"Pardon this seeming intrusion, lady," said the stranger, in a low, sweet voice, "my business is urgent."

The Broken Betrothal; or, Love versus Hate.

By Mary Grace Haldine.

Chapter I.

A Man's Heart and a Woman's Soul.

"He is not coming!"

The dark eyes of the speaker were lifted impatiently to the clock upon the mantle, the minute-hand of which was traveling remorselessly past the hour to which she had been looking forward with such glad anticipations all the long day.

She could not have been much over twenty, her round, full form displaying the graceful contour of early womanhood.

The features were regular, though the lips were fuller and the brows too heavy to make the general effect of the face pleasing, especially in her present mood.

Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes passed. The straight, black brows nearly met, while the gloom that overspread the face deepened to positive anger.

"He has broken his word again; he will not come to-night!"

These words had scarcely passed her lips, when the sudden clang of a gate broke the stillness outside, followed by a leisurely, though firm footfall upon the gravelled walk that led to the door.

The transformation that it wrought in that lowering face was some-
John gazed with delighted surprise upon the pure, sweet face, which certainly was not of the usual Jessie style. Her cheeks were a little flushed; her voice was very soft, and the contrast to the dark-eyed, dark-browed girl he had married was very great. Her heart was beginning to tire, was his chief attraction.

He could hardly bring himself to believe that it was the pale, shy girl who stood with him at the bedside of her dying father, and whose big, bright eyes had gazed out upon him with a look he never forgot.

"By Jove!" he cried, "it is the sweetest love I've ever looked upon. I never looked at a face so fragile and so lovely like this, and half a million, to my cousin Walter! Not if I know myself!"

The very day John packed his "traps," as he called them, preparatory to taking the first train, according to his habitual delay, he became the most unpleasant part of his preparations as long as possible.

When everything else was done, he went to his desk, and unlocking a small drawer, poured its contents on his desk which, as it consisted only of some perfumed notes, an embroidered watch-case, a few withered flowers, John glanced at them with a half-foreign of impatience and annoyance, and, then, as if a


The broken betrothal.

thing wonderful to behold; the light, bloom and sparkle that came to it made it hardly recognisable.

She was at the door before it opened, throwing herself into the arms of the man who stood at the entrance. She said something or other, and he kissed her, but it was in such a way that she was no longer his usual way, and he embraced her in such a manner that she was never to be the same again.

He was about the medium height, elegantly formed, with a face that would have been called handsome by the standards of the day, and he was born to be the favorite of the world. He was the future of his house, the future of his race.

"I am beginning to fear that you were not as young as I supposed," he said, as he raised his hand to her.

"Will and Steve Marsden were down this afternoon. I came as soon as I could get away."

The bright face clouded. It was not business, then, that detained him, as she had hoped, but there was something she had not expected, a real love for, the claim on him, which was hers.

It was easy to perceive, in glancing from one to the other, that the extraordinary nature of the meeting, the impulsive, undisciplined nature, and what, at first was a mutual attraction might be, in the end, the downfall of them both.

"It is three days since you were here last."

"This together with the tone in which it was spoken, completed the measure of Josie's disappointment.

"It is now too late!" she responded. "I am too old. I am too feeble. I am too weak. I am too helpless."

"They have seemed very long to me; the time has been when they would have seemed long to you."

"And the time has been when you received me with something besides regard."

He smiled at her. "I would have been a poor and dull-witted nurse if I had not grasped your image of me."

She threw her arms around him and whispered, "If I only could be of service to you."

"Of course I love you, Josie; the change you have undergone."

"You don't understand me, John; it is not these things, in themselves, which so torture me. It is the feeling that I am not my own, that I do not belong to you, that I am not in the loss of your love that I fear. I can bear anything but that, anything but that."

There was an uneasy look in the eyes that rested on that dark, impassioned face; the smile that love in that wistful girl hid was more freely upon him had been very grateful to his vanity, and so was still. But there was something that in the tone of his part changed it to a pleasant variation to the monotony of his dull life in that out-of-the-way place. It blessed his self-love to see such a face, and it made his smile, smile, smile, as if it would not be, as if if he don't love some one else she will.

"Another thing, I have something going for you during the past year. I have now only my estate at Brougham Park, not at Brougham, but that is a little support, too."

She threw her arms around him and whispered, "If you let this rich prize slip through your fingers, the others are alternatives, go to work, are starved. The latter you will not find to be a very pleasant operation, nor the former, with your habits, an easy thing to do."

"I incline Irene's picture, by which you will see that she lived in harmony with a beautiful woman."

"Your father."

"Charles Remmington."
Let me see.
Taking the child from its mother's arms, Walter held it up where he could get a clearer view of it. The little creature was drowsy.

"He is dozing famously."
"He has spells of worryin'," said the anxious mother.

"It's his teeth, together with what you gave him. Let him have no more soothing syrup, water, milk, broths, broths, milk, milk, and air and sunshine, and he'll come out all right. He's a first-class baby. I'll live to be a famous man—one of our future Presidents, who knows?"

There was actually a smile upon the mother's pinched, careworn face, as Walter laid the child back in her arms.

"Thank you, doctor. I'm sure it's all your sweetin's he's alive to-day. He was a dreadful sick child when we sent for ye. I dun know how we'd come by him if I'm countin' ye for. I've got some proper nice yarn, that I spin myself. If it's so be that you'd like some woolen socks, doctor, I'd like to give ye some."

"We'll wait till next winter comes," interjected Walter. "Where are you taking the little man?"

"To mother's. I'm going to the village, an' I'll come back, till I come back. His grandma's 'mazin' fond of him."

"That's right. Take him out every day, if possible."

Walter cast a half apologetic, half-conical look at Irene as they moved on.

"This is a town in my cousin. But, if you will claim relationship with a country doctor, on his really rounds, you must take the consequences."

"Indeed, I was much interested in the poor woman's case, doctor."

Walter was not in the least bit ashamed of this implication that she was only a fashionable buttry, which she fancied her cousin considered her. She was different, a different case in fact. She had been quite an attractive to look when she went on. It almost seemed like another face.

"Well, I do n't see what good or a smile has a wonderful effect upon these poor, discouraged souls, into whose life there falls so little sunshine, so few of the still, small voices of the cinema.

I see so much wretchedness and poverty that I am unable to relieve," resumed Walter, after a pause, "that I often think what a blessed thing it would be if we could, in the by and by, somehow get something in hand.

Irene cowered, as she thought how little she had realized her abbreviated in this respect.

"I am afraid that I have thought very little of this—as yet."

Walter smiled as he looked upon the frank, ingenuous face of the woman.

"You have plenty of time before you, and plenty of ways and opportunities by which you can get out of it for all deficiencies in the past."

"Ah, but I shall expect your help in regard to the latter."

"I shall only be too glad to render it. I know that you must, and that so much of it, judiciously ended, would do so much good."

Dr. Remington made a few brief calls at some houses scattered along the road, and then turned up the steep, narrow one that led to Tower-Hill.

"I hope I am not taking you out of your way, cousin?"

"No: I have finished my route in this direction. All my patients are beyond."

Walter looked at the speaker.

"How few of most men of her acquaintance would have found a pleasure in any part of the pleasure it gave them to accompany her! He said nothing of it, for he was something in her look and manner which made her quite sure that it was a pleasure to him."

