in another station in life, he would surely have been a philosopher, who, with nose high in air never deigns to look over whom or what he stumbles.

Being in Washington at this time did not please John at all. He was very indignant that Mr. Delaware had allowed his daughter to accompany Mrs. Pine, who, in his opinion, had likewise better have stayed at home, than run after wounded soldiers, who, when they did not die, would surely get better without her.

He fervently hoped that if ever any thing happened to him, no woman would come near him, as it would assuredly hasten his end, to see them looking at him with big eyes, and treading about his room, and handling his things, all, according to his ideas, for no earthly use.

With such thoughts gaining strength every hour, John followed Lydia and Mrs. Pine for two days, from one hospital to another, without their being successful in their search. On the third day, worn out with fatigue, they had just notified John that they would leave in the afternoon for New York, when they received a note from one of the nurses of the Abby Hospital, who had promised to assist them. The note said that an officer of the name they had given, was at the hospital of the Good Samaritan.

John's wrath, when he heard that they had to stay longer, was too great for utterance. He almost wished that the rebels would come, and driving them all out of Washington, put an end to this miserable affair. The only thing that kept him in any kind of good humor, was his

self-gratulation that he was not the unlucky fellow to whom these ladies came. Unlucky, not because he was wounded, perhaps fatally, but because these women would fuss, lament, and, oh, horror! perhaps cry over him. What on earth could there be more annoying, more fit to drive a man mad, than a woman crying? A shudder ran over him at the very thought.

CHAPTER X.

WHEN Lydia and Mrs. Pine, after they had been twice to the hospital of the Good Samaritan, returned to New York, they both looked very thoughtful.

Lydia, whose cheeks had been beautifully flushed for the last few days, was pale, and seemingly so weary and exhausted, that she could hardly converse with her brother, who welcomed her home with as much joy as if she had been absent a year.

After having seen her father she went into her room, which she did not leave again that day, excusing herself on the plea of headache, from seeing Mrs. Courtenay. While Mrs. Pine is with her, vainly endeavoring to persuade her to lie down, we will tell the reader what induced her to go to Washington, and what makes her now so wretched that she walks up and down the room, weeping and wringing her hands.

We have already said that Mrs. Pine was a shrewd woman, and that ever since Harry's birth she had lived in Mr. Delaware's family, whose two children she loved like her own, and

who treated her like one of the family.

Although much attached to Lydia, Harry was and always had been her favorite, whose pockets she had filled with good things when he was a boy, and whose little friends she treated liberally with ice cream and cakes on any occasion Harry chose to celebrate.

She watched him as he grew to manhood with the jealous eyes of a fond mother, always fearing that he would misplace his affections.

Harry's mother could not refrain from smiling, when she saw Mrs. Pine's uneasiness if Harry paid marked attention to any pretty girl whom the worthy woman thought beneath her young master. More than once she had said that Mrs. Pine was much more concerned about her future daughter-in-law than *she* would ever be. Soon after Mrs. Courtenay's, or as the good housekeeper would invariably call her, "Mrs. Marion Courtenay's," arrival, Mrs. Pine had observed the impression the beautiful woman had made upon Harry, who, being confined to the house, and forbidden to read or study much, had but too much leisure to nourish his passion which would perhaps never have burst into such a consuming fire, had his mind been more divided. No sooner was Mrs. Pine sure that Harry loved Mrs. Courtenay, than she began to observe her more closely. Her sharp eyes promptly detected what Harry, blinded by love, and Lydia from innocence and inexperience, did not see; that there must be something more than coquetry which prevented Mrs. Courtenay's acceptance of Harry's love, and yet did not cause her to reject it.

Poor Mrs. Pine was restless. How she watched! She was ready—by fair means, or foul—to tell at any moment where Mrs. Courtenay was, and what she was doing. Even her sleep, till now the sleep of the righteous, was disturbed by the least sound, and her unbridled imagination ran over hills and dales with her thoughts. No letter was henceforth delivered at the door, without passing through her hands before it reached its destination. When, after Mrs. Courtenay had received in rapid succession, several letters from Washington, a soldier came, and inquired for her, saying that he had just arrived from the Capital, Mrs. Pine forgot all her dignity, and when Mrs. Courtenay went into the reception-room to see the man, she was fast asleep in the deep recess of a window. She could not be seen, as the heavy damask curtains concealed her and the chair on which she was sitting. It must not be supposed that Mrs. Pine was a contemptible woman, who delighted in prying into people's secrets. On the contrary, she cordially detested herself for it, but it was, according to the old saying, "stronger than herself," and she yielded to the apparent necessity.

"Madam," said the man to Mrs. Courtenay, when that lady entered the room, "Major Semple sends me to you, to tell you that he has written to you four times in eight days. Having received no answer, he fears that his letters may have been lost, and he desired me to hand you this note myself, and to inform you at the same time, that though still at the hospital, he is doing well. He hopes to be set at liberty as soon as he can leave his bed, as several Union officers have in-

terested themselves in his behalf, and as his arm is useless for life it unfits him for further service."

"Thank you for your message. Sit down while I read the letter," was all Mrs. Pine heard Mrs. Courtenay say, and she would have given much to have seen her face at that moment. "When do you leave again for Washington?" asked Mrs. Courtenay, folding the note.

"This evening, with the train which starts at five o'clock," replied the soldier.

"Then tell Major Semple that I am glad he is doing well, and that I will send a letter to him by to-morrow's mail, at the address known to him. Take this for your trouble," added she, giving him, doubtless, some money, as the man thanked her and departed.

Mrs. Pine, who expected that Mrs. Courtenay would leave the room immediately, was not a little disturbed that that lady paced up and down for awhile, and at length threw herself upon a sofa with the sigh of one who felt oppressed and weary. Poor Mrs. Pine was sitting, as it were, on thorns, not only greatly excited by what she had heard, but remembering that it was near luncheon time, and that she had given out neither tea nor sugar for it. She did not know what to do if Mrs. Courtenay remained much longer. At one time she thought of giving a loud yawn, feigning to awaken from a deep slumber, but on second thought, she concluded it would not do, as she must avoid arousing Mrs. Courtenay's suspicion. Happily for Mrs. Pine, her embarrassment was soon removed, as Mrs. Courtenay, after once more read-

ing the letter which had been delivered to her, arose and left the room. Scarcely had the door closed behind her, when Mrs. Pine appeared from behind the curtain, with a flushed countenance, and in a great flutter. She looked at herself for a moment in the mirror, while an involuntary, "Well, you are a nice woman, Mrs. Pine," escaped her, after which she went into the dining-room, trying to appear cool and collected. Two days after this event, we find her on her way to the Capital, accompanied by Lydia, making her nephew, who was really slightly wounded, and of whom she had never been very fond, the pretext of her going. She tried to make Lydia—of whose scrupulous truthfulness she was afraid—believe that she would have gone to see him if there had been nothing else to take her to Washington. When Mrs. Pine first told Lydia that all the letters, and the note which Mrs. Courtenay had received, were from Major Semple, she was startled for a moment. Her elder cousin, the daughter of her uncle in Georgia, was betrothed to an officer of the same title and name, and was to be married as soon as the war was at an end.

"But it cannot be the same," said she to Mrs. Pine. "Uncle did not mention in his letters to my father, that the engagement was broken off. On the contrary, he spoke of coming to see us, as soon as the young couple took possession of his house."

"Mrs. Pine had a different opinion of the matter, but wisely held her peace, saying only that once having found Major Semple in Washington, she would tell him that she had come from Mrs. Courtenay, and thus try to

learn from him their relation to each other. Lydia decidedly objected to the falsehood.

"He must be told the truth; he must be asked if she is bound to him, or free to accept the attention of others, or we will not go to him at all," she said in a tone of such determination that Mrs. Pine saw that resistance would be unavailing. "Yes, yes," she replied, "you are right, there is nothing like truth, and," added she, after a short pause, probably of self-reproach, "I shall be glad when that woman leaves the house. To learn all her wickedness, I become meaner and more unscrupulous every day. In trying to find just punishment for her, I am afraid I punish myself worse. But never mind," continued she, suddenly getting her old energy back, "I have one foot in it now, and I shall go through it. Master Harry's future happiness may depend upon it, and it is done for no vile purpose."

On her arrival in Washington she was agreeably surprised by Mrs. Read, with the information that her nephew had gone to Brooklyn, where his mother resided. She could now devote all her time to finding Major Semple. This she soon learned was no easy task; the hospitals for the sick and wounded being very numerous. At length, with the assistance of a nurse of one of the principal hospitals, they ascertained the name of the one where Major Semple could be found.

"But now that, so far all obstacles were removed, Lydia felt as if it were an utter impossibility to speak of a subject so delicate with an entire stranger, and even Mrs. Pine was embarrassed. Suddenly forgetting all

the fine speeches she had intended to make, she did not know what to say, or how to begin. But as soon as she left the carriage which conveyed them to the hospital, and her foot was upon the stairs, she was, as she afterwards told Lydia, "Mrs. Pine again," which was with her synonymous with resolution and strength.

It was arranged that Mrs. Pine alone should seek an interview with the Major. Lydia being too young for such an errand, was to wait for her in one of the other wards.

Accordingly Mrs. Pine went into Ward No. 1, where they told her that Major Semple was lying, and Lydia awaited her in No. 3.

With resolute steps, but a throbbing heart, Mrs. Pine approached the bed where the nurse said she would find the gentleman of whom she was in search, and also remarked that his fever had returned the day before, but that he seemed better to-day.

Major Semple being accustomed, as all sick and wounded soldiers were at that time, to the visits of ladies bearing refreshments, or coming to nurse them, lay quiet when Mrs. Pine stood by his bedside, but tried to rise hastily, when she uttered his name, and told him that she was from New York.

"Please, sir, lie down," said she, smoothing his pillow, "and try to listen quietly to what I have to say to you. As soon as I see you excited, I shall leave you."

"I know all you have to say," answered the Major. "You come from Mrs. Courtenay. But what can she wish to say to me after she has written so positively that all our intercourse must cease, and that she never can be my wife."

"Has she written this," asked Mrs. Pine, pleased by the turn the conversation took? "Yes," responded he, "after luring me from my betrothed bride; after having madened me with love for her till I was dead to every feeling of honor, she writes that she finds that we are not suited to each other, and that, with my broken vows crying vengeance against us, we can never be happy. But it is not that which troubles her, it is that, like most of us who have taken up arms in our cause, I have lost my fortune, and I can make her only the wife of a poor man. Oh! I know her, I know her," he exclaimed, so fiercely that it alarmed his hearer.

"Do you know the people in whose house she is now staying?" asked he after a pause.

"Yes, very well. I have lived with them almost twenty-four years, and I am much attached to the family."

"Good, then you can do me a favor. But,"—he interrupted himself—"did she send you to me? Are you her confidant?" and his eyes, which till now had been fixed on the opposite wall, rested on her.

Mrs. Pine's heart beat audibly at this sudden change in his thoughts. She had till now hoped that all would go well, without her being obliged to reveal any thing.

"No, sir," she replied. "I became acquainted with her relations to you by mere chance; and having come to this city to see a wounded nephew, I thought I would warn you of her, for I do not think she is true to you."

Surely, if this unhappy man had not been weakened by long illness, and had he not at that moment been in a state of feverish excitement, he would

not have made a stranger his confidant.

"Take this letter, then," said he, and give it to Mr. Delaware. In it is enclosed an open one to Mr. St. Clair, his brother-in-law, in Georgia. I shall leave the United States;"—and again his eyes were fixed on the opposite wall;—"as soon as I am able to travel, and I do not know how I could get this note to Georgia, while Mr. Delaware will have opportunity to send it, at least when the war is ended."

"You said the enclosed letter to Mr. St. Clair was open?" remarked Mrs. Pine, doubting her own ears. "Yes," answered he, "I left it open for Mr. Delaware, a man of honor, to read. If the letter should be lost, he may know its contents, and afterwards communicate them to Mr. St. Clair. I would have sent the letter yesterday, but I waited, hoping that she might repent and come, because I know she loves me."

The look of the invalid became so staring, his face so crimsoned by fever, that Mrs. Pine, taking the letters, hastily called the nurse, and promising to send some delicacies for him, she went in search of Miss Delaware.

"This letter," said she, when they were seated in the carriage on their return to Mrs. Read's, "this letter your brother shall receive, not your father. Neither shall you or I give it to him, as I intended to add 'Jr.' to the name, and send it from here by post. I feel so much relieved that all turned out so well, without making it necessary for me to name your brother, that I long to thank God for the assistance He gave me, and beg Him to forgive the crooked

ways in which I obtained my purposes."

But Lydia, though deeply grateful that her brother would be saved the misery of learning all when it was too late, felt inexpressibly sad. She had still hoped for Harry's sake, that Mrs. Pine might have been mistaken, or that matters would be so explained as to remove all further trouble. Now, that she could no longer doubt, she felt heavily the pangs which must afflict him.

Who has not, at least once in his life, yearned for the clearing up of a doubt; for knowledge where there was uncertainty, from which he would afterwards have given half his life to veil his eyes.

The day after Lydia and Mrs. Pine returned home, a letter was brought by the carrier for Harry. Lydia locked herself in her room, and prayed for strength for her brother, and Mrs. Pine felt so uneasy that she went about dusting and airing, from room to room, to the great amazement of the servants, who were sure that guests must be expected.

About eleven o'clock the following day, Mr. Delaware, who was writing in his library, was interrupted by his son, who told him that he had decided to go to Europe in the steamer leaving on Saturday, but Mr. Delaware and Lydia must accompany him, as he was sure that the journey would benefit all three.

"You and Lydia can follow a week later," said he, when he found that they were unprepared to go at such short notice; it was then Tuesday.

"Well," said Mr. Delaware, rather bewildered by such an abrupt an-

nouncement, "but what shall be done with Mrs. Courtenay? Shall we take her with us?"

"You must write to her without delay," said his son, without further answer to the question, "that we, on account of Lydia's health—not mine, father, not mine, you understand, because it is womanish for a man to travel for his health—shall leave in a few days for Europe. Inclose a check for some hundred dollars, as she has but little money, and—she will not grieve."

Mr. Delaware was accustomed to do just as his wife wished, and now, finding it as hard to deny his children, did as Harry desired.

Mrs. Courtenay left the house without seeing any of the family except Mr. Delaware; but on the same day on which Harry received a letter from Washington, John handed one to her, which was a copy of the note from Major Semple to Mr. St. Clair, without a word accompanying it.

CHAPTER XI.

HARRY, over whom Lydia's prayers seemed to hover, went with the next Saturday's steamer to England. As his father and Lydia could not leave so quickly, he was accompanied by John. Neither his father, sister, or Mrs. Pine would have been satisfied to see him go with a servant younger, or less attached to him.

Arrived in England, he remained in London only until he had received a letter from home, after which, as he could not expect his father and sister before the last of the month, he left for Germany and Switzerland.

Some of his countrymen whom he met in London tried to persuade him to go with them to Paris, but his heart was too sore to find forgetfulness in amusement and dissipation, and his wounded foot was a fair excuse for his going his own way.

He had not chosen his route, because he thought that nature would pour balm in his wounds, inflicted upon him through the hand of love. When we are young, or before we have suffered much, we think our present grief will endure forever, and we should accuse ourselves of fickleness, could we see a short time later, our wounds healed, our pain gone.

The clouds bury the sun from the young and inexperienced, while to those older in sorrow and woe, he is only veiled for a little while. But oh, how much must we have endured, how much suffered, when, while our grief is at its height, our reason tells us—though we feel it not—that all this trial will pass, and that if a glorious sun does not burst upon us, the night will be lit up with stars. Better, much better, to think that present grief lasts forever.

While Harry was travelling on the Rhine, the wound in his foot re-opened, and as an officer at Coblenz had told him of a celebrated surgeon in Berlin, he was on his way to him, when, growing rapidly worse, he was obliged to stop at R—, where we left him at Louisenrest, in the care of Dr. Herbert.

Hardly was Harry half an hour in his new quarters when the Doctor entered his room, telling him that the operation on his foot must be performed that day, or the swelling would increase to such a degree as to render it dangerous, if not impossible.

"Of course," said the Doctor, "you will take chloroform, and will not suffer under its influence."

"No, Doctor," replied Harry, "I will not take chloroform. I do not like the idea of cowardly shrinking from pain. I will endure it firmly; do not fear, and I am ready."

"But, dear sir, said the Doctor, "you surely do not recognize how extremely painful this operation will be, searching for and extracting from this wound the splinters of bone. Ah! you never could endure it without moving, or fainting, which would at least retard my work."

"I shall neither move nor faint, Doctor. I have a great deal of endurance, mentally and physically," said Harry, while a smile crossed his pale lips, but brought no light to his eyes. Dr. Herbert, though secretly admiring the courage of the young man, endeavored to persuade him to take chloroform or ether, but in vain; he would not consent.

When the operation had been performed, the handkerchief which Harry had held between his teeth during the same, was all in shreds when he removed it, the only sign of how intensely he must have suffered.

The guests at Louisenrest took a lively interest in our hero after this occurrence, and the Doctor became so much attached to him, that he spent every moment he could command in his room, until he was allowed to leave his bed.

"I wish your sister Adele would not stay at Cologne so long," said the Doctor to his wife one day. "She reads English so well, she could read occasionally for an hour or two to my American."

His wife had given Harry the name of "the Doctor's American," seeing how fond her husband, usually less liberal with his affections, had become of him.

"Adele read to your American! A young man of whom we know absolutely nothing," she exclaimed. "I do not know whether she ought to do it. We must first ask my mother, because you know the world is so suspicious, and would talk about it."

"Well, then, let them talk," said the Doctor, more impatiently than his wife had ever before seen him with her. "What! would you really leave a kind deed undone because people might say this or that? I hope Mr. Delaware will cure you of such narrow ideas, when he tells you how nobly the women of his country act in the hospitals and sick rooms. I certainly would not wish Adele without womanly delicacy, but she surely loses much of my esteem if she hesitates to read to a suffering man, on the plea of its being an impropriety. But forgive me," said he, feeling very sorry when he saw bright tears in his wife's soft eyes. "I know you did not mean quite that, but I am savage to-day. I have heard so many complaints about nothing this morning, that I, too, feel for once in my life, as if I would like to make 'much ado about nothing.' Come kiss me, dear, and forget, if I have said any thing to wound your feelings. But," added he, returning persistently to his first remark, "speak with mother about it, and hear what she says, for Adele will certainly come to-day or to-morrow."

But the good Doctor was mistaken; Adele came neither that day or the next; she remained away so long that

Harry could bear to be wheeled in a little carriage about the park and garden, and read to himself, before she returned. Nor did he suffer by her absence, as all the guests at Louisenrest, who were not confined by illness to their rooms, obtained from the Doctor an introduction to the American gentleman, and permission to visit him. They were so well disposed towards him that the Doctor laughingly told his wife that he was fast becoming the lion of Louisenrest, and that he was sometimes obliged to curtail the visits of the ladies and gentlemen.

The Doctor's wife, Mrs. Leiden, her mother, and his two boys, had become so fond of Harry that they insisted that the first day he could be wheeled about, he should be drawn to their apartments, where, with true German kindness and hospitality, they made him so much at home, that he wrote to his sister, that he felt like one who, after a dangerous illness, was restored to his dearest friends. Oscar and Max, the Doctor's sons, delighted in his broken German, and the younger one would roll over the floor with laughter, when Harry made some droll mistake, while Oscar, too polite to laugh aloud, dared not look at his brother, but kept his eyes fixed on Harry with such a mingled expression of fun and dread of a breach of respect, that at last they all burst into a laugh with the boys.

"How very quiet and reserved Mr. Delaware always is," said Mrs. Herbert to her husband one day, after she, with other ladies, had spent some time with him in the garden. "What can be the cause of it?"

The Doctor, who, sitting beside

his beloved desk in his study, pondering over a huge volume, glanced at her rather whimsically. "Which of the ladies has imagined the longest and most romantic story about him?" said he. "I am sure you all think he had an unhappy love affair. Why in the name of common sense cannot a young man be serious without having been crossed in love? I should think that the condition of his country"—the Doctor was himself a devoted patriot—"and his wounded foot, was enough to tone any spirit down. But no! that is not sufficient for you ladies. Only a Pole, a pale, black haired and mustached Pole, is supposed to be interestingly melancholy about his country, all other young men must surely be in love, if they do not sing and dance all day long."

"Long and romantic story!" said his wife, quite indignant. "You know very well that I never hint the slightest suggestion about any one of your patients to another. Concerning his country, I am sure he is not grieving about it, for I heard his reply to Mr. Johnston—the Englishman, who came a few days ago—who spoke of the United States, and said that it would take the Americans years without number to pay the national debt."

"Sir," said Mr. Delaware, "you are entirely misinformed. The resources of our land are so immeasurably great, that it will take but a few years for the United States to be in a more prosperous condition than ever before. Believe me, dear sir, we shall be more powerful after this unhappy war is over than we were before."

"How is that possible?" ex-

claimed Mr. Johnston. "I never heard that a civil war, costing not only such enormous sums of money to the government, but the blood of so many of her best sons, could make a land more prosperous."

"But it will have that effect upon the United States," said Mr. Delaware, "for it has shown us our strength on land and water, and developed to us our inexhaustible resources, as nothing else could have done. With our present knowledge we need never fear an enemy, and can rely on our power."

"Ah!" laughed the Doctor, "I wish I could have heard that. Was the Englishman vanquished, or did the discussion continue?"

"No," said his wife, who knew when she began to relate the conversation how much it would interest her husband, and, therefore, woman-like, talked him into good-humor, before she came to her point again. "No, there it ended; but you see by this, that with such proud anticipations, his country cannot be the cause of his melancholy, and as to his foot, why he—" Here she was interrupted by her two boys, who dashed into the room, in their haste tumbling over each other, crying out: "Aunt Dele has come! Aunt Dele has come!"

CHAPTER XII.

ADELE LEIDEN, Mrs. Herbert's sister, who had been on a visit to Cologne, and remained there longer than she had at first intended, had at length returned home, and the whole family rejoiced to have the bright and

cheerful young girl among them again. She was a favorite with all, not for her beauty, for her face, animated and sparkling when she spoke, thoughtful beyond her years when in repose, had not perfectly regular features. Its chief charm was its expression. She was neither tall or stately, rather below medium height, but she was graceful, and not without a degree of dignity, which made her carry her head proudly erect. Her eyes, brown as her hair, would speak, if her lips uttered no word, and her pearly teeth, which showed when she laughed, made many an envious damsel say, that she laughed only to exhibit those two glittering rows. Her hands and feet were small as those of a child, and, as she once said to her mother, were all the beauty that nature could spare for her, having lavished all her best gifts on her sister.

"I am so glad, Adele, that you returned home to-day," said Mrs. Herbert, when the children having retired for the night, the sisters sat cosily in Mrs. Leiden's room, telling each other what had occurred during their separation.

"I am so glad, because you know to-morrow will be the Doctor's birthday, and we have invited all the guests who are able to come, to spend the evening with us. I am sure we will have a delightful time, as we have such agreeable and clever people here."

"Do tell me something of that American," said Adele, "about whom you all wrote so much. How is his wounded foot?"

"Oh, better, much better. I am sure you will soon see him, for the Doctor has taken a remarkable liking

to him, and he visits us at least once a day. Don't fall in love with him," added she jestingly, "and do not attract his attention from Miss Angler and Madame de Cambiar, as, though each has but a small share of it, they both cling tenaciously to it."

"Do not trouble yourself on that account," said Adele, and her head went a little higher up. "I shall not increase the number of his admirers. If I detest any thing, it is a man made much of by ladies. He is generally conceited, and I do not believe that the Doctor's American is any exception to the rule."

Mrs. Herbert and her mother eloquently defended Harry, but Adele having, through their letters, heard much about him, had drawn a picture of him in her mind, and the more they spoke in his praise, the clearer came out on the canvas of her imagination, the image it had formed."

"Tell me of the last Casino ball you attended in Cologne," said Mrs. Herbert, desiring to change the conversation. "Was it a brilliant affair? How did you dress? Did you dance much?"

"Dance! No, indeed, that I did not," replied Adele, who was very fond of dancing.

"What, you had no partner?" asked Mrs. Leiden, to whose motherly heart a slight of her favorite child was appalling.

"No partner?" indignantly replied Adele. "Plenty of them. But do you suppose that while I was in Cologne I could forget the time, when poor, we were neglected? I assure you I gave no one the pleasure of believing that I was supremely happy because I was admitted once

more into society. And though I would have given worlds for a dance—the music was so inspiring—I looked on as coolly as if I had had so much of such amusements that I was heartily tired of it. Some of your old acquaintances, mother, invited me to go with them to the theatre, but I declined, for I remembered how Emma had sometimes wished to go there and hear some good music after a day's teaching, it would have refreshed her so much, but nobody invited us, when it would have been a kindness, and now I am glad they did not, for we owe nobody thanks."

"Oh, you foolish child," said Mrs. Leiden, "you only punish yourself, and make yourself disagreeable to those who mean kindly. You do very wrong to cherish such feelings; they are not those of a Christian, whose first duty is humility."

"Mother, don't reproach me the very first day that I am home again," said Adele, nestling close to Mrs. Leiden, and kissing her, while her sister's large eyes looked dreamily, as on a picture of bygone days.

The following morning was cloudy and damp, but Adele, who loved the park, went into it as soon as she was sure that the guests of Louisenrest were either occupied by the Doctor's morning visit, or by their baths. She ran about with the delight of a child, and not observing the approaching storm, was at the top of the mountain, at the end of the park, when a heavy shower began to fall. She fled like a deer down the mountain, across the park towards the house, and was nearly half-way when she perceived on the opposite side, not far from the bowling-alley, one of the hand car-

riages in which the convalescents from Louisenrest took an airing.

Seeing that there was some one in it, she supposed it was the old Swedish General, who, crippled with rheumatism, generally took his morning exercise at this time. Thinking that before the return of his servant, who must for some cause have left him, the poor old gentleman might take a dangerous cold, she raised her skirts, and ran across the wet grass towards the spot where the carriage was standing. In her haste she did not look up, but took hold of it, and drew it as fast as her strength would permit, into the shelter of the bowling-alley, without heeding the remonstrances which the "poor old gentleman" made during the ride. Then with a—"I shall send your servant General," she ran into the house.

Dr. Herbert, who always went into his study after his usual round of morning visits, where his wife awaited him with a glass of wine, and some sandwiches, seemed to be on this day—his birthday—unusually communicative.

"Mr. Delaware is getting on very well," said he, "not with his foot only, but his spirits also seems better. He was laughing to himself, when I went to see him, so heartily, that I was at first afraid he was delirious. But no, it was only something very amusing which had occurred to him. What surprised me more, was his asking if any new guests had arrived; this was to my mind good evidence of his improvement, because till now he took no interest in any thing which transpired about him. I know that this apparent inactivity of mind very often conceals, too, painful, active thoughts,

and I am glad that he seems to be returning to a healthful mental state. I told him therefore that if he had seen a stranger it must have been one of the invalid ladies or gentlemen, who had hitherto been confined to his apartment. He said: 'that might be,' but a smile rarely seen with him was constantly playing about his mouth."

"Perhaps it was Adele, whom he saw," thought Mrs. Herbert, but ere she could give utterance to it, Adele entered with the children. The little ones, who had already spoken their verses of congratulation to their papa, which they had been faithfully studying for some time past with their mamma, came now to claim the reward, which the Doctor gave them in the shape of soldiers, drums, etc., after which they all played with the happy children who wished papa's birthday would come every day.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE large parlor, and the adjoining sitting room of Mrs. Herbert, were handsomely decorated by Adele with flowers, and brilliantly lighted in the evening. A wreath of the choicest flowers, from the hothouse of Louisenrest, framed the Doctor's portrait. But as regularly as this was done by Adele on each birthday, as regularly would he, when he discovered the wreath, take it down, and place it over his wife's likeness, saying something to the effect that the contrast between his grim face and the flowers was too striking, and that the portrait of his wife looked lovely

surrounded by them. Adele had kept the parlor locked on this afternoon, that he should not see the wreath, and in the evening, when he entered the room, she managed to keep his back toward the picture, and talked so incessantly, till the first guests arrived, that on any but his birthday, the Doctor would have made a remark about the volubility of a woman's tongue.

A large table, placed before the sofa, was filled with delicacies, while on a small side table, where Adele was to preside, was placed, coffee, tea and chocolate, which were to be followed by ice cream and lemonade, as the Doctor's wife was prohibited from giving wine to her guests.

Madame de Cambiar and Miss Angler were the first who made their appearance. The former was a lively, pretty French woman, who dressed with exquisite taste, talked elegant nothings, and loved admiration above every thing. The latter, a German lady, was a tall, lean spinster, not without regularity of features, but entirely without other attractions. She had spent her youth in falling in and out of love, and did the same thing still, but with the slight difference, that as her heart had become callous by the frequent wounds, she no longer felt very deeply. Once given to moonshine and melancholy, she now affected strong coffee and gossip.

Adele pitied Miss Angler, who would have been astounded if she had known that her priceless self was an object of compassion, while Madame de Cambiar's husband, judged by Adele's youthful imagination—for some of us judge with the imagina-

tion, some with the heart, some with the mind, and the least number with the head—was a very unhappy man to have such a frivolous wife. In this judgment she was, however, greatly mistaken, as M. de Cambiar was as happy as *he* could be made, and as Mme. de Cambiar could make him.

We all know that one coat can not fit all, but we forget, particularly in youth, that our hearts have different shapes, as well as our bodies, and that what fills one, will leave another nearly empty. Just as some grief will crush one person under its weight, while to another it would seem but as a feather.

The next guests who entered were Professor Schönleben and his wife. He, a man of great learning, with a most kind and tender heart. One to whom little children would creep, and put their hands in his, content only to be near him, and whose sympathy young people would claim, as a right. His simplicity, a quality so admirable, so holy in a man of great knowledge, was not understood by the vulgar, who could not fathom it. They would laugh and sneer, and unhappily his wife belonged to this class. She, though a fine, showy-looking woman, had a coarse, common mind, which never can be refined by any association with a delicate, exalted nature.

The Professor had married her, or rather she had married him, after he had been very ill in her father's house, which was a hotel in a place on the Rhine, which Professor Schönleben was wont to visit every year when he made his pedestrian excursions. As she had ruled her father, brother and sisters—her mother having died

while she was quite young—so she ruled now over him.

Adele, who greatly liked the Professor, hardly knew which she most wished to give a shaking, him, for his extreme weakness, or his arbitrary wife, for not understanding and appreciating him better.

Captain Von Osborn, who escorted the Countess Olga Petrowska to the festive board, must now be introduced to the reader. Politeness would seem to demand that we should first pay this attention to the lady, but we venture this breach of etiquette. Paul Von Osborn, Captain of Cavalry, had been three months at Louisenrest, and had become a favorite of every one in the house. Even waiters and nurses would serve him more readily than any one else. He had one of those kind, cheerful, genial natures, which seems to infuse some of its brightness into the hearts of all about him.

Having travelled much, he had a cultivated taste, and talked fluently, without being tiresome. His fine, manly appearance, combined with a refined vivacity of manner, gave a double charm to his conversation. Courteous to all, he was especially attentive and gallant to ladies, and, as rumor said, had broken many a heart. He was, at thirty, still unmarried, and to the infinite disgust of many ladies, he enjoyed his single blessedness.

Having paid his compliments to the host and hostess, he greeted Adele, and welcomed her home again. He admired her very much for her freedom from coquetry, and she was more cordial with him than any other gentleman at Louisenrest. After speaking to Adele, he went to Madame de

Cambiar, who smiled with pleasure as he took a seat beside her.

Miss Angler, looking at the gallant soldier, who was in full uniform, in honor of the occasion, heaved a deep sigh, a sure indication that she was going to fall in love again, while Mrs. Schönleben looked with envy, cloaked by virtuous indignation, at the coquetry of the French lady, and the attentions that were paid her by the Captain. She tried by various wiles to draw Adele's eyes towards them, but this young girl was too agreeably engrossed by the Countess Petrowska, to whom her sister had just introduced her.

The Countess Petrowska, whom we saw consulting Dr. Herbert about her and her dog's throat, had, in fact, an uncommon countenance, and attracted attention wherever she went. She had very large, dark eyes, so close together that they were scarcely divided by a small, straight nose; a low forehead almost hidden by jetty curls; a mouth which would have been too small to be beautiful had it not been for her pouting, rosy lips, and a complexion of snowy whiteness, just tinged with a rosy hue, and soft as an infant's. She was a little above medium height, and probably about twenty-five years of age, but might have been anywhere from eighteen to thirty-five, for she was one of those women whose age would have been a fit riddle for a Sphinx. She was, as we have said before, believed to be a Russian princess. She spoke fluently, not only her own language, but German, French, English and Italian. She played on the harp and piano, and yet, with all these accomplishments, and the advantages of birth and riches, she

seemed but a silly woman, for whose ideas one single language was quite sufficient.

A phrenologist would probably have said that memory was too large in proportion to language: we, not being familiar with this science, can only say that there must have been a great deficiency somewhere, either in her education or her mind; since, being a woman of so much learning, she could speak only of her dog, and seemed to care for nothing but him. As she had her own peculiar beauty, so she had her own style of dress. Her hair, which, as we said, fell in short curls over her forehead, was very long at the back, and generally laid in heavy braids like a crown over her head, while a black lace veil was thrown over it in such a manner as to cover the curls. Being of exceeding fineness of texture, it did not shade their lustre, but added to their raven blackness, and seemed to brighten her eyes and enhance her dazzling complexion. Sometimes this veil was fastened loosely under her chin; sometimes, as on this evening, drawn back, so as to fall gracefully over her shoulders.

The night being damp and cool, and she and her dog suffering from a cold, she wore a crimson velvet dress, cut low in the neck, with a long train, and over it, looped up with agraffes of diamonds, a black lace skirt. A diamond necklace, with earrings and pin of the same costly gem, completed this, to her, very becoming toilet.

But who comes along the corridor, laughing and talking so loudly, and with such a deep voice, and enters the room with the step of a soldier marching to glory? It is Madame Ruiseñor, a celebrated Prima Donna, who is

at Louisenrest with her husband, that short, thin man beside her. She is here that she may rest and restore her voice, which she had severely tried during the last season at Pesth.

Madame is of Hungarian birth, and when on an artistic tour through Spain, became attached to her present husband, a fine violinist, who played at her concerts in Madrid.

"*Les extrêmes se touchent*," says the Frenchman, and here it is exemplified. Madame Ruiseñor, tall, broad, and with the bearing of a grenadier of the old Guard, was the greatest possible contrast to her small, dark-haired, bronzed-faced husband. But the love of the little man to his large wife is so great that it gives him, on occasion, Herculean strength. This was instanced the day he carried her in his arms from the carriage into the Opera house, being afraid that she might take cold passing through a heavy rain. He calls her "paloma"—dove—while she calls him "monkey." They live very happily together; though she sometimes says in her deep musical voice, that she cannot understand why she married such a little man, as her other husbands—all dead—had been over six feet without their shoes.

The comfortable looking gentleman and lady who enter while Madame Ruiseñor embraces Adele—not theatrically, but with real warmth—are Mr. Helmer and his wife, from Dresden. The young couple following them are their daughter, and her betrothed. The latter is a wealthy man from Holland, and the most pedantic of mortals. Every one was sure that if it were not for his money, the handsome and accomplished Miss Helmer

would not be on the eve of becoming his wife.

Mr. Johnston, a round, red-headed and red-faced Englishman; Mrs. Ziegel, a sentimental, but hopeful widow; and her sister Bertha, a lovely girl of eighteen summers, were, with several others, seated around the long table.

Adele began to pour out the steaming beverages, when the Doctor exclaimed: "Well, but where is Mr. Delaware, is he not coming?" and looked around at his guests as if they were accountable for it.

"Mr. Delaware told me," said Capt. Von Osborn, "that he would not come, as he is unable to walk, and does not like making his entré wheeled in his chair."

"Oh," said Dr. Herbert, "if that is all the objection, we shall soon have him here;" and leaving the room in his quick way, he returned in a few moments with Harry, who was wheeled in his easy chair by John.

