INDECISION.

Do I love her? Dimpling red lips at me pouting, Dimpling shoulders at me flouting: No, I don't!

Do I love her? Prisoned in those crystal eyes Purity forever lies: Yes, 1 do !

Do I love her? Little wild and wilful fiction, Teasing, torturing contradiction: No. I don't!

Do I love her? With kind acts and sweet words, she Aids and comforts poverty: Yes, I do!

Do I love her? Quick she puts her cuirass on, Stabs with laughter, stings with soorn : No, I don't.

Do I love her? No! Then to my arms she flice Filling me with glad surprise : Ah! yes I do.

Marjorie Daw.

Pines, Near Rye, N. H. August 8, 187 -.

MY DEAR SIR: I am happy to assure you that your anxiety is without reason. Flemming will be confined to the sofa for four weeks, and will have to be careful at first how he uses his leg. A fracture of this kind is always a tedious affair. Fortunately, the bone was very skilfully set by the surgeon who chanced to ie in the drug-store where Flemming was brought after his fall, and I apprehend no permanent inconvenience from the accident. Flemming is doing perfectly well physically; but I must confess that the iritable and morbid state of mind into which he has fallen causes me a great deal of uneasiness. He is the last man in the world who ought to break his leg. You know how impetuous our friend is ordinarily, what a soul of restlessness and em rgy, never content unless he is rushing at some object, like a sportive bull at a red shawl; but amiable withal He is no longer amiable. His temper has become something frightful. Miss Fanny Flemming came up from Newport, where the family are staying for the summer, to nurse him; but he packed her off the next morning in tears. He has a complete set of Balzac's works, twenty-seven volumes, whenever that exemplary serving-man appears with his meals. Yesterday I very innocently brought Flemming a small basket of lemons. You know it was a strip of lemon-peel on the curbstone that caused our friend's mischance. Well, he on seoner set his eyes upon these lemons, then he fell into such a rage as I cannot describe adequately. This is only one of his moods, and the least distressing. At other times he sits with bowed head redespairing. When this fit is on himand it sometimes lasts all day-nothing can distract his melancholy. He refuses to eat, does not even read the newspapers;

-have no charms for him. His state is irritability and despondency would be natural enough. But in a young fellow of twenty-four, with plenty of money and seemingly not a care in the world, the thing is monstrous. If he continues to give way to his vagaries in this manner, he will end by bringing on an inflammation of the fibula. It was the fibula he broke. I am at my wits' end to know what to prescribe for him. I have autesand to soothe pain; but I've no medicine that will make a man have a little common-sense. That is beyond my skill, but maybe it is not beyond yours. You are Flemming's intimate friend, his fidus Achates. Write to him, write to him frequently, distract his mind, cheer him up, and prevent him from becoming a confirmed case of melancholia. Perhaps he has some important plans disarranged by bis present confinement. If he has you will know, and will know how to advise him judiciously. I trust your father finds the change beneficial? I am, my dear sir, with great respect, etc.

Edward Delaney to John Flemming, West 38th Street, New York.

August 9, -. My DEAR JACK: I had a line from Dillon this morning, and was rejoiced to the hammock. That was very pretty, all learn that your hurt is not so bad as reported. Like a certain personage, you

nate, too, that my father's health renders in the magazines. requires some one more careful than a servant to look after him. I cannot come to vou. dear Jack, but I have hours of nation with hosts of sca-goddesses, with would be a delicate attention on your their (or somebody else's) raven and part. In the mean time, write! blond manes hanging down their shoulders. You should have Aphrodite in morning wrapper, in evening costume, and in her prettiest bathing suit. But we are far from all that here. We have

you one over the way. cottage. It is not a house, but a mansion, to be called Marjorie Daw. built, perhaps, in the colonial period, with

down on that piazza, -and so do I.

me a line, dear Jack, and tell me how you with a florid face and snow-white muslong, quiet letter. If you are violent or Dombey, or as Mr. Dombey would have abusive, I'll take the law to you.

John Flemming to Edward Delaney.