"When you in Concord last?"

"I attended some medical lectures there last winter."

"Perhaps you did not know I was in town?"

Walter was too honest to simulate.

"Yes, I knew it."

"And you came to me?"

Not caring to give the real reason, the ruddiness and courtesy of her guardian, Walter was silent.

Perhaps Irene had some suspicion as to how it was, for she was laughing at her cousin as she said this.

They were now in front of the building known for miles around as Tower-Hill, so named from the tower that ran up to quite a height from the main part of it.

It was quite pretentious in its design, only a part of it being completed. The owner dying while it was in the course of erection, and his estate being somewhat involved, his heirs never finished it.

Springing from his horse, Walter assisted his cousin to mount, saying in his own small, unassuming way:

"You will come in to lunch?"

Walter looked directly at the bright, white face of the speaker.

"You are not the least of my eyes, I can see," he said, shaking his head. "I have a score or more calls to make before I can lunch. But I shall come—you may expect me. I shall claim a cousin's right to visitent your solitude.

Attracted by the gay voices outside, a lady hand opened the window, and stood looking out upon them.

If Walter saw her, he did not seem to do so. As to Irene, she was too uncertain of what reception he would meet with to make any movement that would require a recognition.

"In the name of goodness who was that?" she inquired, as she entered.

"Who do you think?" was the laughing response.

"The very one you were glad to see, I should say," returned Mrs. Remington, as she looked upon the glowing face of the speaker. "His face was familiar. It wasn't one of the St. Legers, was it?"

"It was Walter Remington."

The other lady's face underwent a very sensible elongation.

"Walter Remington? I know not that he was in this yeare part of the village hotel."

"Neither did I. But it seems that he is practicing here, high, and bellowing at the village hotel."

"Why didn't you ask him in?" inquired Mrs. Remington.

"I didn't ask him in to lunch, for I had several more calls to make, so he said. He was so much interested in the business of the place, in the business of the place."

"He has to be!" said Mrs. Remington, her nose taking a decided up and turn. "I suppose he has a cent to his name, except what you have. He is such a sultry, sultry, indolent, indulgent, habitual invalidism. "We don't have any too much company in this dull place, good—good—good."

"I did; I asked him in to lunch. But he had several more calls to make, so he said. He was so much interested in the business of the place, in the business of the place."

"I don't suppose they had enough to eat, half of the time."

"Irene, fairly chaste with indignation."

"And where was uncle all this time, and my father—God forgive him—when their brother's wife was dead? You can always count on it. And you—could you not have parted with some of your superfluities to have shielded them from lingering cold?"

Mrs. Remington drew herself up stiffly.

"I don't know what you mean. There is nothing of the sort. Indeed, I may say with all of us—not to interfere. Walter's father married beneath him, and as people make their bed, so do they lie on it. Mary Evans had no one but herself to thank for all her misfortunes. If she had married a man in her own walk of life, instead of seeking to entrap with her pretty face and sly, artful ways one so far above her, she would have been spared every such experience. As for one, hadn't a particle of sympathy for her!"

"I know from the best authority that aunt Mary was far too sensible and self-respecting to do as you say. She married him and honored him to the day of his death, and her son speaks of her with the utmost reverence and respect."

"And what is the matter if they were the same, if you say, it does not justify her husband's relations, wealthy as they were, in refusing to provide for her."

"She had only her own obstinacy to thank for it. Your grandsire Remington offered to do much for the family, but they were entirely off her hands, educate and provide for him, and she positively refused to let him go away. Of course, if you are all that you have anything to do with her."

"What a pity! What a pity! What a pity! What mother, with a mother's feelings, would give up her child, at such a tender age, promising never to see or claim him? It was shameful to exact such a condition!"

Here the lunch-bell sounded, and without waiting for a reply, Irene picked up her hat and gloves, which had fallen to the floor, and ran up to her own room.
CHAPTER III
MANAGING AN AUNT.

The next day was gorgeous.
The weather was delightfully clear and pleasant; and as this was the only opportunity Mrs. Remington had to see the man she had grown to love, she decided to accompany Irene to church.

Irene was there, as Irene had hoped, and when service was over she came forward to speak to her.

The two, Irene and her aunt, were just going down the steps of the church, when suddenly, the latter continued on, her eyes looking straight before her, until she reached the carriage, which was at the entrance of the park.

Aunt was, in spit of her resolution to entirely igno-

The reason is simply that she had been given 91, the street was a small one going through a village, and the way she swept down the steps was evidently quite thrown away.

"Allow me, my dear, let me talk to you about your professional duties, from which even Sunday did not exempt her.

Mrs. Remington was courteous enough to express the regrets that she really felt at this announcement, and agreed to try again.

"We are necessarily very much by ourselves in this region, although I think that Dr. Rem-

Irene was not partial to that kind of music, could but acknowledge that "it sounded very nicely, very nicely indeed."

Walter then arose to take leave; pleading his professional duties, from which even Sunday did not exempt her.

Mrs. Remington was courteous enough to express the regrets that she really felt at this announcement, and agreed to try again.

"If you would do them the most good, I fancy, by going among them, and finding out their wants for them.

"That is the very thing I want to do, the very thing I want you will tell me low and where to find them."

"If you are really in earnest, I will come and take you to the coast to-morrow morning."

Irene was not partial to that kind of music, could but acknowledge that "it sounded very nicely, very nicely indeed."

Walter then arose to take leave; pleading his professional duties, from which even Sunday did not exempt her.

Mrs. Remington was courteous enough to express the regrets that she really felt at this announcement, and agreed to try again.

"You are not coming, Irene?"

Thus some matured, Irene came down the steps. Walter walked with her, an assured and confident bearing that made it difficult for Mrs. Remington to carry out the project of taking her place.

Walter met serenely; too, too tender, too tender, bearing with an air of mingled deference and strength that was not so much a man eaten down.

"I'm afraid, if to show that she did not lose sight of it, in reference to herself, she went on to say."

Irene, it is no use, then, I will go out every pleasant morning, you say. I will come to-morrow morning, if you will you be at home."

Irene turned from him thus that she should not think better of it, and that he ought to think better of her than to suppose it.

When last she had been told, she had found that she had undergone that reaction of feeling to which she was subject.

Irene laughed, and said "I don't think that it would have been talking about, long on the porch."

So long!" laughed Irene, "why, I wasn't there to see that."

Irene's eyes flashed with uncontrolled scorn.

"I know there is. But as long as I don't inter-

he should interfere with mine. If you please, aunt, we won't talk about John."

Mrs. Remington was courteous enough to express the regrets that she really felt at this announcement, and agreed to try again.

"I don't understand what it has to do with my riding out with Walter, or giving him the consi.

And then there is—there is, John, you know."

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"I know there is. But as long as I don't inter-
Upon the lawn in front the terrified servants had gathered around their half-fainting mistress, but the form for which he was searching was not there.

He laid his hand upon the shoulder of a girl, who stood wringing her hands and sobbing with terror.

"Where is Irene—where is your young mistress?"

At this, Mrs. Remington rose herself. Springing to her feet, she pointed upward.

"There is no one there," she said; "she is there—there!"

Following the motion of that hand, Walter saw Irene standing upon the balcony far above him.