"Ladies, pray excuse me if I do not rise to pay you my respect," said Harry, "but our good friend, the Doctor, is inexorable; and though I entreated him to let me walk only from the door to the sofa, he said 'no,' in that decided, short way of his, from which you know there is no appeal."

The Doctor laughed, and was about to roll Harry's chair near the place where he and Professor Schönleben were sitting, when his wife interposed, saying: "No, Doctor, you must not think, like little children, that every thing is allowed to you because it is your birthday. We keep Mr. Delaware here. Mme. la Comtesse and Mrs. Ziegel shall take care of him."

Introducing Mr. Delaware to

Adele, the amiable hostess went to Miss Angler, who looked rather discontented, not having a gentleman near her.

Harry, who had been visibly embarrassed during his introduction to Adele, was, for perhaps the first time in his life, at a loss how to commence a conversation.

"You reside in a most beautiful place, Miss Leiden," said he, after an awkward pause. "I remarked the other day to the Doctor that Beirût is called the City of Wells, because nearly every house has one; so Louisenrest ought to be named the House of Fountains, as we can hardly walk from one room to another without passing one."

"Yes," replied Adele, "there is no scarcity here of the Doctor's healing element. Even in the park are numberless little fountains ever ready to give forth their abundance to all passers by."

"But how are the winters here?" asked Harry. "Is it not very dreary in this large building, when all the guests have left, and the snow having taken possession of the park and garden, allows you only an occasional walk?"

"Though Mr. Snow," smilingly replied Adele, "makes these grounds his own as early as possible, he does not prevent us from taking long walks, and we have always enough guests here, to prevent our being lonely."

"Adele, you witch, what have you done?" exclaimed the Doctor, interrupting the conversation. He had this moment discovered the wreath about his portrait, and pointed grimly to it. "Is it not ridiculous, Mr. Delaware," continued he, "that this

girl will persist in adorning me every year with flowers. She almost makes me wish that I had no birthday."

"Please, gentlemen, prevent him from taking it off," laughed Adele. "He never yet gave me the pleasure of having it hanging one single day, and it ought to remain eight."

"But why eight days?" asked Harry.

"Because so long as he is in the Octave, his friends can congratulate him," answered Adele.

"What," said Harry, with horror, "do you congratulate a man, on his birthday, for eight days? I will take care that no one learns the date of mine."

"Oh, no," said the amused Adele, "only those who have not given you their good wishes on your birthday, may do so within the Octave, without it being considered that they have neglected you."

"That is only a trifle better, is it not?" said the Doctor. "But who will now assist me to take off that wreath, and hang it about my wife's portrait?"

"No one, Doctor," said Harry. "The wreath must keep its place during the Octave, or we shall come every morning till it ends, to congratulate you."

"Let it hang, then, by all means," said the Doctor, with such dread—he disliked to be made much of—that all laughed.

"Are you not sorry that your acknowledged admirer, General Adlerkreuz, is not here?" said Mrs. Ziegel, in the course of the evening to Adele.

"I was just thinking what could detain him so long," replied she.

"Is it possible that you have been

here since yesterday without learning that the General has been very ill during the last weeks? We all thought he would die last Saturday," said Miss Helmer.

"My dear Augusta, do not say we *all* thought that he would die," said her brother, Mr. Vanderbilt. "I am quite sure that I never expected that he would pass away so suddenly; and there may be many more in this establishment who never apprehended his expiring that very day."

"He is surely better to-day," said Adele, who had impatiently waited till Mr. Vanderbilt, who had a tiresome way of drawling his words—stretching them out as if they were of India rubber—had finished speaking. "He is surely better to-day, for I saw him this morning in the park."

"If you had seen him at midnight instead of at mid-day, Miss Adele, I would say that you had seen his wraith, because he cannot leave his bed. But, possibly, spirits manifest themselves during storms and tempests. Can you not enlighten us on this subject?" added he, turning to Miss Angler, who was inclined to believe in supernatural manifestations.

Adele did not hear this question, nor did she remark with what dignity Miss Angler told the Captain that it was wrong to jest about things which our understanding could not reach; for, without stopping to think how it might be commented upon, she went hastily to the Doctor, who was playing cards with the Professor in the sitting-room, and asked him if General Adlerkreuz was so ill that he had been confined to the house. The Doctor confirmed what the others had

told her about the 'poor old gentleman,' and she returned to her seat, flushed with excitement, exclaiming: "Who on earth did I see this morning;"—but recollecting herself, she stopped suddenly, to the great relief of one of her neighbors. She bent her head in embarrassment over the embroidery in her hands, while Harry tried to change the conversation, and divert the attention of those near her, by asking Madame Ruiseñor to favor them with one of her delightful songs.

"O, yes, dear Madame, do not refuse us this pleasure," chimed in Mrs. Ziegel, who cared nothing for music, but professed to be passionately fond of it.

"Certainly," replied the obliging cantatrice, "I could hardly refuse to sing on our good Doctor's birthday," and, conducted by her husband, who was to accompany her at the piano, she went to the instrument.

Reader, have you ever observed how people at a party listen to music, and how, in their very attitudes, you can often tell how they understand or appreciate it? No? Well, then, we will tell you how they did at the Doctor's birthday entertainment, and you will doubtless recall to memory similar scenes—no matter where.

Mrs. Herbert, leaning more comfortably back in her seat, folds her hands quietly in her lap, not taking her eyes from Mme. Ruiseñor as long as she sings.

Adele and Bertha bend their youthful heads forward, as if they fear to lose a note. The Professor closes his eyes, to shut out every thing which may distract his attention.

Harry Delaware leans back, and gazes fixedly straight before him; while Capt. Von Osborn, with his elbow on the arm of his chair, and his face in his hand, seems to forget every thing and everybody about him.

"The Doctor, standing at the window, seems to be looking out, but could quarrel with the rustle which the silk dresses of the ladies make.

All these, you see at a glance, love music. To them it is a treat, a luxury, a gift of God; or, according to their state of mind and heart, a repose, a balm. But now, observe how the others appreciate it. The Countess Petrowska leans her beautiful head back on the cushion of the sofa, with an air of listlessness which she would not exhibit if her dear dog whined.

Madame de Cambiar arranges the folds of her rich silk dress, and tries to get a glimpse at the mirror, to see how her complexion looks. Miss Angler takes the utmost pains to look dreamingly. Mr. Johnston kindly refreshes the memory of Mythology, by recalling to you Morpheus. Mrs. Schönleben improves the occasion by inspecting the handsome, antique silver on the table. Mr. and Mrs. Helmer look like sensible people, who like to hear a celebrated prima donna, without paying for it. Miss Augusta Helmer whispers to her lover, who is evidently dreadfully bored, and Mrs. Ziegel is on a voyage of discovery on the head of the Countess, whom she suspects of wearing a wig.

Madame Ruiseñor sang a Hungarian national song, one of those airs which requires not only execution and a great compass of voice, but still more expression. She sang it with so

much feeling that tears stood in many eyes when she left the piano—a greater tribute to her talent than the loud praises of those who surrounded and thanked her. Professor Schönleben, under the influence of the music, gave a sweet, kind smile to his wife, who thought him an old fool, and was glad when ice cream and lemonade were handed round, hoping "that it would stop the fuss made over that song."

The Countess was now entreated to play upon the harp, which she at first declined, as her Fido was not near to enjoy it. Afterwards relenting, she sent to her apartments for her instrument, and played a brilliant nocturne, with rare execution, but without feeling.

Conversation, which till now had been rather divided, became general and lively. The Captain's and Mrs. Herbert's efforts to make the evening pass as agreeably as the different elements of which the company was composed, would allow, was crowned with better success than they had hoped. All appeared not only disposed to be pleased, but what is for a hostess a difficult point to gain, congenial with their neighbors.

"But Miss Adele, said the Professor, when she vainly tried to persuade Miss Helmer, who had a fine voice, to sing a song of Schubert, "I think it is your turn now to give us some music, but please let it be one of your improvisations."

"No, no, Professor, returned Adele, laughing and blushing, "my improvisations are only for you and me when we are alone. For this scientific audience I must play *good* music."

"For that very reason do we wish you to play what you say is for the

Professor only," said the Captain, "or we shall be jealous. Is it not so, Mrs. Schönleben?" But this lady, who could never understand a jest, replied only by shrugging her shoulders.

Adele having, meanwhile, gone to the piano to select some music, was interrupted by the Captain, who hastened to her side and drew the music from her hand.

"No, no, nothing will do but your own compositions," said he, seconded by all present.

"Well," she replied, "I will do as you wish, but you will regret it, because I would have given you a gem of Schulhoff's;" and seating herself, she touched the keys, but at first with so much timidity and embarrassment, that Mrs. Herbert, who was proud of her sister's remarkable talent, was sorry that she had yielded to the wishes of the company, and had not, instead, played a brilliant masterpiece of one of her favorite composers.

But it was not long before Adele's little hands became firm. She soon forgot, in her love for music, that she had an audience, and played with so much character and feeling, that if one had not seen the small, girlish figure, one would have supposed that a woman of riper years, whose passionate soul had deeply felt joy, grief, fears and pain, was giving expression to the innermost thoughts of her heart.

A storm of applause greeted her when she ceased, and Madame Ruiseñor, kissing her on each cheek, said, looking thoughtfully at her, "Such strong feelings! How life will make you suffer, dear child."

A dance, now proposed by Mrs.

Herbert, was gladly acceded to, and the evening closed agreeably. The guests, on leaving, assured Mrs. Herbert that they had spent it delightfully.

The Captain accompanied Harry Delaware to his room, to smoke a forbidden cigar. It was for him a hard trial to retire to rest as early as the rules of the establishment required, and he often received a lecture from the Doctor for transgressing in this respect.

"Did you ever hear so young a girl play like Miss Leiden?" asked he, after he had lighted a fragrant Havana and stretched himself comfortably upon the sofa. "I flatter myself with my knowledge of woman's nature; but she, with her ever-varying face, her child-like simplicity of manner and decision of character, is a most interesting study."

"I must confess," said Harry, "that by playing the gallant to Mad. de Cambiar and many other ladies, you take a singular way of showing your admiration for her."

"Oh," answered the Captain, "do not misunderstand me. I could never fall in love with her. She is too frank and open for me. The one I love must be a timid, shrinking dove."

"Like the 'paloma' of Señor Ruiseñor, for instance," said Harry, demurely.

The Captain laughed, but was not disconcerted, and without further notice of the interruption, he continued: "One who blushes when I look at her, and who does not turn large, inquiring eyes upon me when I pay her a compliment. Miss Adele is almost too free from coquetry for a woman, and I never saw her as embarrassed

as she was to-night, when we bantered her about the General. If he were not sixty years of age, I would really begin to think that—"

"The watchman is turning the lights out in the hall," said Harry, hastily. "You had better slip quietly into your room, if you will not to-morrow have a reproach from the Doctor, to whom the old fellow reports the slightest transgression of the rules."

"Oh, I know him, I know him," said the Captain: "and have often tried to bribe him; but he has the honor of an old soldier, and no money can tempt him. But let us speak *sotto voce*, or he may hear us, and not being at liberty to come in here, he will surely ascertain if I am in my room. I declare, I am sometimes provoked that we are all under such absolute control here, and at other times it seems to me rather amusing that we have, like schoolboys, to fear doing any thing which may bring upon us a scolding. Before I go I must tell you of an adventure that the General and I had a few days before he was ill. It was a glorious moonlight night, and I was sitting by my window, reluctant to retire at half-past nine o'clock, when I heard a low whistle. I looked out, and saw the General beckoning to me to go down. The lights were extinguished, and not hearing any one in the halls, I went out, and met the General in the park. We wandered about and smoked till nearly eleven o'clock, when we returned, but to our dismay found that not only the principal entrance, but the side doors were fastened.

"Well, General," said I, "you have got me into a nice scrape. It

was you who misled me, a poor, unsophisticated being. I would have been, but for you, dreaming of some lovely creature. What shall we do?" The General, a splendid old fellow, laughed with all the glee of a Cadet, who plays some trick on his professors. We went round and round the house, to see if we could not find our way in, till at length we spied one open window. It was the room where the gentlemen take their Sitz-baths. "Now, it is all right," whispered the General. "You help me to climb in quickly, you fellow, and we are safe."

"But, praise not the day till the night has arrived," says Solon. Surely we were very safe, for the door was locked, and all our united efforts would not open it.

"Well, General, what next?" I exclaimed, rather disheartened, while the spirits of the old soldier seemed to rise with the difficulties. "What is to be done now?" He stood for a moment in thought, and then drawing off his coat, he said to me, "do the same." "But why undress," said I. "There is now no other way to get into our rooms," he replied, pulling off his boots, and then ringing the bell furiously, "except to tell Hans, who will answer this summon, that we were overcome by sleep while taking our baths this evening, and that while making his rounds, he locked us in."

Scarcely had he ceased speaking when Hans appeared, carrying his lantern, and with eyes as round and open as an owl's, he gazed at us. He was disconsolate to have locked us in, and begged our pardon a thousand times. We gave him some money to quiet him, and hastened to our rooms, for I was nearly stifled with laughter.

"But, good night, it is time for me to go;" and softly opening the door and looking out to see if old Hans were near, the Captain glided swiftly through the dark corridor to his own room, while Harry listened with an amused smile, to hear if he arrived there unseen and undetected.

CHAPTER XIV.

EVERY THING went on quietly at Louisenrest for the next few days. Several excursions had been postponed, as the month of May of that year was rainy and cold. The guests, during that dreary time of detention in-doors, assembled in the large saloon, where, with dancing, music and conversation, the evenings passed.

Many visitors arrived, and as is often the case at such resorts, more ladies than gentlemen, so that Captain Von Osborn had, as Harry Delaware said, many opportunities to study woman's nature. The Captain, who, in spite of all rules, seldom went to bed before eleven o'clock, usually knew if any one arrived by the late train; and, although careful not to impart his knowledge to the Doctor, he gave his friends the benefit of it.

"A countrywoman of yours arrived last night, accompanied by a gentleman," said he to Harry, one fine morning, the first after several stormy days. "You will, of course, make their acquaintance and introduce me, for I am sure she is pretty, most of your ladies are said to be. When are you going to pay your respects to them?"

"But, my dear friend," replied Harry, "you will please give me an opportunity first to learn who and what they are before I seek their acquaintance."

"Who and what they are!" exclaimed the Captain, with mock or real astonishment, Harry could not decide which. "Have I not told you that they are Americans, from the United States?"

"Well," said Harry, getting rather impatient, "do you think that you, being in a foreign land, would fly to see a German who happened to go to the same hotel which you had selected?"

"No," replied the Captain gravely; "but then, you see, a German may be no more than a foreigner to me, if he does not belong to my class of society, as classes are here so distinct. But in your free country, society is not so divided."

"You think, then, that we associate as equals, whatever may be our condition, education and character?" said Harry.

"Have I not read and heard that all Americans are educated?" retorted the Captain.

"To a certain degree, yes," said Harry, "and you would have to search very long to find one who could not read, and who does not take a newspaper, to learn the condition of his country. But neither this fact, nor the one that a man can raise himself from the lowest grade of society to the highest honor in the land, implies that we must necessarily have the same tastes, inclinations and habits."

"Ah, then I am to understand that education and refinement rule

society in your country," said the Captain.

"No," answered Harry. "Though they do to some extent divide our classes, we have not yet arrived at that state, when knowledge and nobility of mind mark the standpoint of a man. *Money* is the principal ruler of our society, just as a name or title is so often, without further merit—excuse me for saying it—in your country. Talent and genius have as hard a struggle for their birthright in my country as here, the only difference being, that they find here a larger class to appreciate them than they do there."

This conversation occurred in the hall before Harry's room, who was on the way to pay his usual morning visit to Dr. Herbert's family. He invited the Captain to accompany him, but this gentleman had made an engagement with some ladies to play billiards, and he hurried away. Harry, who was allowed to use crutches about the house, walked slowly to Mrs. Herbert's sitting-room, where, as usual, he found the family—with the exception of the Doctor—gathered together.

He took his accustomed seat in a large arm-chair, while Mrs. Herbert and her mother quietly continued their sewing. Adele, who was writing, put her books, paper and pen aside, and took up some embroidery which she was working for her sister.

"But, Miss Adele," said Harry, "if I am going to interrupt your studies, I will make no more morning visits."

"I had just finished my task for the day," replied she, "so you see I am at liberty to lay my books aside,

to enjoy some 'feminine occupation,' as Mr. Vanderbelt would say."

Adele, who, on first returning home, had determined to treat Harry Delaware as coolly as possible, because having heard so much of him, she thought him a spoiled "ladies' man," was rapidly losing her first impression, when she saw his entire indifference to the attentions of other ladies, as well as his apparent unconsciousness of her neglect. She was beginning, with the Doctor's little sons, to feel impatient if he failed to make his daily visit at eleven o'clock, and silently wondered how one could get so habituated to seeing such a constant visitor.

"Has the Doctor told you, Mr. Delaware, that some of the guests intend making an excursion after dinner to Castle Lahneck?" asked Mrs. Herbert, in the course of conversation, after she had sent her unusually noisy boys away.

"Yes," replied Harry, "and I shall be happy to become one of the party, as I have a great desire to see all the old castles and ruins of the Rhine, and to hear their legends."

"They say that your Hudson resembles the Rhine," said Adele, "do you think it does?"

"Yes," replied Harry, "in its winding through the most beautiful mountainous scenery; but there to my mind the resemblance ceases. The Hudson is a wider, larger river, and the scenery on both sides much grander, more imposing than that of the Rhine, though less poetic and picturesque. On the Rhine the great charm and interest to the traveller is its connection with the past, while on the glorious Hudson, it is of the future

we dream, as we look up at its high mountains."

A knock at the door, followed by the entrance of a stately, fine-looking old gentleman, interrupted Harry.

"Oh! General Adlerkreuz," exclaimed Adele, while the General having bowed to the ladies, went to Mrs. Herbert with slow steps but military bearing, saying: "I deemed it a pleasant duty, Madame, to pay my first visit to you, to thank you for the kindness you have shown me during my illness."

"I could do but little for you, General," replied Mrs. Herbert, "as the Doctor thought diet and perfect quietude the best prescriptions for you, our means of brightening your sick-room were very limited."

"I am glad that our sunbeam has come back," said the General, taking Adele's little hands in his large ones, and pressing them warmly. "It was rather dull without you in the park on fine days, Miss Adele. I hope Mrs. Leiden, that you will not object to an old man like myself telling your daughter that he missed her sadly, and would have gone to Cologne to see her, if illness had not prevented."

"I am sure my daughter ought to feel greatly flattered," replied Mrs. Leiden, making room beside herself on the sofa, for the General.

"General Adlerkreuz, allow me to introduce Mr. Delaware to you," said Mrs. Herbert.

"The Doctor has often mentioned you to me, as has also Captain Von Osborn, and I am delighted to make your acquaintance," said the General, who really was happy to meet one, who having taken an active part in the war of the United States, could

give him something more accurate than newspaper reports.

He began questioning Harry, but considering that the conversation might not be equally entertaining to the ladies, he changed the subject, hoping, as he told Harry, to have the pleasure of seeing him in his own apartments.

"Apropos, Miss Adele," said he, turning to that young lady, "Captain Von Osborn has told me that you saw my ghost in the park, the very first day after you arrived from Cologne. As I never saw a ghost, you must tell me how mine looked, and how he acted towards you."

"O please, General, do not speak of it," said Adele. "I wish to forget it altogether."

"What!" exclaimed the General, looking significantly at Harry, who perceiving that Adele with a startled expression intercepted the look, was slightly embarrassed. "What! has my ghost behaved so ill, that you wish to forget all about him? Mr. Delaware, tell me what punishment this spectral representation of mine shall receive, for troubling a young lady?"

"I think, sir," answered Harry, who had been admiring with close attention, a little jacket Mrs. Leiden was embroidering for her grandson, "I think sir, you are more competent to decide that than I am, as I have not yet learned the laws of the land."

"Very well," said the General, "then—" perceiving the increasing embarrassment Adele suffered, he stopped, and rising he took her hand, kissed it, and said with so much expression that his usually loud, sonorous voice became unwontedly sweet:

"Though I did not receive the kindness you intended for me, I am not the less deeply grateful for it, and I hope—with a side glance at Harry—that your womanly kindness and sympathy with age and infirmity will always be rightly understood and appreciated. But I must now leave you, ladies," added he, "as I have to take a short walk before dinner, or the Doctor will be displeased. I would be happy to have you accompany me, Mr. Delaware, but I see you are not yet able to walk."

"No," replied Harry, looking at his crutches, which, having been used by the boys as horses, were at the opposite side of the room. "No, I am not yet permitted to walk much, but I will accompany you to the reading-room, if agreeable."

Adele, who meanwhile had gone for the crutches, gave them to Harry, without, however, looking up, and Harry, who really enjoyed the lively, interesting and unaffected conversation of the young girl, who had just begun to treat him as the rest of the family did, as an old friend, felt sorry and annoyed by it.

"Miss Adele," said he, with dignity and feeling, while the General was speaking to the other ladies, "do not regret that your generous solicitude for a sick and helpless man benefited one for whom it was not intended, though he was just as helpless. Do not fear that any one would dare to misconstrue an action, which proves the noble heart which prompted it."

Adele looked up with a faint smile, while something like a tear glistened in her eyes, and she was very glad when the gentlemen took leave. The

sensitive nature of the poor girl had been greatly tried during the morning, by her having become convinced that it was Harry, whom, on that rainy day, she had mistaken for the General. Just the person she had so fervently hoped it would not be. She could hardly refrain from tears when she was alone with her mother and sister. The latter not knowing what had passed, asked what it all meant.

Mrs. Leiden, who was Adele's confidant, and who, from the first, had suspected that Harry was "the poor old gentleman," told the tale in few words, and though Mrs. Herbert thought her sister might be a little less impulsive, she kissed her with a loving smile, and told her that a kindness was never lost.

CHAPTER XV.

LOUISENREST presented a lively aspect on the afternoon of that day. Ladies and gentlemen hurried up and down stairs, making preparation for their ride to Castle Lahneck, while carriages and horses stood awaiting them at the door.

Captain Von Osborn had just assisted Madame de Cambiar to mount her horse, and was in the act of springing upon his coal black mare, which neighed on hearing her master approach, when he perceived Harry, who was to accompany the Doctor's family. "You have come a moment too late to see your countrywoman, a splendid-looking creature," cried he. "A perfect Juno! She is with her husband, a rather solemn-looking man, in the first barouche," he added, bend-

ing down from his horse to shorten his stirrups. "If you tell the driver to hurry, you may yet overtake her, and see with what indifference to all surroundings she leans back on the purple cushions." He spared Harry a reply by galloping off with his fair companion, who, an excellent horse-woman, looked charmingly in her tight-fitting blue velvet habit.

"Where is Adele?" asked the Doctor, when the horses and carriages were all safely on their way to Lahneck, with the exception of the one which was to convey his family and Harry. "Where is Adele?"

"I am here, brother," came the almost timid answer from the window of the reception-room. "You will please excuse me, I have a severe headache, and prefer staying at home."

"Ah, nonsense," said the Doctor, in his short, brisk way. "Come down quickly; no better remedy for your headache, than a ride on this glorious day."

"But I think it better for me to remain at home, to-day," ventured Adele, who, almost worshipping her brother, was not in the habit of opposing him, although with the rest of the family she generally had her own way.

"O, child, come!" said the Doctor. "I am sure you would not spoil your sister's pleasure. You know she only half enjoys herself when she has not the boys or you to worry about. But make haste, or you will deprive Mr. Delaware of the happiness of catching a glimpse of Mrs. Brown, the American lady, before she has left the purple cushions of her barouche, and before he can see her in peace and comfort at Lahneck."

"Do not be sarcastic, Doctor,"

said Harry, laughing. "I never thought of following Captain Von Osborn's advice. I prefer to leave all meetings with strangers to the natural course of events."

Adele, persuaded by her mother and her own inclinations, had meanwhile come down, and had taken her place opposite Harry. She was at first very reserved, and kept her veil closely drawn over her face, but before they were half through the ride, she was her own bright self again, forgetting that she had resolved to become very circumspect in all her sayings and doings, so that no one else should, through her thoughtlessness, have an involuntary ride.

"Miss Adele," said Harry, while the Doctor and his wife were deeply engaged in a conversation about the future destiny of their boys, "Miss Adele, do confess that you would have remained at home because you saw me in the carriage. I hope you will never again do me a kindness, if it turns you against the receiver."

"Yes," replied Adele, with the frankness of which Captain Von Osborn had spoken, and not being often met with in young ladies, it amused Harry greatly, "I cannot conceal that I felt miserably this morning when it dawned upon me, that it was you whom I believed to be the General. At present I think that I am rather glad that it was you, and no other person, because you will not tease me, and you must moreover promise me never again to mention the affair."

"I would most solemnly promise all you desire; but see, we must have arrived at Lahneck, and have no time for ceremonies," said he, as the carriage stopped.

"No," said Dr. Herbert, who had heard this last sentence. "We are not yet at Lahneck. Here is a place where some poor families live, with whom Adele became acquainted, and for whom she brought something. We will get out here for a few moments. I want you to see how these people live."

A few steps brought them to three huts, so poor and small that Harry could not remember ever having seen any thing so wretched.

"Is it possible," he said to Adele, who walked slowly with him while the Doctor and his wife went a little farther to see a poor, sick man, "is it possible that people can live in such squalor, and enjoy life?"

"These you call miserable!" she exclaimed. "What will you say, then, when you see the dwelling of my poor?"

"I thought they lived in these cottages," remarked Harry.

"Those who inhabit these are rich and comfortable compared to my poor. But here we are," said Adele, and Harry, looking up, saw that they stood at the foot of a hill, near an entrance, which seemed to lead into a cave.

"Can you get down these steps?" asked Adele. "Be careful that you do not slip. Shall I assist you?"

Harry looked at the slight figure which seemed always ready to aid any one, and smiling, replied that he would try to walk down, but would certainly ask her assistance if he found the steps, which were hewn in the ground, too slippery. He reached the bottom safely, however, and having stepped aside from the entrance so that the light could stream in, he saw that this

cave was indeed the dwelling of human beings, for whom there seemed no other place in this wide world, and whom rich, idle people visited as they would go to see the curiosities of a museum, without reflecting that it was their duty to assist them. The family living here consisted of a husband, his wife, her old mother, and two little children. Hubert, the husband, had been a long time ill when Adele first went to see them, and there was, excepting a miserable mattress on which lay the sick man, hardly any thing which indicated that the cave was inhabited by human beings, and not by wild beasts of the forests. Adele, with the assistance of Dr. Herbert, had soon supplied them with provisions, clothes, a bed, stove, etc., etc., and also with a high-backed, old-fashioned arm chair, for the old mother. The latter, with the children, was at home, when Adele and Harry entered. The woman was blind, and almost bent double with the infirmities of age. The children were half naked, but clean and really beautiful with their large blue eyes, and long flaxen hair.

"Mother," said Adele, in Kathrine's ear—among whose infirmities was that of deafness, the companion of age—"I brought something for you and the children."

Kathrine raised her dim eyes, and offering her chair, she tried with her trembling hands to push it out of the corner, where she had been sitting, while she said, in a feeble voice, "God bless you, and may your days be long and happy."

"Keep your seat, good mother," said Adele, gently forcing her back in her chair. "I have not time to-day

to stay long. I only came to see how you all are. Come here, children, and tell me if you have been good. There, divide that cake and these apples between you, and give this bundle to your mother when she comes home to-night from her work."

The children, with one finger in their mouths, and their eyes fixed on Harry, went slowly towards Adele to receive the gifts.

Harry, who had looked around quietly, took out his pocket-book, when Adele was ready to go, and handing two ten gulden notes to the old woman, he left the cave, not heeding the blessing she bestowed upon him.

"You are very kind, Mr. Delaware, and I thank you much for what you gave to Kathrine," said Adele, when they were again in the bright sunlight. "I am only sorry that you did not listen to the good wishes she showered upon you."

"I presume her blessings grow with the gifts she receives, and who gives most, receives the most fervent thanks. I—"

"Excuse me, sir," interrupted Adele, so indignant that her voice almost trembled, "You are greatly mistaken. Kathrine is too blind to see the value of any thing you give her, and so little accustomed to receiving money, that I—while you, afraid of her gratitude, hurried away—told her that it was money you gave her. It was well I did, for she did not know what to do with the papers. It never entered my mind," continued she in the same tone, "that any body could surmise that deceit and calculation were to be found even among such simple people, and especially in so old a woman, who—as she told me—waits

patiently till God sends for her, and that His messenger is very near."

"Forgive me," said Harry, "if I have wounded you by what I have said. I have lost faith in people in general, and have learned to think that disinterestedness and gratitude are plants which seldom find a soil where they can thrive."

"If, by coming in contact much with the world," returned Adele, "one must necessarily contract the terrible malady of suspicion, which deprives us of the noble pleasure of believing in goodness and truth, I hope that my life will flow quietly away, or that I, like a physician, may go among the sick without taking their diseases."

They had now arrived at the place where the carriage waited, and were soon joined by the Doctor and his wife.

"Old Jacob is much better," said Mrs. Herbert to her sister, when they were rapidly rolling over the road leading to Lahneck, "he sends his best wishes to you."

"For which I am truly grateful to him," replied Adele, who could not forget what Harry had said of poor Kathrine. She thought, with the precipitation of youth, that he must be very impious to doubt even the goodness of an old woman who must soon appear before her Maker.

At last they reached the small town of Lahneck, and the carriage rattled over the rugged streets, whose unevenness makes many a driver swear and many a horse lame.

At the foot of the mountain, on whose summit the Castle of Lahneck towers upwards to the skies, stood, as usual, a number of crimson-decked donkeys, and a few bony horses. Their

drivers—little boys and girls—crowded around the carriage, hoping that the ladies and gentlemen would make the ascent on their finely-robed but half-starved animals.

"Mr. Delaware," said Dr. Herbert, examining a horse which, with his head down, stood like a statue, while the boy who was leading him extolled his merits, "can you summon courage to mount this prancing battle horse? I would not wonder if it were a descendant of the Cin's Babiéca, it is so proud and noble. I shall take this one," placing his hand on one that stood near by—"with a fervent prayer that it may not fly away with me. See, his bones stand out like wings. He has almost the appearance of a Pegasus."

"Or of a Rosinante," said his wife, laughing, as she and Adele passed the gentleman on donkeys.

"Here boy, carry these crutches for me," said Harry, when with the Doctor's assistance he mounted the descendant of Babiéca. The boy shouldering the crutches, asked, to the great amusement of the Doctor, whether he should lead the horse, or if the gentleman could ride. The Doctor's horse-boy, knowing his patron, ran on behind, without saying a word.

They soon overtook the ladies, who progressed very slowly, as Adele's donkey, being tired and very obstinate, turned every few steps, trying to go down to its stable. When at length, the poor beast understood that it must go up the mountain again, it ran so quickly over the small, rocky path, that Adele lost her hat; and her hair, which she wore in a coil, became loose, and fell like a veil over her shoulders to her waist.

When they reached the top of the mountain, Captain Von Osborn, who had, with the rest of the party, arrived some time before, sprang forward to receive Mrs. Herbert and Adele, as soon as the winding path leading to the castle brought them into view. He told Adele that she was just *en costume* to represent Loreley, with her long streaming hair, and that if she were seated with a harp upon the mountain, one might believe that the water-sprite had left her rock to come and pay a visit to Lahneck. But Adele, trying to roll her rebellious hair into a knot, told him that he had better go and look for her hat, which she could ill afford to lose, than pay her compliments which he did not mean.

"Your hat?" said Harry, "I must beg your pardon for not giving it to you sooner. Here it is," handing it to her with a blue ribbon, which had bound her hair.

"A thousand thanks," said she. "But," she continued, holding her hair away from her face, over which it had fallen again, "where did you find it? I thought I saw it flying down yonder steep side of the mountain."

"So it did," replied Harry. "But Babiéca flew after it, and I took it prisoner, just as the wind tried to disentangle it from some bushes which had caught it in its flight."

"What," exclaimed Adele, turning pale, "do you mean to say that you went for this hat down that steep and perilous path?"

"No, not I, but Babiéca did while I was quietly sitting upon her back," said Harry, smiling, as he drew the Captain away, leaving the ladies to finish Adele's toilet.

"Oh, you confounded American!"

cried the Captain, as he walked with Harry towards the Castle. "As long as you remain here, nobody need hope to receive the slightest attention from any of the ladies. The story that you have exposed your life for a hat, will spread like wildfire among them, and they will say if you risked so much for a hat, what would you not venture for a heart. You will be a hero whose inimitable virtues none but a Dumas can worthily describe."

"One of the company ought now to tell the legend of this castle," said Harry, when they had all assembled on its tower, admiring the scenery, gorgeous in the brilliant sunlight, while far in the West, misty clouds began to throw a vapory veil over the distant mountains, preparing them for the hour when the God of Day would bid them good night.

"I prepared myself for this request," said Dr. Herbert, taking a book out of his fathomless pocket, which was more accustomed to carry medicine, wine, fruit, etc., to his poor patients, than legends to amuse idle people.

"A friend of mine," continued he, "who was some time ago a guest at Louisenrest, spent most of his time roving about from one ruin to another, living, as he said, in the past. He wrote this book, which I received a short time since. Though we have Legends of the Rhine, written by countless authors in prose and verse, I selected these because they are new, and in novelty there is a charm which, if only superficial, time will soon destroy. But who will read it for us? You, Captain? That is right; you have just the voice for it. Here is the book, begin where I have marked the page.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN all had settled themselves to listen, Captain Von Osborn, seated a little apart from the rest, began to read as follows:

A stalwart son of the Rhine had rowed my skiff from Stotzenfels across the river, to Lahneck. Although the antiquity of this town is deeply interesting to the traveller, I was too pre-occupied to look about me. I felt as if the old Castle of Lahneck beckoned me onward, and I hastened to obey its silent summons. Rapidly going through the dark and narrow streets, and regardless of the rough and stony path which led to the old tower, I reached the summit of the mountain, wiping the moisture from my brow. Turning, I looked toward the opposite shore of the Rhine, where the sun, with his last dying rays, gilded the Castle of Stotzenfels. It was a splendid picture, but what avails all pomp, all magnificence, when they leave the heart cold and untouched; and I was glad that the old and yet modern Palace was on the opposite shore.* Here—I was alone, every where surrounded by reminiscences of days long gone by. Imagination could, undisturbed, draw many a picture; and I could feed mind and heart with thoughts of memorable times and never-to-be-forgotten valiant deeds. I went quickly across the bridge, which leads over a deep moat, to the heavy iron gate, and rang the bell, whose deep sonorous tone broke for a moment the silence which reigned around me. Again all was still, but soon I heard the bark of a dog, which drew

* Stotzenfels was rebuilt in the old style by the King of Prussia.

nearer and nearer, accompanied by the slow and heavy footsteps of an aged man. A moment more and a key grated in the lock, the gate swung heavily open, and I stood before the Castellan, who, as soon as I crossed the threshold, without further ceremony, locked the gate behind me. I was weary, and sat down by one of the high Gothic windows, looking out upon the solemn grandeur of the scene before me, while numberless rooks flew noisily around the high tower. I was within walls, in whose shelter a small band of Templars, or 'Knights of the Cross,' had sought an asylum, after the bloody edict of Philip the Second of France, while in France their Grand Master, Jacob Von Moley, with many brothers of the Order, suffered death at the stake in the presence of that cruel and wicked monarch.