Your letter, dear Ned, was a godsend. years. I'm of the time of Pharoab. I lie from morning till night on a

lounge, staring into the hot street. Eve- as much snavity as he knows, and acrybody is out of town enjoying himself. cepts. All is silence and dust and desolation. how's your leg. I interrupt this a moment, to take a shy at Perkins with the second volume of Ceother times he sits with bowed head regarding his splintered limb, silent, sullen, could bring him down with a copy of Sainte-Beuve or the Dictionnaire Universomehow don't quite fit my hand. But I books-except as projectiles for Perkins Yquem. Duplicate key of the wine-celfamily dependent on his daily labor, this ment. Young Cheops up stairs, snug in chamber, with that colorless, hypocritical face of his drawn out long like an accormy leg. Was not my evil star in the very phia, staying at the Seashell House, two zenith when I ran up town to attend that bright and engaging girls. But Marjorie It's better. dinner at Delmonico's? I didn't come Daw! up altogether for that. It was partly to thetics and lotions, to make people sleep got. And now I shall not be able to sit colonel on the piazza. It was like seeing

> -is that the name of the place? hot weather turned on, and then expect more sorry than surprised.

Write me more about that little girl in is getting into deep water.

unemployed time on hand, and I will imprisonment has weakened me intellecwrite you a whole post-office full of let- tually to such a degree that I find your ders if that will divert you Heaven knows epistolary gifts quite considerable. I haven't anything to write about. It is I am passing into my second childhood. not as if we were living at one of the In a week or two I shall take to indiabeuch bouses; then I could do you some rubber rings and prongs of corat. A silcharacter studies, and fill your imagi. ver cup, with an appropriate inscription,

Edward Delaney to John Flemming.

August 12, -.

house, with its sanded floors and wain- bians to drop him into the Piscataqua! ly, I think I made her like you!

should be a story with the orders of the ills of life to see her now and then put ble character, too. stir the heart of a man who has constant homestead, where father and daughter artillery, moi. twinges in his leg. I wonder if one of pass eight months of the twelve; our own Yankee girls of the best type, the rest of the year in Baltimore and haughty and spirituelle, would be of any Washington. The New England winter comfort to you in your present deplora- too many for the old gentleman. The ble condition. If I thought so, I would daughter is called Marjorie, - Marjorie rush down to the Surf House and catch Daw. Sounds odd at first, doesn't it? one for you; or, better still, I would find But after you say it over to yourself half lery, it occurs to me, my friend, you are dozen times, you like it. There's a pleas- keeping up a pretty lively fire on my in-Picture to yourself a large white house ing quaintness to it, something prim and just across the road, nearly opposite our violet-like. Must be a nice sort of girl

I had mine host of The Pines in the rambling extensions, and gambrel roof, witness-box last night, and drew the possessed, high-bred piece of architecture, charge of Mr. Daw's vegetable-garden, with its nose in the air. It stands back, and has known the family these thirty from the road, and has an obsequious years. Of course I shall make the acretinge of fringed elms and oaks and quaintance of my neighbors before many wooping willows. Sometimes in the morn-days. It will be next to impossible for the sun has withdrawn from that part of some of my walks. The young lady has the mansion, a young woman appears on a favorite path to the sea-beach. I shall the piazza with some mysterious Pene- intercept her some morning, and touch my Dr. Dillon to Edward Delaney, Esq., at The lope web of embroidery in her hand, or a hat to her. Then the princess will bend book. There is a hammeck over there, - her fair head to me with courteous surof pineapple fibre, it looks from here. A prise not unmixed with hautiness. hammock is very becoming when one is Will snub me, in fact. All this for thy eighteen, and has gold hair, and dark sake, O Pasha of the Snapt Axle-tree! e, es, and a blue illusion dress looped up * * How oddly things fall out! Ten after the fashion of a Dresden china shep- minutes ago I was called down to the time of Louis Quatorze. All this splen- farm-houses on the caust, a sort of amdor goes into the hammock, and sways phibious parlor, with sea-shells on the But enough of this nonsense, which ill each other. He had come to pay his re-