She evidently saw and recognized him, for starting to rise, she broke into a bitter snort.

"You are a very merciful woman," she said; "she is mine—there!"

Chapter V.

The Broken Betrothal.

Three days later Walter lay on the sofa to which he had been confined ever since the fire; though the broken arm was healing, and the other injuries were serious, a dislocated ankle being the worst.

A beautiful bouquet in his hand, which had been presented by a lady, engaged every second of his time, and he found it difficult to think of any other subject. He had to acknowledge the hospitality of the lady herself, and to the lady's kind образом, which had been the most grateful in the world.

The carriage lay at the door, and it was clear that it would be necessary to prepare for her departure.

Irene had been obliged to keep her room, also, but was gaining daily, as her last note informed him.

He knew every word by heart, but his eyes lingered lovingly over it, reading, and re-reading, until he could think of nothing else. He had to acknowledge the hospitality of the lady herself, which had been the most grateful in the world.

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CHAPTER VI.

"At Home."

Mr. Remington was not sorry to turn his back on Irene.

He had sent Irene to that dull, seclused town to get her out of the way of danger, said danger so-called, for he was impressed by a young man, who might lay siege to her affections.

But, things don't always turn out as we expect.

The plans of men and mice oft gang agley.

As that gentleman had ample time and occasion to pursue his journey back again.

He had the mortifying reflection that he could hardly have made a worse move in the game he was playing.

Had these two, so formed to interest and attract each other, met in town where there was some occasion for worldly consideration, it would have been bad enough; but they had been thrown together for weeks in a place where they had no other society than that of themselves, where everything around them was calculated to call forth and foster the very sentiment he feared, and then his rescue of her from the fire—women were so prone to admire heroism—had been in vain.

But though Mr. Remington inwardly chafed under these reflections, his constancy was as sound and unflagging as his neighbour's. Only by a muttered word, or an angry glance, when Irene was not looking, did he give tokens of the alarm and fear that had appeared in the affair.

Walter had assured himself, over and over again, that from hereforward he regarded Irene only as a cousin, that for him to cherish her and think of her was foolish and vain. Yet down deep in his heart a faint hope still lingered, which silence as he stepped on the street, was far too precious to be entirely banished.

It was so with little satisfaction that he returned to the house. Then the whole was concealed some weeks earlier than he expected.

"I shall call on Irene, as a matter of course," he said to his sister on the arrival. "She is my cousin, and not to do so would be the most unkind and discourteous. And then I promised to do so."

With a self-denial that cost him quite an effort, he waited until the second day after his arrival.

The house was on the outskirts of the town, a half-hidden, square, unassuming, standing in the midst of grounds laid out with unusual skill and elegance.

"I shall call on Irene, being a part of the big fortune she held in her own right, and as she had ascended the broad steps that led to the main entrance, she had before the wide difference that lay between them, in a way that must have been a tremendous one."

"I wonder if she will be glad to see me?" he thought, as the servant, taking his name, ushered him into a room whose elegant and costly appointments were beyond any thing he had ever seen.

This question had scarcely arisen in his mind when he looked up and saw the glass in her eyes answering it even before her lips could form it.

As she looked upon Walter, she thought of what his heart, as generous as it was brave, must have undergone on such an occasion. It called forth sweetly away the barriers of maidenly reserve.

She could not meet since that terrible night, and as Walter looked into the eyes, made still brighter by the tears that filled them, and listened to the words she spoke, he felt the pressure of the arm that clung so closely to his neck, and it gave a tender inclination to his head, until he was the more engaged and captivated by the face he was looking at.

"What you say sounds very pleasantly, dear cousin," she said, "and made me feel so fortunate as to be of such essential service to you will always be a happy thing for me to remember.

Here Irene opened the door of a small room, more plainly furnished, and wearing a more cheerful and home-like aspect. A canary was singing in a cage that hung in the open window that looked out into the garden, on the broad seat of which Irene's pet kitten was purring in the sunshine.

This is my favorite room," said Irene, whose express purpose it was to keep easier to the heart and the window. "I never stay in those dark, never-ending, uncomfortable rooms. Here I can make you as comfortable as possible in this; and then tell me all about yourself, the guests you have had—of Mr. Crawford, and all the poor folk we used to visit."

Thus adjured, Walter proceeded to disburden himself of all that lay on his mind, in quick succession, the absence of a member; his memory aided and refreshed by the many questions that poured in upon his recollection.

Walter could hardly have called at a better moment. Mr. Remington was not in the house, and his life was out shopping, so there was no interruption to the pleasant and confidential communication of the present hour.

The sunshine crept slowly out of the room until it lay slanting upon the green sward outside, and the family was just awakening from a siesta.

It was not until he heard Mr. Remington's voice in the hall that he arose to go. The time has sped so swiftly and pleasantly that I did not dream of its being so late."

Then I hope to see you often. I shall always be at home—so you.

Walter's heart beat fast as he met the glance, so often fixed on him, and then as shyly averted. Should he tell her what she suspected?

"If I followed my own inclinations, I should come often."

The wondering eyes that were turned upon him did not tend to lessen the young man's embarrassment.

"You forget that I am a poor, struggling doctor, and you are the heiress of half a million."

"Do you know, sometimes I wish that I was born poor?"

"I am selfish enough to wish so too!"

It was not the words, but the tone in which they were spoken, that gave them so much power and meaning.

For some moments, the two stood there, silent, their hearts beating so fast that they seemed almost audible. They felt that he was treading on forbidden ground; and after a momentary struggle with himself, he said, in tones that not all his efforts could suppress, but rather intensified.

"Irene, many times during our pleasant intimacy at Crawford a question arose to my lips, which, because I feared the courage to put it, it may seem strange, almost imperceptible, but I feel compelled to ask it, leave you in an agony, or not. Are you engaged to John Remington?"

Walter gave the conventional signs to the two forefingers extended him, and then turned to the door.
CHAPTER VII
THE FUTURE DREADED.

"Are you engaged to John Remington?"

This question had plunged Irene into a sea of doubts. As it has often happened, she had spent hours sleepless from her pillow.

"Suddenly, I awoke from a dreamy-roused from a pleasant dream to the cold, harsh realities of life."

"Was she bound to him?"

She cast a swift glance backward; recalling the handsome boy of eighteen—for he was wearing his mother's dress and was calling her "little wife." Three days before, she had followed her father to the grave, whose death left her an orphan, brotherless and sisterless. That title sounded pleasantly to her—she even remembered some foolish pledges, on her part—but she was such a mere child, they surely would not hold her to them!

She remembered the sad hour, when, kneeling by her father's dying bed, she listened to his last words, his solemn charge, that if her cousin sounding so calculated to the speaker.

"It is true.

"It is true that there was an understanding between my father and John's that he should have no idea that I was claimed by him. But I don't believe that John has any idea of doing so.

Walter's face grew very bright.

"Then I may not only tell you of the love that has been for me all my life, but of the hope that is there that I do love you. Is my love vain? Answer me, Irene!"

Irene blushed redly at these impetuous words. "If what you say is true, Walter, I should simply accept it, not only for her, but for her.

"I was so happy, so full of pride, that she had not remembered how much I admired her, and not all that she dared, could rob her of the sweet and blissful emotions that this condition could inspire.