How often may one of the twelve Knights who came to this Castle for refuge, have sat here, thinking of his enemies, with rage in his heart. How often may he have listened to the shrill cries of the rooks, while his longing eyes rested on the tranquil scenery of the Rhine, and thoughts of home and childhood passed through his mind. Alas! too soon he found rest. Too soon his blood flowed 'neath the strokes of his enemies. That I might, undisturbed, indulge in my reverie, I preferred to wander alone through the Castle, and leaving the Castellan in the court-yard, I strolled dreamily through halls which had seen so much of the time when "Might was Right." A narrow staircase leads to the platform of the high tower. The view from this height is incomparable, and is a rich recompense for the tiresome route, by which it is reached. I had

here the whole Castle at my feet, and mused again over those times when justice was sacrificed to power, and I thought of the twelve Knights, who here—as the legend runs—died for the honor of their "Red Cross." Hundreds of years have passed, and with them much that was good and great, without leaving a trace. But those heroic deeds took deep root in the memory of the people, and they will not be forgotten as long as a single stone of Lahneck remains, to tell the touching tale. I went slowly down to the Rittersaal—Hall of the Knights—and seated myself in a large arm-chair. On the wall opposite, hung a portrait of the Grand Master of the Knights, who appeared haughty and stern as he stood there, with his right hand on the red cross. It seemed as if he were still, after the lapse of centuries, ready to challenge his enemies. I could not withdraw my eyes, the picture enthralled and wearied me, and I sank back in the chair. Utter silence reigned around me. The shadows of evening grew longer, and still my gaze was rested upon the portrait. But great Heaven! The figure of the Knight became taller and taller, and developed more and more. I saw distinctly his steel armor underneath the folds of his white cloak. The picture moved, and the Knight, heavy with his helmet, cuirass and gauntlets, stepped down from the black frame. I was breathless with terror and amazement. With proud steps and ringing armor he approached me. I endeavored to rise, but in vain. He drew nearer, and laid his hand lightly on my shoulder.

"Rest, stranger," said the deep voice of this unearthly apparition.

"I see that thou hast understood the wish I sent to thee over the Rhine. Among the many thousands who visit this Castle, thou art the only one who has, with true sympathy, reflected upon the fate of the Templars who were slain here for the honor of the Cross. To recompense thee for thy piety I will, myself, be thy guide and companion."

A change passed over every thing, as far as the eye could reach, as he spoke. Heavy, oaken furniture adorned the hall, the walls of which were decorated with escutcheons, banners, shields and armors of nobles, long forgotten, while the pale light of the rising moon shone through the beautifully painted windows. Before my eyes were fully satisfied, the Knight led me through a narrow corridor, from which we ascended to a small gallery, above the Chapel of the Castle. All was silent, and the quiet moonbeams played upon the altar, and fell with a weird light upon the pictures near it. Suddenly the Chapel door opened, and twelve Knights, wrapped in long, white cloaks, entered solemnly, and seated themselves. After a few moments one of them rose, and said in a hollow voice: "Hundreds of years since, my Brethren, our Order was the pride of Christendom, the symbol of which, *the Cross*, was made a terror to the enemies of our faith. Through centuries our brethren have shed their blood for our religion. Who knows not of their heroism against the Moors of Spain, in the contest for Damascus? But alas! the splendor and power of the Templars aroused the hatred and envy of many a monarch. The blood-thirsty Philip of France determined

to annihilate them, and numbers of our brothers were slain. Who among us has not felt the agony our Grand Master, Jacob Von Moley, endured, as the flames consumed his heroic body? Exiled from our homes, driven about like wild beasts of the forest, we have at length found, on the borders of the Rhine, an asylum. But we shall not long dwell in peace. The King of France has induced the weak German Emperor, Heinrich, to drive us from this quiet retreat. He can not rest until the blood of the last Templar is shed. But I will not yield. I will contend with you against our enemies, until this Red Cross decks no longer a living breast."

Paler still grew the faces of the Knights to which the sun of Asia had imparted a bronzed hue. As by one impulse all arose, drawing their mighty swords, and while they raised them with their right hand, they placed the left upon the Red Cross on their breast, and shouted: "We will die for our Order, as our Grand Master, and our brethren, have died!"

"Thanks, thanks, my brothers," cried the leader, with enthusiasm, "let me embrace you and give you the salute of friendship and fraternal love."

After he had embraced them, he bade them go, and prepare for the combat. And as the last of the Knights left the Chapel, he took his sword, and raising it on high with both hands, he threw himself before the altar of the Madonna, crying: "Mary, full of grace, pray for me, that God may this day give strength and endurance to my arm. Let thy blessing guide my good sword, until the stroke of the enemy sends me to thy Divine Son, and to thee."

It was an affecting scene—the Templar, whose sword glittered in the moonlight, prostrate before the Holy Virgin, whose mild eyes seemed to look benignantly upon him.

When he had left the Chapel, my guide whispered: "Follow me!" I obeyed involuntarily. He led me through several halls, until we stood on the platform of the high tower. Just beneath us was the drawbridge, which crossed the moat of the Castle. The twelve Templars silently assembled on the bridge. Suddenly there came a sound as of distant thunder; it was the mighty legion of the German Emperor, which came rushing along. A fearful conflict commenced, and I distinctly heard the clash of the swords and halberds. The twelve Knights stood like giants, and all near them were slain with their powerful swords. The myrmidons of the Emperor poured over the mountains, and several of the Templars were soon weltering in their blood. The unequal fight became each moment more sanguinary, and the moonlight made the faces of the dying horribly ghastly. The first gleam of the dawn slowly gilded the tops of the mountains. Of the twelve Knights, only one, the Chief, survived. Like one endowed with supernatural power, he wielded his sword, dealing death wherever it fell. As he stood there uncovered, his white hair waving in the morning breeze, and a stream of blood flowing through his armor, even his enemies venerated him as a hero. One of the officers of the Emperor forced his way through the throng and cried out, "Pardon for him!"

"Only from God is pardon," returned the Templar, and seizing his

adversary, he threw himself, with him, into the moat. With a loud cry of horror I was about to precipitate myself from the tower to rescue the Knight, when, starting, I found myself in the hall of the Castle. The moon shone in silvery light upon the portrait of the Grand Master, Jacob Von Moley, who gazed sternly upon me, because I—I had dreamed."*

The interest which they all felt in Lahneck was much enhanced by this legend. Looking from the battlement on which they were standing, to the precipice beneath them, the young and imaginative were ready to dream such another dream, when the Doctor was heard warning them that the dews of evening were falling, and that it was time to return to Louisenrest.

Well pleased with their visit to the grand old Castle, they slowly, and, as it seemed, reluctantly departed.

CHAPTER XVII.

CAPTAIN VON OSBORN, who was, as he said, one of those martyrs who were obliged to rise at five o'clock in the morning, and take their bath and long walk before breakfast, was the next day in Harry's room, before this gentleman had left his bed.

"O, you happy mortal!" cried the Captain, seeing him stretch himself lazily. "How I do envy you, that you can sleep as long as you please, while I am every day disturbed from my rosiest dreams, and driven from my bed by that horrid Karl, to whom

* This legend is from the MS. of "Legends of the Rhine," by the author of "War Pictures from the South," etc., etc.

I vainly offer every morning five guilder to let me sleep. But you might, as Pyrrhus said of Fabricius, 'turn the course of the sun, ere one could turn him from the path of duty.' I only wonder," continued he, trying to twist his mustache before the looking glass—which ornament at this hour in the morning would hang rather melancholy and neglected over his lips—"I only wonder how Dr. Herbert infuses into his domestics such stern, Roman virtues. I wish he would initiate me into his art for the benefit of my Fritz, who is almost too modern in his notions about Master and Valet even for me."

"A riddle to me," said Harry, "is the friendship existing between Fritz and John. They are such contrasts! Fritz, just like his master, always 'studying woman's nature,' and John, thinking that it would be a great advantage to mankind if no objects for such studies darkened creation."

"Oh!" said the Captain laughingly, "I can clear up this mystery. Fritz is very vain and very simple. Believing John to be a philosopher, he likes to be seen in his company, while John is flattered by the attention of the popular Fritz. You see, in high life and low life, the same comedy. But do not let me forget the purpose for which I came so early. Yesterday I had the honor of an introduction to Mrs. Brown, and although I speak very imperfect English, and she no German at all, we had a charming conversation till her husband came. He speaks German so execrably that I could not help thinking his instructor in our language

must have been a peasant from Würtemberg."

"Did he tell you from what State he came?"

"Yes, from Pennsylvania."

"Ah," said Harry, laughing, "then he speaks what we call Pennsylvanian Dutch, and I am not surprised that you cannot call it elegant German."

"I was sorry that they left for Ems before you arrived at Lahneck. It was her whim. He seemed very unwilling to go, as he thinks Ems a large gambling saloon. I do not suppose that his wife will find much entertainment there. I told him there was a very good theatre, where he could spend his evenings, if he did not like to go to the Kür-house. He answered in the most solemn voice imaginable, that he never frequented such demoralizing places. I really pity his wife."

"How do you know that she has not the same prejudices, and that both are happy in them?" asked Harry.

"She?" exclaimed the Captain. "No," I saw at a glance that she takes quite a different view of life, although not a syllable escaped her. She seems to regard him with supreme indifference. They surely do not illustrate the happy unions you tell us are to be seen in your country."

"Well, I hope you are not inclined to judge all our married people by this one couple?"

"Oh, no, as I should then fall somewhat into Mr. Brown's error, who told me that he was surprised to have seen so many ladies and gentlemen in Ireland, and to find so many real nice persons in Germany, as he had thought both nations deficient in culture and refinement; adding that in the United

States, most of the German and Irish were servants, or uneducated, beer-drinking people."

"He is undoubtedly one of those low-bred men, who became rich by having large Government contracts, during the war, or who found on their land petroleum. His wife more shrewd, conceals her ignorance under her diamonds and silence."

"No, no, she is not only beautiful, she is a lady refined and accomplished. But they will return to-morrow, and then you can judge for yourself."

"I am in no haste to become acquainted with them. Did you tell them that a countryman of theirs is at Louisenrest?"

"No, I was on the point of doing so, when Mr. Brown entered the room, and his interesting German made me forget you."

"You will soon have quite a society of Americans here. I received last evening a letter from home, with tidings that my father and sister are on their way to Liverpool, and will soon be here."

"I congratulate you on this pleasant prospect," said the Captain, who would have liked to know if Harry's sister was young and pretty, but whose delicacy forbade his questioning his friend.

Harry rose as the Captain left his room, and before he took his breakfast he wrote a few words on a small sheet of note paper, and enclosing it with a note in an envelope, he gave it with a few words of instruction to John.

This "gentleman's gentleman" had held his head so high since he heard of the expected arrivals, that he had already stumbled over a chambermaid, who was so indignant at his

overlooking her pretty self, that she dashed her pail of water over him, which, however, he shook off as coolly as a dog shakes off the rain.

On leaving Harry he fell over a hand-carriage, whose occupant made him feel, that if his feet were lame, his hands and arms were sound, and must have belonged to a good boxer.

About fifteen minutes later, Adele hastened from her room to her sister's, with a note in her hand. "O sister, sister," cried she, as soon as she opened the door, "see what Mr. Delaware has sent me for Kathrine," and she held up a draft for five hundred guilder, while she trembled with excitement. "Oh! what shall I do with it? I will build her a house; I will buy her a cow; I—I—" and finding for a moment nothing more to build or buy, she snatched up her little nephew, and almost smothered him with kisses. She was so happy that she had to find a channel for her joy.

The quiet question of Mrs. Herbert "when she had received this draft," composed Adele a little. She replied that John had a moment ago given it to her with a note, in which Mr. Delaware had said that he would follow her example, and as she had sheltered a sick and helpless man from the storm, so he would, with her aid, try to shelter the few remaining days of an infirm old woman.

"Can I have the carriage, sister? If I can, I will go and take them right away from that damp cave where they dwell, and build them a house," said Adele, in a manner that would seem to say that housebuilding was but the work of a moment.

"I wonder what the Doctor will say, whether he will approve of it?"

said Mrs. Herbert more to herself than to her sister.

"Like what? That Mr. Delaware gave me this money for my poor? Why should he object to it? Does not he, do not you, give daily?"

"Well, but—"

"O do let me have the carriage," interrupted Adele. "I must go immediately to tell them of this good fortune. Kathrine is so old and feeble that no time is to be lost."

Mrs. Herbert, whom misfortune and observation in early life had taught greater prudence than Adele had yet learned, or could understand, told her to go first to the Doctor, and ask if she could retain the money for her poor, and how she could use it for them to the best advantage; and after that the carriage would be at her disposal.

Adele, who seemed to have wings that morning, flew to the Doctor, who, being himself one of the most generous of men, found, contrary to his wife's fears, nothing to prevent Adele's accepting Harry's gift. He advised her to write a few words of thanks to Mr. Delaware, and then go to impart the good news to the dwellers of the cave. In returning she should inquire who had built the small cottages in the neighborhood of the cave.

"I know all about these cottages, brother," said Adele, "I inquired long ago. The man who built them, lives at Lahneck, they cost between three and four hundred guilder. So you see I have enough to buy a cow, some chickens, and comfortable furniture for a room, which Kathrine can have to herself."

"I have no time now to say more

about it," said the Doctor, "but I will ride there after dinner, and see the builder of those huts. Of course," added he, as he saw a slight shade of disappointment on Adele's brow, "you draw your own plan for it, I will only see that it is done as quickly and cheaply as possible."

Adele, all smiles again, thanked him, wrote a few words to Mr. Delaware which the Doctor promised to deliver, and then sprang into the carriage as light and happy as a bird, ordering the driver to go as fast as the horses could trot, to the mountain cave. She thought that she knew just what to say to Kathrine in announcing her good fortune. She had painted to herself the surprise and joy of the whole family, and gone over the whole scene in imagination. What was therefore her dismay on entering the cave, and at the same time what a lesson she received, when she found father, mother, and children kneeling around Kathrine's bed. The messenger whom the latter had so long and so patiently awaited, had at length arrived. She was dying.

"Mother, mother, here is Miss Adele," said her daughter, but not shouting as formerly into her ears. Approaching death had given back what old age had deprived her of; she could both see and hear.

"God bless you!" said Kathrine with a faint but distinct voice. "I am so glad to see you once more before I go. May God comfort you in trouble as you have comforted me."

"Oh mother," said Adele weeping with the others, "why must you leave us now, when the gentleman who was here yesterday, has sent you

money to build you a home and make you comfortable."

"Give it to my children, and tell the gentleman that I will beg of God to make his last hour as happy as he has made mine," said the dying woman to Adele, while the others in their awe at the approach of death, did not hear what she said.

"Hubert, carry me out in the air. I long to see the sunlight once more. I die happy knowing that you will no longer be deprived of it."

She was thinking of the new house which they were going to have, but they not understanding her, thought that her mind was wandering.

They carried her on the bed on which she was lying, and put her down gently before the entrance of the cave.

"God is good, blessed be His holy name," said she, quietly folding her hands over her breast, and the angel of death carried her soul to Him, before Whom those are greatest and best beloved, who trusting in Him, take up their cross and follow Him.

Adele on her way home, and just in front of Mrs. Süss' little store, met Harry Delaware. Accompanied by Oscar and Max, he was going to try the delicious gooseberry tarts of which that lady had sent notice to the residents of Louisenrest, announcing that she would have fresh tarts of all the fruits of the season every morning and evening. As this message had been heard by the boys, Harry promised them a treat of Mrs. Süss' gooseberry tarts.

"Fresh tarts to be had here, Miss Adele, come quickly and have some," cried Harry gaily, as the coachman by

Adele's order stopped his horses. But what is the matter?" he asked, changing his tone when he saw the usually rosy cheeks of the young girl pale, and her eyes still wet with tears.

"Oh, Mr. Delaware, just think, Kathrine is dead. She died while I was there. I went to tell her what you had given me for her. Had I been half an hour later I could never have spoken to her again. She requested me with almost her last breath, to say to you that she would pray to God to make your last hours as happy as you had made hers."

Feeling the tears roll down her cheeks, Adele turned aside, and drew down her veil.

"Here boys, is money. Eat as many tarts as you like, and take some home to your grandmama," said Harry, giving Oscar a few guilder. "I will accompany Miss Adele home, and you can follow when you are ready."

The children, though not quite sure that it was right to eat tarts when Aunt Adele was distressed, went, after kissing her, to Mrs. Süss, who stood, looking clean and neat, at the door of her store, waiting for customers.

"I am really sorry that the poor woman died before she could enjoy more comfort," said Harry. "But it not unfrequently occurs that we, or what is perhaps worse, our hopes die, after long and painful waiting, when happiness seems just within our reach."

"Yes, yes," said Adele turning towards him her intelligent face. "I often think wherefore is the world so beautiful, when so few seem really to enjoy it, and these few for so short a

time? And why the heart of man is so delicate an instrument that every breeze can play upon it, and sunshine and storm put it in or out of tune at will. People talk of strong, brave hearts," she continued, as if speaking to herself, and looking afar off, as she was wont to do in thoughtful moods, "but I think hearts can only be strong in affections; in grief and sorrow they are weak. Why otherwise the fierce struggle with woe, of a proud man's heart? Why is the conflict so severe, the battle so long, and why does a woman lay hers, when bleeding, at the feet of her God, resigning it to Him?"

"But what do you call that heart which neither struggles with itself in dark hours, nor seeks consolation from God, but gives itself up to helplessness and despair?"

"That is a heart which, never healthy, is now sick unto death, and must die like a body refusing nourishment; a heart which having no power of resistance, does not know that there is a place where, weary, it can find rest; wounded, it can find healing."

"I wish that I had some of your faith, Miss Adele. You always remind me of my sister when you speak thus. She, though too shy to express her opinion freely, shows through her life that she thinks as you do."

They had reached Louisenrest, but instead of entering the house, they turned to the left, and without a remark walked into the park.

"Do tell me something of your sister, Mr. Delaware. When is she coming? How old is she?"

"Not yet eighteen. She was painfully diffident and timid some time

ago, but although still very retiring, she has much more self-possession now. I hope you and she will become good friends. She was never intimate with a young lady of her own age, because always delicate in health, she was, until my mother's death, her constant companion."

"I shall do all I can to make Louisenrest agreeable to her—that is, if she will permit me to do so—but perhaps being so much alone and accustomed to older society, she may not like mine."

"No fear," returned Harry, looking at her long, dark lashes, as with eyes cast down, she walked by his side. "No fear, Lydia will surely appreciate you; and you, her," he added, as he saw a slight flush rise on her cheek.

"There come Mr. and Mrs. Brown," said Adele, by way of changing the conversation. "I wish you would look well at her, and tell me if there are many such beautiful women in your country. I never saw more perfect features. But what is the matter with you Mr. Delaware?" exclaimed she, when Mr. and Mrs. Brown had passed, and Harry pale and trembling, unable to move, dropped his crutch, and leaned against a tree for support.

"Hush, hush," said he, breathing with difficulty and closing his eyes. "I shall soon be better; I do not wish to attract attention to my momentary faintness."

"Just allow me to call Mr. Brown to assist you to the seat under the tree near us," said Adele, nearly as pale as he, with the fear of his falling.

"Call *him* to help me!" said Harry almost fiercely. "No, not for

the world. I feel better, and if you will kindly give me my crutch, I can reach the seat, without any assistance except yours."

Adele, after handing him his crutch, bade him lean on her shoulder. Anxiously watching his tottering steps, she said: "I am small, but I am very strong. Lean upon me as heavily as you require."

When he put his hand upon her shoulder she trembled visibly, but her step did not falter; and when they reached the bench, she was calm and quiet.

"I will go and get you a glass of water at the nearest fountain, and then leave you and send John to you with a hand-carriage, for I am sure you are not able to walk."

Harry made no reply, but when she returned with the water, he told her that he did not wish to have anyone know of his indisposition, and that he was quite well enough to walk.

"I regard you as my friend, and trust that you will not mention to any one, my slight attack of weakness," said he, while a bitter smile played around his lips.

Adele tried with true womanly tact to make him suppose that she attached no importance to it. She said that walking for the first time, with but one crutch, had, without doubt, wearied him, and talked lightly on different topics. She was however secretly certain that the sight of Mr. or Mrs. Brown had caused his emotion, and what young girl would remain long in doubt which it was? At the end of the park, near the bowling alley, they saw at a distance Mrs. Brown's blue veil; and Adele,

not daring to look up, chatted the more gaily, not aware that Harry had turned his eyes from the blue veil, and was looking down upon her with a strange expression in his deep, dark eyes. He did not renew his request that she should not mention his sudden illness when they parted at Louisenrest, for he knew well that she would not. When he entered his room, he found John there, who, from his restless moving about, and his side glances at his young master, appeared to have something on his mind which he did not know how to reveal. "Sir," said he at last, with a visible effort, "do you know who this Mrs. Brown is, of whom Captain Von Osborn talks so much?"

"Yes," said his master, with scarcely less effort, and taking up a newspaper. "Yes, I saw her just now in the park, she is the former Mrs. Courtenay."

John, who, during Harry's delirium at the "Angel," had become somewhat acquainted with the state of his affections, was much disturbed when he saw Mrs. Brown. First, because he was really attached to Harry, and then, he feared that his young master—whose decision of character he knew, but whose pride he did not understand—might leave Louisenrest as precipitately as he had left New York. This thought gave John much discomfort; for not only was he treated with kindness, but thanks to Fritz's idea of his being a philosopher, he was regarded with awe and distinction by all the domestics at Louisenrest.

Harry was fearfully agitated. All his old dreams were revived at the sight of the woman whom he had so

madly loved, and his imagination tried to invest her with all the graces, all the loveliness of his ideal, while his heart was wildly beating.

John, who appeared that day to have more to do in Harry's room than usual, soon broke his young master's reverie, by telling him that Lizzie, Mrs. Brown's maid—who, poor thing, not speaking German, could converse with no one but himself—had told him that her mistress had made Mr. Brown's acquaintance on the way from New York to Boston. They were married two days later, and were now on their bridal tour to Switzerland. She had also informed him that Mr. Brown was very wealthy, owning one of the richest petroleum wells in Pennsylvania.

"She sold herself," thought Harry, while he listened with apparent indifference to John's communication, which he made while brushing his master's clothes and his hat for the sixth time. Harry despised the woman, while her personal charms still dazzled his eyes, and kept his imagination in bonds.

"Shall I ever forget her?" thought he, closing his eyes, as if to shut her from his sight, "or will she always haunt me, poisoning all the expectations of happiness, which linger in every heart not worn out with age or worldly pleasure? No, no, she shall not," said he, rising and pacing up and down in the room; "if she had died while I believed her worthy of my love, I might go on mourning during the remainder of my life; but one who could sell herself for gold, shall never rejoice that she broke my heart. Adele is right," continued he, "the strength of the heart lies only in its

affections; all my pride, all my resolutions sweeten not its bitterness, nor make the conflict less severe."

CHAPTER XVIII.

ADELE had little time during that day, to think over the events of the morning. She found on returning, that an old friend of her mother, had arrived from Coblenz to pay a short visit; and, as in Germany, young people are educated to pay much respect and attention to the aged, Adele and her sister assisted their mother in entertaining her guest. They listened with the greatest attention to stories which they had heard innumerable times ever since they were little children.

Adele's account of Kathrine's peaceful death, affected all; and the Doctor promised to go to Lahneck as soon as the poor woman was buried, and to make all necessary arrangements for the building of the cottage, by the time Adele had her plan ready. After supper, some of the guests assembled as usual in the saloon, and we find there, among many strangers, some whom we met at the Doctor's birthday festival.

The Countess Petrowska and Madame de Cambiar were seated near a window, seemingly deeply interested in a conversation, which, however, was carried on principally by the lively French woman.

Mr. Johnston had, within a few days, paid marked attention to Mrs. Ziegel; that is, such attention as a fleshy, red-faced, short, indolent Englishman, who speaks only half a dozen German words, can pay to a German

lady, whose knowledge of the English language is not much greater, but whose energy is boundless. She is now endeavoring to entertain him with a description of the delightful music the *animals* make who build a nest in the tree before her window. He says "yes," where he should say "no," and "no" where he ought to say "yes," and laughs where he ought to look grave.

Miss Helmer walks up and down with her betrothed, vainly trying to smother a severe fit of yawning, to which she is becoming more and more subject when in his society. Mr. and Mrs. Helmer, and Señor and Madame Ruiseñor sit comfortably round a small table and play whist.

Professor Schönleben, ensconced in a large arm-chair, is reading; while his wife, standing near him at a window, looks out and is secretly wishing that she could go down to the kitchen, and teach the cook to make tarts and other pastry; as those they had for dessert were abominable, and gave her the dyspepsia.

Bertha, Mrs. Ziegel's pretty sister, is entertained by a handsome, young Italian; and though his German vocabulary is not much larger than Mr. Johnston's, he speaks volumes with his fine, dark eyes, and Bertha seems to understand him without much trouble. His faculty of guessing what she wishes to say, must be marvellous, if one can judge of it by the contrast between *their* animated conversation, and the heavy silence that often hovers over that of Mr. Johnston and Mrs. Ziegel.

Adele stood at the piano, looking over some new music; while on a sofa near, sat Mrs. Brown, surrounded by

gentlemen, among whom was Captain Von Osborn.

"Then you have known Mr. Delaware in New York, Madame?" Adele heard the latter saying.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Brown, "I knew the family very well before my marriage with Mr. Brown. Are not Mr. Delaware's father and sister with him?"

"No," said the Captain. "But he expects them very soon."

"My thoughts concerning her this morning are correct; she is his dead hope," thought Adele, bending lower over the music in her hand, lest the sudden pain she felt in her heart might be read in her face.

"Miss Adele, will you not play some of these new pieces," said some one quite near, whose approach she had not noticed, so absorbed was she in listening to a voice in her heart, which till now had been so silent, that she, feeling quite secure, had doubted its existence.

"With pleasure, Mr. Delaware, if it will not interrupt the conversation of the other ladies and gentlemen," she replied, raising her head from its bending position. Harry would have seen that she was very pale, if his attention had not been withdrawn by Mrs. Brown, who, with a "Good evening, Mr. Delaware," extended her hand to him with all the assurance of some American ladies, who dare to do a great many things, which their more timid sisters across the Atlantic, who are not usually taught so much knowledge of their "rights," would not venture to do. Forced to do so, by the presence of others, Harry took the proffered hand, but letting it drop instantly, he bowed so coldly and dis-

tantly, that Capt. Von Osborn in his heart called him an "Iceberg." Adele who saw Harry's face, and read much in it, that was invisible to others, began to play with so much spirit a composition of Liszt, that if politeness had not obliged those nearest to the piano to listen, necessity would have done it, as they could not continue any conversation, without raising their voices to an unwonted pitch.

Harry drew a chair near Adele, and seating himself, he whispered: "Thanks," while he turned the leaves of the music for her, thus tacitly making her his confidante. Adele was just playing the last chords of her piece, when a gentleman entered, whose creaking boots and outlandish appearance attracted general attention, which was not diminished, when he went up to Mrs. Brown, and having seated himself beside her, was introduced by her to those nearest, as her husband.

Mr. Brown was of medium stature, slender and pale. His sandy-colored hair, parted in the middle, was not brushed away from his small, narrow forehead, but combed straight down, all around his head, stood like bristles from it. A long black coat, reaching nearly to his ankles; a short vest, and the sleeves of his coat gathered round the arm-holes; square-toed, heavy boots; fingers with nails which looked as if the relics of his original occupation of digging the ground, had not forsaken him, since he had found petroleum—all gave him rather a grotesque appearance in that refined and elegant assemblage. He was one of those unfortunate mortals who always suppose that foreigners are deaf, and

consequently shout into the ears of the unhappy objects of their attention.

"Captain Von Osborn," Harry heard him say, "you told me that Mr. Delaware would be here to-night, which is he?"

Captain Von Osborn, with his habitual politeness, though disgusted with the man's manners, told him that he would give him an introduction to Mr. Delaware if he desired it.

"No, thank you," replied Brown. Harry breathed more freely, but only for a moment, as Brown added, "just point him out to me, and I will go and introduce myself. His family are great friends of Mrs. Brown's, and belong to the first people in New York. They are immensely wealthy. This Mr. Delaware's father was—" Here he was interrupted by his wife, to Harry's infinite relief. She said something to him in a low voice, to which he replied, though not as loudly as he had hitherto spoken, yet with sufficient distinctness to be heard by those who understood the English language: "I know exactly what to do, my dear, and I am quite sure that he will be happy to make the acquaintance of a countryman who can sympathize with his feelings and tastes in this rather heathenish company. Just think of the way Captain Von Osborn told me they spend the Sabbath here. I shudder when I think of these lost souls. I will tell Mr. Delaware that we shall, for his sake, stay over the Sabbath here, and will have a prayer-meeting in the morning, afternoon and evening, in your sitting-room, to which we most cordially invite him."

For some women it takes a long time to become acquainted with the

character and peculiarities of their husbands, because their knowledge of them before marriage is very superficial; but others read rapidly how far they can venture with them, and of this latter class, Mrs. Brown was a proficient. She carelessly turned, therefore, to a dashing young Lieutenant of Hussars, who had never regretted so much his idleness at school, in the study of foreign languages, as now, when it deprived him of conversing fluently with her, whom he called the "Goddess of Beauty." How many gallant speeches, how many elegant, well turned compliments she lost, by his inability to translate them into English, he alone could fully appreciate and lament.

Capt. Von Osborn, observing the chagrin of the handsome officer, never had the English language more completely at his command; and although Mrs. Brown's beauty was not of the style he admired, he appeared to be fascinated, while the poor Hussar was secretly raving, as he had not courage to utter a single word of his broken English in the presence of such a formidable rival.

Mr. Brown, meanwhile strode over to Harry, but his assurance that that gentleman would be most happy to make his acquaintance must soon have left him, as he was received with a manner so cold and haughty that it could not be misunderstood. When Mr. Brown told Harry of his programme for the Sabbath, he declined the invitation briefly, without deigning to give any reason for so doing.

Adele, who had left her seat for one near Professor Schönleben, when she saw Mr. Brown approach Harry, noticed the elongated face with which

he returned to his wife, while his boots seemed to creak louder, and his hair to stand stiffer than ever.

"Who is that girl who was playing upon the piano just now?" asked Mrs. Brown, playing negligently with her fan, when she saw Harry take up his crutch; and after having spoken a few words to the Countess and Madame de Cambiar, join Adele and the Professor.

"Miss Leiden, the sister of Mrs. Herbert, a very talented and interesting young lady," replied the Captain, provoked by the tone in which the question was asked; for as we have said before, he greatly admired Adele's mind and character. "She is not only a proficient in music, but is, for her age, remarkably well read and accomplished. She is a most estimable young lady, admired and beloved by all who know her," he continued.

"It is a pity she is not prettier," Mrs. Brown could not, with all her self-control, help saying. But she bit her lip at this betrayal of her pique, as the Captain courteously returned that "Miss Leiden's face having all the charms of intellect could dispense with regularity of features;" after which remark, he bowed profoundly, and going to Miss Angler, who had just entered, and was looking around disconsolately, he left the rejoicing Lieutenant of Hussars, master of the situation.

Professor Schönleben had meanwhile insisted that Harry should take the arm-chair, in which, till now, he had been buried, telling him that Adele had been giving him a description of the cottage she intended to build. "But," said he, "I told her she must rest a few days before going.

again to the mountain cave, as she begins to grow pale. I am afraid General Adlerkreuz could hardly call her sunbeam to-day, she is so grave."

For the first time Harry noticed how thoughtful, beyond her years, the young girl's face was, though she smiled at the Professor's words.

"Her countenance is like her conversation," thought he, "sometimes childlike, careless and happy, and at other moments observing and earnest, like one to whom years and experience have taught much."

But it was not time which had taught Adele, for she was only eighteen years of age; it was not experience, as she had, until now, lived very secluded, having devoted her time to study. It was her intuition which made her understand what others must find in books, or in the world. As her genius was quietly nourished in the circle of her family, it had not detracted from her girlish simplicity, but sometimes led her thoughts into channels in which others of her age dared not follow her.

"Your countrywoman is remarkably beautiful," said the Professor, as Mrs. Brown, when leaving the saloon, bowed gracefully to Harry, while her husband, with something of John's manner, looked up at the ceiling, not seeing anybody, or anything about him.

Harry looked involuntarily after her. Turning at the door to speak to Miss Helmer, Mrs. Brown observed that he did so, and suddenly missed her pocket-handkerchief. Sending her obedient husband to look for it, she remained waiting at the door, her eyes resting upon Harry with such a dreamy, thoughtful and sad expres-

sion, that his heart trembled within him.

Adele, having her back towards the door, was opposite a large mirror, which reflected the whole scene. She saw also Mrs. Brown's triumphant air, as she left the saloon, when her husband returned without the handkerchief, which was all the time snugly ensconced in her pocket.

While all, except Adele, remained in the saloon till Hans entered at nine o'clock, and without ceremony extinguished the lights, leaving all in darkness who did not vanish at his appearance, we will follow Mr. and Mrs. Brown to their handsome apartments on the second floor.

"A nice chap, this Mr. Delaware," said Brown, throwing himself on the sofa, as soon as the door closed upon Lizzie, who had, during her mistress' absence, flirted with Fritz, the Captain's valet, from the window. "A nice chap," repeated he, taking from his pocket some chewing tobacco, wrapped in a soiled, yellow paper. "I hope," he added, as soon as he had bitten off a piece of the American Elixir, and had lodged it safely in one side of his wide mouth, "I hope, Mrs. B., that all your friends will not treat your husband in such an off-hand manner. My dollars are as good as theirs, any day. We shall leave here to-morrow," he continued, after a long pause, observing that his wife made no reply. "We have seen enough of the Rhine to talk about it in the States, and as I can stay only six weeks longer, we must make haste, and travel as much as we can during that time. We can, meanwhile, read in the traveller's guide, about those places we can not visit. It will do

just as well as to see them—nobody will be the wiser for it at home. My cousin, Tom Smith, has done Europe in four weeks, why should it take us so much longer? It will be enough that we have been to Europe."

Mrs. Brown, who had drawn off her gloves, and was carefully folding them—her usual habits being orderly—replied very coldly when her lord ceased speaking: "It will be impossible for me to leave so soon, as I have ordered some dresses from Cologne, which I shall not receive before Monday."

"Well, Mrs. B.," exclaimed Brown, "you surely do not mean that we must wait here Friday, Saturday and Sunday for those dresses! Losing three, or at least two, valuable days—because the Sabbath we of course can not count—in such an out-of-the-way place, too, that I never heard of from any one who crossed the Atlantic."

His wife replied: "You can, meanwhile, go to Wiesbaden and Baden-Baden. They are very noted places, and you will not then lose your time."

"Yes, but will not my beauty be lonely without her husband?" said Brown, putting his arm around her, and trying to kiss her.

"Oh, go away," said his wife, laughingly, endeavoring to free herself from his embrace. "Give me first what you promised me this morning, and then you may take a kiss."

"How much did you ask for?" said he, taking out his pocket-book.

She leaned affectionately upon his shoulder, saying, with a bewitching smile; "Just as much as my generous husband will give his little spendthrift of a wife."

He of course put his pocket-book aside, and taking his check-book, he wrote a draft upon his banker, leaving her to fill out the amount.

"What was money to him? Were not his receipts from his petroleum over two hundred dollars daily, and was it not quite natural that she, proud of such a rich husband, spent money freely? And then did not every one admire his beautiful, fascinating wife, and envy her possessor?"

Mr. Brown had but a short time before worked daily a few hours with a farmer for his board, devoting his spare hours in studying for the ministry with the minister of the small village where he dwelt. He had always thought that it was his vocation to preach the gospel and convert sinners. He deemed himself appointed by Providence to become a brilliant star in the Christian horizon. He was a kind hearted, honest fellow, not overburdened with brains, but had sense enough to admire a pretty girl when he saw one. His chief delight was to distribute tracts; and if you saw him raise his hand to his breast-pocket, you might be certain that a tract was forthcoming, which he would give you with the compassionate look of a saint upon a miserable sinner, or with some such words as these: "Never be weary of seeking the path which will lead you safely from the brink of the precipice on which you stand."

From a poor and dependent—but in his self-complacency very happy—fellow, he became suddenly a rich man, through the death of a relation, who left him a little piece of ground with a tumble-down cottage, scarcely worth any thing. Digging one day

for a well, at the back of the shanty, which he rented for a few dollars to a poor German emigrant, he found—not water, but a gold mine in the form of petroleum.

From this moment he abandoned his study for the ministry, but continued preaching and distributing tracts, neither did he give up his admiration for pretty girls.