British army. Mr. Daw was a colonel in the late war, commanding the regiment old boy, backbone of New Hampshire colonel delivered himself of an invitation is strange. Fancy what a fix I am in,-I, who never as if he were issuing a general order. had a day's sickness since I was born. Miss Daw has a few friends coming, at 4 balmed in spices and smothered in layers rade-ground) and have tea (cold rations) of fine linen, like a mummy. I can't on the piazza. Will we honor them with move. I haven't moved for five thousand our company? (or be sent to the guard-

The brown-stone-front bouses across the In my next I shall have something to street resemble a row of particularly ugly ten you. I shall have seen the little beaucarved on the silver door plates. Sardo up your spirits, my boy, until I write you nic spiders have sewed up the key-holes. another letter,—and send me along word

of ill-health. My father's son bows with

Edward Delaney to John Flemming.

August 13, -. sal, if I had it. These small Balzac books dreary as possible. A lieutenant of shall fetch him yet. I've an idea Perkins church at Stillwater, and a society don't fall in love with Miss Daw. I am is tapping the old gentleman's Chateau swell from Nahant. The lioutenant ripe to it myself. Speaking of photolar. Hibernian swarries in the front base- of his buttons, and found the bullion of her cartes-de-visste from her album, dion; but I know he grins all the way men were much better, as they always are; will be a capital animal this autumn for down stairs, and is glad I have broken the two Miss Kingsburys of Philadel- Central Park.

The company broke up soon after tea, buy Frank Livingstone's roan mare Mar- and I remained to smoke a cigar with the in the saddle these two months. I'll a picture to see Miss Marjorie hovering send the mare down to you at The Pines, around the old soldier, and doing a hundred gracious little things for him. She Old Dillon fancies that I have some brought the cigars and lighted the tapers am on the most friendly terms with our thing on my mind. He drives me wild with her own delicate fingers, in the neighbors. The colonel and my father with lemons. Lemons for a mind dis- most enchanting fashion. As we sat- smoke their afternoon eigar together in eased! Nonsense. I am only as restless there, the came and went in the summer our sitting-room or on the piazza oppoas the devil under this confinement, -a twilight, and seemed, with her white site, and I pass an hour or two of the thing I'm not used to. Take a man who dress and pale gold hair, like some lovely day or the evening with the daughter. I has never had so much as a headache or a phantom that had sprung into existence am more and more struck by the beauty, toothache in his life, strap one of his out of the smoke-wreaths. If she had modesty, and intelligence of Miss Daw. legs in a section of water spout, keep him melted into air, like the statue of the You ask me way I do not fall in love in a room in the city for weeks, with the lady in the play, I should have been with her. I will be frank, Jack: I have

how your heroically sent her back to New- of the evening, I was suddenly impressed to your slave. It is her jocund nature to port, preferring to remain alone with by the air of eager attention with which scatter flowers, like Spring.

Mary, the cook, and your man Perkins, Miss Daw had followed my account of If my letters sometimes read disjointed-

different branch of jurisprudence. leading questions concerning you. It ed that inexplicable look of interest did not occur to me then, but it struck which had righted up her face the preme forcibly afterwards, that she evinced vious evening. Since then, I have seen

scots, and its narrow windows looking But, truly, Jack, I have a hard task. Miss Daw is a girl whom you would eyes would wander away from me to the and that I cannot reproduce. Perhaps it ger be regarded as an invalid. With great out upon a cluster of pines that turn the little girl over the way. She is swing-the wind blows, would be the place in ing in the hammock at this moment. It

forest and the breath of the sea in it. It out a small kid boot, which fits like a lamglad the Daws are such pleasant | did it several times as an experiment, - of being surprised. I accept things as should be a nevel like one of that Rus glove, and set herself going. Who is she people. The Pines is an isolated place, and dropped some remark about my people do in dreams. Now that I am sian fellow's - what's his name? - Tour- and what is her name? Her name is Daw. my resources are few. I fear I should friend Flemming, then the sombre blue again in my room, it all appears like an termination to come here, has just reached guenieff, Turguenef, Tooeguniff, Turgen- Only daughter of Mr. Richard W. Daw, ex- have found life here rather monotonous eyes would come back to me instantly. jew,-nobody knows how to spell him. colonel and banker. Mother dead. One before long, with no other society than (I think his own mother must be in some brother at Harvard, elder brother killed that of my excellent sire. It is true, I world? No, not the oddest. The effect, Pyrrhic dances among the shrubbery, the and hers You would furnish just cause doubt about him). Yet I wonder if even at the battle of Fair Oaks nine years ago. might have made a barget of the defence- which you tell me was produced on you sea over there, Marjorie sitting on the for irritation to R. W. D.; and, though a Liza or an Alexandra Paulovna could Old, rich family, the Daws. This is the less invalid; but I have n't a taste for by my causual mention of an unknown hammock!