The bright sunshine of the following morning drove away many of the fears that weighed so heavily upon her, and she was happy during the long hours. The elastic nature of youth asserted itself.

It was six months since she had returned from Europe, and John had not been near her. It was a year since she had heard of the fulfillment of that child's wish, even if he remembered it at all. Very likely he had heard of the rumor, but he would make it as repugnant to her as to himself.

Walter was as good as his word. He called on her several times, but in none of them was she so fortunate as to find her alone.

It was a little curious to observe how fond Mrs. Remington was, all at once, of her niece's society. The same fancies that she had once been supposed to "meth-od" in the peculiar mania that seized her aunt whenever Walter called on her.

This was a source of great annoyance to Walter, who was anxious to continue the conversation that was broken off so suddenly on his first call there.

One morning he called with the intention of asking Irene to take a walk with him. But no: he had not delivered his errand and then Miss Remington appeared upon the scene.

He at once went to the doctor's office, sat down and jumped up, "I want you to tell me if you think this is a cancer?"

He then examined the finger she extended, which had on it a small abrasion, as large as the head of a pin, gravely assuring her that there was no danger of the calamity she seemed to dread.

"I'm so glad!" I told Mr. Remington last night, on hearing the news, "I would have been very happy if I had been able to prevent it, but I was afraid that it was a cancer, or something worse.

"Where are you going, Irene?"

"To put on my things. Cousin Walter and I are going for a walk. It's a lovely morning for a walk. I believe it will do me good to go out. So if Dr. Remington wishes to see me, I will see him.

"But Dr. Remington does mind," interrupted Walter, "I am going to take Irene to the top of the hill, and if it doesn't rain, I'll throw her over it, as a pity strong and romantic object to one in your delicate state of health attempting any such feat as that."
Things were different from what they were when his father and mother had unguarded away there, and he used to pay them flying visits during the summer. When they had not allowed anything of the kind with Irene, she was in-\n
The truth was, Irene was not only quick to discern between real and mock sentiment, but she was cunning enough to know that a woman often did not care to encourage anything of the sort in him. She was a privileged visitor to the house, and in so much favor with its mistress, he would have to treat him, at least, with outward respect. So he decided to change his tactics.

"I'll speak to the fellow," he thought; "giving him hints that I was afraid of Irene, and see what he says."

He phoned a call from him, at the office he had opened in the upper part of the town; especially so at the cordiality of his manner.

In the conversation that ensued—and which was mostly carried on by him—John waxed very communicative and confidential.

He referred to the fire; thanking Walter for the service he had rendered him.

"I hardly dare think," he said, with emotion, "how I should have felt had she perished in the flames."

Walter winced a little at that, but he made no comments on it; being strictly manager of the office.

Nothing daunted by this, and determined to draw him out, John went so far as to speak of the effect that it had meant to make in the house and grounds.

"With Irene's approval, of course," he added, with a laugh; "for I mean to be a model husband."

John glanced at his companion's grave, impersonal face.

"I beg pardon, but of course you know that we are to marry—Irene and I?"

The next morning, Irene arose earlier than usual; passed into the bed-room, and reached into the garden to gather some flowers for the table.

Her bright face was clouded.

John's rudeness to Walter, the preceding evening, not only displeased but made her uneasy, especially when she looked at the hot, impatient temper of the offender.

If she would avoid trouble, she must prevent his recrudescence.

True, Walter had showed admirable self-command, but this might not always be possible.

As she stepped out the door, she made a mental note to see her husband more often, and take the flowers she heard a step back of her.

Good-bye, he said, as he kissed her hand. She said nothing, and walked into the street.

Taking no notice of the extended hand, Irene looked gravely at the speaker.

You treated me very rarely last evening, cousin.

The mock sorrow that clouded John's face was quickly replaced by a look at her heart. She had noticed the flirtation he had tried to get up with Miss Gray and been offended by it.

"Dear Irene, only tell me in what way, and you may be sure of its not being repeated."

Irene was not to be satisfied. She was arranging.

I consider any rudeness or incivility to my guests as a personal discourtesy to me."

There was a pause; the sudden revulsion in John's face was very evident. He had often seen her eyes.

Irene turned her eyes from that flushed, angry face to the flowers, whose fragrance filled the air.

"I allude to your rudeness, last evening, to Dr. Remington. Under this roof, at least, it must not recur."

As usual, angry and disappointment made John lose sight of all prudence.

"You want to take a very strong interest in him?" he sneered.

The disturbed glint that Irene had passed had vanished as fast as she had come back, brighter than he had ever seen them before.

"I certainly do take a strong interest in the man who risked his life to save mine!"

John remained speechless; he was hurt, and mastered to repair it.

It is natural that you should be grateful; though the fire was not the work of a brute or a coward. I should be grateful, at least, for the life saved is very precious to me. So shut! I am saying a solemn one I should have been there! Oh! Irene, why was I not?"

The gleam of militia! It is not an uncommonly early marriage, and I feel very hot and uncomfortable."

"If I wouldn't tell you. All I know is that you were not there; and that I consider it very fortunate that cousin Walter was."

There was a hasty, precipitate departure.

"Let me tell you to Irene John's conversation to him—or rather his talk to her—she smiled, and then looked sober.

"I almost thought that you were going to the meeting we know, to get him to talk to her, to avoid any talk, or unpleasant feeling, but he is taking so much for granted that I think I shall have to give him that little talk in private, until he's been asking for nearly every day since he came."

The Broken Betrothal
Irene smiled softly up into those grave,搜索ing eyes.

"Are you afraid to trust me, Walter?"

She hesitated a moment, but afraid to trust is the hope of my life will ever be bequeh to you. I would make it so, Irene, if you would only see how much love you owe me now—oh, Irene, I could not hear it!"

There was a depth of feeling in this that af-

fected her; as no words had ever affected her before.

"My own beloved! you are not going to lose me."

"But you have not promised yourself to me, Irene!"

It is so many words, perhaps. But I have said that I loved you; and with that you ought to be content.

"I am not."

"How unreasonable! What more do you want?"

"I want you."

"You have me pretty securely, just at pres-

ent. Let me be with you, Irene, as she looked upon her imprisoned hands.

"I want your positive promise,"

"I will give that to you, as matters stand just now."

Why?

Walter had released her hands, and Irene moved a little from him, so that she could look full into his face.

It may seem super-

stitious, but this is the way I feel. I can't think that it was right for father to exact such a promise from me. I am such a tender age, when you could not know my own mind, or what I was saying. Nor can I believe, feeling as I do, that I have no right to love you. Stil'l, when father's dying injunction, uttered under cir-
cumstances of all importance, stands as a burden upon my mind that nothing can efface; and if John can be induced to relinquish his claim, as I hope he may, it will lift that heavy weight, and lighten my heart. I can see, by your face, that you think me very foolish."

"I don't think it at all foolish. And though I must consider your conscience unduly sensi-
tive on this point, I can enter very fully into the sentiment, and fully share it. I am sure, after all, that John should be induced to forego a claim, in which there is neither reason or justice, but to spare you."

"I am sorry to say that I think John is incor-

morable."

Walter smiled.

"Have you just found that out?"

"If everything else fails, I can buy him off. As he has been brought up with the expectation of sharing my estate, perhaps I ought to make some provision for him."