He had made the acquaintance of Mrs. Courtenay at the Tremont House in Boston, where she had friends. He saw her first at the table, and was so struck with her beauty, that he forgot to take his breakfast. Having heard of his wealth, and the liberality with which he spent his money, she was not offended by his undisguised admiration. Encouraging him by her smiles, he sought and obtained an introduction. Two days later he offered her his hand, and was readily accepted.

Where is there such a magician as money? What can change its possessor as it does? Saphir says: "Money is the grave accent on an otherwise silent *e*," but we assert that it sometimes makes the *e* and the accent too.

Who three months ago would have called poor Brown an *e*? Can a man possessing nothing be compared to a letter in the alphabet? A man with talents, with genius is a cipher without money, how then can a man without talents or genius be a letter? He is *nothing*, absolutely nothing. No one sees him, no one hears him, no one cares for him. He exists only in his own imagination, to others he is as air.

CHAPTER XIX.

MRS. BROWN, who from her youth had loved nothing, worshiped nothing, and desired nothing but *money*, had married her first husband, a noble-hearted but exceedingly ordinary looking man, not appreciating his fine qualities, but accepting him for his wealth. Having enticed Major Semple to forsake a lovely, trusting girl, she in her turn abandoned him when he lost his fortune. When she endeavored to ensnare Harry Delaware—although she believed that she really loved him—she had in view the fact that she had no prospect in life except to remain a governess or companion, unless she married a man of wealth. Her whole aim was to secure ease and luxury, without which her life would be intolerable. How could she exist without the excitement of theatres, operas, balls and other amusements, which to her were the only things worth living for?

She was one of those women who scruple at nothing, and dare every thing to guide their bark into smooth waters, who having no heart, and a deadened conscience, do not suffer, and are not troubled.

Failing in her design on Harry, Marion Courtenay did not hesitate to accept for her life companion an illiterate, vulgar man, whose fortune would give her all that she coveted.

Mrs. Brown persuaded her husband to visit Wiesbaden and Baden-Baden, while she waited for her dresses at Louisenrest.

He departed the following day at an early hour by rail, being afraid of *losing time* if he went by the steamer, although he was told that the scenery

on both sides of the Rhine was surpassingly beautiful, and that he would lose much of the view by taking the cars.

People who believe that time is money, will often lose the whole day while they jealously watch a moment.

Mrs. Brown sat musing in the balcony of her window, long after her husband had left her. She sat there not to enjoy the balmy breezes, nor to view the landscape, which in the clear atmosphere presented a beautiful picture, nor was it to listen to a pair of nightingales which were giving a concert to many others of the feathered tribe, who perched and listened on the neighboring trees, manifesting their approval by an occasional chirp, or a hop on a loftier branch.

It was not to admire all this beauty of nature that she sat by the window in such a deep reverie. She was thinking and planning, and her thoughts were far from peaceful.

When on entering Mr. Delaware's family in New York, she perceived the impression her beauty made on Harry, she resolved to nourish it carefully, but in such a manner that she would not only seem blameless, but that she should be free to act as she deemed best for her own interest.

We have seen that as far as Harry's peace of mind was concerned, she was successful in her plans, since her consummate coquetry made him feel all for which she had striven; but her other design was frustrated by Major Semple's letter to Mr. Delaware. She neither desired to revenge herself on Harry, nor did she hate him, when she left the stately mansion which had so hospitably received her, and of which she had hoped to become the

mistress. She was incapable of the deep passions of love and hate, but she tried to persuade herself that she could have loved Harry, which idea, however, Mr. Brown's wealth soon dispelled.

Finding Mr. Delaware so unexpectedly at Louisenrest, she determined to return to her old game of getting him in her toils, and was scheming how best to deprive her husband—who, though unrefined and uncultivated, was extremely kind to her—of the greatest portion of his money and then forsake him. She knew it would take some time to accomplish this, but she had patience, she could wait. Satisfied at the conclusion at which she had arrived, she dressed herself in a most becoming morning robe, and strolled into the park, where she hoped to meet Delaware. She remembered with exultation his sudden paleness, when, the day before, she had turned and looked upon him, and she imagined that she could easily free herself from every reproach. But though she walked up and down the paths in the park and garden, and threw herself in graceful attitudes on many a shaded bench, he came not, and she was obliged to return to the house and dress for dinner, without having seen him. Immediately after dinner, she went with Mme. de Cambiar and other ladies to the Hermitage, a rustic building in the garden, hoping that Harry, whom she had seen at table, would follow with the other gentlemen, as those who were allowed to take coffee after dinner were generally served at this place. But she calculated wrongly. Harry, who saw her going there, ordered his coffee on the south piazza; for though he had loved this woman, and his

heart beat quicker in her presence, even yet, he had too high a sense of honor, and too elevated principles not to despise her for the course which he saw she was pursuing in regard to himself. Had she still been Mrs. Courtenay, when they met so short a time after his abrupt departure, and she had looked at him so dreamingly, and apparently forgetful of all surroundings, the result might have been according to her intention. For noble as he was, he was still but man, and might have been duped by the artful coquette. But as the newly married wife of a man, whose hand she had evidently accepted only because it was filled with gold, as such she was to him after a sleepless night of conflict with his rebellious heart, a woman so utterly despicable, that her beauty and grace lost all its power over him.

There are men—and of these Harry was one—who, having had an admirable mother, cannot so easily be led by their passions, as those who have less reason to reverence their nearest female relatives. It is as if a mother's virtue was often rewarded by being a shield for her son's heart, guarding it against unworthy intruders.

Harry leaned back comfortably in one of the invalid chairs with which Louisenrest abounds. He was drinking his coffee and smoking a fragrant cigar, his eye unconsciously following the wreaths of smoke, when a light, buoyant step approached, which he recognized as Captain Von Osborn's.

"I have found you at last," cried that gentleman, before he emerged from the low-hanging boughs of the trees. "I went first to your room, then to the Doctor's study, and from that to the Hermitage, never dream-

ing that you, like a misanthrope, would be here alone, indulging in Mocha and a Havana. I have come to ask you to go to the billiard-room and take a hand in a game of whist. But wait a moment," added he, musing, when Harry, emptying his cup, looked around for his crutch. "Wait a moment. The Doctor has gone to Coblenz, Hans is preparing the afternoon baths under the supervision of the bath-master, Karl is taking a nap—yes, yes, I can venture it without fear of detection," and having rung the bell, he threw Harry's cup, plate and waiter into a rose bush, and sat quietly down, twisting his mustache, while Harry, in silent amazement, stared at him.

No sooner did the napkin, which the waiter who answered the bell, was swinging, appear in sight, than the Captain called out: "Bring a large cup of strong coffee without delay to Mr. Delaware."

"I beg a thousand pardons, sir, that you have had to wait so long. I told Louis to bring the coffee as soon as you ordered it, but —"

"Never mind that now," interrupted the Captain, who was afraid that the Doctor, or what might be worse, Karl, might make his appearance. "Never mind that now, only be quick."

"Well, well, you are incorrigible," said Harry, laughing heartily, when the waiter disappeared with the quick, short steps, generally adopted by his trade.

A large cup of steaming Mocha was soon placed before Harry, who, when the waiter left, gave it with cigars and matches to the Captain.

"There," said he, enjoying it all

like a boy, "now I will watch that nobody surprises you, therefore take your time, and do not swallow your coffee scalding hot." After a pause he added: "I wonder what the Doctor would say, if he saw us now," peering as he spoke, through the branches to see that no one was approaching.

"Well may you wonder, as he himself does not know what to say," said a voice behind him.

"Oh heavens, the Doctor!" cried the Captain, in comic distress, while he threw away his cigar, and tried to hide the coffee.

The Doctor and Harry laughed immoderately, "like two fools," the Doctor declared, when he told the story. When Dr. Herbert, who was soon called away, had left them, the two friends went to the billiard-room, from whence the distant sound of laughter, and the hum of many voices, reached them. On entering, they found two or three diplomats playing billiards; while many others, gay Germans, talkative Frenchmen, quiet sons of Great Britain, cunning Russians, gesticulating Italians, dignified Spaniards, and representatives of other nationalities of the earth, stood around the billiard table, all deeply interested in the game, and each one trying in his mother tongue, to give to his neighbor his opinion of it. The confusion at the tower of Babel could not have been greater.

At a small side table, General Adlerkreuz, Professor Schönleben, Mr. Johnston and Mr. Vanderbelt were playing whist. The old General was an inveterate whist player, and looked as if he were ready to storm at cards and players.

Vanderbelt was arranging his cards with provoking deliberation, making now and then a frightful grimace, which he was in the habit of doing, when annoyed by any thing.

Professor Schönleben, understanding the temperament of the General, was mild and calm as usual, and to disturb Johnston seemed an impossibility.

"Who the d—l is to begin?" cried the General, with a stentorian voice.

"The one who asks," came quietly from the Professor's lips.

"Here is the Queen of Hearts," said the warrior. Silently his neighbor laid down a small card, and the General's partner took it with an ace.

"Why did you take my trick?" thundered the General.

"I played after you," coolly replied Johnston. The opponents of the General now made three tricks, which made him furious.

"This is enough to drive one mad," said he, and mused, while his neighbor played a small card.

"Here is my King," roared he then, and surely many in the Professor's place would have dropped their cards, being startled by the voice and the rolling eyes of the irascible old soldier. Not so Professor Schönleben. He gently laid down an Ace, saying: "I always take a King." The heavy, gray mustache of the General now flew up and down like a storm-tossed vessel. Vanderbelt stretched himself and yawned. The Professor marked the tricks, and the silent Englishman lit a cigar.

"Gentlemen," said a voice politely from among the billiard players, "I must beg you to be a little more

quiet; I become confused with the noise."

"The d—I take you and your billiards," grumbled the General in his beard.

Harry Delaware and Captain Von Osborn, who had witnessed the scene, went laughing to two gentlemen, who were playing chess as little disturbed as if the silence of utter solitude reigned around them.

Harry, the Captain, and two other gentlemen, took their places round a card table, and as all four played with skill and attention, they had become interested in the game just as a long, thin figure appeared at the door, calling out loudly: "Gentlemen, it is five o'clock, time to take your bath."

At these words, every one started up, and it was amusing to see the effect they produced on the first named whist table. The old General became as gentle as a lamb. Vanderbilt made his worst grimaces. Johnston buttoned up his coat with quiet resignation, and taking the General's arm, left the saloon with him. Professor Schönleben was about to follow, when Vanderbilt, slowly rising, took hold of his arm, and making his grimaces in fearfully quick succession, had to be dragged by the Professor to the bath.

The Captain, who was, as usual, one of the last to be ready, would most assuredly have attempted to escape this afternoon bath, which was held by most of the guests in great detestation, had not the lean, bony figure at the door, who knew his people, waited till the saloon was empty. He held the door wide open, and with one eye at the saloon, observed sharply with the other whether all took the

right direction to the bath. Delaware, one of the privileged few, who could do pretty much as they liked at Louisenrest, went to his own room.

CHAPTER XX.

SATURDAY and Sunday had come and passed, and Mrs. Brown had not succeeded in obtaining an interview with Harry Delaware, although she had gone into the park and garden almost every hour of the day.

Mr. Brown had returned on Saturday night. As the train was detained by a slight accident, he was unfortunately obliged to travel a half hour after the Sabbath had commenced, and therefore did not reach Louisenrest before half-past twelve at night.

He said that this had taught him the grave and important lesson, never again to travel on Saturday evening, as Satan was always ready to make us violate Divine laws.

He was fully determined to leave Louisenrest on Monday morning; but his wife had such a violent headache that he—poor fool—bathed her head with Eau de Cologne, telling her when she expressed her grief at being unable to travel, or even to pack her trunks, that she need think no more of it, as he would gladly stay till "his beauty" had quite recovered, and could enjoy travelling; which meant from his standpoint, being shut up in the cars, and flying as fast as steam could propel them, from one place to another, not troubling themselves about scenery, antiquities, and such romantic follies, or in other words,

"do Europe like sensible people, who know that time is money."

Harry went as usual on Monday morning to pay his visit to the Doctor's family, but found only Mrs. Herbert at home. Adele and her mother had gone to the Mountain Cave, as the Doctor had made all the arrangements necessary to build a small cottage. A builder at Lahneck was to commence the work on that day, and Miss Leiden thought that it would benefit Adele to see the delight of Hubert and his family.

Since Kathrine's death she had visibly altered, and as she had never before witnessed the great change, called death, her mother and sister thought it had made a deep and painful impression upon her. Though never uttering a complaint, she seemed far from well.

"My sister has such an impressionable nature," said Mrs. Herbert to Harry, "that though of a happy, cheerful disposition, she feels grief and joy with all who have any claim on her sympathy, and often feels it more deeply than they do. I have seen her when a child, grieving after losses her little friends had sustained, long after they had forgotten them."

Mrs. Herbert was right in the estimate of her sister's character, but mistaken in conjecturing that her present mood was occasioned by Kathrine's death, which, though it had filled her young and tender heart with earnest emotion, had not changed the tenor of her entire existence.

Another voice than that of death had done this. A voice whose first whisperings fill some hearts with nameless happiness, and like the balmy air in spring, open every bud and blossom

of joy, and in others more cruel, more destructive than the grave, wither even the green leaf of hope.

"Captain Von Osborn has planned an excursion to Bornhofen, to see the ruins of the two Castles, called 'the Brothers,'" said Harry, in the course of conversation, to Mrs. Herbert. "He has just gone to see if we can have the band of music from R—, to accompany us over the river in a boat. I suppose that it will be a delightful excursion, as we shall come back by moonlight. I hope that you, the Doctor and Miss Adele, will join us."

"I do not know whether the Doctor can be so long absent from here," said Mrs. Herbert. "But I will try, for Adele's sake, to go. This is a beautiful day for a journey upon the water, and as you have not yet seen 'the Brothers,' you will be charmed with the ruins, and the view you have from there. The legend of these Castles can be told in a few words:

"Two brothers had each built a Castle on neighboring mountains, and soon afterwards became bitter enemies. Some say, on account of an inheritance; others that they both loved the same lady. They shunned each other for a long time, but meeting accidentally by the Chapel, which stands at the foot of the mountains, they fought, and both fell. Their only sister, a young and lovely girl, but entirely blind, afterwards built the Convent, adjoining the Chapel, and during her life prayed day and night for the repose of the souls of her unhappy brothers. The Convent is now occupied by Brothers of the Franciscan Order, and the Chapel is visited every year by thousands of tourists."

"I am indebted to you for making me acquainted with this legend. To me all these reminiscences have an indescribable charm. I begin to appreciate the pride of the Germans in this beautiful river, and can understand the anxiety of the father who warns his sons not to visit the Rhine, fearing that he will never return home, and therefore says: 'My son, my son, go not on the Rhine, thou wilt return no more,' " etc.

The atmosphere was clear and bright, and the boats glided smoothly over the water, while the band played softly many of the Rhine songs, whose sweet, melancholy notes were echoed by the mountains, from whose summits gray old ruins looked grimly down.

From all the villages bordering the Rhine the people gathered on the shore to listen to the melodies which they all knew well, and always loved to hear. It was one of those scenes, for the full enjoyment of which, one must love nature, and her best interpreter, poetry.

It was not a loud, boisterous gaiety, it was like the dream of a poet, filling the heart with vague and undefined emotions. All of our party seemed to feel this in different degrees, as they grew more and more quiet, scarcely a word being spoken. Even the splendid eyes of the unimpressible Countess wandered about dreamily.

"What a pity that we have not chartered a steamer to bring us to Bornhofen quicker," suddenly said Mr. Brown, breaking the silence. He had joined the party only because his wife, who said she was much better, insisted upon doing so. "It takes a

wonderful long time to go this short distance by sail, on such a calm day. If people here are generally as lavish of their time as I find them at Louisenrest, I do not wonder that there is so much poverty in the land."

"It may be," smilingly replied Professor Schönleben, to whom this remark was addressed, "that we Germans dream sometimes, when we ought to act; and that, as a general thing, we do not value time in the sense you Americans do, and therefore miss many opportunities which fortune would perhaps otherwise place in our way. But are you happier for your ceaseless restlessness, for your rushing through life, for your craving after excitement, which, keeping your brain constantly active, exhausts your bodily strength before your mental powers have reached maturity? It is true you find here more poverty than in your country, but tell me where are the laboring classes happier, where is health better, life longer, here or there?"

Mrs. Brown, not wishing her husband to expose his views, cut short the conversation by asking him to fan her, as her headache had returned. She endeavored, meanwhile, to attract Harry's attention, and, being unsuccessful, for he was sitting by Adele, who was telling him the names of the villages they passed, she was so piqued, that the headache she had feigned in the morning became a reality for her punishment. "I wonder why he talks so much to that plain girl," thought she, as she looked at Adele, who at that moment was, with a smothered sigh, regarding Bertha, who, happy, and blushing like a rose in the sunshine, listened to

something which the handsome Italian was saying to her in a low voice.

They arrived at length at Bornhofen, greatly to the satisfaction of Brown. The captain, always attentive and gallant to ladies, was the first to spring on shore, assisting the ladies to land. He was as careful that Miss Angler should not get her large, flat feet wet, as he was to protect Adele's dainty small ones. He then ordered the musicians to go before them up the mountain, so that when the party arrived, they should be received with music. They all went for a moment into the Chapel, which, being a quaint, old building, had much interest for them. Brown only found it tiresome. Not being a "paying business," this looking at every tumble-down relic of past ages had no charm for him.

After having left the Chapel, and passed the few houses which constitute Bornhofen, they arrived at the foot of the mountain, where, as at Lahneck, donkeys and horses stood waiting. Harry Delaware, before the others had decided whether to ride or walk, had selected the two best looking donkeys for Mrs. Herbert and Adele, and a sober looking hack for himself. The captain and the other gentlemen were detained a considerable time before the ladies came to any conclusion. This momentous question solved, those who preferred to ride were carefully assisted to mount. Many preferred walking, as the path leading to the Brothers is not steep or rugged, but winds slowly up, and is shaded and pleasant. No one could induce Miss Angler to risk her precious life on the back of such a forlorn-looking animal; and Mrs. Ziegel,

having heard of Adele's accident at Lahneck, at the sight of the donkeys, unconsciously put her hands up to her head, thinking, with an inward shudder, what she should do, if in a violent ride her hair should come down, and instead of falling like a veil over her shoulders, should spread itself over the ground. No, no; she did not dare venture to ride on a donkey, and thanked her stars that this accident had happened to Adele, since it now warned her from a similar one. The handsome Italian, whom we heard Bertha call Count Giovanni, preferred walking; and Bertha, accepting his arm, gaily led the way.

Mrs. Herbert, Adele and Harry were the first who reached the ruins. No accident had happened to Adele, as her donkey was as meek and obedient as the one at Lahneck had been obstinate. Mr. and Mrs. Brown, the Countess, Madame de Cambiar, Captain Von Osborn and Professor Schönleben were the next, and were received with music, for which the musicians had hardly recovered their breath when the first party arrived. Captain Von Osborn playing the host in Dr. Herbert's absence, ordered at a small restaurant—which on the summit of the first mountain leans confidently on a solitary wall of the ruins—wine, bread and cheese for the musicians, and for the others, coffee, bread and butter. Luxuries were not to be had there. While the musicians partook of their repast, a large table was spread on the second mountain for the guests of Louisenrest. The two mountains lie close together. The one reached first has not as much open space as the second, where the only remains of the former castle are

some immensely thick walls, which, covered with ivy and other creeping plants, are a worthy monument of fallen pride and grandeur. Sternberg is the name of the first ruin, Liebenstein that of the second.

"What would the former inhabitants of these Castles say, if they could rise from their graves, and see the steamboat going over the Rhine, while on both sides of the river see engine whistles, and the train rushes from one town to another," said Harry, when, having taken a cup of coffee, the company began to disperse, leaving behind only a few gentlemen smoking their cigars.

"Not seeing the spirit of man much improved, they would surely exclaim: 'Vanity, vanity, all is vanity!'" sententiously answered Brown, to whom Harry had not addressed his remark. These were the first words he had uttered since he reached the mountain, as he had been till now speculating why they had all come to see these walls.

"Oh," said the Captain, who had taken a strong dislike to Brown, and who delighted to provoke him when Mrs. Brown was not present, "Oh, steamboats and railways and such things are nothing. But what would they say if they could enjoy the company of Mr. Brown at the 'Black Crook' in New York? I am sure that the poor fellows would wish that they had been born a few centuries later. Apropos, Mr. Brown, tell us something of that enchanting play. Which of the dancing fairies has the smallest feet?"

"Sir," exclaimed the indignant Brown, stretching forth his arms, as if he were going to preach; "Sir, I

hope that you do not suppose that I visit such kind of amusements. Never shall my foot wander so far from the path of the just. I, a member of the Young Men's Christian Association; I, a Temperance Man; a Teetotaler; a Mason; a Good Templar; a Wise Man, have plenty of occupation for my evenings in improving myself, in order to become a light to shine in the darkness of the night to my erring brethren, and take them out of the deep abyss of misery and sin!"

"Come, Mr. Brown, let us go and see where the ladies are," said the kind-hearted Professor, fearing that the Captain might go too far with his badinage; and, taking Brown's arm, he walked away with him.

"The hypocrite!" said the Captain, looking after Brown. "I have not for a long time felt such an aversion for any person; and I begin to despise his wife, who, being a lady, could accept such a man."

"Excuse me," said Harry, "but I believe you judge him harshly. He is no hypocrite; he firmly believes all he says. His faults are the narrowness of his views and his self-complacency. I am quite sure that he is really what is termed a good young man."

"Then heaven deliver me from all such; for a more tiresome, disagreeable fellow I surely never met.—But what was that? Did you hear that cry? Whence came it?"

"Something must have happened on the other mountain," said Harry, taking up his crutch and hastening away, followed by the Captain, as shrieks and cries for help from the

other mountain rent the air. Throwing their instruments aside, the musicians ran after the two gentlemen, and all quickly reached Sternberg, where, among the ladies and gentlemen, such utter consternation prevailed that no one spoke coherently. Delaware and his companions were obliged to ascertain for themselves the cause of the outcry.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Great heaven! I believe a wall has fallen down on yonder side," exclaimed one of the musicians, who had climbed to the top of the tree, to try and learn the cause of the excitement.

Harry Delaware, startled by this supposition, threw down his crutch, and sprang like a deer over rocks, walls and ditches, directly to the spot indicated by the musician. He was closely followed by the Captain, and both prepared to leap over a wide gap surrounded by walls, in the midst of the ruin, when they were arrested by a faint cry arising from its depths.

"Somebody has fallen in here," said the Captain, grasping Harry's hand; and, pale as death, the young men looked at each other, horror-stricken.

"Have courage, help is coming," cried Harry, laying himself on the ground, trying to look into the abyss; but the high walls, and the branches of a tree that partially overshadowed it, admitted no light. He could see nothing.

"Go quickly for ropes and a lantern," he said to the Captain, who

sped away like one having wings, accompanied by a gentleman of the party they had met a few moments before, and who at that instant arrived at the scene of the accident. Pale and trembling, the bystanders endeavored to master their own fears, and spoke cheering words into the obscurity. No one could tell who the unfortunates were, and no one dared to guess.

The two gentlemen speedily returned with ropes, water and a lantern. Fastening the latter to a rope, they let it down into the pit, and saw, to their great satisfaction, that it was not as deep as its darkness at first led them to suppose.

"Now," said Harry, fastening the rope to the trunk of a large tree near the gap, "I shall go down and you will soon know what to do," and before the Captain—who was not willing to be out-done in generosity and courage—could remonstrate, Harry swung over the dark abyss, and disappeared.

The anxiety of the spectators became momentarily more intense. Some stood speechless with dread and horror. Others fearing that one who was dear to them, might be lying there mangled and helpless, could not keep quiet, but were pacing restlessly up and down, now and then giving a look of sickening apprehension at the gap.

The ladies present were the Countess and Mme. de Cambiar. The former, pale and still as a marble statue, leaned against a wall. The latter sat upon a rock, her head buried in her hands. Mrs. Helmer and Mrs. Brown had accompanied them, but Mrs. Helmer, not knowing where her daughter

was, had fainted when she saw the darkness of the gap, and was borne from the spot. Mrs. Brown was, as we know, *too tender-hearted* to witness any misery, and ran away in great trepidation when she saw Mrs. Helmer swoon.

"Draw up the rope, slowly and carefully," was at length said by Harry from out the darkness below. The gentlemen drew it up gently, while the eyes of the by-standers grew dim, and perspiration stood in great drops upon their foreheads.

A moment more, and they could see Harry Delaware holding the rope with one hand, while his other arm was clasped around the form of a woman, but who she was they could not discern. At length Harry was drawn up so high that they could reach him, and the Captain took from him a lifeless form, from whose head and arm the blood was streaming. They at once recognized Adele Leiden. Harry, freed from his burden, breathlessly swung himself up on the ground.

"Some one go down quickly, it is not as deep as it looks. Miss Angler and Mr. Johnston are there," said he, as soon as he was able to speak. Scarcely had the words been uttered, when the Captain and Mr. Brown—yes, Mr. Brown, a true American in daring, and not without generous sentiments—made themselves ready to go down.

No one could tell where Mrs. Herbert was while Adele lay senseless upon the ground, her head placed upon the lap of the Countess. Madame de Cambiar, having bathed the poor girl's face, and bound up the wound on her head, was doing all she could to restore her to consciousness. She

became alarmed when she saw that every effort she made was unavailing.

"Call Mr. Delaware," said the Countess, who, having noticed his promptness and self-possession, had much confidence in him.

Madame de Cambiar called Harry, who was most anxious to know how Adele was, but was restrained by delicacy from approaching, while the ladies were exerting their skill. Shocked by the ghastly look of the unconscious girl, Harry took the bandage off her head, and washing the wound carefully, he bound grass over it. Then tearing open the sleeve of her dress on her right arm, they saw that the whole arm was bruised. When Harry touched her arm, the poor girl gave the first sign of life by pitiful moans, and it required all his firmness to bandage it. Large tears rolled down the face of Madame de Cambiar and the Countess, and bending down, they kissed tenderly and softly the cheek of the sufferer.

The efforts of Captain Von Osborn, Mr. Brown, and the other gentlemen, had soon extricated Miss Angler and Mr. Johnston. Both were bruised and stunned by the fall, but had, as far as could be ascertained, no limbs broken.

The cavity into which they had fallen was sandy and thickly covered with dry leaves. Adele owed her wounds to Miss Angler, on whom she had partly fallen.

While Harry and the others are anxiously awaiting the arrival of Mrs. Herbert, we will inform our readers how the accident happened.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHEN the party scattered in small groups to explore the ruins, and the neighboring forest, Mrs. Ziegel, Miss Angler, Adele and Mr. Johnston went together. When, however, Mrs. Ziegel saw that she should have to go up and down hills to see the ruins, she left them and joined Mrs. Herbert and the others on their way to the forest.

Miss Angler and Mr. Johnston were a little in advance of Adele, who bent down, now and then, to gather violets, which grow thickly amid the ruins.

In the centre of the Castle, a place which was covered with boards, seemed to be a wide gap. Miss Angler, rather afraid to cross it, would have drawn back, but was ashamed to show her timidity to Johnston. She followed, when suddenly the boards—doubtless mouldered by time and dampness—gave way, and Johnston disappearing into the depth below, left his companion swinging on a broken board, which was kept up by the weight of some stones that had fallen upon the end of it, from the wall.

Adele, hearing a scream, rushed to the place from whence it sounded, and saw Miss Angler hanging on a board, over an opening which yawned under her like a measureless abyss. Calling for help, Adele ran to her assistance. Miss Angler grasped her with the despair of one drowning, but the slight girl was not strong enough to drag the heavy form out of its frightful position, and Miss Angler, retaining her hold, dragged Adele with her into the depth.

Mrs. Herbert and her companions, who had been in a shady wood, at last slowly sauntered to the ruins, and stood aghast at the scene which was presented to their view.

In the shadow of the moss-covered ruins, surrounded by pitying friends, lay Adele with her head on the lap of the Countess, who now and then bent over her, whispering soft and soothing words.

Not far from her, on a couch made of shawls on the soft grass, lay Miss Angler, groaning aloud, and not allowing any one to touch her, or speak to her; while Johnston lying near with closed eyes and not uttering a sound, bore his sufferings like a stoic.

"What will my mother say when I take her darling to her in such a condition," sobbed Mrs. Herbert, taking her sister gently in her arms. Adele endeavored to smile, and whispered faintly that she would soon be better.

No one could show any sympathy for Miss Angler or Mr. Johnston, as the former said plainly she would rather be let alone, and the latter expressed with his closed eyes, and compressed lips, the same sentiment.

Two easy chairs, and plenty of soft pillows were obtained from the hotel at Bornhofen, in which Adele and Miss Angler were placed, and borne slowly down the mountain by the gentlemen. Mr. Johnston was carried on a litter by four stout men from the village.

Harry did not miss his crutch, till every thing was satisfactorily arranged. He could not recollect, where he had left it, and was looking for it, when a soft voice behind him said: "Mr. Delaware, are you searching for your

crutch? I found it, and kept it for you."

Turning round he saw Mrs. Brown holding with both hands the crutch, like a precious treasure, and looking at him with reproachful tenderness. They were just far enough from the rest of the company to be out of hearing.

"Mr. Delaware," continued Mrs. Brown, her eyes still resting on his face—she first thought of looking down, but remembered in time that she had not long eyelashes, and that her eyes were not of the right shape to make her look Madonna-like—"Mr. Delaware, I desire very much to speak to you to clear myself from some suspicion you surely entertain of me. Will you give me an opportunity in the park to-morrow morning, to do this?"

"Mrs. Brown," replied Harry, "the relations between us have never been such as to require any explanation of either your or my conduct; therefore there is not the least necessity for it:" after which words coldly spoken, he took his crutch with a bow, and forgetting that for more than two hours he had walked, run and jumped without it, he hobbled away.

Thanks be to God, that notwithstanding the outcry about the heartlessness of man, there are some who will forget their crutches when their fellow beings are in need, and we feel almost tempted to say that those who never forget theirs, deserve to drag around on them.

The party which had left Louisenrest so gayly, returned very quietly; and for a few hours the Doctor's skill was very much in requisition, but happily there were no broken limbs,

the worst being the dislocated shoulder of Johnston.

Harry, Captain Von Osborn and Brown were not only overwhelmed with thanks by the Doctor's family, but Harry received also the same night, the finest serenade ever heard in R—. The people of the town, who had followed the band of music, knew more about the accident, and the depth and darkness of the cavity than Harry did himself, and they cheered him enthusiastically. But no one was more excited than Berg, the innkeeper, who, as he said, had seen Mr. Delaware, before anyone else in the town had dreamed of his existence. He felt almost as if he had a share in the brave act of our hero.

As we have intimated, the accident at "the Brothers" was greatly magnified, making Harry leap into an abyss, which was so deep that it took him some time to go down. Then it was said that another of his daring deeds was riding down a precipice for a lady's hat, and that he was now building cottages for scores of poor people.

Berg, to celebrate all these events in a manner befitting them, invited all the musicians to go to "the Angel," and take a glass of his "Fountain of Life," after they had serenaded Mr. Delaware.

This invitation was very cordially accepted, for the jolly host's cellar stood in good repute. Harry's health was drunk in many a bottle of Berg's best wine, while the latter and Trommel, who was leader of the serenaders, told all about Mr. Delaware's arrival, his illness during the night, and John's devotion to his master. After relating all this once, they told it again,

but as their heads were no longer clear, some deviations from the truth were observable, and when they told it the third time, Berg and Trommel contradicted each other so much that, fearing a quarrel might be the consequence, the more temperate and less excitable of the guests arose, shook hands with the host, and thus making a timely diversion, broke up the party.

If Harry was previously the lion of Louisenrest, he was now still more so that of R— and all the surrounding places. Everybody seemed to know him, and when he went into the streets, young and old bade him "good-day." Many an old man and woman looked over their spectacles at him when he passed, and shaking their heads, speculated upon his wonderful deeds.

Several officers from the regiment stationed at Coblenz, called to see him, inviting him to their festivities, and making him an honorary member of their club. In short, every one in the vicinity, during the next fortnight, spoke of little else than the daring and gallant American. Adele's mother and sister, who had always liked him, now nearly worshipped him; while the Doctor, on hearing of his gallant conduct, took it so quietly that Mrs. Leiden felt almost hurt, as he seemed to appreciate so little what had been done for her daughter.

Mrs. Herbert understood him better; *she* knew when he turned aside, during Captain Von Osborn's recital of Harry's prompt and noble action, he did it only to conceal his feelings, because, as he sometimes said, he did not like to make a public exhibition of them.

Brown, who had gained in the Captain's estimation by his readiness to help, and his momentary self-forgetfulness, lost it again the next day after the excursion. He met the Captain in the stable, and hearing him reprove Fritz in rather strong, military terms for neglecting his horse, he assumed a sanctimonious air, and lectured him in the presence of Fritz and other valets, on using profane language, and furthermore began to relate a frightful example of its consequences—when the Captain, recommending him to the ruler of the infernal regions, hurried away.

CHAPTER XXII.

MRS. BROWN began reluctantly to make preparations for her departure, learning what many a belle beside herself has learned, and will learn in generations yet to come, that beauty, to a man whose admiration is worth any thing, has charms only so long as he believes that it is accompanied by virtue. A woman must have *some* quality which speaks to his heart, be she even condemned for this quality by the rest of the world.

But to return to Mrs. Brown. Slowly, as we have said, she began to prepare for her departure from Louisenrest and dallied so, that eight days had passed after the accident at the "Brothers," when her maid closed her last trunk. Louisenrest had become to her dull and uninteresting, since she had lost the last hope of regaining her power over Harry. Many of her admirers had also left the Establishment, and others, as is often the case, had gone with their attentions

to new comers, who would in their turn be as speedily forsaken. She would have left on the day after the excursion, had it not been for an object which she was determined to accomplish, and for which as yet no opportunity had presented itself.

We have said that Mrs. Brown was not a woman in whose bosom such grand passions as love and hate could exist; but she possessed patience and perseverance, which, if they could not take the place of love, acted more powerfully than the most bitter hate could have done.

On Monday, the excursion to Bornhofen had taken place, and on Tuesday Mrs. Brown went to see Adele, excusing herself for not having taken a more active part in the events of the previous day, on the plea of shattered nerves, which is such a convenient excuse for many ladies.

From that day Mrs. Brown visited Adele twice daily, winning Mrs. Leiden by these attentions, and the beautiful and choice hothouse fruits and flowers which she—sending for them to Coblenz—took every morning to the suffering girl.

All this kindness, however, failed to win Adele's affection, and she often closed her eyes, when she visited her, feigning to sleep. Unable or unwilling to give a reason for her aversion to Mrs. Brown, her mother often reproached her for acting so ungratefully and childishly.

On the eighth day, being much better, Adele was carried to Mrs. Herbert's sitting room, and allowed to receive a visit from Harry, who, the Doctor told his wife had the right to see her before others did. She wore a loose white morning robe with a

soft blue shawl over her shoulders and was reclining, supported by pillows, on a sofa, when Harry entered.

He thought, that with the exception of his sister, he had never seen any woman look so pure and maidenly.

It was not strange that he felt an interest in the young girl who had become, even before he ever spoke to her, an object of speculation to him, and whom later, he had admired for her purity of heart, and richness of mind.

The accident at Bornhofen had naturally tended to strengthen that interest, and she began to occupy a place in his heart very near to Lydia.

"Do not thank me," said he, taking a chair near her, when she would have expressed her gratitude, while her pale cheeks were suffused with blushes, at the thought that he had carried her in his arms. "Do not thank me, or I will speak of the ghost in the park, whom I intend to summon from his grave, as often as you allude by word or look to the moment, when I was so happy as to repay in a little measure, part of the debt I owe."

He understood well how to make her feel at ease, and they were soon engaged in one of those lively conversations which he always enjoyed, and which he had missed during the past eight days, when the door opened softly, and—Mrs. Brown entered. "Oh, I beg your pardon a thousand times," said she, "but the servant believing you to be alone, told me to enter *sans cérémonie*."