> VI. John Flemming to Edward Delaney.

August 17,-. For a man who has n't a taste for artilner works. But go on. Cynicism is a small brass field-piece that eventually bursts and kills the artilleryman.

You may abuse me as much as you like, and I'll not complain; for I don't and a wide piazza on three sides, - a self- foregoing testimony from him. He has know what I should do without your letters. They are curing me. I have n't hurled anything at Perkins since last Sunday.partly because I have grown more amiable under your teaching, and partly because Perkins captured my ammuniing, and oftener in the afternoon, when me not to meet Mr. Daw or Miss Daw in tion, and carried it off to the library. He is rapidly losing the habit he had acquired of dodging whenever I rub my ear, or make any slight motion with my right arm. He is still suggestive of the wine-cellar, however. You may break, vou may shatter Perkins, if you will, but the scent of the Roederer will hang round him still.

Ned, that Miss Daw must be a charming person. I should certainly like her. herdess, and is chaussee like a belle of the parlor, -you know the kind of parlors in I like her already. When you spoke in your first letter of seeing a young girl swinging in a hammock under your chamthere like a pond-lily in the golden after- mantel piece and spruce branches in the ber window, I was somehow strangely noon. The window of my bedroom looks chimney-place, -where I found my father drawn to her. I cannot account for it in and Mr. Daw doing the antique polite to the least. What you have subsequently written of Miss Daw has strengthened becomes a sedate young attorney taking spects to his new neighbors. Mr. Daw is the impression. You seem to be describhis vacation with an invalid father. Drop a tall, slim gentleman of about fifty-five, ing a woman I have known in some previous state of existence, or dreamed of in really are. State your case. Write me a tache and side-whiskers. Looks like Mr. this. Upon my word, if you were to send me her photograph, I believe I looked it he had served a few years in the should recognize her at a glance. Her manner, that listening attitude, her traits of character, as you indicate them, the light in which his son was a lieutenant. Plucky hair and the dark eyes,—they are all familiar things to me. Asked a lot of quesgranite. Before taking his leave, the tions, did she? Curious about me? That

You would laugh in your sleeve, you wretched old cynic, if you knew how I My left leg weighs three tons. It is em P. M., to play croquet on the lawn (pa- lie awake nights, with my gas turned down to a star, thinking of the Pines and the house across the road. How cool it must be down there! I long for house). My father declines, on the pleat the salt smell in the air. I picture the olonel smoking his cheroot on the plazza. times I let you stroll with her under the elms in the moonlight, for you are great coffins set up on end. A green mould is ty face to face. I have a presentiment, friends by this time, I take it, and see settling on the names of the deceased, Jack, that this Daw is a rara avis! Keep each other every day. I know your ways and your manners! Then I fall into a fruculent mood, and would like to destroy somebody. Have you noticed any thing in the shape of a lover hanging around the colonial Lares and Penates? Does that lieutenant of the horsa-marines or that young Still-water parson visit the THE party, my dear Jack, was as house much? Not that I am pining for news of them, but any gossip of the kind the navy, the rector of the Episcopal would be in order. I wonder, Ned, you looked as if he had swallowed a couple graphs, could n't you manage to slip one rather indigestible; the rector was a she must have an album, you know, - and pensive youth, of the daffydowndilly send it me? I will a return it before it sort; and the swell from Nahant was a could be missed. That's a good fellow ! very weak tidal wave indeed. The wo- Did the mare arrive safe and sound? It

Oh-my leg? I forgot about my leg.