"If I had only myself to think of, I should say give him the whole. But that would be a wrong to yourself. It would be a sacrifice to one who loves you, and who are accustomed to a way of living that I could not afford, at least for some years to come. Do what you think is just and for the best, but do not let yourself be swayed by the interests and wishes of another."

John had taken a step forward; Irene re-
treating, had raised the same distance be-

tween them. Her face was pale and ashen, but she maintained her poise.

"I paid my cousin the compliment—and so did my father, I am sure—of supposing that he would not wish to marry a woman unless she loved him."

"But you will, you must! Oh! Irene! Irene! I love you with a strong, overpowering passion that I know you will never outgrow. She would not have agreed to see everything before it! Surely love so ardent and devoted must meet with a return! Only trust yourself to me, and you will learn to love me; I will be so true, so tender, that you cannot help it!"

"There was no mock sentiment in this. Fierce, vehement and unchangeable as this passion was, it was genuine; and the surprise in Irene's eyes softened them.

"Love is not a thing to be learned. It would be wrong, it would be cruel to deceive you, John."

"But you are cruel and most unjust! You have deceived me. You have never been so kind; you have treated me as if I was a stranger. And now you coolly say, 'I can never love you!' How do you know that?"

Irene broke the silence by saying:

"We are so diverse in temperament and feeling, John, that our marriage would not be a happy one; I feel that it would be doing you as well as myself no good service that we should unite."

"Some day you will see this, and be glad that I saw it in time to prevent that sadness of all mistakes—a loveless marriage. I would you could see it now. I frankly confess that I wish deeply, deeply, I wish you could see it now. I claim it can be called—for me into a course so repugnant to me. As it is, I am compelled to think of you as a brother, and the compact entered into by your father and mine for the simple and religious purpose, that I do not love you, as I feel that I ought to love you."

John looked darkly at the speaker.

"Do you think one thing could make you so sure of this—your love for some one else?"

"The swift, bright color that surged up to the top of her face, as she spoke, made it plain to him. His heart leaped despairingly to the eye, that would have warned John that he was going too far, had he not been so enragd by de-

ce, as I have thought for anything else."

"You need not tell me his name, who has so badly mismanaged and betrayed me. If it is Mr. Remington— the smooth-faced, sanctimonious hypocrite! It is not the first time that his lying tongue has defamed me and injured me, curse it. He will find that he crossed my path once too often! If I have a patience a day older—"

"Stop!"

"As John looked at Irene, he hardly knew her, and could not think of her. She had those crin-

soned cheeks and blazing eyes.

"Mr. Remington! How dare you use such language under the circumstances?"

"Forgive me, Irene," he stammered: the thought of losing you nearly drove me wild."

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"Mr. Remington! How dare you use such language under the circumstances?"

"Forgive me, Irene," he stammered: the thought of losing you nearly drove me wild."

Without vacating a word or look in reply Irene passed through the door to which she had hurled him, and left him there, with such dignity and desirability as now, when she seemed further off from him than ever."

"Mr. Remington, your honor, I don't know whether I hate or love her most!" muttered the discomfited man, as he looked after her. She was angry and had no more to say, but she could not, whether it be love or hate, whether I win or lose, she shall never be Walter Remington's wife—never ever!"

CHAPTER XI

THE QUARREL.

"I TELL you, father, she has refused me, and in words that have cut me to the heart."

Mr. Remington looked at his son's flushed, excited face.

"But, as a matter of course, you flew into a passion, as you generally do if you can have what you want the minute you ask for it?"

"It doesn't matter about that," said the young man, sullenly: "the fact remains the same."

"It does matter; as any such course the other night as you have been guilty of did you ever do before? I will not allow you to have been so false to her, when she has no more rights than any other woman."

"No!—not even 'Yes,' as you ought to know by this time, without a single woman such as that; she knows her own mind, and means what she says. You'll think so, at all events, if you heard what she said when she was speaking to you, Mr. Remington, as I have told you, all along."

"Did she say so?"

"She said so. She didn't deny it. If you don't interpose your authority, she'll do it, too."

"My authority, John! You talk very foolishly! I have no authority over her. She is legally of age; mistress of herself, and all that she has."

"Your influence, then, you surely ought to have some. You are her nearest living rela-

tive of course, I'll use all the influence I have, of course, having almost as much at stake as you. But if you cannot get her to listen favorably to your suggestions, I don't know how I am to do it. You have played your cards very ill. After boasting of your success with women, you fall where suc-

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Twice he went out into the hall; passing by the windows between the stalls, he could hear voices, he could distinguish nothing of what was passing within.

Just then, John had worked himself up into a fever of impatience and irritation which was clearly visible in the shading of his expression.

"Well, what is it, father? What did she say?

Why don't you speak? You were in there long enough to know if I wanted to find out.

Mr. Remington's face was a curious compound of disappointment and regret, in which were mingled the bitterness of a general feeling that you tended to share in the estate, and is willing to make a liberal arrangement—

"Can't you speak? What success did you have with John? He received you impatiently, as his father still continued silent.

Mr. Remington took a seat; John stood leaning against the wall, silent.

"In some respects worse, in others better than I expected. On the whole, Irene spoke fair, very fair. She held a general feeling that you are entitled to that you should share in the estate, and is willing to make a liberal arrangement—

"If you say she would marry me? That is what I want to know?

"She did not," replied Mr. Remington, speaking with great deliberation. "On the contrary, if I have any knowledge of the English language, I think you will find she would never marry you. But she promised to make provision for you; though only on condition that you fully and entirely relinquish all claim.

"Which I won't do!" cried John, enforcing his declaration by expletives that we don't care to repeat.

Without noticing this, Mr. Remington continued.

"Of course, John, it is a disappointment to me, and it must be to you, also. But as we have no power to compel her to change her mind, we have no right to demand you to renounce the terms she offers. Remember that half a loaf is better than none."

"I will be party to no such scheme as that! I'm not to be bought over in that way. I will not listen to that, and I'll never be Walter Remington's wife! The soul's out! I've had his plans very cunningly, but I'll not listen to it. I'll come and see you, count with him, and it will be settled, in short order, the first time I see him.

"No, no, I'm sorry to reply to this; he was accustomed to his son's extravagant way of expressing himself, and knew what he meant.

"When the tempest burst, which desolated what he had so long desired; when the storm burst, he knew how to defend himself, but he was only temporarily short-lived."

John found himself in the open air. Driven by the tempests of his feelings, and by his longing which had been suppressed for any fixed purpose, he took his way up-town.

He had gone but a short distance when he met his sister.

"Hello! old fellow!" cried Harry; "so you are coming? The last of the boys sent us a message—had strict orders to bring you, whether or no?

"Bring me where?

"Don't go into the room, to be sure! Didn't you agree to meet the boys there at three, this afternoon, to arrange about the excursion? Oh, we're all sorry; I forgot all about it. I've had some business of my own this afternoon which has kept me away."

"Never mind; come along now. You are our right-hand man in such matters, you know, and you can have no idea how it has made me decide a thing yet, even not where we shall go.

"Who are there?" inquired John, as they walked along.

"Ed. Wheeler, Will Taylor, George Morriss, Charles Howard. They insisted upon my coming to join us, but he declined.