"Take a seat madam," said Adele blushing deeply, under the gaze of those velvet eyes; while Harry having

politely handed a chair for her, shook hands with Adele, bowed coldly to Mrs. Brown, and left the ladies alone.

"I am really sorry I drove Mr. Delaware away," Mrs. Brown began, in pursuance of her plan, while like a snake she kept her eyes on Adele. Having regained her composure, the latter leaned quietly back on her pillows, answering that doubtless Mr. Delaware considered his visit ended.

"You look really lovely this morning," said Mrs. Brown with a bland smile, "and I would like to know what the young girl to whom Mr. Delaware is about to be married, would say, if she knew how attentive he is to such a charming young lady."

If Mrs. Brown had conjectured that Adele would betray any emotion, on hearing these revelations—which of course were false—she must have been not a little disappointed.

The maiden's heart had escaped from her keeping before she ever expected to be loved by him, who was becoming more and more her ideal, and she could therefore answer composedly that the attentions she received from Mr. Delaware could not disturb any one's repose.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Brown, "if the repose of the betrothed wife of a man, depends upon his character for constancy and honor, Mr. Delaware's lady-love may well feel ill at ease when he is so far distant. He is regarded in New York as a sort of Don Juan. He owes his success with women more to his easily reading their thoughts, and adapting himself to their characters," continued she, playing with the tassels of her morning robe, "than to coarse flatteries, or open attentions, and"—lowering her

voice, and dropping her eyelids—"he has made many hearts unhappy, many lives blank, which once were gay, and had lofty aspirations. He would never have come to Europe with his foot half healed, if it had not been that a young man, whose sister he enticed from her home, had threatened to kill him."

Whatever Adele thought or felt at these words, not a sign betrayed it; but when Mrs. Brown bade her farewell, as she left that same day Louisenrest, the weary sigh, the drooping head, proved how dearly the poor girl paid for the composure of that hour. She had no doubt that what Mrs. Brown had said of his engagement was true; but could it be true that his character was so false, his principles so base?

Judging by what she had seen at Louisenrest, no woman could pride herself upon more of his attention, than a polished man would naturally bestow upon any lady. "It is certain," mused she, "that Mrs. Brown is one of those whose lives he has blighted, therefore his emotion, when he met her unexpectedly. But then they acted very strangely, she so agitated, he so cool and collected. She so friendly, he so cold and haughty." She could not understand it, and pressing her hands to her aching brow, she prayed to God to keep and guard her in the midst of so much deceit and falsehood.

Several days passed quietly among our acquaintances at Louisenrest, as their ardor for excursions among mountains and ruins was somewhat dampened.

Miss Angler and Mr. Johnston were convalescing; the former, as

she felt better, becoming more accessible and amiable. She sent to Adele a beautiful golden cross of quaint workmanship, an ancient family relic, accompanied by a note in which she warmly expressed her gratitude for the noble effort the young girl had made to save her, and her deep regret that she had caused her so much suffering.

We cannot say that Mr. Johnston improved much in temper. Having borne his pain the first few days like a Spartan, as he grew convalescent, he became fretful and irritable, so that none cared to go near him, except General Adlerkreuz, who had the greatest patience with him, telling him stories of his early life, while he smoked one cigar after another, filling the room with smoke so dense, that one could scarcely see through it.

The Countess—whom the excitement of the scene at the Brothers had drawn out of herself, as it were, and shown thereby that her usual apathy was not natural, but the result of some cause—had fallen into her former listlessness, seeming to care for her dog only. She went sometimes to visit Adele, but her dull, uninteresting conversation made her no agreeable companion to the girl, whose active mind constantly sought food.

Harry now spent most of his evenings with the Doctor's family, who, as long as Adele was confined to the sofa, would not leave her alone. She had altered visibly in her manners to Harry, and he felt with pain that there was constraint, in place of the frank interchange of thought, which had given him so much pleasure. He could not divine why she had become so reserved, and examined in vain

their recent conversations to find any cause of offence which he might have given to her.

Occasionally, forgetful of Mrs. Brown's revelations, she received him with her old confiding manner; but a chance word or opinion, expressed by him, would throw her back into the reserve and distrust which Mrs. Brown had so sedulously sought to instil. Shrinking into herself, her cold and measured words drove him to a formal and distant courtesy which made the estrangement still greater. Had she heard of his engagement only, her manner towards him would not have altered. She would have buried her love deeply in her heart, and planted flowers over it, watering them with her tears: but hearing that he was unprincipled,—though it was hard to believe, and in her inmost soul she rejected the thought—her conduct towards him naturally changed; and locking her heart with its hidden affection, she tried not to feel how heavily it lay in her bosom.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"I HOPE something will occur soon, to enliven us a little," said Captain Von Osborn to Harry one morning. "We are becoming a very dull and uninteresting set of people. No music, no dancing, no excursions. Nothing but bathing and water drinking. We may as well just jump at once into the Rhine, as to become gradually so amphibious. Come with me," continued he, putting his arm through Harry's, "I am going to the Doctor, to ask if we cannot have a concert, or a ball, or something this

week. The victims to the hostile 'Brothers' are nearly recovered, your feet are reduced to their natural number, and we may therefore just as well show by the way we make use of life, that we realize its shortness. I must say I am very much disappointed in you too. I thought that, when free from your crutches, you would fly through the world, but you seem to walk more heavily than before."

They had now reached the Doctor's study, and their knock at the door being answered by a "come in," they found the whole family, boys and all, in deep consultation.

"It is well that you have come gentlemen," said the Doctor. "We are deciding by vote, according to your American system, important questions. You can each be admitted to the poll, if you will promise to vote fairly, and not be led by promise and reward."

"Well, let us know first, what it is that occupies you all so gravely," said the Captain, going to Adele, while Harry, to whom she had of late been more formal than ever, took his seat beside the Doctor. "The question is this," replied the Doctor, with a most serious face, seeing that both his boys were looking earnestly at him, "Adele promised these two sons of mine, that her first promenade should be in their company to Mrs. Süss'. And as she has so far recovered as to be able to fulfill her engagement, the boys claim her promise. But now comes the difficulty; Oscar wishes to go this morning, while Max is equally determined to have the pleasure of eating the tarts this afternoon; and as the parties cannot come to an amicable understanding, we have decid-

ed to solve the question by voting. Therefore, those who are in favor of eating the tarts this morning will rise, those who wish to defer that pleasure till afternoon, will keep their seats. You are defeated Max my boy, the only nays are yours and your grand-mama's, and her vote is not of much value, as you bought it with kisses."

Capt. Von Osborn and Harry were now invited to join the party to Mrs. Süss', and the Captain told the Doctor, while the ladies went to prepare for their walk, the object of his visit.

"Arrange every thing as you like," said the Doctor, "only see that all is closed at an early hour." "O yes," said the Captain, winking at Harry, "that we can take a cup of strong coffee, at about five o'clock in the morning, before retiring." "Yes," said the Doctor, taking out his memorandum book, and making a note in it, "I do not doubt that that would please you much, but I shall tell Hans to put out the lights at precisely—" "Eleven o'clock, please say eleven Doctor," interrupted the Captain. "Well then, yes, let it be eleven o'clock," hesitatingly replied the Doctor, and the Captain was glad when the return of the ladies left him no time for a second thought about the eleventh hour. Anxious therefore to change the scene of action, he offered his arm to Mrs. Leiden, and followed by the others, and preceded by the no longer contending, but now harmonious party, left the study.

"Allow me to offer my arm to you Miss Adele," said Harry, when at the foot of the staircase, she looked pale and exhausted. "You are not yet strong enough to walk alone." She was inclined to refuse, but had not

sufficient courage to do so, as his tone, though perfectly courteous, had still a sound that told her, "decline and you must give me the reason." So she laid the tips of her fingers on his arm, but he, feeling that she trembled, took her hand gently, and drawing it through his arm, made her lean on him, without speaking further.

"I am becoming very uneasy about my father and sister," he began when they had walked a short distance in silence. "They should have been here five or six days ago, and I fear that one of them has fallen ill—as neither is strong—and not knowing that my foot is better, they hesitate to inform me of it. My father will surely remain in London for a few days, as our ambassador there is a friend of his; and I would have gone last night to meet them, but John is afraid that I should pass them on the journey; therefore I will wait a few days longer, though I must acknowledge that the suspense is almost intolerable."

"I hope your fears will prove groundless, and that you will soon receive a letter, announcing their coming," said Adele. "Has it never occurred to you," continued she, anxious now that she saw he was in trouble, to comfort him, "that when your anxiety for something had reached, as you deemed it, the climax, the time of suspense and waiting was nearest its end? And so will it be with you. I am quite sure that you will receive good news, very soon, perhaps this very day; therefore cheer up. You will see what a true prophet I am."

The influence which she unconsciously exercised over him was very evident, as the expression of his face

and the tone of his voice were altered, when they reached Mrs. Süß' shop, which was some time after the others had arrived there. The Captain immediately observed the change, not only in Harry's manners, but in Adele's, who, in her effort to comfort and divert him, had forgotten that she must treat him coldly and distantly for the sake of her own dignity.

The tarts were excellent, and the Captain was just telling the delighted Mrs. Süß that she would certainly have to build a large eating saloon for another season, as the little room behind the store would not be large enough for all her customers, when John, all out of breath, came striding in, saying, hastily, "Master Harry, they have come, they have come!"

"Who has come?" asked the Doctor and Harry in one breath.

"Who?" returned John, provoked that Harry should have asked the question, and that he had so far forgotten his own dignity as to become excited when others were so cool. "Who? Why, Mr. Delaware and Miss Lydia, of course."

"What, my father, my sister are in R.—, at Louisenrest? Oh, Adele, what a prophet you are," cried Harry, forgetting in the joy of the moment the "Miss," which no one observed except Adele.

Taking his hat, he begged to be excused, and went up the hill leading to Louisenrest so rapidly that John could hardly keep up with him. He found his father and sister waiting for him in his room. They expressed, after their first joyous greetings were over, their gratification at his improved appearance. Lydia looked extremely well, but Harry was deeply

grieved to see his father's pale and suffering face.

"You must consult Dr. Herbert, father," said Harry, when Mr. Delaware told him that he had recently had a severe attack of rheumatism, from which he had not yet entirely recovered. "You must consult Dr. Herbert; there is no better cure for rheumatism than cold water."

"Nonsense, boy. Cold water a cure for rheumatism! The very thing to cause, if you use much of it."

"Do not think so. I have seen the most wonderful cures effected by it. But I will leave it to Dr. Herbert to convert you. Come here, Lydia, and tell me something about home. Does the old house stand yet on the same corner? How is Mrs. Pine, and how did every thing go on without me? I hope you all missed me sadly."

"Katie, come here and deliver the message Mrs. Pine gave you for Master Harry," said Lydia, to some one who had not yet appeared upon the scene, and who was hidden by a large fire screen.

"What, Katie, you in Europe," said Harry, as a young girl about the age of her mistress stepped forward.

"Yes, Sir," replied Katie, smiling and blushing, and with just enough of the brogue to announce the land of her parents. "It is me, and a mighty lot of trouble we had, I and Miss Lydia, before Mrs. Pine would let me go, because she thought that Bridget was better suited; but Miss Lydia said: 'It is Katie I take,' and Mrs. Pine had to say 'yes.'"

Katie thought her young mistress perfection, and having nursed Lydia with the greatest devotion through many a weary hour of illness,

she enjoyed many privileges. Lydia had, at one time, great plans for her. She would have educated her for a teacher, but Katie, though intelligent, had no head for books, and wished innumerable times, while poring over her tasks, that God might have left out books when He created the world, for they were only a worry and trouble. She had a peculiar way of her own, of nodding her head when she was speaking, and John, who, while she spoke to Harry, was looking at her with supreme contempt, thought what a good thing it would be if she nodded it off.

"Well, Katie, but now deliver Mrs. Pine's message," said Harry.

"She told me to tell you," said Katie, slowly—evidently waiting till John had left the room. When the door at last had closed behind him, she rattled as fast as she had spoken slowly before: "Mrs. Pine told me to tell you, that you please should tell John to be civil to me, that the European people might not think that your servants were uneducated—oh, I forgot. What was the big word she used, Miss Lydia? I tried so hard to remember it. An uneducated something," added she quickly, so as to dismiss the subject as John entered the room.

"John," said Harry, when this worthy had announced that Mr. Delaware's and Miss Lydia's rooms would be ready in a few moments, "John, you must be very kind to Katie while we are here. You are the only one with whom she can speak, as all the other domestics are either German or French, and do not speak English."

"Goodness!" cried Katie, quite

bewildered ; " Master Harry, surely you are mistaken ! All the servants in New York, Germans and all, speak English."

" Yes, but not until they have learned it."

" Learned it ! Did you ever see the like ! I always thought people had to learn German and French, but that English came natural to them."

CHAPTER XXIV.

MR. DELAWARE was too much fatigued to go down to dinner that day, but Lydia, who bore travelling wonderfully well, quickly changed her dress for one of black silk, and went with her brother to the dining saloon. She forgot, in the happiness of being once more near him, all her shyness, until they entered the large hall, where an immense table, in the form of a horse shoe, was spread.

As they were late, all the inmates of Louisenrest were seated, and most of them knowing that Mr. Delaware's father and sister had arrived, looked at first with curiosity, and then with admiration, at the beautiful girl with the long golden curls, who, becoming more and more timid, took a closer hold of her brother's arm, and did not raise her eyes till she was fairly seated by his side at the table.

Captain Von Osborn was now glad that he had not changed his place—which was opposite Harry's—as he had been several times on the point of doing, when some new comer of the fairer sex had appeared, in whose company he thought he could forget that he was eating the unpalatable viands ordered by the Doctor. How

ungenerously glad he was that their male neighbors at the table could not speak English. It was such good luck as a man seldom has in his life. He was, as he afterwards told Harry, so struck with Lydia's loveliness that he was nearer blushing, when he was introduced to her, than he had been since he was a lad of fifteen years of age.

Lydia, although still very timid, seemed to have gathered some self-possession in travelling with her father, finding herself forced to rely much upon herself, as he was most of the time ill.

She thought—with the idea of most young American girls as to the age of gentlemen—that Captain Von Osborn was a very nice, agreeable *elderly* man.

What an unhappy mortal he would have been if he had known it !

Thinking that somewhere in the world he had a wife and children, Lydia talked, to Harry's delight, more easily and freely with him than her brother had anticipated. She was so thoroughly convinced that he was married, that she had nearly asked him if his family was not at Louisenrest, thinking what nice girls the daughters of such a handsome and entertaining man must be.

When, after dinner, Harry invited the Captain to take a walk with his sister and himself in the garden, the Captain bowed to all they met as triumphantly as if he had achieved a victory. The more he looked upon Lydia, the more lovely he thought her ; and when she once met his admiring gaze, and looked down blushing, then indeed his paloma—his dove—was found, and in the *elderly* man's breast

came thoughts, not at all compatible with age, an old wife, and grown-up daughters.

Dr. Herbert called upon Mr. Delaware that same day, as was his wont with all strangers arriving at the Establishment. Inspiring him with the same confidence in his skill that he did all who came to consult him, Mr. Delaware told him his complaint ; and the Doctor prescribed a treatment for him, which was to commence the following day if he was sufficiently rested.

For Lydia, he ordered nothing but plenty of exercise in the fresh air, and plain, nourishing food. He said, to the great indignation of Katie, that she would become stronger if she were treated with less care and delicacy.

" For your father you need not fear," said he, before he left the room ; " he shall have the best and most careful nursing ; and you can follow punctually my directions about yourself. Be in the open air as much as possible. Your brother," added he, smiling, " knows, if not from actual experience, from his friend Captain Von Osborn, how strictly every one here has to follow the prescribed treatment ; and I shall make him responsible for you."

Mrs. Herbert and Adele went the next morning to call upon Lydia, although as a general rule, strangers in Germany have to call first on those whose acquaintance they wish to make. The two girls, so much alike in character and feelings, and yet so entirely different in disposition, were at first rather shy, as people are apt to be who have heard much about each other, and are not conceited in regard to their own merits. Mrs. Herbert proposed a walk to the Hermi-

tage, and in order to give the girls a chance to become better acquainted with each other, took the lead with Harry, leaving them to follow.

The acquaintance of the young ladies ripened rapidly as soon as they were out in the pure, delicious air ; and the beauty of the park gave them a subject of conversation, which proved that they both loved the works of nature. They went with all the elasticity and liveliness of well-informed youth from one subject to another ; and when they returned to the house, Lydia had her arm through Adele's, and listened with the greatest attention to all that Adele told her of her brother's courage and kindness.

" Show Miss Delaware the bowling-alley, if you both are not tired," said Mrs. Herbert to her sister, when she saw the girls talking with so much animation.

" Yes," said Harry, to whom the wind had carried some of Adele's words, " but be careful what you say about me, or I shall revive the story of the ghost, which happily I am under no promise to keep secret."

Mrs. Herbert laughed on seeing Adele's confusion, and Lydia's inquiring glances, and bidding them all good morning, went into the house.

Harry, not knowing whether to follow the young ladies or not, stood on the steps at the entrance, when Captain Von Osborn, who had been looking for him, though he did not tell him so, approached and challenged him to a game of tenpins. Not knowing what better to do, Harry went with the Captain to the bowling-alley, the latter taking a circuitous route, the opposite of the one followed by Adele and Lydia.

"Are not those ladies your sister and Miss Adele?" asked the Captain innocently, when having reached the bowling-alley they saw the girls coming on the other side. "Yes," replied the unsuspecting Harry. "What are you conversing about, young ladies?" asked he when they were nearer. "Do ghosts or new fashions keep your attention so absorbed, that you do not notice your humble servants waiting for you?" "Neither the one, nor the other," returned Lydia rather indignantly. "But I desire very much to know what you mean with your ghost. It is now the second time you have alluded to it. Capt. Von Osborn, cannot you tell what ghost my brother speaks of?"

"Do not be so inquisitive, sister mine, but come and let me give you a lesson in a most healthy exercise."

They went into the bowling-alley, which, whenever Harry entered it, recalled the rainy, stormy morning, when Adele, picking up her dress, ran with her little feet over the wet grass, took hold of his carriage suddenly, and deaf to all his remonstrances, dragged it into a place of shelter.

The Captain seemed more inclined to talk to the young ladies than to have the game; but Harry insisted on having it, and leaving the girls to resume their interrupted conversation, they went to play.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Harry when they suddenly heard first Adele, and then both girls laugh.

"Do not be so inquisitive, brother mine," replied Lydia. They could not tell him that Adele laughed because Lydia had asked if the Captain's

wife and children were not at Louisenrest; which Adele, knowing the Captain's weak point, found too ludicrous. Adele told Lydia what a favorite the Captain was at the Establishment, and what trouble he constantly gave to the Doctor, the nurses and servants, by always maneuvering to break the rules; but how, in spite of all this, every one liked him better than any one else there.

Lydia was much amused when Adele told some of the tricks he had played in order to get a forbidden cup of coffee, or a cigar; and the Captain fancied that he could see that they had been speaking of him, when he and Harry joined them. "Please ladies, tell me what makes you so merry?" asked he, seeing their eyes dancing with mischief.

"What is your opinion, Miss Delaware," said Adele, "shall I reveal the first part of our conversation?" "O Miss Leiden, you will not do it, surely," replied Lydia laughing and blushing. "This seems really to become interesting," said Harry. "I begin, like the Captain, to feel some curiosity about what has amused you. Miss Adele," continued he, settling himself on a chair before the girls, "we give you leave to speak, and moreover promise not to judge too harshly any thing you or Lydia said against us."

"Come Miss Leiden," said Lydia anxiously to change the subject, "come let us go, it is time to dress for dinner, and the gentlemen can have another game undisturbed after we are gone." "Yes," said Adele, "we came alone, and—" "Shall not go away alone," interrupted the Captain, opening the door for the girls, and then without more ceremony walked beside Lydia,

talking to her of the ball which was to take place in a few days.

With every word Lydia spoke, he became more convinced that she was his dove, and he found no fault with her objection to dancing round dances, though her only reason was, that her mother had not liked them. He would surely have called this affectation, prudery, in any other young girl; but in Lydia, it seemed in harmony with her whole being.

Of course it was, but it might have been the same with many others whom he would nevertheless have judged very differently—thus again proving that we judge more frequently with the heart and imagination, than with the head.

Having secured Lydia's hand for a quadrille, the Captain endeavored to entertain her as agreeably as possible, and took the longest way to the house, walking very slowly. Harry and Adele following them, talked of Lydia. Harry was much gratified when Adele told him in her simple, truthful way, that Lydia seemed to be just as good and sweet as she was beautiful.

"The longer you know her, the better you will love her," said he. "Nobody on first seeing her would imagine how much decision of character that timid girl can show, when occasion requires."

They all had arrived at the house before they were aware of it, learning that however winding the path, or slow the walk, it must come to an end.

Harry and Lydia went after dinner—to the distress of the Captain—to Mrs. Herbert, who had invited several ladies to take coffee with her, to introduce Lydia to them, of whose shy-

ness Harry had told her. They found the Countess, Mrs. Ziegel and her sister, Madame de Cambiar and several others, who at first only for Harry's sake, but soon for her own, were all most cordial to her.

They were sitting round a large table which, though they had just left the dining-room, was filled with most delicious cakes of all forms and sizes. They were soon engaged in conversation which, partly English, partly German and French, greatly amused Lydia. On entering the parlor, and seeing the table spread as for a regular meal, she had at first thought it was impossible to eat any thing so soon after dinner; but she found soon that it was not, after all, such a difficult task to consume those cakes.

Asking Adele for a crochet needle, she was ere long eating, drinking and crocheting with as much ease as if she had been many a time on a coffee visit. Sometimes sweetly smiling upon her brother, who sat opposite to her talking to Madame de Cambiar, she endeavored to learn a new stitch under Bertha's direction; when the Countess Petrowska, while trying to disentangle a skein of silk with which she embroidered a cloak for her dog, said in her soft, monotonous voice: "It is a pity that Mrs. Brown has left. Miss Delaware would certainly have been pleased to meet one with whom she could have spoken of her home."

"Brother, do tell me who this Mrs. Brown is?" asked Lydia. "Captain Von Osborn spoke yesterday of her beauty, also of her acquaintance with us." "Too long a story to tell now," Harry answered abruptly, while Adele, always ready to aid him when he was in trouble, adroitly turned the con-

versation by calling Lydia's attention to the coat the Countess was embroidering, and telling her of the wonderful dog. She knew that having started this theme, the Countess glad to have a listener to her dog stories, would not give Lydia time to think of any thing else.

Harry sought to catch Adele's eyes to thank her with a look for her interposition, but she did not raise her head from her work, after seeing Lydia thus occupied. The name of Mrs. Brown had vividly recalled all she had struggled to forget; and she almost wished that Lydia had not arrived, as it would necessarily draw her more than ever into companionship with Harry, and in his sister's presence she could not treat him with the contempt which she thought he deserved.

While these thoughts occupied her mind, and Harry vainly endeavored to read her countenance, Lydia, much entertained, listened to the Countess' accounts of her dog, though the more experienced of her auditors thought that Miss Delaware would soon weary of them. Mrs. Ziegel and Miss Angler were meanwhile rivaling each other in their efforts to say the most disagreeable and stinging things, in a calm, polite, or—as occasion called for it—a feeling, pitying tone. These ladies had become bitter enemies since the accident at the 'Brothers,' on account of Mr. Johnston, who seemed, since that time, somewhat interested in Miss Angler. Mrs. Ziegel was quite confident that Miss Angler would gladly have broken her neck to secure the Englishman's attention. All that is said by Miss Angler is sharp and snappish, like the bark of an irritated little terrier; while

Mrs. Ziegel manifests better strategy in her attacks. Miss Angler changes color with every emotion, notwithstanding her effort to be cool; while Mrs. Ziegel, with a smile on her lips, suffers the knife to glitter through her words and in her eyes.

Poor Mrs. Helmer drank, in silence and sadness, one cup of coffee after another, grieving about her daughter, who had told her that morning, that unless Mr. Vanderbelt bought her horses and carriages before their marriage, she would not become his wife, as she strongly suspected him to be mean and stingy.

At five o'clock the ladies were summoned to their promenades; and all left except Lydia, who consulted Adele on the dress she should wear to the ball—being, as she acknowledged, little used to such festivities.

Harry, seeing that his presence was superfluous at this conference, and also provoked—not, as a fortnight since, pained—at Adele's conduct towards him, went to his father's room, where he met, on the point of leaving it—Captain Von Osborn!

"I took the liberty of calling on your father, while you played the gallant to a dozen or more ladies," said he in his easy way, looking at the same time beyond Harry, to see if his sister were following him.

"Yes," said Mr. Delaware, "I am much obliged to you for your visit, Captain. We passed a most pleasant hour together, and I shall always be glad to see you;" and shaking hands in good old fashion, they parted much pleased with each other.

In the hall the Captain met Lydia; and if he were content with her smile, how much more gratified he

would have been if he had heard Mr. Delaware—whom he had taken by storm—speak of him. Harry looked thoughtfully at his sister, while his father praised the amiability of the Captain, wondering if it were prudent to let his young and lovely sister become intimately acquainted with one so fascinating, and known to be—to say it in the mildest terms—so great a friend to ladies.

But Lydia quieted his apprehensions, at least for the moment, by telling him that she had thought the Captain quite an elderly man, and that what Adele had laughed at so much in the morning, was her asking if his wife and children were not with him at Louisenrest.

"But why did you think so?" asked the father, who, it would seem, never thought that his children could fall in love, as he had done with their mother. "I am sure he does not appear old, and is, besides, a strikingly handsome, noble-looking man."

"Oh well," said Harry, provoked at his father's simplicity, "he is not, after all, any longer young, and any one could easily imagine that he had a family."

"Harry," said the astonished parent, "he looks scarcely a day older than you, and surely you would not like to have the ladies take you for an old, married man."

"As I never intend to become one, it would make but little difference to me," Harry replied, gloomily.

His father, whose dearest wish it was to see his son happily married, sighed, while Lydia, the tears starting to her eyes, turned her head to hide them.

"Apropos," continued Harry, af-

ter a brief pause, "Lydia, you asked me who the American lady was who was here before your arrival. It was Mrs. Courtenay, now Mrs. Brown, on her wedding tour to Switzerland. She staid here a few weeks with her husband."

"Is it possible!" began Mr. Delaware; but Harry, though becoming daily more and more indifferent to Mrs. Brown, was not disposed to prolong the conversation on that subject, and left the room.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE dining-room, which was the most spacious at Louisenrest, was, on the day appointed for the entertainment, used as a ball-room, and handsomely decorated with orange trees and flowers.

At eight o'clock the ball was to be opened with a quadrille, and at seven, the Captain,—who was master of ceremonies on such occasions,—was still on the alert, looking about if every thing was tastefully arranged.

He had invited several officers from Coblenz and Mainz, and hearing the shrill whistle of an approaching train, he hastened to his room to make his toilet. If the Captain had seen Lydia before he wrote to his brothers in arms, they would never have received the invitation, as he was not anxious to increase the number of her admirers. It could not be doubted that the beautiful American girl would be the belle of the evening; and his only consolation was that she spoke no German and danced no round dances, which would prevent

much conversation or dancing with her. Knowing how well he looked in full uniform, he hesitated between that and a black dress coat a considerable time, but decided at last in favor of the latter. It must not be supposed that the Captain was a fop without brains. Quite the reverse. He was a cultivated, intelligent man, but he was, what makes many a man appear ridiculous—in love, or very nearly so.

Captain Von Osborn was the son of an officer, distinguished not only for his bravery, but for his love of arts and sciences, as well as the noble use he made of his wealth. His wife was the beautiful daughter of an impoverished noble, and was married to the General when he was well advanced in years, but not too old to inspire a noble and high-minded woman with a true and deep affection. He died when Paul, his only son, was a lad of seven years, and his wife survived him but a year.

The only brother of the General, Colonel Von Osborn, the appointed guardian of the boy, kept him a few years in his own family, and then sent him with his son, who was of Paul's age, to a military academy, thus carrying out the deceased General's wish. From the academy Paul made his appearance in society at an early age as Ensign, rising gradually, but as is always the case in time of peace, slowly, to the rank of Captain.

Intelligent, good-looking, wealthy, and with the prestige of an ancient name, the young officer soon became a 'lion' in the circle in which he moved, and many a scheming mother, many a blooming daughter had her eye upon him. It is not to be sup-

posed that the young man was blind to his advantages, and—having received rather a frivolous education, as far as moral principles are concerned—he profited by them accordingly. Had there been no check to his mad career, he might probably have become one of those libertines against whom every upright man and woman should keep their doors closed; though in what is called 'first society,' they are too often received as charming, interesting beings, and it is deemed no disgrace to introduce them to young, innocent girls.

Such a roué Paul Von Osborn would have become had not Providence interposed, and changed the wind which was driving his bark of life into a whirlpool.

Being one day at his uncle's house, his cousin—a young man leading the same kind of life, but with less in-born nobility of mind—told him that if he wished to see one of the prettiest girls in creation, to go into his mother's sitting room, and look at the maiden sewing there. "But," said he, "as for her noticing you, you will have to wait a while. She has been here every day for more than a fortnight, and I have not received the slightest encouragement in return for all my civilities, though I assure you I have not been wanting in them. I even followed her for several evenings, through endless streets, to her home. One night I was determined she should listen to me, but found an old woman was waiting for her at the corner of our street, who is stationed there now every day to accompany her home. But go in and look at her; it is worth while. I will, meanwhile, go and see that my mother does not come, be-

cause she gave me a long lecture the other day for asking the girl to mend my gloves."

Paul entered his aunt's room, where a young girl sat, with her back to the door, busily sewing, without looking up when she heard some one enter.

"I beg you to excuse me for disturbing you," said Paul very courteously. "I thought my aunt, Mrs. Von Osborn, was here."

"She was here a moment ago, but went up stairs," was the reply, in a soft, low voice, but the speaker did not lift her eyes from her work. "I would have asked her to button my glove for me, but as I am in a hurry, you will perhaps be so kind."

"Yes," replied the girl slowly and reluctantly, and rising, showed a pair of unusually sweet, large blue eyes, looking disturbed and frightened as they met those of the handsome young officer.

Paul had still manliness enough to feel heartily ashamed of himself, when the girl, her color varying painfully, bent her beautifully shaped head, round which heavy braids of golden hair were wound, and buttoned his glove.

"I am much obliged to you," was all that the man of the world could find to say, when she sat down again to her sewing.

A cold "yes," he answered when his cousin asked if the girl was not a gem, and he spoke of her no more; but she was in his thoughts all day, gazing at him with her beautiful eyes, while the delicate color on her cheek varied rapidly, from a soft pink to snowy white. He often called himself a fool that day; but at night,

even at the opera, where one beauty, laden with jewels for which he had paid, smiled graciously upon him, he saw only those soft blue eyes and the golden hair.

"Pshaw," he said to himself when he lay down to sleep, "I shall have forgotten her by morning, as I have many another pretty face." But he deceived himself; he could not banish her from his dreams. He dreamed he took a drive with her over a perilous road, and having to pass over a small bridge which crossed a frightful precipice, his courage was forsaking him, when she, taking the reins from his hand, with a firm hand guided the frightened horses over the abyss.

"Surely I am bewitched," thought he as he awoke, still under the excitement of the dream; and he resolved to see the girl that morning, as after a second and more critical look he could forget her, and laugh at his present fancies.

Accordingly, as soon as he was sure that his cousin was not at home, he went to his uncle's house, and entering his aunt's sitting-room, which being her sanctum, even her son had no right to enter, without her permission, he presented such a magnificent bouquet of flowers to her, that she, who was very fond of them, forgot to reproach him for intruding upon her. She asked Clara, the young seamstress, to admire the flowers, and in so doing, unconsciously gave Paul the best of opportunities to look at her whom he wished to forget.

Did he forget her after a second look? No, so far from it, that he wished to see her again and again. He became very assiduous in his at-

tentions to his aunt, who never suspected to whom she owed thanks for his deference, as he did not mention the young girl, or even look at her, when he thought he would be observed.

He soon found ways and means to speak to Clara of his passion, and when she turned from him with contempt, he reproached himself for his infatuation, and tried to forget her in pleasures and dissipations. But the shy, soft eyes looked everywhere upon him, making him ashamed of his mis-spent life.

One day while playing billiards at a café, his cousin told him that Clara, that beautiful girl who had been sewing for his mother, was dying of consumption. He made no reply, and finished the game; but when he paid his bill, the young woman at the counter asked him if he were ill, he looked so fearfully pale. He laughed, said "no," went home, and locking himself up, gave way to his grief, his despair; and *then* he knew that he loved Clara, as he had never loved before. He knew where she lived, for he had often followed her when she went home, and had also walked many hours up and down before her window, happy if he saw her shadow appear occasionally. The night had scarcely set in, when dressed in citizen's clothes he went to her house, and knocked at the door. An old woman, the only living relative of the poor girl, opened the door. She could not see in the darkness who spoke to her. He asked how Clara was, and putting into her hand a purse well filled, told her to get the best medical attendance, and to leave nothing untried which money could obtain, to save her niece's life.

He went again the next evening, and continued his visits for eight days, carrying each time choicest fruits and flowers. When he called the ninth evening the old woman cried bitterly, saying that the physician had told her that nothing more could be done, the girl must die. Reeling like a drunken man under this unexpected stroke—for he had flattered himself that with careful nursing she would regain strength and health—he begged her aunt to allow him to see her. He would not speak to her, he would only look upon her once again in life. She opened the door for him, he went in softly, and finding her asleep with her golden hair like a glory around her head, he gently took her thin transparent hand, and wept like a child. She was not startled, on awaking, to see him; she had known it must be he, who brought the fruits and flowers, and had believed she would see him once more. He remained by her side, until daylight gilded the Cross on the Church opposite. She permitted him to return in the evening, for she knew that she must die, and it could not harm her now if they spent the few remaining hours together. Three days later she died in his arms.

He placed a marble cross over her tomb and provided for her aunt as long as she lived: but in his heart he could not bury Clara—there she lived, and made him a wiser and better man.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CAPTAIN Von Osborn was now nearly thirty years of age, and though fond of ladies' society, he had not yet met one who could make him

forget those soft timid eyes. He was fast becoming a confirmed bachelor, never expecting to love as he had loved that poor, unknown girl, until he saw Lydia, who had *her* hair and *her* look.

"What would my friends say," said he to himself, while he was brushing and twisting his moustache before the mirror, "what would they say if they knew the romance of my youth? No one suspects that deep in the heart of the gay and gallant Captain is a grave over which he cannot place a stone and then forget it. What would *she* say," thinking of Lydia, and then slowly drawing on his glasses, "if she knew it? She has the same dove-like expression, and is shrinking and timid just as Clara was. Shall I be able to win her heart, her first affection? Who would have thought that I would ever again find such eyes, and that they would again capture me with their first glance? It is my doom, but will the obstacles in my way, though of a different character, be as unconquerable? Will the future warm my heart with the sunshine of real love, or shall its warmth always be artificial?"

Having by this time drawn on his well-fitting gloves, and carefully buttoned them, he looked for his hat, and went out with a thoughtful countenance.

On entering the ballroom, which began slowly to fill, he saw Harry standing by a window, and fearing that Lydia would not be present, he asked where he had left his sister.

"She is sitting at the other end of the saloon with Miss Leiden," said Harry, looking as if he himself did not anticipate much enjoyment.

"Have you engaged a partner for the first dance?" asked the Captain, seeing the cloud upon his brow. "No, I do not intend to dance much to-night." "Not dance?" exclaimed the Captain. "What would Madame de Cambiar, Countess Petrowska, Miss Adele say, if you failed to consider it an honor and a pleasure to obtain their hands for the fleeting moment of a dance. I dare say you will think better of it when the music commences," added he, as he left him.

Harry looked after him, almost with envy, when with his light elastic step and military bearing, he walked through the hall, saluting here a gentleman, bowing profoundly there to an elderly lady, or speaking a few words to a younger one, while the countenance of every one whom he addressed, seemed to brighten.