VII.

Editard Delaney to John Flemming. August 20,-

You are correct in your surmises. I

thought of that. She is young, rich, acaim to smile and purr and be happy! It It was easy to perceive that the old complished, uniting in herself more atis preposterous. I can't be cheerful or colonel worshipped her, and she him. I tractions, mental and personal, than I can think the relation between an elderly recall in any girl of my acquaintance; but Your letter is the first consoling thing father and a daughter just blooming into she lacks the something that would be I have had since my disaster, a week ago. womanhood the most beautiful possible. necessary to inspire in me that kind of It really cheered me up for half an hour. There is in it a subtle sentiment that can- interest. Possessing this unknown quan-Send me a screed, Ned, as often as you not exist in the case of mother and daugh- tity, a woman neither beautifulnor wealthy can, if you love me. Anything will do. ter, or that of son and mother. But this nor very young could bring me to her feet. But not Miss Daw. If we were I sat with the Daws until half past ten, | ship-wrecked together on an uninhabited that about the Dresden china shepher- and saw the moon rise on the sea. The island, -let me suggest a tropical island, dess and the pond-lily; the imagery a lit- ocean, that had stretched motionless and for it costs no more to be picturesque, -I black and blue as you are painted. Dillon will put you on your pins again in two or three weeks, if you will are not so black and blue as you are painted. Dillon will put you on your pins again in two or three weeks, if you will are not so black against the horizon, was changed by magic into a broken field of glittering are distance, the Isles of would fry yams for her, I would lure the side-saddle on Margot some morning. The only have patience and follow his coun- shows how one may be familiar for years | Shoals loomed up like a group of huge ingenuous turtle and make her nourish- animal is a trifle too light for my weight. sels. Did you get my note of last Wed. with the reception-room of his neighbor, bergs drifting down. The Polar Reing soups, but I would n't make love to By the by, I nearly forgot to say Miss Daw
will be broken off. "A plague o' both may be traced "bristling strange in flery nesday! I was greatly troubled when I and never suspect what is directly under gions in a June thaw! It was exceeding ber, —not under eighteen months. I sat for a picture yesterday to a River- your houses," say you. I will keep you may be traced, "bristling stronge, in fiery your houses," say you. I will keep you may be traced, "bristling stronge, in fiery your houses," say you. I will keep you houses," say you. I will keep you houses, "say you. I will keep you houses," say you. I will keep you house, "say you. I will keep you house," say you. I will keep you house, "say you. I will keep you house," say you. I will keep you house, "say you. I will keep you house," say you. I will keep you house, "say you. I will keep you house," say you. I will keep you house, "say you. I will keep you house," say you. I will keep you house, "say you. I will keep you house," say you. I will keep you house, "say you. I will keep you house," say you. I will keep you house, "say you. I will keep you house," say you. I will keep you house, "say you. I will keep you house," say you. I will keep you house, "say you. I will keep you house," say you. I will keep you house, "say you. I will keep you house," say you. I will keep you house, "say you house," say you. I will keep you house, "say you house," say you hou bis mansard. I supposed your loft stuffed by fine. What did we talk about? We would like to have her for a sister, that I mouth artist. If the negative turns out informed, as well as I can, of what occurs life its head the dark blue fills flush I can imagine how tranquil and saint
Is you are with your leg in a trough! It's and affidavits; you take down a package weather has been disagreeable for several with of manuscript, and lot there are lyrics and to be sure just as of manuscript, and lot there are lyrics and spires of San values of manuscript. deuced awkward, to be sure, just as of manuscript, and in there are lyrics and days past,—and so have you. I glided camel's hair shawls. (We are off the iscould send you the iverytype in the where you are, or, at all events, do not valley, the windows and spires of San the where you are, or, at all events, do not valley, the windows and spires of San the where you are, or, at all events, do not valley, the windows and spires of San the where you are, or, at all events, do not valley, the windows and spires of San the where you are, or, at all events, do not valley, the windows and spires of San the where you are, or, at all events, do not valley, the windows and spires of San the where you are, or, at all events, do not valley, the windows and spires of San the where you are, or, at all events, do not valley, the windows and spires of San the where you are, or, at all events, do not valley, the windows and spires of San the where you are, or, at all events, do not valley and the box redeuced awkward, to be sure, just as sonnets and canzonettas. You really have from one topic to the other very naturally. If such were not my feeling, drawing-room; it is cleverly colored, and dream of joining me..... Colonel Day lose sparkle into sight, and the bay reduced awkward, to be sure, just as sonnets and canzonettas. You really have from one topic to the other very naturally. If such were not my feeling, drawing-room; it is cleverly colored, and dream of joining me..... Colonel Day very itself a streak of silver in the fee mouth together at the seaside; but we a graphic descriptive touch, Edward Dela-mouth together at the seaside; but we a graphic descriptive touch, Edward Dela-mouth together at the seaside; but we a graphic descriptive touch, Edward Dela-mouth together at the seaside; but we a graphic descriptive touch, Edward Dela-mouth together at the seaside; but we a graphic descriptive touch, Edward Dela-there would still be an obstacle to my would give you an idea of her hair and is sitting on the piazza looking rather very actually. must make the best of it. It is unfortu- ney, and I suspect you of short love-tales it had frustrated all our summer plans, loving Miss Daw. A greater misfortune eves, which of course the other will not. and what our plans were. Then I de- could scarcely befall me than to love her. No, Jack, the spray of mignonette did I parted with her in the garden. nate, too, that my father's health renders in the magazines.