"It is well, old fellow," retorted John, his brow darkening; "I want you to have any thing to do with him. He's a contemptible sort of a man. I wish I could be friendly or social relations with him whatever.

The young men exchanged glances; they knew what was going on between the parties, but did not dream of any such feeling as this. John had worked himself up into a fever of impatience and irritation which was clearly visible in the shading of his expression.

"You know I've told you about my engagement to my cousin Irene. It has been considered as a settled thing for five years, or more, that we were to be married when she reached her majority. Well, this fellow has been secretly trying, for months, to undermine and rustle up the man who should have the hand of my cousin Irene. He has a score, and he is going to break up the match. Supposing a man should fail to deliver the goods with you, Harry, in regard to your betrothed?

"Well, I'm afraid one of us would get hurt. I'd either give him a bludgeon, or he'd give me one. Oh, Charlie!

Charlie smiled. He was older than his brother, and a good deal more subtle. He had seen enough of his young hostess to doubt whether she ever cared any thing for John.

"I should think not," said Charlie, "I should think not. I think that he was guilty before proceeding to such extremities as these.

"He'll never fight," sneered John; "he's too cowardly. I've tried to insult him half a dozen times.

After the business matter was concluded John sent for wines and refreshments.

He was not pleased; good-hearted, fond of such things himself, and willing to distribute them to those around him, which made him a very popular guest. He often indulged in wine, but never to excess, so that it could be discovered in his words or manner, now, to drown his disappointment and mortification, he drank freely; so much so, that his flushed face and unsteady step, as followed by his companions, he took his way down-stairs.

The club-room was in the upper part of the Clarendon House, where Walter boarded. He was standing in the doorway of the main entrance, waiting for the hostler to bring up his horse.

The entrance was amply wide enough for him to enter, but it was a bridge too far for even all who saw it, John brushed past him so rudely as to nearly throw him from his balance.

"Was that intentional?" demanded Walter angrily.

"Not at all!" cried John, dealing him a quick blow in the face.

Walter turned pale. Had it not been for his promptness to jump the stile, he might have cut the throat of his assailant, he would have given him a lesson that he sorely needed, for he was physically the strongest.

"You will be sorry for this," said Walter, in a low hard voice.

"Who's going to make me sorry?" sneered John.

"I will. I think that you will be both ashamed and sorry when you are sober," added Walter, alluding to the steps, around which quite a crowd had gathered.

"You himing hypocrite!" sneered John, making an effort to rise.

Walter and his companions were too quick for him, and they held him down, while John's companions took him inside, taking him to the stables.

He was quite beside himself with rage.

"You heard what he said about being re-occupied. He wanted you to be, but thought it would be in some way as low and sly as he is! He won't stand up and meet me openly like a man. He's a coward, that Walter.

The young men persuaded him to lie down on the lounget, and he soon fell asleep.

They then took their wine, and John would sleep away his excitement with the wine he had taken, and which they considered to be the main cause.

CHAPTER XII
THE INTRIGUE OF A STRANGER.

Two or three days later, Walter was riding along the dusty road that led to town.

The sun was in his face; he had been riding all the afternoon, and was beginning to be tired. His thirsty horse pricked up his ears at the tickling of the warrior's voice. He was Queries, drank his thirst, and urged by the suddenly slackened rein, took his way through an opening.

A half break was about the more—resting himself upon one of the smooth, flat stones; his horse, in turn, gave a rest to his master, who had traveled more than the usual distance.

Walter scarcely heard him; his mind being occupied by his cousin's quarrel with him, which had been a source of endless disappointments and vexations; the most unpleasant part of which was, to him, the mention of Irene's name, as the cause of the quarrel.

"If you please, sir, is this Concord?"

"There is no such place," said the voice that Walter turned his eyes curiously upon the speaker, who was now standing in front of the rider and elder.

He seemed annoyed, almost displeased, at the intrusion of the old man, who was leaning on the end of a black riding stick, as the hand, and knitting of the brows, and the lowering to the ground of the dark, glittering eyes.

"I beg pardon," said Walter, on perceiving this; "what is it that you said?

"You are within the limits of Concord. The town itself is straight on, about a mile and a half beyond."
"Dr. Remington—Come to the house known as the "old Stone place." Don't fail, or delay; it is a matter of life and death.

There was no signature.

On inquiry he found that it had been left by a boy about two hours before. Walter was very tired, and then it was the evening of the day in which he was counting on being there; so the impulse was strong upon him to defer answering the summons until morning.

But on recurring to the note again he decided to go. It was possible, for the sake of professional services, "he thought, as he thrust the note into his breast pocket, "to be of some matter of life and death, to morrow may be too late. I shall have time to run into Irene's for a few minutes after I go back.

What was called the "old Stone place" was a dilapidated structure, standing on a lonely road, nearly a mile from any other dwelling. It was one of the old places that part of the county, and had not been inhabited for many years.

"One must be wretchedly poor to seek shelter in a place like that," thought Walter, as he tied his horse to the broken fence.

Not a ray of light gleaned from the windows, in which scarcely a pane was whole. A curious feeling came over Walter as he walked up to the door, which was partly ajar, and hanging only by one hinge.

"I saw a man I should afraid that was a plot to rob and murder me," he said to himself, winking his eye.

Fishing open the door, he found himself in a low room, whose bare desolation was clearly revealed by the bright sunlight; and the curtained windows without glasses.

Seeing a beam of light beneath a door opposite he opened it.

As he did so he was confronted by a figure which emerged from an obscure corner, while a voice said, in a tone of deep, yet unuttered, feeling:

"We are too late!"

Then, as the speaker's eyes fell upon Walter, he started back.

"Who are you? and what do you want?" he asked, in the face of this strange greeting is to say little.

Looking closely, he saw that it was the stranger he met on the road, whose countenance and singular appearance were indelibly stamped on his memory. As soon as he could collect his thoughts, he said, "I am in search of a lady, I suppose that there was some one here in need of my protection yesterday.

The stranger turned a sharp, inquiring look upon the speaker.

"Are you Dr. John Remington?"

"No, I am not. I am an intruder." I have a cousin by that name. He studied medicine, but never practiced it. So he was never called doctor—and, anyway, it is not legal.

"It was John Remington that I wanted to see." He reached out his hand to shake hands with the man who witnessed it, by seeking to make it appear that he was the injured party, in which he was, to a great degree, successful.

Walter raised his hand upward.

"What is it as if you had, and she was wronged, her heart won, and then trimmed under your cover, and now you are out for vengeance against him who had so cruelly wronged her.

Walter attacked his head.

"That is as it may be. If you had, and she was wronged, her heart won, and then trimmed under your cover, and now you are out for vengeance against him who had so cruelly wronged her.

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"That is as it may be. If you had, and she was wronged, her heart won, and then trimmed under your cover, and now you are out for vengeance against him who had so cruelly wronged her.

Walter raised his hand upward.

"What is it as if you had, and she was wronged, her heart won, and then trimmed under your cover, and now you are out for vengeance against him who had so cruelly wronged her.

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Walter raised his hand upward.
How little did the speaker think that what this day would bring was his death! Harry Gray noticed something peculiar in John's look and manner, and his mind instantly adverted to the possibility of what might be wrong.