"What a happy fellow!" thought Harry. "All sunshine in and around him. Ah! what would I not give to have once more so light, so gay a heart?" It is well that we are not transparent! What a scene for instance would this ballroom have been! How many broken hearts, how many wounded ones, how many with tombstones, how many with their dead yet unburied, how many stony ones, and oh! how few light, gay and happy ones Harry would have seen.

After having complimented several ladies on their appearance, assuring each one that she was the queen of the ball, the Captain arrived at length at the place where Lydia and Adele were seated beside Mrs. Herbert. Adele was dressed, as usual, with the greatest simplicity; for, being no beauty, she scorned to adorn herself, not knowing that there was that in

her face which is to the observer more charming than faultless features. She had assisted at Lydia's toilet, and as she had exquisite taste, Lydia looked like a fairy queen in her white robe, with a most delicate green overskirt, and a row of pearls through her long, golden curls. The Captain, proud and delighted, led Lydia away when the music began. At first too timid to raise her eyes, she gradually gained more confidence, as the Captain, understanding her nature, had his own way of inspiring her with trust in herself, and quickly gained that influence over her which a bold and daring mind wins over a shy, diffident one. She was almost quite at her ease when the dance was over, and the Captain felt the wings of the dove fluttering nearer and nearer round his heart. Adele was, meanwhile, sitting at the same place, apparently looking at the dancers, but in reality searching deeply her own heart, which was not, as her surroundings were, brilliant with lights and flowers, but dark and gloomy, and reflecting no ray of light. Her self-control, remarkable in so young a girl, never left her, but she paid for it by sleepless nights. If this hopeless grief should kill her, she would not permit it to become visible. In her heart she kept it, and it was there doing its silent work of destruction. Harry, who was sitting near her, leaned his arm on a window-sill, and his thoughts, too, were of a melancholy turn. Dr. Herbert's voice awakened him from his reverie. "Mr. Delaware, your foot better and you not dancing? Up, quickly, young man, and get a partner, or all the ladies will blame me for it, thinking that I

have forbidden dancing to you, and my punishment will be to cure to-morrow morning innumerable cases of irritated nerves. Look, there are several ladies sitting who would surely dance if they were invited. Shall I introduce you to the prettiest of them? How is your head, my dear Adele?" he enquired, when Harry had told him he would dance the next quadrille, but preferred to look on now. "Does it still ache much? If all the ladies were such patient sufferers, it would be an easy task to comfort them;" and patting her cheeks, he went away.

"Is your head aching badly, Miss Adele, and is this the reason why you decline to dance with me?" asked Harry; but before Adele could answer, Captain Von Osborn and Lydia joined them. The latter could not understand why neither Adele nor her brother had danced, as she found it really a pleasure.

"Miss Adele is not yet strong enough; her head aches, and as I could not have her for a partner, I did not care to dance," said Harry, while Adele, fearful that Lydia would take cold, wrapped a shawl around her shoulders; for which attention both gentlemen were almost ready to kiss her hand. One, because the kindness was shown to his "dove," the other, for her never-failing thoughtfulness.

"I am sorry, Miss Adele," said the Captain, when the music began again, "that I cannot have the pleasure of dancing with you. You know you promised me, weeks ago, a galop at the first ball we had here."

"I am not able to keep my promise to-night, Captain; I came to look

on and enjoy the pleasure of others, not to partake of it."

The Captain and Harry were soon whirling past the girls. The former with Mad. de Cambiar, the latter with Bertha, who looked exceedingly lovely in a rose-colored dress, adorned with sprays of lilies of the valley. Captain Von Osborn returned soon and took a seat beside Lydia, but Harry walked up and down with his partner for some time, to the great discomfort of Count Giovanni, who, standing behind the chair where Bertha had previously been sitting, had a shawl all ready to throw around her. Seeing that she did not hasten back, and fearing that Delaware might entertain her too agreeably, he laid it down, and, going to Dr. Herbert, asked to be introduced to Miss Delaware, thinking that he could not revenge himself better on Bertha than by dancing with the beautiful American girl, and walking with her afterwards for an endless time.

What a comedy, what a scene of conflicting emotions in such a ball-room!

Captain Von Osborn was more than not pleased; he was actually jealous, when the Doctor presented the distinguished-looking Italian, who spoke English fluently, to Lydia. He asked, in the most choice language, for the honor of dancing with her: and when she had—blushing like a rose—thanked him, and declined, he leaned over a chair near her, so gracefully and self-possessed, gazing—as the Captain thought—with such undisguised admiration at her, that he was ready to call him out, in order to have a chance to blow his brains out.

Harry, having led Bertha to her

seat, returned to his sister, accompanied by two gentlemen, one of whom was the dashing Lieutenant of Hussars, Baron Von Felder, who had been so fascinated with Mrs. Brown; the other, a Major, named Von Kranz. Both were gentlemen whom the Captain had invited, but whom, after having introduced them to some ladies and gentlemen—not to Lydia—he had entirely forgotten. Having on a former occasion made Harry's acquaintance, they begged of him the honor of an introduction to his sister. When Baron Von Felder, taking a seat by Lydia, spoke, not miserably, broken English, as the Captain had hoped he would, but good French, paying her, with almost every word, a delicate compliment, while everybody seemed to look at the handsome young pair—then Captain Von Osborn inwardly raved no more, but threw the flowers away, with which he would hide the grave in his heart. Count Giovanni, meanwhile, made a move to return to Bertha, but observing that she appeared to wait for him, he stopped and talked to several ladies, of which he, however, had reason to repent, as she refused to dance with him. To regain her good graces he was obliged to humble himself and beg pardon, although he thought she was the real culprit.

While all this was going on among our young acquaintances, Adele was entertained by Major Von Kranz, who, a most singular man, had peculiar ideas about women, and having been frequently at Louisenrest, had always considered her more worthy of his attentions, than any of the ladies there. He was between thirty-five and forty years of age, of middle

height, rather stout, with straight, light hair, small eyes, a snub nose, and a mouth whose shape nobody could guess, as it was hidden by a bushy, red moustache. All his beauty was concentrated in his feet and ears, which were both remarkably small and well formed, and which he showed to the best advantage, by pressing the one in the neatest fitting boots, and brushing from the others every hair which could conceal them. Being a widower, he had been, as he said, for some time occupied in looking for a mother for his two children.

His ideas about women were such, that Captain Von Osborn was never sure—though he had known him for years—whether he believed that they had souls. Not that for this slight defect he treated them unkindly, or was wanting in politeness; far from it, he had always been a kind, considerate husband, only, of course he never indulged his wife in any notions of having an opinion out of the kitchen and nursery, but allowed her otherwise to feel his superiority very lightly. He told Adele that he had just been having a conversation with a lady—Mrs. Ziegel—to whom the Captain had introduced him—who had not the remotest idea of her position as a woman. “Only think, Miss Leiden,” proceeded he, stretching out his leg a little, so as to place his foot in a better light, “she insisted upon it, that she had always had the same mind as her husband, and that their thoughts had been as one. Do you believe, I could not make her understand that this was impossible, as a man’s mind is as high above a woman’s as a church steeple above a cottage. I know that to you I can say this, because you

have the good sense to see the inferiority of your sex, which makes woman all the sweeter; but that lady seemed positively offended at this truth, which ought to be more universally understood and respected. There now, take for instance Captain Von Osborn, can you reconcile it with his otherwise good sense, that he actually thinks it right that woman can study, preach and all that sort of thing, just as well as a man? I call this indulging woman in the belief that their bodies can endure the same hardship, their minds the same anxiety that ours can—abusing their weakness, and annulling the good old maxim, that God gave to man and woman separate work, according to their mental and physical abilities. I cannot help musing sometimes over all this, and wonder who will make our homes comfortable and happy, when this new fashion becomes more general. I am really glad that I am no longer young, it gives me less chance to see the reversal of the natural order of things, and I will resign my position in the army, as soon as the first woman steps into it as a commander.”

Adele listened, much amused, but Harry, not acquainted with the Major’s peculiarities, found his remarks very *mal-à-propos* at a ball.

“Captain,” said he therefore to that gentleman, who as the musicians struck up a waltz, rose from his seat, but not with his usual alacrity, and with a preoccupied air. “Captain, tell that defender of woman’s rights to dance with somebody. Miss Adele’s headache will not be relieved much by his talk.” “With whom are you going to dance, Major?” asked the Captain. “You had better go and

claim your partner, or she may think you forget her.” “It would be no wonder if I had done so,” replied the Major, looking out of his small Chinese eyes with—as he thought—a world of meaning at Adele. “Miss Leiden and I had such an agreeable conversation! It is not often that I have the pleasure of meeting with a lady, who agrees with me as well as she does on every point.”

Adele, at these words, looked at him with utter astonishment, as all the ‘agreeable conversation’ had been on his side, she not having uttered a syllable. Like many persons, Major Von Kranz, was best entertained by his own voice, and as Adele had not contradicted, he construed her silence into conformity of opinion with his.

The Major and Captain walked away, and Lydia was glad when Baron Von Felder followed them, to join the dancers, he had so embarrassed her with his flatteries.

Harry, standing near Adele, tried for some time to button his gloves, accomplishing which, he looked up and met Adele’s eyes, who, while he was so occupied, was unconsciously regarding with delight and sadness his fine, intellectual face, and his tall, manly form. Thrown off her guard for one moment, she blushed so deeply that her very neck became crimson. Quickly turning away she endeavored to compose herself, while he, lost in thoughts, kept his large gray eyes upon her for a moment, and then abruptly left her and his sister to themselves.

“Is it possible, the flowers of Louisenrest alone!” said a voice which nobody could mistake for any but that of General Adlerkreuz, in-

terrupting the reveries of the two girls, and which Adele did not regret.

“Yes, yes,” replied she, taking another chair, so that the General might sit between them, “is it not a shame that we are so forsaken?”

“Well, children, but why are you not dancing?” asked the old soldier, almost offended that his sunbeam had not a dozen cavaliers around her.

“Do not look so sternly at all the gentlemen,” said Adele, smiling. “We could each have danced many times, but prefer to be spectators to-night.”

“Ah! of course. I thought so. But now tell me, what can I do for you? Do you wish some refreshments, Miss Delaware? some ices or lemonade? I know your taste, sunbeam. But I will tell you what is better still. You both take my arm and we will go to the buffet, like sensible people, while they are whirling around.” Not waiting for an answer he took a hand of each, and drawing it through his arm, he went off with them.

“Where are your sister and Miss Adele,” said the Captain to Harry, when both returned at the same time from the dance, looking for the young ladies.

“Where can they be?” replied Harry. “They must have left, or are perhaps sitting in the balcony, which would be an imprudence, as both are delicate.”

They proceeded to the balcony, but not finding them there, stood looking round, when the General, who had meanwhile refreshed ‘his young ladies’ with ice-cream and cakes, came walking slowly up to them, with one of the girls on each arm.

“Do not imagine that I bring

these ladies to you, young men," said he, with the liberty granted to him by everybody.

"You are gallant cavaliers, I must confess. If my good star had not guided me here, these poor children would have been doubly starved; first, by going without refreshments, and secondly, by not having any one to tell them how pretty they look. Come, young ladies," said he to the laughing girls, "we will leave them to look after you."

"Well, that is cool," said the Captain, and not waiting long he followed them; while Harry, much amused, looked after his sister, who seemed wonderfully well entertained by the old General.

They soon returned, and the General took leave of the young ladies, to brighten up, as Adele told him, some other poor, forsaken girls.

Adele and Lydia now went, accompanied by Harry and the Captain, to talk to some elderly ladies. Passing Mad. de Cambiar, they found her to all appearance very well entertained by Baron Von Felder, while not far from her the poor Countess Petrowska was doomed to listen to Major Von Kranz. As she was, if possible, more silent than Adele had been, the Major thought, of course, that they had a most delightful conversation, and that she approved of all his views in regard to woman's sphere. Bertha and Count Giovanni were sitting in the deep recess of a window, he talking, she gazing up at the stars. Mr. Johnston, Miss Angler, Mr. and Mrs. Helmer were sitting together, the first rather silent, as Miss Angler spoke very little English, and Mr. Helmer and his wife still less. Mrs. Helmer

told Adele, who inquired after her daughter, that she had been there, but had left after the first quadrille, with a violent headache.

"No wonder," thought the Captain, who had seen her wandering listlessly about with Mr. Vanderbelt.

Mrs. Schönleben and Mrs. Ziegel had become suddenly intimate. Sitting together, they had first complained to each other about their troubles, each thinking—as everybody does—that she had the greatest share of trials; and then, having relieved their over-burdened minds and hearts, began criticising, unmercifully, every one present. Lydia, as the latest novelty, was, of course, the principal topic of their conversation.

A quadrille was now formed, and the Captain and Lydia left Harry and Adele to join it. Harry, after vainly entreating Adele to dance with him, conducted her to Dr. Herbert, and asked Mrs. Herbert to be his partner. He left without once looking at Adele, whose heart was so sore that she could no longer conceal the pain it gave her, and begged the Doctor, with a face so pale he feared that she would faint, to conduct her to her room.

"Where is Adele?" Mrs. Herbert and Lydia enquired of the Doctor when the quadrille was ended, and Harry made no effort to define his feelings when he heard that she had been too ill to stay longer.

"The girl studies too much," grumbled the Doctor. "If nobody can keep the books away from her, I shall have to burn them. She grows pale and thin, and though she does not complain, I can see that she is ailing."

A few dances more, some prome-

nading and conversation, and eleven o'clock, the hour of closing, was near, when a petition was sent to Dr. Herbert, begging for one hour more.

Not at all willing to grant the request, he was at length persuaded, by his wife and Captain Von Osborn, to send an order to Hans not to extinguish the lights before half-past eleven.

Dancing and flirtation were just at their height, when Hans came shuffling in, lantern in hand, and without regard for any thing but his order, turned off the gas; and deaf to all entreaties to leave but one light, went out with the same stony face with which he had entered.

After many laughs and little screams from the young people, and much grumbling and scolding from the elder ones, the hall was at length deserted. The Captain, who had taken Lydia's arm as soon as the eclipse was total, had led her to a window till the confusion had subsided. He then conducted her to her father's room; and after bidding good night, left her—to dream of a dove which came over the water, and dropped a green leaf at his feet.

Several days passed quietly at Louisenrest. Mr. Delaware had commenced with the treatment the Doctor had prescribed for him. Although he felt during the first few days quite fatigued, he became more and more convinced that the final effect would be beneficial, and determined to remain all summer. Harry would have traveled meanwhile through Germany, but he did not think it prudent to leave his sister alone under his suspicious father's care. Her beauty and reputed wealth drew many ad-

mirers around her, of whom Harry feared none so much as he did Captain Von Osborn. This gentleman had, with his usual tact, made himself so agreeable to Mr. Delaware that Harry saw clearly that his father would be the Captain's best advocate with Lydia, if he seriously aspired to obtain her hand. That he was in earnest, Harry became daily more convinced, as his manner towards Lydia was quite different from that which he showed to other ladies. He did not expatiate upon her loveliness to Harry, as was his wont when admiring others. Harry liked the Captain, in fact was much attached to him, and appreciated his fine qualities; but he thought him too old, if not in years, at least in experience, for his young and innocent sister. He therefore gave up all thoughts of leaving Louisenrest before his father and Lydia did.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ADELE and Lydia became daily more intimate; they read and took long walks together, from which, however, they seldom returned without encountering the Captain or Harry; or both together. They rode soon after breakfast nearly every day, to watch the progress of Adele's cottage, in which Lydia took a great interest. She had promised to assist in furnishing it, and the plans which she and Adele had in regard to it were most wonderfully impracticable, and greatly entertained Harry and the Captain.

Having one morning met the young ladies, the Captain took them to a furnishing store in R——, re-

questing them to buy all they needed for Adele's cottage, which he knew was almost finished. He vastly enjoyed the perplexity of the girls, who knew just what they wanted so long as it was not within their reach, but whose knowledge of what was useful and what not, now suddenly seemed to have vanished. At first they referred to him, because Lydia thought—not so, Adele—that he must know every thing; but when he gravely selected, as the most indispensable articles, a card table and a writing desk, even Lydia gave up all hope of profiting by his advice. The task was at length accomplished, and a wagon load of furniture bought. The girls, flushed with happiness and excitement, went at once to Lydia's father, who, in his handsome private parlor, was busy with his son writing. Regardless of disturbing them, Lydia threw her arms round her father's neck, telling how kind and generous the Captain had been, and what an amusing time they had had in selecting the furniture. Harry looked unmistakably annoyed when he heard that the Captain had met the girls. Adele, who read his face like an open book, understood his thoughts immediately and blushed; from which he drew the conclusion that she too was fascinated by the Captain, and that he would now have both girls to warn and guard against the fickleness of this modern Bluebeard. When a little while later, the Captain came to play his usual game of chess with Mr. Delaware, the latter received him more cordially than ever; while Harry was so unusually distant and cold, that the Captain looked long and earnestly at him, resolving to speak to

him about Lydia the first opportunity he could find. Lydia and Adele went to Mrs. Leiden, and Harry followed them, determined not to give the Captain another opportunity to see either of the girls without him. He began suddenly to doubt the feelings the Captain had expressed towards Adele, and after weighing each word and look of Adele and the Captain, he could not determine whether the latter paid more attention to Adele or Lydia, or which was the most pleased with him. Poor Adele! she never dreamed that Harry's thoughts were so much occupied for her welfare. She daily expected that Lydia would tell her about her future sister-in-law. As we said before, even had she not thought that his affections were not engaged, she would never have indulged in the supposition that he, handsome, brilliant and wealthy as he was, could love one whose beauties and treasures lay all in heart and mind. She was not so blind but that she could see that he took more interest in her than in any other lady at Louisenrest, but she thought that this was the natural result of his intimacy with her family. When the next day at dinner the Captain found that Harry had changed their seats, and removed them as far as possible from him, he resolved to speak to him without delay. On the same day, as the sun was slowly sinking behind the mountains, he met Harry in the park. Taking his arm, he walked with him up the mountain, where at that hour no one would be likely to interrupt them. There he told him of his past life, of the soft blue eyes which had kept him from many a folly, and which he had vainly

tried to forget. He represented himself no better than he was. He was fully conscious he did not deserve the love of one so pure and good as Lydia, but then who did? He knew that if he gained her affection, he would be faithful, and make her happiness the object of his life.

Harry had listened with deep interest to the Captain's frank, manly confession, and felt when he spoke of Clara, that a man who could love so truly would not make his sister unhappy.

Telling him, therefore, that he would throw no obstacle in his way if he could win Lydia's love, they parted better friends than they had been before.

Harry felt really relieved that he could lay down his guardianship of the two girls, but then again came the thought, that the Captain might have captivated Adele's imagination, and if he should win Lydia's affection, Adele might be unhappy. This idea made him most uncomfortable, and he determined to watch her carefully, and see if his conjectures were right.

How often people muse and speculate over an idea which is wholly without foundation, until at last they believe that as a truth, which nothing warrants, and which makes them miserable and unhappy.

The Captain became daily more attentive to Lydia, and Harry was at his post of observation, whenever Adele was present; but however closely he watched, he never saw anything to confirm his suspicion, until Lydia told him one day, that when Adele thought herself unobserved, she would have such an absent melancholy look, that it troubled her, and asked him if

he had never noticed it. He said he had not, but he now became convinced that she loved the Captain, and knowing the hopelessness of her attachment, battled against it with all the strength of her heart and mind. He conjectured further that the sight of Lydia must be torture to her, and resolved to persuade his father to leave Louisenrest, before Lydia's feelings towards the Captain could have time to ripen into love. But these resolutions were put to flight again the next moment, by some words from Adele, which plainly proved that although she liked and esteemed the Captain, she certainly did not love him.

All this of course made Adele the principal object of his thoughts, and he sometimes, really vexed, said to himself that Lydia had never given him half the trouble this girl did. He often wished she had never touched his carriage that rainy morning, as he would then probably never have become so interested in her.

What seeming trifles sometimes change our whole destiny, the entire course of our lives!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Harry had, with his father and Lydia, accompanied by Adele and Captain Von Osborn, visited all the most beautiful spots in the neighborhood of R—, and one fine July day, he made a proposition to go the following morning to Wiesbaden.

They first secured Mrs. Leiden's consent to Adele's going with them, and then asked General Adlerkreuz. But this gentleman responded that an evil spirit would surely seize him and

make him gamble if he went to Wiesbaden, and as he could not afford to lose his money, and his reputation with the young ladies as a man of good principles and strict morals, he deemed it wiser not to expose himself to the temptation.

Mr. Johnston, the Countess Petrowska, Professor Schönleben, and unfortunately his wife too, were to join the party.

The next morning at six o'clock, they were on their way, and arrived at Wiesbaden about three hours later. They went to the Victoria Hotel, where, though it was crowded, the host managed to give them pleasant rooms, and an excellent breakfast. Hearing that they were from Louisenrest and would only remain that day, he told them with all the politeness of a thoroughbred hotel-keeper, that if they would like to see the surroundings of Wiesbaden before going to the Kür-house, where, before twelve o'clock, not much was going on, they were welcome to his carriages and horses.

They gladly accepted the offer, and went first to the Nero Mountain, so called from a palace the tyrant had built there. Thence to a mountain not far from it, on whose summit stands a Russian Chapel, the Mausoleum of the first wife of the Duke of Nassau. She was a Russian Princess, of great goodness and beauty, and died very young.

When they returned to the hotel it was past twelve o'clock, and partaking of a lunch which Mr. Johnston and the Captain—delighted that they could once more eat when and what they liked—had ordered, they went to the Kür-house.

After they had walked through the park, Mr. Delaware went into the reading saloon to read the *New York Herald*, while the others, crossing the elegant Concert Hall, went to the first gambling saloon.

On entering, they heard the clinking of silver and gold, and the voice of the Croupier calling out: "*Rouge gagne, noir perd!*" Here, around a large oval table, presided over by the Banquier and Croupier—who were throned on high seats, so as to overlook easily the whole table—sat and stood a great many ladies and gentlemen, many of them of doubtful reputation. *Roulette* was played in this saloon, and in the next one *Trente et Quarante*.

Adele and Lydia were shocked by the expression with which the gamblers followed the course of the game. "What a dreadful countenance that man has!" whispered Lydia, shuddering, and drawing unconsciously a little closer to the Captain, directed his attention to a young man whose features had that old, sharp look which passion and vice stamp on their victims. He had large rolls of gold lying before him, and clenching his hands, and grinding his teeth, appeared like one in spasms, when the color or number on which he had set a large sum, lost. Near him sat a woman whose rouged cheeks could not conceal the wrinkles, and whose general appearance indicated the unhappy class to which she belonged. She did not venture much money at a time, and seemed more occupied in throwing bold glances at the gentlemen than with the progress of the game. Another woman, young and handsome, dressed in a slovenly manner, though her

clothes were of the most costly materials, never looked up. Having an ivory tablet and a gold pencil in her hand, she was figuring and calculating, following the game with the most absorbing interest, but not evincing the slightest emotion whether she lost or won.

The most disgusting, and at the same time, the most pitiful sight was an old man with thin gray hair, who—bent and trembling with age—with his withered hands laid large rolls of gold on a number. As soon as the Croupier had turned the wheel, he rose from his seat, and leaning with both hands on the table, tried with his dim and lustreless eyes to see if his number was likely to win or lose. Not a sound, not a motion escaped him when he had lost, but when he had won, he looked at those around him with a stupid leer, drew the money together, and chuckling to himself, appeared in high glee. The feebleness and weakness of age, usually so venerable and touching, were rendered hideous by uncontrolled passions.

"The fool, the old sinner!" said Mrs. Schönleben to her husband, pointing to the old man, while Lydia said to Adele: "How dreadful, I cannot enjoy it at all!" The two girls having already entered the saloon with the greatest imaginable horror for gambling, became almost sick with this disgusting scene, and when the Croupier said: "*Faites votre Jeu, Mesdames, Messieurs!*" and his eyes fell by chance upon Capt. Von Osborn, Lydia became so afraid and excited, that she laid both her hands on his arm, and said: "Oh, no! Do let us go, you surely will not play."

Flushing with pleasure at this mark of interest, he bent his head down, and looking deep into her eyes, said that he would never do any thing displeasing to her, if she would only give him the opportunity to study her pleasure.

Made very silent by these words, she did not raise her eyes until Mrs. Schönleben came to ask if they should all try their fortune by risking a few guilder. "No," replied the Captain, while Lydia blushed, "I promised not to gamble, but I do not care what the others do."

"Yes, come on, let us try a few guilder," said Harry. "I will lay for you. Miss Adele how much shall I venture for each of you. Ten, fifteen guilder?" "Not one for me," said Adele, while Lydia laying her hand on Adele's and pressing it lightly, unnoticed by the others, said: "If we have to gamble, Adele and I will do it for you all, provided that none of you will try it."

"Yes, yes," answered the Captain, much amused, and adoring his dove more and more. "Here is my purse; out with yours, Mr. Delaware, hand it to the ladies."

"If I wish to gamble, I will do it myself," said Harry, who was not at all in good humor, and for whose pride it was too much to be thought so weak and foolish, that once beginning to play, he would not have known when to stop. Adele had not heard this answer, her eyes were riveted on some one at the opposite side of the table, and suddenly addressing Harry, she said in her quick, impulsive way: "Mr. Delaware go quick and tell Mr. Johnston that we are waiting for him to leave. Don't you see he is

gambling, and has just now lost a large sum." "My dear young lady," replied he shortly and haughtily, thinking in his present mood, that it was very strange that he should interfere with something not concerning him, "I am not Mr. Johnston's keeper." Adele made no reply, but feeling offended, she withdrew her arm from Harry's and went to Mr. Johnston, followed by Lydia and the Captain, who had observed her movements, but had not heard what she, or Harry had said.

"Sir," said she, "we are waiting for you. Are you ready to accompany us?" "You may go," answered Johnston, not looking up to see who addressed him, but keeping his eyes upon the roulette. "I will follow you in a little while."

"No, we cannot leave till you are ready to go with us, as otherwise the Countess Petrowska has no gentleman to escort her." Turning his eyes, and seeing Adele, he remembered, that at breakfast at the hotel she had said what a horror she had for gambling. Understanding her, he laughed good naturedly, and putting the rest of his money in his purse—for he had lost heavily in that short time—he said: "Do not fear Miss Leiden, I am not such a fool as to leave them every penny I possess. I did it only to say that I had gambled."

When they had returned to their former place, Harry had just set twenty-five gulden on rouge, but not feeling at all satisfied with himself, he looked pale. "O Adele, look at my poor brother," said Lydia, thinking him lost for time and eternity, and drawing her veil over her face that nobody should see the tears in her

eyes. "Do go to him, and beg him to stop. He thinks so much of you, he will surely heed what you say to him."

Having the words, "I am not Mr. Johnston's keeper, my dear young lady," still ringing in her ears, it was a hard and almost impossible task for the proud girl to accost Harry, but seeing his paleness and Lydia's tears—his paleness she interpreted for growing passion for the game—she went to him, and laying her hand softly upon his arm, she said: "Mr. Delaware, I am suffering from a severe headache, and wish to leave, will you accompany me to the hotel?" "With pleasure," he of course was obliged to reply, and taking the money he had won, he put it in his purse, and offered his arm to Adele.

"Oh please, wait one moment longer," whispered Mrs. Schönleben, who had been gambling for some time, thinking her husband had left the saloon. "No Madam," the Professor replied—he had silently observed her—"it is time you left," and she knowing that when he once aroused himself, and spoke decidedly, he meant to be obliged, pocketed her money, and grumblingly took his arm.

They all went now in search of the Countess, who, on entering the gambling saloon, became visibly agitated, and sinking on one of the sofas near the entrance, told Adele that she would stay there till they had looked about, and were ready to return to the hotel. She had left her seat, and they found her in the reading saloon, with a journal in her hands, but lost in thought. She started, like one awakening from a dream, when Mr. Johnston accosted her, offering his arm.

Mr. Delaware, who had been so absorbed in his paper that he had only for a moment looked into the gambling saloons, was waiting in the park; and being at last all together, they went to the hotel, where they arrived just in time for the table d'hôte.

"How did you like the Kür-house?" said the host to Harry, as he looked over the table to see if they were properly supplied.

"Yes, you are right, it is a splendid building. I am glad that you had the good luck to see Count Bulgovsky play. If you had gone yesterday you would not have seen him, as, having lost heavily, he had for a few days no money, and had to pawn his diamond studs and his watch to have a few gulden in hand. Last night his drafts arrived, and now he will gamble again from morning until night, till his last louis d'or is gone. They say he has lost here, in Ems and Baden-Baden, the greatest part of a princely fortune."

"Is this Count a young man of medium stature, with sharp features, and a singular, restless look?" asked the Captain. "Or is it an old man, who seems nearly in his dotage?"

"It is the young gentleman, sir. You describe him correctly. He looks so now, but had quite a different appearance when he came here first,—about a year ago. His features were not then sharp, or his look so wandering. I have seen many change so with the fever of gambling. The old gentleman is a Frenchman, a Marquis de Valence. For eight summers he has frequented here, and always leaves after losing a certain amount. This season, it is said, he is in luck, but nobody takes so much interest in him

as in Count Bulgovsky, because he does not play high, and everybody knows where he will stop. Count Bulgovsky always draws crowds, and if it had been known that he had received money, the saloon would have been filled. He is this year the 'lion' of the gamblers. There is another noted gambler here. It is a lady. I do not know whether you observed her in the throng, though she was there, no doubt. She rarely misses a day, and came even on the day of her only sister's burial. She is a Russian, young and handsome. It is said that she married a gambler, and was influenced by his example. Having lost immense sums one day, he died by his own hands, and left a letter, warning his wife, by his own dreadful end, to abandon the gaming table. But, as if possessed by the evil spirit, she is never seen but with her ivory tablets and golden pencil, always calculating which color had most lost or won. Like many other gamblers, she has the mania that there are certain rules by which one may estimate the chances of the game, and she is constantly endeavoring to find out these rules."

Having been informed that at three o'clock there would be a concert at the Kür-house by the Austrian Military band, which came once a week from Frankfort, for that purpose, our party started immediately after dinner to secure seats. The large concert hall was well filled when they arrived, but they found good seats at the farther end of it, from whence they could overlook the entire hall. It was interesting to watch the crowd of people, whose features and manners marked, often distinctly, their na-

tionalities. Who could doubt that those gentlemen, standing there with haughty bearing, marked features, and moustaches so long and pointed as to endanger the eyes of all passers-by, were Magyars, true sons of Hungary? That lively group sitting on the left side of the front row are surely French. Hear how they chatter; they do not only seem, but are amused. *That* party, consisting of an elderly lady and two young ones, are, doubtless, the wife and daughters of a Prussian officer, whose small and insufficient salary is his only income. They have nearly starved themselves during the winter, to be able to spend a few weeks at a fashionable watering place. Those dark-haired ladies and gentlemen who walk up and down, halting every few steps in order to make their remarks the more forcible, are Italians. The tall gentleman, who appears to be afraid that his nose will drop, and keeps it up with his cane; and that straight-backed lady, who, holding his arm with the tips of her fingers, walks almost at arm's length from him, followed by two thin, bare-legged children, are unmistakably English. They do not even attempt to appear as if anything out of their smoky London could please them. Those dark Bohemian faces near the entrance are Mexicans, and are of the worst class of gamblers. Many a gentleman, passing them, involuntarily feels for his purse. There are stately Greeks in their national costume, and a handsome Turk, with his many-colored turban. The latter serves as a model for the artists in Düsseldorf, and is just now speaking to one of them, a young man, who has very long hair,

and a fantastic velvet coat. Do you not hear him praise his own eyes, mouth, head, and whole figure? Well, this is his merchandise, why should he not extol it? But observe that lady at the right with small, straight eyes; she is almost hidden by a fleshy old woman with bare neck and arms, who sits before her. She is a Chinese, married to an English merchant. Just look at her servants in Chinese costume, who sit behind her with two children, round as barrels, showing the good effect of the rice they eat.

"I wonder who that old gentleman is, who just now entered with a beautiful girl on each side of him, and a number of gentlemen following," said Adele to Lydia. "He surely must be some distinguished man, see how every one makes way for him."

"Perhaps Captain Von Osborn knows," said Harry; and addressing that gentleman who was just thinking that Lydia was the loveliest girl present, he inquired if he knew.

"Which gentleman," asked the Captain, looking about in the crowd.

"The one with the two beautiful girls—one a blonde, the other a brunette. See, he fans one with a bouquet, the other with a fan. How silly he looks," said Adele.

"That is Prince —," said the Captain, shortly.

"And those ladies," asked Lydia.

"I cannot tell you who they are," returned the Captain, who really could not tell his pure, young companions who those women were.

"Probably his daughters, or some favorite ladies of honor," said Lydia, innocently, while Mrs. Schönleben, to

the great mortification of her husband, laughed aloud; but as the music began at that moment, the subject was dismissed.

The concert ended, the crowd dispersed, when, as our friends were preparing to walk through the building to see the elegant dancing and conversation saloons, they were startled by the report of a pistol. Several persons who were about leaving the hall,—which, as we said before, leads into the saloon where they play roulette—listened for a moment and then went into the gambling saloon, whence the report of the pistol came; but by far the greater part of the people went their way, without paying attention to it. The Captain and Harry, after telling the other gentlemen to walk with the ladies in the park, where they would rejoin them, went into the saloon, but very soon returned, pale and visibly agitated. Offering Lydia and Adele their arms, they silently left the Kür-house and park.

"What was it? From whence came that report, and what did it mean?" at length asked Mr. Delaware, when, having left the beautiful park with its masses of people behind them, Harry and the Captain slackened their pace a little. Lydia and Adele, feeling that something dreadful was coming, involuntarily shuddered; and fearing to look up, kept their eyes upon the ground. The Countess, pale as death, dropped her veil, and fixed her eyes, terror-struck, upon Harry, as he said: "That young man whom we saw gambling this morning, and of whom the hotel-keeper spoke, calling him Count Bulgovsky, has shot himself. He lost the last louis d'or of thousands which

he received last night. When we entered the saloon they had thrown a green cloth over him and bore him out, without interrupting the play. The croupiers had the same stony faces, the gamblers looked with the same eager, hungry eyes at the turning of the wheel."

"How terrible!" exclaimed the girls, who wished that they had never come to Wiesbaden; while the Countess, who was nearly fainting, was led to one of the benches, which were standing in the shady avenue leading from the Kür-house to the Victoria hotel. At length they had reached the hotel, and an hour later were on their way to R—. Their journey home was very quiet. The Countess kept her eyes closed. Mr. Johnston snored in a deep sleep, and dropped his head so often from one side to another, that the Captain and Harry propped him up with shawls and overcoats. Mr. Delaware slept quietly in a corner. Professor Schönleben would have liked to do the same; but his wife, who could not forget that he called her away from the gaming table just as she was winning, was sulky. Captain Von Osborn, improving the occasion, spoke in a low voice to Lydia, who listened with blushing cheeks and downcast eyes. Harry, observing that this had no effect upon Adele, told her that he had been in a miserable humor all day, and endeavored to be cheerful and agreeable during the ride, which, for the Captain, was but too soon ended.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MR. DELAWARE had been nearly two months at Louisenrest, when the Captain, one morning, dressed as if he were going to a grand review, went to him, and pale with emotion, and not at all the self-possessed man he usually was, asked him for Lydia's hand. He had, some time before, adroitly made him acquainted with his position and wealth. Poor, blind Mr. Delaware! He was like one falling out of the clouds, as he, to Harry's secret vexation, had never noticed the growing attachment between the Captain and Lydia. After the Captain told him that Lydia loved him, and was willing to become his wife if her father consented, and that he would resign his commission in the army and reside on his beautiful estate on the Moselle, the old man grew very quiet and sad, saying that it had never entered his mind that he would ever live separately from his only daughter.

The Captain, a master in making things appear in the best light, told him that they would accompany him back to the United States, and stay with him till he was ready to try the air of the Moselle.

"But my son, what does he say?" asked Mr. Delaware, already seeing the future more hopefully. "He told me before I came to you, that he would gladly welcome me as his brother," replied the Captain, trying to steady his voice, which would tremble a little. After speaking of Lydia's delicate health, and the tender care to which she was accustomed, Mr. Delaware gave the happy Captain his consent.