I shall be a bear until I hear from you scribed you; or, rather, I didn't. I spoke Flemming, I am about to make a revelation me. A man of twentythink be has much improved; the sea air again. Tell me about your pretty of your amibility; of your patience under tion that will astonish you. I may be all eight does n't enclose flowers in his letthink be has much improve; the sea air again. In this particular many be all eight does n't enclose flowers in his letters his native element; but he still needs my arm to lean upon in his walke, and my arm to lean upon in

should excel as a criminal lawyer, Daw on the road to Rye, where the postif I had not turned my attention to a office is, and accompanied her thither and back, an hour's walk. The conversation Miss Marjorie asked all manner of again turned on you, and again I remark-

which to write a summer romance. It is to me compensation for many of the in the face. And the old colonel is a nome she was not listening. At these moments of the ills of life to see her now and then put ble character, too.

gitls vinging in a hammock, is certainly It is past midnight, and I am too sleepy of going to any lengths if opposed. You as strange. You can conjecture how that to write more, passage in your letter of Friday startled passage in your retter of Friday startled me. Is it possible, then, that two people denly taken it into his head to spend a severity. That would be the result of severity. who have never met, and who are hunfew days at the Shoals. In the mean your presence at The Pines at this juncdreds of miles apart, can exert a magnetic while you will not hear from me. I see influence on each other? I have read of Marjorie walking in the garden with the over, I understand from Dillon that you such psychological phenomena, but never colonel. I wish I could speak to her alone, are in no condition to take so long a credited them. I leave the solution of but shall probably not have an opportuthe problem to you. As for myself, all nity before we leave. other things being favorable, it would be impossible for me to fall in love with a woman who listens to me only when I am

talking of my friend! I am not aware that any one is paying marked attention to my fair neighbor. The lieutenant of the navy-he is stationed at Rivermouth - sometimes drops in so reduced that my epistolary gifts seemed of an evening, and sometimes the rector from Stillwater; the lieutenant the oftener. He was there last night. I should of the 11th instant, when I notice that not be surprised if he had an eye to the five days' silence on my part is sufficient heiress; but he is not formidable. Mis- to throw you into the depths of despontress Daw carries a neat little spear of dency. irony, and the honest lieutenant seems to have a particular facility for impalling himself on the point of it. He is not dangerous, I should say; though I have known a woman to satirize a man for years, and marry him after all. Decidedly, the lowly rector is not dangerous; yet, again, who has not seen Cloth of Frieze what I take to be the latest are two pasvictorious in the lists where Cloth of Gold went down?