He mentioned the incident to his brother, adding: "You know how John looked? If Dr. Remington was that sort of a man—" "It would be sheer nonsense to suppose that," said Charlie, "but I think you may be more imaginative. "Besides, it don't follow because the latter came through him, that he was the writer of it."

"The superscription was in his handwriting, I'm not so sure that it was not the disarming face as well as the vigour of his writing."

That remark was the more disarming because Dr. Remington, though he has a different way of showing it, is a charming character, and the man will be very little surprised who wins him.

"That she is? And John is a downright good fellow, from New York," said Charlie, "This was his sort of a way to win; and I hope he will!"

"Yes, it was a true story," said the elder brother, after a thoughtful pause. "I like John; he has a great many good points, and he's one of the best friends I've ever known."

But in a certain way, don't always make the best business. I can't say, if Miss Carlton was my sister, that I'd want him to win."

"I like him the best, at all events," persisted the elder brother, "and so does Miss Carlton, I think."

He turned to underline in the way John says he should not.

"I don't imagine that there is any danger of that," said the other, "but he is careless and not a little badly seen. She will take with which she likes best—and perhaps neither. It is none of our business."

CHAPTER XIV.

A strange discovery.

An uncontrollable indignation weighed upon Walter's heart, which made the mirth and music of the dance seem a mockery. As he walked on his 1st day's travel he had left the very soon after John did. It is well known that he was good for a row, and was carried with joy.

It contained not only his room and office key, but the names of the most beautiful hows which I have ever seen. He must have been there with his horse for a moment, and discovered nothing, and thought he was mistaken.

It must have been the missing keys.

They were dropped as he was, he would have to go back for them.

The house was in the same way, where his horse stood, so it would not take him much longer.

With these thoughts, Walter turned down the rough and narrow road that led to the "old Stone House." When near, though not within sight of it, he was suddenly shot by the disarming smile of a young girl. Walter's horse was young and spirited; giving a start and a sudden break to the manner not a little dangerous in the steep and rocky pass." Walter was accustomed to ride his horse, the sightless eyes turned up to the bright stars. Was there crying? If not, how would they have been turned up so?

They had found it! If not, when would they object? Oh! that he had the courage to have told all! But it was too late.

After that the best he could to remove the tell- tale marks from his clothing, Walter went down to the deserted dining-room. "There were no signs," Eben, who was appointed for his news-gathering and procuring, and his willingness to disguise the same in his manner, stated the facts. Walter saw, with a feeling of relief, that his face was no worse for its previous appearance. He was going on to use his own words, "worth mentioning, Walter never encouraged a solitary member to think about it, not considering himself a fraud. Now he said:

"Any news, Eben?"

"No, Master," replied Eben, with a blush of shame. "I don't know, Mr. Walter, it's nothing to me, and I don't want to talk about it, not considering myself a fraud. Now he said:

"Any news, Eben?"

"No, Master," answered Eben, with a blush of shame. "I don't know, Mr. Walter, it's nothing to me, and I don't want to talk about it.

Walter had a feeling that his face was no worse for its previous appearance. He was going on to use his own words, "worth mentioning, Walter never encouraged a solitary member to think about it, not considering himself a fraud. Now he said:

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The Broken Betrayal

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pushing through the crowd that surrounded the murdered man, just as Mr. Remington drew away he turned quickly toward her.

For a moment she stared wildly at the white, rigid face. Then she threw herself down beside it with a shuddér that chilled the blood of all who heard it.

"Oh, my boy! my boy! it cannot be!"

"Tell me, Serafina, I cannot bear it, try to calm me down!"

Out of the tears that filled the eyes of the frenzied mother, until unconsciousness came mercifully to strip her of her last speechless care. By some form of horror-stricken crowd, Walter raised the head of the fainting woman, until it rested against his shoulder.

The wretched father stood looking at the son he had given his heart and wealth and speechless by the magnitude of his love.

"Mr. Remington," he said, without emotion.

"Murderer?" he cried, hoarsely, seizing Walter firmly by the collar, "how dare you come here and stare at me as though you possessed the agony of the hearts you have bereaved?"

"We are going to the station," said Walter. He turned round and stretching out his hand toward the murderer, thus throwing the latter upon the ground, in order to witness that I denounced this man as the murderer of his son.

With her face as white as ash, the dress over which her fair hair flowed like a veil, Irene now appeared to be devoid of expression, as though her soul were gone.

This terrible thing has turned your brain, uncle; you don't think this might be interfered with?"

Mr. Remington turned his eyes upon his niece with an expressionless face.

"I know what I am saying but too well, as you have found out, perhaps, by the fate of your own boy, his boy!" he added, as he turned away from her. "But I shall not be put down. My poor boy shall be avenged! I will have vengeance, vengeance—"

These were terrible words for a man to listen to; something was about to happen.

Walter's face was very pale, but there was neither fear nor anxiety on it. He had been taking possession of his soul lifted him above all fears for his personal safety.

"But it is you who are my prisoner; I arrest you in the name of the State, for the murder of John Remington," said Walter, his voice firm and resolute, but his countenance and bearing were as composed and steady as though he was simply an old man addressing a group of children on the street.

"Pray be seated; I will be ready in a few moments.

The officers remained standing by the door, while Walter made a few additions to his arrest.

"Please hold out your hands."

The young man held out his hands firmly."

"That is not necessary. I give you my word of honor that I will not try to escape."

I have never seen a young man who was so calm, so self-restrained.

"It will be better for you to go now," he whispered.

"I can do no good, but rather harm by staying. I am going to tell the authorities that I have murdered John Remington.

In the mean time, if you have any thing to communicate with me, I pray you to say it.

As Walter passed through the crowd he could not see the murderer. He saw only a woman standing beside him. But she seemed to him to be an angel in the presence of death, or rather, as the angel of death, in the presence of the supreme power."

Could there be any thing more unfortunate than the network of circumstances that surrounded him?"

CHAPTER XVI

A View of the Scene

With all the pomp and circumstance of woe that wealth gives, John Remington was laid away in the churchyard.

The funeral was in church, and very largely attended. No body could doubt that the man who had taken little or no interest in him while living. There was not a flower of rosewood and satin, literally covered with floral offerings, and which filled the church with their fragrance.

Mary Remington looked so handsome as she sat in the pew apart from the "mourners," and which was vacated just before her death, than we could never be sure which of them never arose.

There was a strong sensation as Irene came in leaning upon the arm of her uncle.

She was in deep mourning, which lightened, by contrast, the picture of the dead, who was shown us when she never arose again.

Contrary to the general expectation, Walter was there, and when he entered, his eye was at once upon her, and he seemed to be the being in whom she regularly attended.

The moment that the chloroform had worn off, the bereaved father touched with joy the heart of the woman whose death had been a matter of years instead of days; his head was bowing with happiness;

Mrs. Remington was not present; she was lying in a room on the floor, which she never arose again.

To contrary to the general expectation, Walter was there, and when he entered, his eye was at once upon her, and he seemed to be the being in whom she regularly attended.

The moment that the chloroform had worn off, the bereaved father touched with joy the heart of the woman whose death had been a matter of years instead of days; his head was bowing with happiness;

Like the other, she was lying in a room on the floor, which she never arose again.

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The Broken Betrothal

purpose. I live but for one object, to bring my son's murderers to account. The thought that his good
and happy life will be a great wrong to him, and that
will be the happiest of the few remaining days
than any I have had since I lost him.