Lydia having some time before made Adele her confidante, waited for the Captain in Mrs. Leiden's room. The two girls were seated on the sofa in a close embrace, when he entered, both with hearts beating with suspense. But when the Captain took Lydia in his arms, telling her that she was his dove, they knew all was well, and Adele quietly left the room.

Mr. Delaware and Harry did their best to persuade the Captain not to take Lydia from them, until their return from Italy, for which voyage they began to make preparations.

But the Captain constantly gaining more of Mr. Delaware's affection, and Harry's esteem and confidence, convinced them very soon that it would be far more agreeable to have him accompany them as a son and brother; and accordingly the time of the wedding was fixed on an early day in September.

John and Fritz were not much surprised when they heard the news, as Fritz had told John weeks ago, that he was sure that their two houses would form an alliance.

Katie manifested her surprise by "goodness!" "did you ever?" with accompanying head noddings. Thinking that she must follow the example of her mistress, she began to receive the attentions of the gallant Fritz much more graciously than before; but no lovers' felicity could bring John's nose out of the air, or his eyes down on pretty girls.

Major Von Kranz had become meanwhile a frequent visitor at Louisenrest, where his attentions to Adele were much commented on. Some thought it a splendid match for the dowerless girl, while others, knowing

her better, laughed at the Major's presumption.

Captain Von Osborn was much amused by his brother officer's devotion, but Lydia could not conceal her indignation at the slightest hint of it. If Harry noticed it or took any interest in it, no one knew, for he never alluded to it.

He and Adele, thrown more than ever into each other's society, seemed to become more and more estranged; and Lydia often wondered silently why they evinced so little sympathy for each other. Neither seemed to care as much about his own opinion, as when the other advanced a different one; and Harry would sometimes dispute with Adele so coldly and haughtily, that Lydia was actually ashamed of him, while the Captain observed him with a very odd expression.

One day when Lydia and Adele were sitting in the park together, crotcheting one of the useless articles women think of so much importance, while Harry smoked, and the Captain read to them, the latter suddenly laid his book down, and asked Adele if Major Von Kranz was at Louisenrest the day before.

"No," replied Adele; but Lydia always on the defensive when the Major was named in Adele's presence said, that if he had been there, the Captain would have been as likely to see him as her friend would. "I do not know that," replied he, always delighted when his dove ruffled her feathers. "For if I interpret his visits aright, then—" Here a servant interrupted him, presenting a card to Adele. "Major Von Kranz," the Captain whispered to Lydia, who tried hard

to look offended. "Why did you not give the card to the Doctor, or Mrs. Herbert?" said Adele to the servant. "Because Major Von Kranz"—here the Captain looked triumphantly at Lydia—"told me to give it to Miss Leiden and say that he begged for the honor of an interview."

"Tell him that I will be there directly," said Adele, blushing a little, though no one looked at her, all seeming much occupied—Lydia with her work, the Captain with his book, and Harry with his cigar. "Shall I find you here when I return?" asked Adele.

"If the Major does not detain you too long," the Captain could not forbear saying, for which his dove began again to ruffle her feathers, while Harry gave him a glance which plainly said: "What is that to you?"

"I am sure," said the incorrigible Captain, when Adele was out of sight, "that the Major means to make Adele his wife, and I should not be surprised if he asks her to-day—as his regiment is soon to leave Mainz, to be stationed too far off perhaps, to visit Louisenrest often. He is a little odd to be sure, but a good-hearted fellow. Adele would soon cure him of his whims," added he, looking at Harry. Lydia thought that the Major would hardly dare to propose to Adele, before he had more proof that she liked him; but the Captain said, one could never know what was in a girl's mind. Harry, grumbling that the Major was an old fool, threw his cigar angrily away, as if it had burnt him, and rose to go, much out of patience with the Major, Captain, Lydia and Adele, but most with himself. He thought what a blessing it would be when once on

his way to Italy, he would hear no more of this uninteresting nonsense.

The Captain was right in his conjectures. The Major had come to offer his hand and heart to Adele, but was rejected in such a manner that she left him no hope that perseverance and patience would change her decision.

He left Louisenrest therefore without seeing Captain Von Osborn; and as his regiment was transferred a few weeks later, he was soon entirely forgotten.

The day of Lydia's wedding had at length arrived, and having kept it from the guests at Louisenrest, she was quietly married, and had left the Establishment with her husband to go to Geneva—where Mr. Delaware and Harry would join them—before hardly anyone, except the Doctor's family knew any thing about it.

Katie was left in Adele's charge, until Lydia returned; and Fritz was to go to the Captain's estate on the Moselle, and see that the orders which had been given for fitting up the old chateau in a style worthy of its young mistress, were carried out. John was to accompany his master.

Adele missed Lydia sadly, and when she thought that but a few days more would pass, and Harry would bid her farewell, her very heart seemed to cease beating with its pain and anguish.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE day of Mr. Delaware's and Harry's departure had arrived, and Adele rose in the morning with such a violent headache, that unable

to walk, she had lain down in her sister's sitting-room, on the sofa, telling her mother to bid both Mr. Delaware and his son adieu for her.

Dr. Herbert's whole family parted regretfully with Harry. The Doctor who had become as attached to him as to a younger brother, said little, but walked up and down his study with his hands behind his back, grumbling that it was a tiresome business getting acquainted with people and liking them, only to part with them perhaps for ever. He almost wished he had never come to Louisenrest.

Harry, who in Dr. Herbert's family had found a second home, when he, sick, alone and a stranger, had arrived at R—, felt not less deeply the parting from such a true, kind heart; and when he entered the Doctor's study, where he had passed so many pleasant hours, both he and Dr. Herbert went to the window, where they stood for a moment looking out, before they could shake hands and say farewell.

Mrs. Leiden and Mrs. Herbert made no effort to hide the tears which sprang to their eyes when Harry thanked them for all their kindness to him; and the boys, seeing that their mother wiped her eyes, buried their faces in her dress, and would not look up when Harry spoke to them.

When he asked Mrs. Leiden where he could find Adele, she told him that she had one of her bad headaches, and could not see him. Harry, sorely disappointed, begged Mrs. Leiden, with an attempt at a jest, to tell Miss Adele that the ghost of the park must appear once more to him before he could rest in peace.

Mrs. Leiden went to her daughter, but before she could give the message,

Harry, who had followed her, stood before Adele, who looked so ill that Mrs. Leiden, fearing that her grandsons would disturb her with their noise, left quickly to keep them away.

"I could not leave without seeing you, Miss Adele," said Harry, taking a chair near the head of the sofa on which Adele was reclining. "I shall always remember with pleasure the many hours we have passed together, and hope that we may all meet again at Lydia's new home."

Adele, not trusting herself to speak, only bowed her head, which he took for coldness; and rising, he shook hands with her, bidding her farewell. As he was about to leave the room, he turned once more to look at her, and saw that she was deadly pale; and that, with an indescribable expression of pain, her eyes followed him. Thinking that she had become worse, and was unable to call for help, he hurried back, and taking her almost in his arms, begged her to tell him what he could do for her; if he should call her mother. She shook her head, and motioned to him to give her some water, which he did, and the color slowly returned to her cheeks and lips. In answer to his repeated question whether he should call her mother, she said she was better now, and would rather not have her mother know that she had become ill so suddenly, as it would needlessly alarm her.

"I have plenty of time yet," he said, looking at his watch, "and shall remain with you for half an hour longer, if you will permit me, that I may be able to tell Lydia that you are well. Do you remember, Miss Adele," said he, after he had taken his seat

again, "when I saw you on that sofa before, with your head bandaged and propped up by pillows?" She knew well when it was, but looked up inquiringly. "It was after the fatal accident at 'The Brothers,' and we were just engaged in one of those pleasant conversations which we used to have then, when we were interrupted by the appearance of Mrs. Brown."

"Yes, yes," said Adele, without looking up, "I remember it well;" and, indeed, she was not likely to forget that morning.

"You will, I understand, leave immediately for the United States on your return from Italy," said she, by way of changing the conversation.

"Yes, I am obliged to do so on account of some family affairs."

"Family affairs!" thought Adele, "why cannot he say he is going to be married?"

Determined to know the truth at once, she said: "Then, I suppose, you will return as soon as you are married?"

"As soon as *what*?" he asked, thinking that he had misunderstood her.

"As soon as you are married," she repeated, with a desperate effort.

"If I did not return before then, I should probably never cross the ocean again, as I never intend to marry," he said bitterly. "But," he continued after a pause, during which she had not dared to look up, and, consequently, had not seen how searchingly he gazed upon her, "who told you I was going to marry? Some one must have spoken to you about it, as you surely would not have imagined it yourself."

"Mrs. Brown told me so," replied

Adele, getting alternately pale and flushed, but resolved, as she had nothing to lose, to know all. "Mrs. Brown told me that you were engaged to a lovely girl, and were going to marry her as soon as you returned home."

"Adele," said Harry, who had become paler and more excited than the girl, "this is not all Mrs. Brown told you. I see it all now. From the day of which we have been speaking, your manners towards me changed entirely; and you, whose excellent heart I saw that stormy morning in the park, and who became to me as dear as a sister, you have treated me often with the most cruel contempt. I will know before I depart from here what she said to you of me. In common justice you are bound to tell me every word, that I may defend myself, and show you—whom I always thought so frank and open, that I sometimes wished that you were a man, that I might make a friend of you,—you, in whose justice and judgment I placed such reliance—how you have wronged me."

In his excitement, his wounded feelings, his offended pride, he had left his seat, and was pacing the room, not observing that the tears streamed down Adele's cheeks, who was weeping with grief and delight.

"Forgive me," said he at last, when he saw her tears, and taking her hands from her face, he sat down on the sofa beside her. "I would not wound you; I will only ask to know what she said. Are you not willing to tell me?" he said, after vainly waiting for her to speak.

"No," she said, "I cannot repeat it."

"Very well," said he, haughtily, and, dropping her hand, he rose. "I have often been disappointed, but never more than in you;" and taking his hat, he bowed formally, and was going to the door, when Adele, laying her hand on his arm, detained him.

"Mr. Delaware," said she, looking up to him with the tears still on her cheeks, "pray forgive me, for indeed I cannot repeat her words."

"You ought to be able to repeat them without the slightest mistake," said he, bitterly, "as your conduct towards me during many a long day, has shown plainly that you remembered them very well."

"I see that I have done you wrong. I ought to have known it long ago," said she, regretfully.

"Then why did you not know it?" he said, with all the obstinacy and pride of a man, for whom it is a hard thing to learn that he has not been thought infallible.

"I have nothing to say in my own defence," said Adele, drying her eyes, and beginning to think him a tyrant. "I beg you to forgive me, and that ought to satisfy you."

"Satisfy me!" exclaimed he, measuring her as if he thought she ought to kneel before him. "After you have kept me for days together in a fever with your cool contempt and self-control, you think I must forget it all in a moment, and be satisfied, perhaps even humbled, with a few words. How can I tell that you will not believe true what this woman told you unless you give me a chance to defend myself. This woman, who was a stranger to you, while I have been for months almost like one of

your own family. Ah! let no one tell me any more to trust the frankness, truth or strength of any woman; they are all weak, fickle, and dissemblers."

Adele, who till now had shown her regret, and said all she thought necessary to atone for the wrong she had done him, felt that her dignity would not allow her to listen longer to him, and though secretly thanking him for every word he uttered, as it showed how highly he esteemed her, said with her head raised, no longer bowed down as a penitent: "Mr. Delaware, if what I have told you, is not satisfactory, I am truly sorry, but as it is all I have to say, I find it exceedingly unkind for you to speak to me as you do. I pity the American women if they are accustomed to such treatment. I know we are not."

These words spoken neither bitterly nor haughtily, but with quiet womanly dignity, cooled instantly the blood of the roused lion. He besought her to forgive him, if in his excitement he had said more than he ought, and taking her hand, asked her if she would be his friend, and re-occupy that place in his thoughts, of which she had taken possession when she drew the poor, old man into the shelter of the bowling alley.

Shaking hands over their renewed friendship, he promised that he would write to her from Italy how little Mrs. Brown knew of his affairs. "But," interrupting himself, he said: "I must ask your mother's permission to write to you, as I once heard your sister remark that it was not customary in Germany for gentlemen to write to young ladies without their parents' consent." "You may write to me,

without asking her," returned Adele smiling, "a friend need not ask, but can always write." "Ah!" said Harry, "I understand, it is a—" "Master Harry, where have you been all this time?" said John unceremoniously entering the room. "We have been looking high and low for you, without being able to find you."

"Is it time to go? I forgot entirely to look at my watch."

"Time to go! No, there's no more time to go to-day. The train left long ago, and Mr. Delaware says we will have to wait for the night train." "Well, no great loss I suppose," said Harry coolly, to John's great vexation, who had hoped to make him, as Katie expressed it, as 'mad as fire,' with the news that the train had gone.

John looked like offended dignity as he left the room, muttering to himself that women were always at the bottom of every earthly trouble; and devoutly hoping not to find any in the next world.

Harry and Adele now enjoyed once more, after weeks of misunderstanding, an hour of frank, cheerful conversation, and cleared up to each others satisfaction many misinterpreted actions, and forgave each other many harsh and bitter words.

Great was Mrs. Leiden's astonishment when, going before dinner to see Adele, she found her well and happy, with not a vestige of headache.

"I do not wish for any dinner to-day mother dear," said she. "I am not hungry at all, and will now go to my room and dress, as I invited Mr. Delaware and his father to take coffee with us this afternoon. I do not know whether the father will come, but I

am sure the Doctor's American will," added she gaily.

When Adele left the room, Mrs. Leiden stood lost in thought; then shook her head with a sigh, and went to the dining-room, but said not a word about Adele's transformation to Mrs. Herbert; nor did she tell her that, without intending to do so, she had left Adele so long alone with Harry, for both she and Adele were rather in awe of Mrs. Herbert's strict sense of propriety.

Adele joyfully entered the room which she had left in the morning so sad, and looking smilingly around her, she thought how changed every thing appeared, since she saw it last. She went to the window and raising eyes and heart, thanked God that she could once more see the sunlight, unobscured by tears.

A more agreeable afternoon than was spent in Mrs. Herbert's parlor that day, by the Doctor's family and Harry, none of them could remember; and when Harry—called one hour before the time by John—bade them all farewell, it was an altogether different, and more cheerful parting.

"As soon as we locate somewhere long enough to write, Miss Adele, I shall send you a long letter," said Harry in the presence of all the family, "and I hope you will not make me wait for an answer, I wish to be informed of every thing going on here. I shall write to you regularly Doctor, as I promised, and keep you informed of the state of my father's health."

Shaking hands all round, he went, leaving Adele with tears in her eyes, but a bright smile on her lips.

Mrs. Herbert had looked wonderingly at Adele, and then at her moth-

er, when Harry had said in such an easy way that he would write to her, and should expect long letters in return. As Adele only looked glad, and Mrs. Leiden did not appear to have heard it, she determined not to notice it either for the present, but thought it very strange. She was quite provoked that her husband, who nodded approvingly, seemed to think it the most natural thing in the world, that Harry and Adele should correspond. It never would have entered his mind, that Adele could fall in love, she was to him with her love of books, an old maid in prospect, but a contented and cheerful one.

Mrs. Leiden was not glad when she heard that Harry would write to Adele, but having reared her daughters carefully, she was not so easily alarmed when she saw them act with a modest independence, as those mothers who, neglecting to form their children's hearts while soft and yielding, do not know how far they can trust them.

There is nothing so important for a mother, as to learn early her children's character, their inclinations and talents. All her influence over their after life depends upon this.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ADELE was satisfied and at rest, with the hope of receiving letters from Harry, and with the conviction that he regarded her as a friend, a real friend. She had not expected that happiness, and forbidding her heart to wish for more, she was cheerful, although General Adlerkreuz said that a cloud had passed

over his sunbeam, and if it had not obscured its light, it had at least melted its brightness.

Eight days had passed since Harry's departure, and on the ninth, Adele's first thought was, that she might possibly receive a letter to-day. She waited impatiently for the mail to be brought to the Doctor; she looked every moment at the clock; she asked innumerable times if the mail had arrived, and enquired at what time it was due, though she knew the hour exactly. At last it arrived, and brought no letter to her. She went through the same suspense in the afternoon and evening. Several days elapsed, which were counterparts of that we have just described. Then she became, not more patient, but so accustomed to disappointment, that she could wait without looking up at the clock every moment, or listening for every footstep, expecting that every one who entered the room had a letter for her. But all this suspense she bore quietly except once, when, sitting with her work by her mother, the latter heard a half suppressed, weary sigh, and knowing what occupied her child's thoughts, said: "The mail is not yet in. I wonder when Mr. Delaware will write to you and the Doctor? I begin to wish to hear of him."

Adele replied, "Yes, we ought to have letters by this time."

At last, when he had been gone three weeks, and she began to think that something must have happened to him, picturing to herself accidents till she was almost sick with apprehension, a letter, a large letter arrived for her. He wrote to her the whole history of his acquaintance with Mrs.

Brown, then Mrs. Courtenay, but entreated her never to remind him of her, as he wished to forget her very existence. Of her history, he generously said no more than was needed to discredit what she might have said about him. When he reached the period where she appeared before him as Mrs. Brown, he wrote: "Do not imagine for one moment that I doubted that you had read my feelings in regard to her, rightly, and the efforts you made to conceal this from me, as well as your coming to my aid when you saw that I was troubled or embarrassed, taught me what a friend, what a priceless friend you would be if you were a man. The more I now reflect on your conduct, on your generosity, even at the time when you deemed me most unworthy of your esteem, the more I see that you really would be a 'Partaker of care,'—as Bacon says the old Romans called their friends,—to those to whom you gave your friendship." He expressed warmly how much they missed her in their walks and rides. They were now at Geneva, where they had met Lydia and the Captain.

"The last day we spent together," he continued, "obliterates the memory of the many long walks and rides we have taken, in which we not only conversed very little, but seemed desirous to express opinions differing from those of each other. Was not this childish, Adele, when I knew exactly your ideas, and you—notwithstanding Major Von Kranz's theory, that man's thoughts are far above a woman's comprehension,—certainly understood mine. I was impressed, when we first met, with the affinity of our minds." He said much of the

Captain and Lydia, and that the Captain called her his dove, which she did not like, as she thought she had grown very old and dignified since she was married; although people had to call out "Mrs. Von Osborn" at the top of their voice several times before she realized that it was to her they were speaking.

"The Captain's cheerful temper brightens us all up," said he. "He is still as anxious to please my father as if Lydia were yet to be won, and his kindness makes me forget that I have lost the first place in my sister's heart. When you write to me," he said at the close of the letter, "talk to me; do not write me a letter in which I vainly seek for yourself, and find, after long searching, only a likeness, about as satisfactory as the photograph my sister has of you. If you wish us to recognize you when we return, you must send us one of those Mrs. Herbert has in her album. Do not send me shorter letters than Lydia receives, or I shall become jealous. Remember that she is not like me, a ghost without a shadow, but always has somebody to fall back upon when disappointed or neglected, while I stand alone, with a heart which, though healed, is tender and sensitive."

Adele answered his letter immediately. Why should she wait? She was not writing to a lover, whom women delight to torment, whose anxious waiting is a pleasure to them, because it proves the power they hold over him. No such feelings animated her breast; and though she had waited three painfully long weeks, or perhaps because she had waited so long, and knew what waiting was, she an-

swered him as soon as she had read such parts of his letter to her mother as related to Lydia and general things.

Friendship, more generous and less exacting than love, is always more ready to give than to receive, while love's demands are rarely satisfied.

"I expected your letter with impatience, and received it with gladness," she wrote, "and I hope that absence will not diminish the good opinion you have of me. I have resumed my quiet life again since you left, and cannot, therefore, relate to you much about myself. I take many long walks alone now, listening to my footsteps, which often tell me many things. Only yesterday they told me no one ought to despair, however rugged and dark may be the path one has to tread; for at the end a light is ever shining, which is sometimes hidden only by the windings of the road. They told me, also, how much surer is the foot of him who asks for guidance when he reaches a crooked, unknown path, than that of one who, full of confidence in his knowledge of the road, never inquires whether he is right, but haughtily walks on until he stumbles and falls. This morning they said to me—as the fallen leaves in the park rustled beneath me, and I looked sadly at the barren trees—that next spring green buds would cover these naked branches, and by that time many a sore heart would have forgotten its woe.

"Of the guests who will mostly have left Louisenrest by the end of next month, I see little, but I will tell you faithfully all I know, only hoping that you will not call me 'Mrs. Grundy' for being so communicative.

"The Countess—to me the most incomprehensible being—do you recollect her agitation and excitement during the whole of our visit to Wiesbaden?—has changed visibly in tone and manner. She is becoming very religious, goes every day to church, and has long conversations with our Pastor, who happily has broad views of life, and is not one of those narrow-minded men, who, meaning to do their duty, fill one's soul with doubts: teaching that the Creator judges with the littleness of human understanding.

"The talk of Louisenrest is, that she will go into a Convent. How much truth there is in the report, time will show.

"Mr., Mrs., and Miss Helmer left a few days ago. Mr. Vanderbilt is still here, and rumor says that the engagement between the last two is broken off. Dear, kind Professor Schönleben with—well, his wife—I am afraid to make an uncharitable remark—went to his home nearly a fortnight ago. He is generally missed, but most of all—next to our own home circle—in the billiard saloon, where he was the only one who exercised any influence over General Adlerkreuz. The latter now rules supreme, and plays whist in such conformity to the rules of the game, that one can hear his voice in the bowling alley, which is, as you know, at a considerable distance from the billiard saloon. The General will remain at Louisenrest two months longer, and expects a nephew, whose only fault, he said to me, is, that he has not his uncle's voice! Rather a blessing, I should think. He is much attached to this young man, who, after all he told of him, seems quite

worthy of so kind a man's affection. Madamede Cambiar's husband, whom she has been expecting during the past month, has arrived at last. He is a fine-looking man, and after having embraced his wife, went on an excursion up the Rhine. He has not yet returned, which troubles Mrs. Grundy considerably more than it does Madame de Cambiar.

"Miss Angler, Mrs. Ziegel and Mr. Johnston stand exactly as they did when you left. The latter still undecided between the two ladies; sometimes nodding "yes," with the look of a stoic, to all Miss Angler tries to say in her broken English, sometimes looking rather puzzled, but nevertheless nodding "yes," to all that Mrs. Ziegel says too.

"Of Bertha and Count Giovanni I dare scarcely speak, even to you. I am afraid that Bertha's happiness will be very brief. I can not tell why, but think, and always did, that their acquaintance beginning like a poem, will end with a tragedy. Bertha is so good, so young and guileless, it would be sad to see her bright hopes blighted.

"People say that grief and sadness give to the character patience, experience and perseverance. But why do they enlarge on what it gives, and say so little of all the treasures it takes away in exchange—hope, brightness, and trust in our fellow beings. Ah! doubtless, grief is a great purifier, but it takes good pay for what it gives."

Adele's life became more cheerful, more sunny with Harry's letters, which arrived more and more frequently, while she never failed to answer them immediately.

"What can Mr. Delaware, who writes more frequently than Lydia, have to say to a girl, when he is not in love with her, mother?" said Mrs. Herbert one day to Mrs. Leiden, when Adele received a second letter in one week. "I must say that this correspondence is incomprehensible to me, and I wish it could be stopped. Adele has eyes and ears only for her letters, and you should have seen how abruptly she left young Adlerkreuz this morning, when a letter was brought to her. She hardly took time to excuse herself."

"Well," responded Mrs. Leiden, "but what can be done? Not a word of love is spoken in their letters, and I cannot forbid her to write to a friend, and that one, whom the Doctor and we all, esteem so highly."

"A friend, pshaw!" said Mrs. Herbert. "A young man and a girl friends! I never heard of such a thing. Excuse me, mother, but you ought not to have allowed it at the beginning. Of course you cannot do any thing now. It will wear off. I am only sorry that it absorbs Adele so entirely, and prevents her taking the least interest in any thing else. Frederic Adlerkreuz is such a fine young man, has every advantage, good family and wealth, and just see how she receives his attentions. He must be really deeply interested in her, not to have long given up every thought of her. Then too, the General is so fond of her. Only yesterday when he saw them walking together in the park, he looked at me and smiled so pleased and gratified. Believe me mother, Adele will be sorry at some future time, and reproach us for not opening her eyes. Therefore

take a suitable opportunity and speak to her. Think of poor Bertha, she would not now be lying ill, and wishing never to recover, if her sister had been more prudent."

"But my dear this is quite a different affair. Harry never spoke a word of love to Adele, and as we know his family, we are quite sure no wife will come to claim *him*."

"Yes; I acknowledge all that, but let us try to induce Adele to be a little more civil to Adlerkreuz. Think of the fine estate he will inherit from his uncle, where she could live just as she would like to, only for her music and her books."

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE many letters Adele had received during some weeks, and which so troubled her sister, had not given her the pleasure Mrs. Herbert thought, as Harry became more and more unintelligible to her. First having heard from the Doctor that some very pleasant and interesting persons had arrived at Louisenrest, among whom was General Adlerkreuz's nephew, who had become quite a lion at the Establishment, he reproached Adele with having lately written such short letters, telling nothing that happened at Louisenrest, and asking her to keep a kind of diary for him, which she did, sending it in the form of letters. He had received but three of these, when he wrote reproaching her for writing nothing but about the strangers there; did she suppose they could interest him, when he had not seen them, and most likely never would.

Adele not knowing how to please him, wrote now as she had done at first, mentioning such occurrences as she supposed would interest him, and became sparing of the name of Frederic Adlerkreuz in proportion to the increase of that gentleman's attention to her, not knowing that the Doctor, from whom Harry knew how to draw all the news, had written that Adlerkreuz, Jr., was very attentive to his little sister.

His replies to her last letters had made her singularly uncomfortable, as she thought they had rather an ironical tone, until one day, after he had received from Dr. Herbert the news that General Adlerkreuz hoped to light up his house with a certain sunbeam, she received a letter full of reproaches for neglecting him, and for having no trust, no confidence in him. To crown all, he did not doubt that she still believed what Mrs. Brown had said, and even rebuked her for not telling him what that lady had confided to her.

This was too much for Adele, who had thought in their last interview that he was inclined to be rather tyrannical, and had the warm blood and hot temper of the land of his mother's birth.

Not wishing to allow him to believe her his slave, and also to check his fault a little, she did not answer the letter at all, although she secretly shed many tears, for being obliged to do this for his own good, as well as for her peace of mind.

He waited three days longer than usual for an answer, before he wrote again, and then the mail carried a letter for her, fraught with storm, which she answered with cold dignity.

She told him to write to her no more, if he only intended to make her unhappy with his groundless accusations, that he had her confidence as far as she could give it to him, and if he were not satisfied she could not help it. "I shall pass in silence those cruel remarks you made in regard to Mrs. Brown," she wrote, "only telling you that I could never have wounded you thus, and that as my confidence in you is far greater and truer than yours is in me, so also must my friendship be more real, for it can exist only in confiding, trustful hearts."

When Harry received this letter, he felt instantly the wrong he had done her, and wrote to her bitterly accusing himself. He implored her forgiveness, saying that he had trusted her more than he ever had a human being, and only the fear of her giving to others the friendship she had entrusted to him, had made him so harsh, so unjust. "I could have wept hot tears over your letter; therefore write as soon as you receive this, and tell me that you forgive me."

Peace once more restored, all things went on quietly, and Harry, hearing from Adele that General Adlerkreuz and his nephew would leave Louisenrest before Christmas, tried hard to make her forget his injustice. It was, however, sometimes quite amusing to her, to see how he did all in his power to cheer her when he believed her sad; and at other times would almost upbraid her for enjoying a ride, walk or conversation without him. He seemed to feel as if an injury had been done to him, when she had been interested or amused while he was away.

Notwithstanding all this, he was

a generous, noble-hearted man, and would without hesitation have secured her happiness at the risk of his own. He was only so far selfish, that he wished all her happiness should depend upon him.

"What will come of all this," thought Mrs. Herbert, when letters, new books or music arrived almost daily for Adele. But what was her indignation with her mother's blindness, and her sister's infatuation, when one day General Adlerkreuz told her that he deemed it better to leave Louisenrest with his nephew as soon as possible, as the latter had told him that there was no hope of his taking the General's sunbeam home.

It was about a fortnight before Christmas that Adele wrote to Harry that the General and his nephew were to leave on the morrow; but not thinking of it, or regarding it as a matter of importance, she did not inform him that, when the day of their departure arrived, the General had taken cold, and was unable to leave, fearing an attack of rheumatism.

Two days before Christmas, Mrs. Herbert, her mother, and the Countess Petrowska were sitting, after supper, before a table filled with nuts, apples, candies, colored glass balls, and all those countless little articles used to adorn a Christmas tree. They were busily engaged in gilding nuts and apples, and tying ribbons on all the other things, so as to prepare them for the following day, when the tree was to be dressed.

Adele was sitting at the piano, accompanying Frederic Adlerkreuz, who had a fine, expressive baritone voice. Mrs. Herbert was much pleased to see them together, and took good

care that nobody disturbed them, when suddenly the door opened, and who appeared—Harry Delaware.

Mrs. Herbert, Mrs. Leiden and the Countess rose to welcome him, but Adele, who had not heard whom they greeted so cordially, was enjoying, with all her love for music, the passionate song Adlerkreuz sang. She never turned her head until her mother said: "Adele, see who has come."

Her fingers still on the keys of the instrument, she turned around, and when she saw who advanced towards her, and took her hand, a sudden dizziness seemed to seize her, and she turned deadly pale. Recovering herself quickly, she received Harry—who, while she spoke to him, looked at the elegant young man standing by her side—with a constraint for which she could not herself account. Mrs. Herbert introduced the gentlemen, who coldly bowed, seemingly not much interested in each other's names. After the Doctor had been called, the conversation turned naturally to Lydia. Harry told them that they had received unexpected news from New York, which made it necessary for him to go immediately to the United States. But that he would return in a few months, and would rejoin his family at Ehrenstein, the Captain's estate; as, after the Carnival in Rome, they would all come back to Germany.

The evening wore heavily away. Everybody seemed to be under a cloud. The only one who was unconstrained—and who did not speak to Harry as if the mountains and rivers, which had lain between them since they last saw each other, had left a gap over which they could not meet—was Dr. Herbert.

Adele was shy, not knowing what to think of Harry, who addressed her with great formality, although she had received, only the day before, such a letter as a brother would write to a favorite sister. Mrs. Herbert was the least little bit piqued, while poor Mrs. Leiden was almost bewildered by Harry's sudden appearance and his reserve. The Countess, whose large eyes had more quiet softness in them than Harry had ever before noticed, kept her seat a while longer; then, thinking that the Doctor's family might wish to be alone with their friend, left the room. Not so, Frederic Adlerkreuz, who, to the great contentment of Mrs. Herbert and the secret uneasiness of Mrs. Leiden, kept his seat by Adele's side till Harry had left.

"How different was this evening from the last afternoon Harry spent here," thought Adele, when she retired to her room. "How singularly uncomfortable every one seemed to feel, and how differently I have imagined his return, never dreaming it would happen so soon, and make me so miserable. He never shook hands with me when he bade me good night. How could I possibly have offended him?"

Long and musingly she sat by her window, while the cold, clear light of the moon streamed into the room, playing in her hair, and lighting up the picture of the Madonna, which was hanging over her bed.

"Yes, yes," said she, when, having formed a resolution, she rose from her seat to say her prayers and lie down, "I shall do that, I shall tell him so, the first opportunity I can get. This cannot go on."

Meanwhile, Harry was not much happier. Walking up and down in his room, he thought himself the most injured of men; but to define exactly his reasons for it, would have been a difficult task for him.

"Well, well," said he, laughing bitterly, "that was a reception after three months absence and innumerable letters full of protestations of friendship. I believe, really, that she was sorry that I disturbed her admirer in his song. She must have heard her sister's exclamation when I entered, but she never deigned to turn her head till I was fairly announced to her. And why did she write to me that he had left? What is his going or staying to me? I—," but here he suddenly paused in his walking; a strange thought must have crossed his mind; for, sinking upon the sofa, he shaded his eyes with his hand, and remained for some time motionless. At last, breathing heavily and wiping the moisture from his brow, he rose, and going to the window, he opened it. Leaning out, he saw, with the rays of the moon full and clear on her face, Adele sitting at the window, her head upon her hand, as if deeply musing. She could not see him, as the side of the house in which his room was situated, was in the shadow. The whole expression of his face changed while he looked at her. When Adele let down the curtains, he closed the window, took his hat, and went into the park. It was a clear, cold night, and the tall trees swayed their leafless branches to and fro in the moonlight, like some gigantic monsters, making signs to each other. Harry walked rapidly up the mountain at the end of the park, and

looked around him at the peaceful night scene.

"I love her," he exclaimed, as he took off his hat that the wind might cool his brow, "I love her, and why have I not sooner understood my feelings? Why have I been so blind, and not comprehended why my heart was never satisfied with what she gave me; tormenting her and myself without knowing what alone could give me peace and rest. Ah! if only I am not too late. If only this man has not bewitched her with his passionate voice. How intently she was listening to him when I came, seeming to be forgetful of every thing around her. I could give up the other one,"—thinking of Mrs. Brown—"but I could not give her up. Never has any one understood me as she does. It is as if my thoughts were lying before her when I speak. It cannot be, that when we are so united in mind, we are separated in heart."

He sat thus long in the cold December night, and the more he thought, the deeper grew the conviction that Adele must be his if his life was to be complete, and not one of those shattered existences which are always in want, always looking for what they cannot find. He felt as if he could wrestle with the whole world for her, and when he went down the mountain, it was with the firm step of a man who is resolved to conquer, whatever may be the force of the enemy.

He was up early the following morning, and knowing that Adele generally took a walk before breakfast, he went into the park. Small footprints in the freshly fallen snow, which he knew could be hers only, showed him the way she had taken, and he

was soon by her side, startling her by his sudden appearance. He made a motion to take her hand when he bade her good morning; but she, thinking of the night before, kept her hands in her muff, though she had to hold them closely together, fearing that one would slip out and glide into his.

"I am glad to meet you here, Mr. Delaware," said she, drawing her little figure proudly up, which he found this morning particularly charming. "I wished to tell you that, as it seems from your conduct last night that we can never agree, we had better cease our correspondence. I will not throw my friendship away on one who willingly and consciously misunderstands me all the time. I say willingly and consciously, for you must feel that you wrong me by your ever varying moods, and I—" here the courage, prayed and striven for during a long, sleepless night, was well nigh forsaking her, and she was glad when the pitying wind blew the fine snow in her eyes—"I cannot longer endure it."

Harry, who had not expected this, grew pale; and looking at her with wide open eyes, she gathered courage, and went on: "You are not at all open with me. I often see, by the very way you write, that I must unconsciously have offended you, but you never tell me with what. No, you only write in a sarcastic or unkind tone, leaving me to discover, if I can, why you change so suddenly. Friendship is a free, trusting intercourse of thoughts and feelings; and as it seems that you cannot have the confidence in me which it requires, we had better treat each other, henceforth, merely as acquaintances. I

cannot possibly weigh every word I say or write to you, and always tremble lest I should have said something displeasing. I imagined that I understood you, at least in a measure, but I have seen that I was very much mistaken. After all, perhaps Major Von Kranz was right with his comparison of the lofty church tower and lowly house," added she, rather bitterly.

"Adele, you cannot mean what you say," replied Harry, trying to detain her, as she, in her excited state, almost turned from him. "I never would willingly wound you."

"Oh! of course not, said she, withdrawing her hand, which he had taken, "you did not do so last night, when you shook hands with all, passing me only with a formal 'good night, Miss Leiden.'"

"Forgive me, Adele, I have nothing to plead in my excuse. The suffering through which I passed some time ago, has soured my temper, and made me suspicious, almost, of the whisperings of the wind. Believe me, when I tell you that there never was a woman more honored, more respected, than you are honored and respected by me. Take not your friendship from me." He would have given worlds to say, unless you give me your love in exchange for it; but not knowing her feelings for him, he dared not venture so sudden a declaration of his own.