As to the photograph. There is an exquisite ivorytype of Marjorie, in passepartout, on the drawing-room mantelpiece. It would be missed at once, if taken. I would do anything reasonable for you, Jack; but I've no burning desire of the peace, on a charge of petty lar-

P. S.-Enclosed is a spray of mignonette, which I advise you to treat tenderly. Yes, we talked of you again last night, as usual. It is becoming a little dreary for me.

VIII. Edward Delauey to Jonn Flemming.

Your letter in reply to my last has occupied my thoughts all the morning. I do not know what to think. Do you every hour you remain away, Marjorie's on the shoulder of the person Perkins, mean to say that you are seriously half in love with a woman whom you have never seen,--with a shadow, a chimera? for noon rambles along the beach. Some- what else can Miss Daw be to you? I stand neither you nor her. You are a effect of your abrupt advent here - under fore, but that Mr. Jonas Delaney was couple of etheral beings moving in finer air than I can breathe with my commonplace lungs. Such delicacy of sentiment is something I admire without comprehending. I am bewildered. . I am of the earth earthy, and I find myself in the incongruous position of having to do with mere souls, with natures so finely tempered that I run some risk of shattering them in my awkwardness. I am as Caliban

among the spirits ! Reflecting on your letter, I am not sure it is wise in me to continue this correspondence. But no, Jack; I do wrong to doubt the good sense that forms the basis of our character. You are deeply inter- walks which are now his chief medicine, told me to cheer you up. I tried to. I ested in Miss Daw; you feel that she is a person whom may perhaps greatly admire when you know her; at the same time you bear in mind that the chances are ten to five that, when you do come to know her, she will fall far short of your

with the curl on her forehead,

"When she is good,

She is very, very good, And when she is bad, she is horrid!" I kept to my resolution, however; but on

to whom by the way, you wore devoted- your accident. I think I mentioned this ly, you must understand that I never finly attached. If you had been there, Jack, you would n't have known yourself. I went to mail my letter, I overtook Miss when the mood is on me. The mood is not on me now.

> IX. Edward Delaney to John Flemming, August 23, -.

tion. She would be absent-minded, her so much what she said as her manner; so greatly improved that he can no lon- ling up the trail. - Scribner for February.

Edward Delancy to John Flemming. August 28, -.

You were passing into your second childhood, were you? Your intellect was quite considerable to you, did they? I rise superior to the sarcasm in your favor

We returned only this morning from from me. Appledore, that enchanted island,-at four dollars per day. I find on my desk three letters from you! Evidently there is no lingering doubt in your mind as to the pleasure I derive from your correspondence. These letters are undated, but in sages that require my consideration. You will pardon my candor, dear Flemming, R. W. D. has locked M. in her room. You but the conviction forces itself upon me | would not be able to effect an interview. that as your leg grows stronger your head becomes weaker. You ask my advice on a certain point. I will give it. In my opinion you could do nothing more unwise than to address a note to Miss to be hauled up before the local justice Daw, thanking her for the flower. It would, I am sure, offend her delicacy beyoud pardon. She knows you only through me; you are to her an abstrac- down express due at 3.40 left the station tion, a figure in a dream,-a dream from at Hampton, a young man, leaning on the which the slightest shock would awaken shoulder of a servant whom he addressed her. Of course, if you enclose a note to as Perkins, stepped from the platform me and insist on its delivery, I shall into a back, and requested to be driven

cane, to walk about your chamber, and the station, the young man descended that you purpose to come to The Pines with difficulty from the carriage, and, the instant Dillon thinks you strong casting a basty glance zeross the road, enough to stand the journey. Again I seemed much impressed by some pecuadvise you not to. Do you not see that, liarity in the landscape. Again leaning glamour deepens and your influence over he walked to the door of the farmhouse her increases? You will ruin everything and inquired for Mr. Edward Delaney. by precipitancy. Wait until you are en- He was informed by the aged man who tirely recovered; in any case, do not come answered his knock, that Mr. Edward without giving me warning. I fear the Delaney had gone to Boston the day bethe circumstances.

back again, and gave me both hands in quired if Mr. Edward Delaney had left the frankest way. She stopped at the any message for Mr. John Flemming. door a moment, this afternoon, in the car- There was a letter for Mr. Flemming, if he riage; she had been over to Rivermouth were that person. After a brief absence for her pictures. Unluckily the photo the aged man reappeared with a letter. grapher had spilt some acid on the plate, and she was obliged to give him another sitting. I have an impression that something is troubling Marjorie. She had an abstracted air not usual with her. However, it may be only my fancy I end this, leaving several things unsaid, to ac- I had no other purpose than to relieve the company my father on one of those long tedium of your sick-chamber. Dillon

-and mine!