The shock, indignant feelings at Irene's heart
were plainly visible in her face, but her eyes soften-
ed down. She neither looked at nor seemed to hear
the words of the woman who had the misfortune to
be present in the room, but went straight up to her
brother. "Irene! Irene! What is it? Is there anything
wrong?"

"Irene!" John said in a whisper, "I know you are
hurt. I know you are troubled. I know you are in
misery. But you must not show it. You must not let
me see it. I will help you. I will do anything for you.
You must not be afraid.

"Why don't you answer me? Don't you see me?
I am here. I am with you. I am your brother. I am
your friend. I am your protector. I will help you. I will
do everything for you. I will be your guide. I will be
your comfort. I will be your strength.

"Dear brother, dear friend, dear comforter, dear
strength, dear guide, dear everything. I love you. I love
you.

"Don't you love me? Don't you love me? Don't
you love me? Don't you love me? Don't you love me?
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Mr. Goodspeed was still with Walter over an hour. When he returned, he found Irene with the youngest of the little children on her knee. Putting the child down, she stood up on his entrance. Mr. Goodspeed's countenance indicated strong emotion. "Strange and inexpressible are the dealings of God with the children of men!" he said in a low, confiding whisper to the woman who held the child in her arms. He told the story of the previous night, and the events that followed, with the same intensity of feeling that had characterized his speech to his wife. He spoke of the fear and anxiety that had been a constant companion of his life, and the courage and cheerfulness with which he bore the hardships and discomforts of his position, the result of his efforts to keep the peace and the respect of the community. At first, in common with many others, he believed that the death of Walter was an act of kindness on the part of the community, but as the days went by, he began to realize that he had been wrong, and that the death had been more a result of the tension and strain under which the community had been living. He believed that in the end, the community would be the worse for Walter's death, and that the death had been a blow to the community's hopes of peace and prosperity.

Irene was heartbroken. She could not understand why Walter had taken such a step. She tried to comfort him, but her words were too weak and feeble to reach him. She knew that he was in too much pain to listen to her. She felt a sense of guilt and regret that she had not been able to prevent Walter from taking such a step. She knew that she had failed him, and that she had failed the community. She felt a sense of emptiness and despair.

The meeting between the prisoner and the deacon on the steps of the hotel, had been observed by several; and though John was clearly proven to have been the one who sent the letter to the prisoner, the details of the letter and the consequences of its contents remained a matter of conjecture. The identity of the murderer was not known, nor was it possible to determine who was responsible for the crime. The crowd that had gathered upon the steps of the hotel was silent and somber, and the tension and excitement of the previous night had given way to a sense of profound sadness and turmoil. The deacon spoke again, and his words were a mixture of consolation and reproof. He reminded the audience that the community was dependent upon the willingness of the prisoner to turn to God, and that the deacon was very much concerned about the fate of the prisoner and the community. He urged the prisoner to consider the consequences of his actions, and to seek the guidance of the deacon and the church. He spoke of the importance of forgiveness and repentance, and the need for the community to come together and find a way to heal the wounds of the past. The deacon concluded his words with a prayer, and the crowd fell silent.}

The signature and concluding part of it were torn off, but undamaged, and the demand that he should meet the writer at the old deacon's house was repeated. As we have before stated, the handwriting was strikingly similar, when the mark was produced from which, as the reader will remember, the priest's name came, and it was found to be exactly, a murmured run through the court, and not a person in it, with the exception of the devoted wife, who, after being torn from her grasp, was again, for the last time, and in a fit of fear, she might, she should, be doing protest against the very moral law. It was not these words only, but the look and tone in which they were spoken that carried with them that strength and persuasiveness of heart which so often impels a person to act on a mistaken principle. "You may be certain that I shall make every effort to induce you to die," said she. "I hope I shall succeed." "God grant you may; for there is one—""here, for the first time Walter's voice faltered—""... whose life is bound up with your own, and whose heart your failure will fall like a crushing blow!"

The lawyer's subsequent interview with Irene disclosed the fact that the deacon had found her in the castle of his influence, and that all the deacon's efforts had been to induce her to accept the offer. He had been in his evil fortunes, aroused a strong feeling of admittance in the deacon, and it was in the deacon's heart that he feared he was in store for her. There was just in the faith that Irene evaded, not only in her husband, but in her acquittal, as it was on her trust in a righteous Power that she relied.

But Mr. Cameron, in order to prepare her for the worst, supplied her with his indignant address to the deacon, and it was carried, as it was on his trust in a righteous Power that she relied.

The power and pathos of this appeal were not soon forgotten by those who heard it. There were no words in the language, no reliance, no hope, no intimation of fear, and no intimation of the fear. The deacon, in all respects, spoke of him as a free, generous, and loving heart, a little wild, but in whom there was nothing bad. In addition to all his other discouragements, he had to face the fact that, in his case, it was the first, had set strongly against his client.

This, too, was learned in the case by all classes, was very apparent the first day of the trial, where the greatness of it to impose a jury."

The trial of the man, and all the strange, extraordinary circumstences that surrounded it, had been the absorbing topic of conversation for weeks previously, and the world had crowded together for miles around to witness the trial. There was no prisoner in the prison entered.

Though somewhat paler and thinner, those familiar with his face did not see in it the change they had anticipated, and there was a look of lassitude in his eyes directed toward him, though there was scarcely among that gazing crowd who believed him innocent, not. Nor was there anything else in his bearing; he looked as if he felt, as a man suddenly surprised, and not so much with the awful position in which he was placed. Irene appeared as if she were conscious of the fate that befell him.

Her romantic marriage, which had been blamed by the papers from one end of the Union to the other, together with the surpassing beauty, that was supposed to have been a part of the crime, made her almost as much an object of interest as the crime itself. There was a time when Irene would have shrunk from the company of any sensitive nature like hers, but now there was room for only one. She thought very little of the crime that had been committed against her, and the idea of her own being in such strong and tender sympathy.

Irene was hardly conscious of the full weight of the horror that had descended upon her. She was so completely absorbed in her own grief that she had no time to reflect on the horror that had come to the world. She was so completely overwhelmed by the grief and sorrow that had been caused by the crime, that she had no time to reflect on the horror that had come to the world. She was so completely overwhelmed by the grief and sorrow that had been caused by the crime, that she had no time to reflect on the horror that had come to the world. She was so completely overwhelmed by the grief and sorrow that had been caused by the crime, that she had no time to reflect on the horror that had come to the world. She was so completely overwhelmed by the grief and sorrow that had been caused by the crime, that she had no time to reflect on the horror that had come to the world. She was so completely overwhelmed by the grief and sorrow that had been caused by the crime, that she had no time to reflect on the horror that had come to the world. She was so completely overwhelmed by the grief and sorrow that had been caused by the crime, that she had no time to reflect on the horror that had come to the world. She was so completely overwhelmed by the grief and sorrow that had been caused by the crime, that she had no time to reflect on the horror that had come to the world. She was so completely overwhelmed by the grief and sorrow that had been caused by the crime, that she had no time to reflect on the horror that had come to the world.
THE BROKEN BETROTHAL

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The woman, whose manner had betrayed strong agitation, now sprung to her feet.

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