"You do not know the repose that lies for me in the thought, that whatever life gives or takes, there is one heart always ready to share my joys, to sympathize with my grief, and to calm the rising storms. Deprive me not of the feeling that you understand

me, and that I can speak to you without reserve, secure in your unchanging friendship."

He had taken her small, ungloved hand out of her muff, and drawing it through his arm, covered it up with his hand to shield it from the cold.

"I shall leave here after the holidays; promise that you will write to me at least twice a week, openly and frankly, as you have done before, and I give you my word that when I return, our meeting shall be happier than this one has been. Promise me, also,—"

"Good morning, Miss Adele; what, is that you Mr. Delaware? I declare this is a surprise. I am so glad to see you. When did you arrive? How are Mrs. Von Osborn and the Captain?" said the loquacious Miss Angler, who, muffled up in shawls and furs until only her nose was visible, was taking her morning walk.

Harry, wishing that she was at the height of Chimborazo, politely answered all her questions, and was just going to ask her if she would accompany them to the Hermitage, which being a long and cold walk, he was sure she would decline, when the breakfast bell rang, and he could only console himself for the interruption, by the thought that he would find, in the three days he remained at Louisenrest, more than one opportunity to speak to Adele alone. Kissing her hand, therefore, when Miss Angler—always hungry—went quickly ahead of them, he parted from her at the door of her mother's room.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ADELE, who had been much excited while she had been speaking to Harry, felt for a moment under his ardent glance, as if the warm sunshine of spring had come, and trees and shrubs were all in blossom. But, frightened at her happiness, she did not look again into those eloquent eyes; and when he had raised her hand to his lips, and pressed upon it a passionate kiss, she walked into the house like one in a dream, from which it is death to be awakened. She was afraid to be alone with her own thoughts, so, after breakfast, she went into the study and copied some writing for the Doctor, working diligently, but with that absence of mind which makes us work like an automaton, not heeding what we do, or how the time is passing. It was about eleven o'clock when her sister sent for her to go to the parlor, where General Adlerkreuz and his nephew waited to bid farewell, as they were going to leave that morning. She went, and found not only these two gentlemen, but Harry, who, from the moment she entered the room, never took his eyes from her. The General, who had not yet renounced the hope that he might some day carry his sunbeam to his northern home, as the bride of his nephew, kissed Adele on the forehead, telling her that he would return with the first warm rays of the sun, and hoped he would find her still Miss Leiden. When Frederic, encouraged by Mrs. Herbert, took Adele's hand and pressed it to his lips, Harry involuntarily took a step nearer; but when he asked her if she would allow him to write to her, and Adele, afraid

of her sister, referred him to her mother, such a frightful paleness overspread Harry's countenance that Adele would have flown to him had he not arrested her by a look so full of pain, and yet so cold and haughty, that she became oblivious to every thing around her. She did not notice that Frederic rapturously kissed her hand again, and the General, clasping her in his arms, called her his sunbeam.

She was alone when she roused from the kind of stupor into which she had fallen, and feeling chilly and ill, she went to her room to think. She had not dared to do so in the morning, but now, when clouds were again overshadowing her path, she had to think, and pray for light to guide her. Scarcely an hour had elapsed, when Katie brought her a card.

"Harry Delaware, *p. p. c.*"

"Where is Mr. Delaware," she asked Katie.

"He was in the Doctor's study a while ago, and then, calling for me, he gave me this card for you. He must be at this time at the depot, as I heard him saying that he was going to leave with the next train going down."

"Very well," said Adele, closing the door after the girl. "I am surely dreaming," she thought, laying her hands on her aching brow. "All this cannot have happened since last night. I wish some one would come and waken me. How happy I shall be when I know that it is all a dream!"

Poor girl! who has not hoped in great grief that all might be a dream, and, in unexpected happiness, feared that the joy was too great for reality.

When Mrs. Leiden some time later went to Adele, she was alarmed to find her with her head buried in the cushions of the sofa, weeping so convulsively that her whole frame shook.

"What is the matter my dear child?" she said, taking her in her arms, and trying to soothe her. "He went away without telling me of it, mother," sobbed the maiden, clinging closer to the heart which could never misunderstand or wound her. "Oh mother! pray for me, my heart is breaking."

All a fond and pious mother could say to calm a young and afflicted heart Mrs. Leiden said to her daughter. But all was of no avail, until she said, all would be cleared up again, and Harry soon ask her pardon; then Adele raised her head, and wiping her eyes, replied: "No, that is over. He has tormented me too cruelly, he has wronged and misjudged me too often, without ever telling me of my offence. He has lost my esteem, and with it all my sympathy, all my friendship. But mother dear, let no one know how I feel, help me to conceal it, because they would misunderstand us both, and we were nothing but friends, only friends."

Harry had that morning entered Mrs. Herbert's parlor, with the brightest hopes for the future, and with a heart beating high with intense love and admiration for Adele. He felt again young and happy, and all his energy, which had so long slept a dreamless sleep, seemed to have returned to activity. With a wife like Adele, he felt that he could not lead an idle, useless life. His wealth, his knowledge would now acquire real value, and he revelled in plans for the

coming years, as he had not done since he was a boy. Success and fame beckoned to him from all sides, bright and glowing, so that he had at last to smile at his own fancies.

But though he smiled and called himself a boy, he felt that it must be true love which so elates the soul, which so animates from the deepest recesses of the mind all the powers it possesses, and so infinitely expands the heart, and opens it to high and lofty feelings. He felt all this, and could have worshipped the girl who had thus inspired him.

An hour later, he entered his room, crushed in soul and body, looking as haggard as if he had long been ill. He was almost afraid to look around him, for all his dreams, all his bright joyous anticipations seemed to stare at him from every corner, and the proud man covered his face with both his hands, and groaned aloud.

When he had heard early in the morning that Adlerkreuz was to leave that same day, he was more delighted than he would have liked to confess, and took pains to be present when he bade farewell to Adele.

He was already burning with indignation and jealousy, when Frederic kissed her hand, but when she—who had told him, that not a friend, but a lover must have permission of the mother, before he could write to the daughter—told Frederic that he must ask her mother if he could correspond with her, all became dark before his eyes, and judging with the impetuosity of his Southern blood, he was sure she loved Frederic.

He never stopped to question whether his conjecture was correct, he did not doubt it for a moment, but

judged and acted with the impulsiveness which he had not yet learned to conquer.

It was not until the broad ocean separated him daily farther and farther from her, that he began to think he might have judged her too hastily; but his pride overruling every other feeling, he crushed these thoughts before they took a distinct form. He felt like a man who has nothing in the wide world to live for, as he once more entered his early home.

The next two months passed quietly and sadly with Adele. Most of the summer guests had departed, and of all our acquaintances only the Countess was left. Adele's only pleasure was Lydia's correspondence. The latter never neglected to write, even in the earlier days of her married life, though Adele soon remarked that she spoke less and less frequently of her brother.

The Countess who, as we have said, had visibly changed in manners and mode of life, and whose listlessness gradually became a resigned tranquillity, attached herself daily more to Adele; who, without wishing or knowing it, had acquired great influence over her. The two could be seen together on every cold, clear day, either in the park, or on the banks of the Rhine, taking long walks. Sometimes both were silent, only now and then exchanging a remark; sometimes they conversed in an animated manner, the one with the experience the world gives, the other with the saddened imaginations of a heart. On other days, when winter storms were raging, and Adele too sore of heart and mind to occupy herself, was listening to the moaning of the wind as it swept

through the trees, telling her sorrowful tales, the Countess would glide quietly into the room, and without a word, seat herself beside her, and they both would look out and listen, but the storm told different tales to each.

"Adele," said the Countess one day, when the poor girl, having received a long letter from Lydia, without one word about Harry, was more preoccupied than usual, "I have for some time thought to tell you the history of my life. You are the first towards whom, after years of isolation, I feel myself drawn, and as I need a friend, a firm friend, I have thought first of making you acquainted with myself, and then asking you if you would be my friend. Let me begin to-day; I will make my story as short as possible."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"MY father, a Russian nobleman of great wealth, became acquainted with my mother at the opera at St. Petersburg, where she was Prima Donna, and married her much against the wishes of his friends, though my mother's name was unsullied. Their marriage was an unhappy one, as my father was of a coarse, brutal nature, and could not understand my mother's sensitive heart.

"My birth appeared for a time to influence him favorably, and he treated my mother with more consideration, but only for a short time, for he soon became more tyrannical than ever. One day supposing that my mother had countermanded some trifling order which he had given, he forgot himself so far as to strike her

in the presence of the servants. Unable to bear any longer this degrading treatment, she fled with me, during the night, to an aged aunt of my father's, who knowing how much and how silently my mother had suffered, received us with open arms. We were only a short time in this quiet retreat, when my father learned where we were, and demanded my mother's return. This she refused, until he threatened to take me away. I was at that time scarcely six years old, but I never shall forget the dread, with which my mother from love of me, passed through the massive gates of my father's residence. When they were next opened for her, she was borne to her grave. She sank under the life she was compelled to endure, notwithstanding the powerful motive she had—in her love for me—to bear with fortitude her bitter trials.

"An old woman was now charged to watch over me, but I wept day and night for my mother. My father who was kind to me in his way, after my mother's death, persuaded his aunt to come to us, and she told me of my mother's goodness and patience, until young as I was, her example made me resigned and quiet. My father's conscience, easy while his health was unbroken, began, with advancing years and infirmities, to trouble him. Growing restless and nervous, he thought he could, by travelling, restore his former calmness. So we travelled, he and I, accompanied by two old servants, from one land to another for several years, and though he could never speak any other language than his own, he made me study incessantly music and languages, and was proud when people admired my ac-

complishments. On our journey home, after years of cheerless wanderings, we met a Russian, to whom my father became much attached, and being acquainted with his family, invited him to accompany us home. Count Petrowska accepted the invitation with evident pleasure. He was agreeable and very handsome, yet I was sorry he was to accompany us, as I longed for the undisturbed quiet of home.

"No sooner had we reached my father's estate than the Count showed the most undisguised admiration for me. When I complained to my father that his attentions annoyed me, I was informed that he had given his consent to the Count's trying to win my affection. Although Count Petrowska had spent the largest part of his fortune, he was of such high lineage that my father would be proud to call him son. I never had a strong will, or much force of character. My father had not given me an opportunity to exercise my own judgment, and after a few faint, useless struggles against his inflexible will, I became the wife of Count Petrowska. My husband, who had, before our marriage, professed his love for a quiet retreat, and with it had charmed my father, became in a short time uneasy and restless, and began to complain of the dullness of our life. One day, after an unfavorable season for country amusements, he told me that some affairs called him to St. Petersburg, and that I must prepare myself to accompany him in a few days. I spoke of my father's loneliness, of his advanced age; but he, who gradually won more ascendancy over my heart, which, never having had any one really to love, clung to him, knew how

to overcome my scruples, and promising my father to return soon, we left our home. My husband had a cousin in St. Petersburg, who, living in princely style, would not permit us to stay at a hotel, and insisted that we should take our residence with him. Here we led a life of enjoyment and dissipation, which for a few days intoxicated me; but from the contrast it formed with my past life, and from my natural indolence, would very soon have wearied and disgusted me, had it not been that my husband, proud of my beauty and acquirements, had become, as I felt, and still believe, really fond of me. My heart slowly opened, and with love creeping into it, my whole nature changed. From the listless girl, who neither dreamed nor acted, but who seemed as if her soul lay enshrouded, I became lively and active, and music and reading became my absorbing passions. Ah! I was happy then, but soon, too soon, alas, my brief summer ended. As I told you, the house where we resided was very large. One side wing, the left, was reserved for the master of the house. Generally, the gentlemen assembled there after dinner, but no woman, even the lady of the house, ever entered it. Two old servants, born and brought up in the family, had sole charge of it. I had, of late, since I began to observe, often noticed that my husband was flushed, and sometimes much excited and irritated when he left these apartments,—called the gentlemen's smoking rooms,—and thinking that they perhaps indulged in strong wines there, I became troubled, and begged him to return with me to our home. But he always told me that he had not yet

satisfactorily arranged his affairs, and we remained from one week to another. One day, as after dinner, I was alone in my room, the gentlemen having retired to the smoking apartments, and the ladies gone sleighing, I heard suddenly loud cries for help, shrieks and great confusion in the house, where, usually at that hour, deep silence prevailed.

"Frightened, I rushed out of my room, and meeting several terrified servants, I asked what it meant, and from whence these cries proceeded. Pale and trembling, they pointed to the left wing, but they were so strictly forbidden to enter there, and their fear of their master was so great, they did not move; while I, imagining I heard my husband's voice calling for help, flew past them, towards the small, heavy door which separated the smoking apartments from the other part of the house. With strength which only despair can give, I forced the door open, and then passed through another, which was heavily lined, and intended to shut out every sound. Wildly rushing forward through a long, narrow corridor, where thick carpets muffled the footsteps, I found by the increasing tumult of voices that I had reached the right place. Drawing aside a curtain which covered a high folding door at the end of the corridor, I entered a saloon, where, around a large, green table, covered with cards and dice, several gentlemen were fighting. In the uproar and excitement no one perceived my approach. I was wild with terror at the dreadful scene, and agonized with fear for my husband, whom I saw bleeding profusely from the head, engaged in a struggle with

a man, whose horrible face has haunted me for years. The report of a pistol, a cry and a fall, blinded me for an instant, but recovering myself by a violent effort, I saw my husband lying on the floor, bathed in blood. I did not lose consciousness, but kneeling beside him I received his last words, his last look, while the others round me, not heeding the horror-struck woman, kept on fighting with unabated fury. Need I tell you that I knew nothing of the next two years but what I was afterwards told. My father died during that time, and they took me home, thinking that the sight of the scenes of my childhood might restore my reason, but I looked quietly around, seeing nothing. One day while walking through the garden with my nurse, I heard a little dog whimpering, and she, seeing me become uneasy, as always when I heard or saw a dog—my husband had been very fond of them, and kept many—would have called a servant to take it away, when I saw creeping through the bushes a little puppy. Snatching it up before the nurse could interfere, I clasped it to my bosom, and wept so long, so bitterly, that at length, quite exhausted, I sank into a deep sleep. These were the first tears I had shed; and when I awoke my memory slowly returned, though I remained feeble in body and mind. The little dog was a puppy from my husband's favorite dog, and has never left me since. I know that I have been foolishly fond of him, but then my mind was weak, and who, knowing my sad story, can condemn the love I have for the little creature, who first relieved my burning brain by causing my tears to flow. I feel that during the last few months

a great change has taken place in me; my shattered nerves are getting stronger, and my thoughts, which I was so long unable to fix, except on trifling objects, I can now concentrate on any topic, without making my head ache and reel. I have not gained much physical strength, but oh, I care not for that, Adele! I have found one source of comfort, which, had I tasted its sweet waters before, would have saved me years of misery. I have learned to believe, to trust in Him, whose love is more tender than that of a mother, and unchanging as the power with which He rules the universe. My first prayer in the morning, and the last at night, is, that all who are afflicted may find Him earlier than I found Him. With His help I have lately overcome a great trial. I learned that those who, knowing that my husband was, before our marriage, a passionate gambler, enticed him again to the gaming table at St. Petersburg, have lost all they possessed, and have become poor and miserable. It was in my power to give them a home and means to educate their children. I had a hard, a bitter struggle, Adele. My murdered husband, my wrecked happiness, years of helpless misery stood glaring before me, crying for vengeance. But when our Pastor bade me look at Him, who meekly bowed His holy head when they crowned Him with thorns, praying for His tormentors,—then I learned to forgive; and in taking care and sorrow from those to whom I owe all my misery, peace and comfort entered my own heart.

"Now, Adele, I have told you my history, and I am sure you will be a

friend to me ; not alone defending me when others call me absurd or insane, but you will also have patience with my weakness, knowing whence it comes.

"I intend to buy a place somewhere near R.—, and give a few motherless girls a home. Watching over their education, and providing for them, will give me occupation, and make my life useful. I will do all the good I can, and you shall help me. I hope God will accept my efforts to please Him, in atonement for my past negligence.

"Wipe your eyes, Adele ; do you not see that I am contented ? All I need is a friend who will love me, and who will assist me not to stray from the path I have chosen ; it is the only one where I can find peace and rest."

Adele was too much moved to speak. She silently pressed the hand of the Countess. The latter never regretted having confided her afflictions to the young girl, and never, in the few years she afterwards lived, was she in want of a friend. Not only Adele, but all who loved the latter, and over whom she had any influence, became deeply interested in the Countess, and tried to make her forget her past sorrows.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE Carnival at Rome was over, and March, with its cold, biting winds had come, when Adele received a letter from Lydia, which informed her that she had returned from Italy, and was at her new home.

"Lydia is back from Italy," said

she to the Countess, whom she was assisting to cut some garments for poor children, when the letter was handed to her. "She wishes me to go to her as soon as possible, and take Katie. Just hear what the Captain writes : "Please, Miss Adele, pack your trunk and come. Lydia is in distress ; she does not know what to do with the servants, as, without John or me, she cannot make her wishes known to them. You recollect that she was to be very studious in learning German during the past months, and she really succeeded to say, very prettily, 'Good morning,' and 'Good night,' and 'I love you, my dear husband,' which last sentence she however practised only as long as she did not know its meaning. She gave me afterwards a terrible scolding for teaching her words for which she had no use. With this extensive knowledge of our Teutonic, she of course expects Katie to speak fluently, though I try to convince her that the poor girl, having no husband to teach her, will surely not know half as much as her mistress. But, adieu ; I hear her calling me, as I am—when John is not near—as indispensable to her as her little key-basket, without which she cannot move a step, and which she has always dangling on her arm. Send us a dispatch when you come, but if your"—here was written "sister," but the word was marked out, and "mother," put in its place—"mother should not think proper for you to come alone with Katie, then I will leave Lydia to the tender mercies of the servants, and go for you myself."

Adele decided to go the day after the next, and was the following morn-

ing busily engaged with her mother in packing.

The Countess, unobserved, had hidden many elegant gifts for Adele in the dresses they were folding, and Mrs. Herbert arranged carefully in a large box the tasteful presents the ladies had made for Lydia, among which a rug, embroidered by the Countess, on rich velvet, and bordered with fur, was, as Mrs. Herbert thought, a masterpiece of patience and perseverance. Katie was almost beside herself with joy to hear that her young mistress was back, but fearing to offend Adele, who had been very kind to her, if she manifested her happiness too openly, she satisfied herself by dancing privately in her room. She had packed so quickly, that all admired her skill, not knowing that she had stuffed her clothes into her trunk indiscriminately, and that her best dresses, pomatum boxes, shoes and an inkstand—which latter, a loving swain had given to her, to make sure she would write to him—were all lying lovingly together.

Mrs. Herbert would have liked to give Adele some advice, as, accompanied by the Doctor, Mrs. Leiden, and the Countess, she went to the dépôt, but as her sister had lately become very reserved, and as there was no danger of her meeting Harry, she only kissed her tenderly, telling her not to stay too long, and not to forget to answer Frederic Adlerkreuz's letters.

At the dépôt they had the greatest trouble with Katie, who, afraid of being left, hastened into the wrong cars, and came near taking a trip up the Rhine, instead of down.

Oscar, the Doctor's son, saw her, and told his father that Katie was run-

ning away from Aunt Adele. Adele was very pale, and so quiet that her mother and the Countess looked anxiously at each other. The Doctor giving her his arm, walked with her up and down the platform, telling her not to forget to take plenty of exercise in the open air, and above all things, to remember that she left a whole house full of hearts behind her, that were foolish enough to love her.

At length the locomotive whistled, and the train from the upper Rhine, for which they waited came in sight. They now quickly embraced each other, and scarcely were Adele and Katie safely in the cars with boxes and satchels, before, to Katie's infinite relief, they were whirled away.

"Will many changes have occurred when Adele returns ?" mused the Countess on going back to Louisenrest. "Or will time, so rapid in its flight, leave no marks, and shall we begin life again, where we left off to-day ?"

When does time leave no marks ? Who begins to-day, just as one left off yesterday ? Every hour leaves its trace, on which days, weeks, months and years work untiringly, until the last, the supreme hour, obliterates it all.

Adele's reception at Ehrenstein, the Captain's old family seat, was a real feast, and a warm, sunny feeling stole in her heart, when even Mr. Delaware told her he liked Germany better when she was near him.

Lydia was much grieved at the alteration in Adele's manner and appearance. The lively, impulsive girl had become quiet and reserved, and her face, formerly so changeable, wore a thoughtful, almost sad expression.

The evening of her arrival Lydia

had an earnest conversation with her husband about her, and wrote a long letter before retiring, which was sent by the steamer next leaving for New York.

Adele was quickly at home in her friend's house, and became gradually accustomed to hear Mr. Delaware speak of Harry, which at first made her heart beat almost audibly, and her color come and go, though neither Lydia nor the Captain ever looked at her, when he was named.

On the second day after her arrival, Mr. Delaware asked her after breakfast to go with him into his sitting-room, where he had something to show her, well worth looking at. Lydia on hearing it, insisted on needing Adele, to give some orders to the gardener, but Mr. Delaware persisted, and Adele had to go with him.

"I will wait for you in the library," said Lydia, who would not accompany them.

"What an excellent likeness your father has of your brother," said Adele to Lydia, as she joined her in the library. Lydia, who was arranging some books, did not see that though Adele was a little paler, she was otherwise as composed as usual. "Yes," replied she, "it was painted in Rome by an American artist. It is very life like," and changing the subject, the picture was mentioned no more. But it occupied Adele's thoughts, and made her cast wistful glances towards Mr. Delaware's room, although she was afraid to look up if the door chanced to be open as she passed by.

Lydia now began, with Adele's assistance, to study German, which the Captain said he regretted very much, because it would render her in-

dependent of him, and thus he should lose all the delight of teasing her and of trying to teach her all sorts of endearing expressions. "He loves her more than he did before they were married," thought Adele, as she saw the Captain's devotion to his wife; and it was so. He always seemed to be admiring her more and more, and his heart satisfied and at rest, was in its very happiness grateful to God.

"I have a mind to build a temple to Neptune, and sacrifice to him daily, the clearest, purest water that can be found," said he one day at dinner to Adele.

"You surely mean Bacchus," said his wife laughing, and filling his glass with golden wine.

"No darling, Neptune the god of water, for to him I am indebted for my dove. First, for allowing her to ride safely over his broad domains to us; and secondly, for his bringing us by the healing powers of his element together at Louisenrest. Ah! away with the wine, Lydia! water, water—nobody knows how I adore it."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"WHAT would my father do without Adele?" said Lydia to her husband, when Adele had been about six weeks at Ehrenstein, and she going with the Captain to a neighboring town to make some purchases, left Adele playing chess with Mr. Delaware.

"Yes, yes," replied the Captain, "I have had more than once a mind to ask Harry how he would like to have Adele for a stepmother."

"I only wish to know why he

does not write to her, if he loves her as much as you think," said Lydia thoughtfully.

"Of course he loves her, I knew it long ago; and it was only jealousy of this Frederic Adlerkreuz which made him fly in such a desperate hurry to New York. The first letter you received after his arrival there, showed that very plainly."

"If I could really believe that his blind rashness made Adele so unhappy, I could almost say that he does not deserve her, and wish that she might love some one else," said Lydia indignantly. "If you do not believe that it is so, just write to him that she takes daily rides with your father, that she reads to him when he is ailing, and always takes good care to have her back turned to his picture, when we are in your father's room in the evenings; and then you will see that he will either come rushing on, or without waiting to hear more, send your father congratulations on his choice. I know him, I have observed him long and closely."

Adele had meanwhile played chess with Mr. Delaware until the latter, not being well, was tired; and going into his room to take a nap, left her alone.

She went into the library, which being a cosy room, was a favorite retreat with her, and taking a book from its well filled cases, sat down in one of the high bay windows, which overlooked the garden, determined to finish Longfellow's *Evangeline*, which she had commenced some time before. She felt sadder than usual, and her future seemed to be shrouded in blacker clouds than ever. Unwilling to let her thoughts stray about, as they

brought from their roaming nothing to refresh her, she read without looking up, until the last rays of the setting sun, turned to melted gold the water of the fountain, playing before the window. Closing her book, she listened for a moment, thinking that she heard the wheels of a carriage rolling rapidly through the avenue leading to the chateau.

Knowing that no visitors were expected, she paid no farther attention to it, and drawing the curtain more aside, and pushing her chair closer to the window, she leaned her head in her hand, and looked out. She heard presently some one enter the room, but presuming it to be the servant to look to the fire, she did not move, until a hand was laid on her arm, and a voice to which she was just listening in her day dream, said trembling with emotion: "Adele will you not turn and look at me?"

Supposing it was a play of her imagination, she turned round, and when she saw Harry Delaware standing before her, with a tear glistening in his eye, she looked wildly at him for a moment, and then, feeling that all her pride was forsaking her, she covered her eyes with her hands, and uttered a low cry.

He was not less agitated, and the hands with which he raised her drooping head, as large tears rolled silently from her closed eyes, were cold as ice. "Adele," said he looking at her with his earnest eyes, which were rendered still larger from the paleness of his face, "I came to ask you to forgive me for the wrong I have done you, and I assure you, that the suffering I have undergone during the time of my absence, will be a safeguard that

I never more will mistrust you. Adele open your eyes and tell me with a look, if not a word, that I have not lost all your esteem, that there is yet hope for me to gain your regard. See, feel how I suffer, and leave me no longer a prey to these torments which I have borne since I left you, but felt more bitterly since I learned that you did not love another."

He put his arm around her, and laid her head on his breast. Feeling a tear from his eyes falling upon her cheek, she looked at him, and her eyes must have told a wonderful tale; for, after gazing deeply into them, he pressed her to his heart, covering her mouth and eyes with passionate kisses.

"I love you, Adele; I loved you, without knowing it, when I went to Italy; I loved you madly when, without saying farewell, I hurried away to my home, with death in my heart, because I thought you loved another. I do not ask for your friendship, I ask for your love. Will you become my wife, my all, my own?"

She could not speak; she had worn out her self-control in her struggle through dark and cheerless days, and had none left for happy hours; but, burying her face in his breast,—he needed no other reply.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MR. DELAWARE was greatly surprised when, on awakening from his sleep, he heard that his son had arrived; but when Harry brought to him Adele,—who in her happiness was almost as shy to Lydia—and asked him if he would receive her as a daughter, the old man's astonish-

ment was so great that he could not utter a word. It had always been his fervent wish to see his children, particularly his son, happily married; and he often thought, after Lydia's marriage, with a deep sigh, of the cheerless home to which he would return, for, return to it he must. He was too advanced in years to be transplanted; the soil of his native land had taken too deep a hold of the roots of his life, and he must leave his last breath where he had drawn his first, and sleep his last, long sleep by the side of her who was beckoning him to come. Harry could have brought him no daughter whom he would have received more joyfully than Adele; for, if she had pleased him at Louisenrest, she had won him entirely since she had been at Ehrenstein, through her thoughtful attentions.

Feeling how much the gentle, kind man must miss Lydia, whose first thoughts, however devoted she might be to her father, must naturally be her husband's, Adele had tried to cheer the often sad and pensive man. She had won even the fastidious John's admiration, by her quickly acquired knowledge of his master's character, and by the constantly increasing influence she exercised over him. John went no more now to Lydia asking her to persuade her father to ride or walk, when Mr. Delaware declined to take the exercise prescribed for him by Dr. Herbert. During the last few weeks he had called upon Adele, who would ask him so cheerfully to accompany her, or beg and coax so long that he could not resist, and always felt brighter for listening to the pleasant talk of the kind-hearted girl. It was, therefore, with deep feelings that

he said: "God bless you, my children, and make you happy! You could not have brought me a daughter more welcome than Adele, my dear son. May she always be as dear to you as your mother has been to me, and may she fill your heart and home with peace and contentment."

When the Captain and Lydia returned, the following day, and found Mr. Delaware and Harry playing chess, while Adele was sitting near with her work; they needed no explanation. Lydia was so delighted that she did not know whether to embrace first, Adele or her brother. The Captain quietly placed a chair, with the back to Harry's picture, and forcing the astonished Adele gently upon it, said: "Please, Harry, look here; this is the way this young lady was always sitting when we spent our evenings in this room, and it seemed almost as if the chairs knew her, and turned their backs as soon as she touched them. I am greatly surprised that, disliking so much to look at your picture, she does not mind facing you from now to the end of her days."

"Now, do not tease Adele, Mr. Von Osborn," said his wife. "Brother, you do not know how he is changing! He becomes worse and worse as he masters the English language. It is little wonder; I study hard at the German."

"Well, well," said the Captain, laughing—for he was never so amused as when Lydia called him 'Mr. Von Osborn,' as it is not the custom in Germany for a wife to call her husband Mr., or he her, Mrs., when they speak to each other—"It is a good thing when I become Master of something, Mrs. Von Osborn. Harry will

soon observe that the dove is changing frightfully fast into an eagle, and soaring above every one's head, keeps all below in fear and trembling."

"Now, brother, tell me about home," said Lydia, when they were all seated round Mr. Delaware,—who had not for a long time looked as happy as to-day. "I am almost afraid to ask if Mrs. Pine consents to come and stay here till we all accompany father back to New York, because I know she fears crossing the ocean, and perhaps still more, disliked shutting up the dear, old house."

"But she *is* coming, for all that, as soon as she has arranged every thing so that—as she expressed it—she can leave without bringing the care of the house in New York to Germany."

"What did she say to Lydia's marriage?" asked Mr. Delaware, smiling. "Her letters on that subject are rather short."

"She was at first very indignant that Lydia had not married in New York; but when I showed her the Captain's likeness, and told her that Lydia now belonged to an old, noble German family, she began to feel better. But I read plainly in her face, by the way she looked at me, that she expected that I would marry at least a Princess Royal."

All laughed, but Lydia thinking that Adele might dread this formidable Mrs. Pine, said: "You will exactly suit her, Adele, and much better than I, for I was always too timid to do the honors of our house with sufficient dignity to satisfy her."

"Guess, Captain, whom I met the other day in Wall street?" said Harry. "Mr. Brown! He is sepa-

rated from his wife.—My Adele, look at me, and read in my eyes whether that woman ever darkens my thoughts," he said, in a low voice to her, who had lowered her eyes when he named Mrs. Brown, which he, of course, took for jealousy; and though trying to re-assure her, was secretly pleased by it. "Mrs. Brown tried," continued he, "when they returned from their travels, to circulate the report that he was insane. She consulted several physicians concerning him, giving all kinds of evidence, determined to place him in an insane asylum. But the Yankee, sharper than she was, found out her scheme; and taking counsel of one of New York's most eminent barristers, he obtained a divorce from her, on the ground that his life was no longer safe near her. She left New York for California, and Mrs. Pine, who told me this, said that she went with a company of minstrels. I cannot believe that, though I do not doubt that, before the last page of her history is written, more disgraceful deeds will be recorded.

"Mr. Brown had just bought \$100,000 in gold as I met him, and he is on the high road to immense wealth. I have heard some brokers say that he speculates most shrewdly and successfully. Mrs. Pine also told me that cousin Lucy has married Major Semple. She heard that he was lying dangerously ill at Washington, and, noble girl that she is, overcame numberless difficulties to reach and nurse him. He is said to be a most devoted husband, almost worshipping his true, noble-hearted wife."

Harry told Adele the next day at breakfast, that he should write to her

mother and the Doctor, and asked if she had any message to send.

"No," she replied blushing deeply, "I wrote home yesterday."

"Adele," said the Captain, "you may begin to pack your trunk, as soon as Harry's letter is on the way, because your sister—I mean your family, will surely not let you remain here a day longer, when they know you are engaged to Harry."

"And pray why?" asked the latter rather haughtily, while "the dove" looked quite ready to ruffle her feathers. "Because," said the Captain in the same cool, provoking manner, "it is thought here in Germany, by a great many persons, not at all according to etiquette to have betrothed people live under the same roof, and I am quite convinced Adele will have to go home."

"You never spoke of that custom when you were betrothed to Lydia," said Harry, drawing Adele nearer to him, as if afraid they would take her from him.

"I wonder if you would have done it?" said the Captain laughing.

"But to pacify you all—for Mrs. Von Osborn looks at me as if I had done her an injury—I will tell you that as we were all strangers at Louisenrest, the case was altogether different."

"I know what I will do," said Harry, who could not bear the idea of the shortest separation from Adele, "I will go with Adele this afternoon to Louisenrest, speak to her mother, arrange everything so that we can be married in a few weeks, and bring her back to remain here during the intermediate time."

"Cannot be done!" said the Captain, who seemed to delight in check-

ing the hasty plans of his impetuous brother-in-law.

"Why not?" asked Harry and Lydia in one breath, the latter much inclined to add "Mr. Von Osborn." "because it would be highly improper for Adele to travel alone with her betrothed," replied the Captain, solemnly. "I declare," exclaimed Harry, getting up hastily, and walking about the room, "I have a great mind to go with Adele to New York, marry her there, and then come back. I am sure it would save us a large amount of trouble and time."

"Well I must confess," said Mr. Delaware, "that I begin to think that, if in the United States the young people have too much freedom, they are kept rather too restricted here, and a moderation on both sides could do no harm."

"How would it suit you Harry, if we all accompanied you and Adele to Louisenrest, and remained a day or two?" said the Captain, after he had whispered a few words to Lydia, and she had smiled and nodded assent.

"That is just what I wished, but did not like to ask, for fear it might inconvenience you," replied Harry. "Then we will do so," said the Captain, "because having once loved, Mrs. Von Osborn and I have pity for distressed young people, and like to assist them."

The conference being ended, Lydia thought it high time to go with her key-basket to her duties as housekeeper, as the distant relative of Captain Von Osborn's mother, who had acted in that capacity, had left in disgust, when she heard that the Captain had married a girl without even a *Von* before her name.

Mr. Delaware went to read the newspapers, and Harry and Adele walking up and down the avenue, before the old, aristocratic building, dreamed one of those dreams, the memory of which brings after long years, a soft, sweet smile upon old, wrinkled faces, while it leaves to those who were rudely awakened from it, an unshed tear in the eye.

The next morning was bright and clear, and the whole family were early on their way to Louisenrest, where being unexpected visitors, they found no one at home.

The Doctor, his wife and children had taken a drive to see Adele's protégées, who were doing so well in their new cottage, that they had been able to raise a cross over Kathrine's grave, which though only of wood, was admired by the whole neighborhood, and spoke well for the hearts of Kathrine's children.

Mrs. Leiden and the Countess—who had become almost a member of the family—were on a coffee visit to the pastor's sister.

Lydia and Adele had however hardly changed their travelling dresses, and had met in Mrs. Herbert's parlor, when first Mrs. Leiden and the Countess, and shortly after the Doctor and his family returned.

The pleasure of all at this unexpected meeting was so great, that for a little while every one talked, and no one listened.

At last they all were seated, but Harry—whom the Captain had fairly frightened, hardly daring to look at Adele before he spoke to her mother—felt very uncomfortable.

As soon, therefore, as Mrs. Leiden left the parlor to give some orders to

the housekeeper for the comfort of her guests, he went quietly out after her, and drawing her arm through his, he led her into the Doctor's study, where before he opened his lips, she wiped her eyes, guessing from Adele's letter the object of the interview.

But though she shed warm tears at the thought that the ocean would soon divide her and her child, she gave with all a mother's pure, unselfish love, her consent.

Harry, understanding what made her heart tremble and her tears flow, promised to return to Germany and let the warmth and brightness of her sunbeam cheer her declining years, as

soon as his father, who had also to separate from his daughter—his only one—needed no longer their care and love.

When Harry returned to the parlor with Mrs. Leiden on his arm, they all saw by her pale cheeks and the joyous, ardent glance he gave Adele—now his Adele—what the conversation had been.

Without awaiting an announcement, they warmly shook hands with Harry, and embraced the agitated, trembling girl, who felt by the tears in her mother's eyes, that a heart is never so filled with happiness, but that a sigh, a tear, a wish can enter.

THE END