Edward Delancy to John Flemming. August 29, -.

ideal, and you will not care for her in the I write in great haste to tell you what cast. I tried to make a little romance to least. Look at it in this sensible light, has taken place here since my letter of interest you, something soothing and and I will hold back nothing from you. last night. I am in the utmost perplexity. idyllic, and, by Jove! I have done it only Yesterday afternoon my father and my- One thing is plain, that you must not too well! My father does n't know a self rode over to Rivermouth with the dream of coming to The Pines. Marjorie word of this, so don't jar the old gentle-Daws. A heavy rain in the morning had has told her father everything! I saw her man any more than you can help. I fly cooled the atmosphere and laid the dust, for a few minutes, an hour ago, in the from the wrath to come-when you ar-To Rivermouth is a drive of eight miles, garden; and, as near as I could gather rive! For O, dear Jack, there is n't any along a winding road lined all the way from her confused statement, the facts are colonial mansion on the other side of the with wild barberry-bushes. I never saw these: Lieutenant Bradly-that's the road, there is n't any piazza, there is n't anything more brilliant than these bushes, naval officer stationed at Rivermouth- any hammock, -there is n't any Marjorie the green of the foliage and the red of the coral berries intensified by the rain. The some time past, but not so much to her colonel drove, with my father in front, liking as to that of the colonel, who it Miss Daw and I on the back seat, seems is an old friend of the young gentle-I resolved that for the first five man's father. Yesterday (I knew she was miles your name should not pass my in some trouble when she drove up to our lips. I was amused by the attempts she gate) the colonel spoke to Marjorie of made, at the start, to break through my Bradly, -urged his suit, I infer. Marjorie reticence. Then a silence fell upon her; expressed her dislike for the lieutenant worth getting up betimes to see. Someand then she became suddenly gay. That with characteristic frankness, and finally times the valley is like a great lake filled keenness which I enjoyed so much when confessed to her father -well, I really do with billows of fog, -pearly white bilit was exercised on the lieutenant was not know what she confessed. It must lows, tumbling and surging with noisenot so satisfactory directed against my-self. Miss Daw has great sweetness of must have sufficiently puzzled the colonel. had all fallen out of the sky, leaving its disposition, but she can be disagreeable. At any rate, it exasperated him. I suppose blue intensity unbroken, and heaping the She is like the young lady in the rhyme, I am implicated in the matter, and that the valley with fleecy whiteness. On windy colonel feels bitterly towards me. I do mornings, the fog rolls grandly out to sea not see why: I have carried no messages | along the defiles of the triple chain of between you and Miss Daw; I have hills; when there is no wind, it rises and behaved with the greatest discretion. I drifts in masses over the mountains, makcan find no flaw anywhere in my proceed- ing the clear sunlight hazy for a moment ing. I do not see that anybody has done before dissolving into it. After the rains,

August 30, -.

exert it to prevent his coming to this hour later came the long ringing call of place at present. There are circumstan- the seven o'clock whistle from the nearest ces, which I will explain to you before shaft-house. Still later, a rustling and long, that make it of the first importance | tinkling among the live-oak boughs, that he should not come into this neigh- which screen the trail, announced the borhood. His appearance here, I speak pandadero from the Mexican camp. His advisedly, would be disastrous to him, gray mule pushed her way out from the In urging him to remain in New York, or | scrub, with the great bread-baskets swingto go to some inland resort, you will be ing, one on either side, their canvas doing him and me a real service. Of covers damp with dew. The panadero course you will not mention my name in sat in front serencly smoking a cigar-I have just returned from the strangest this connection. You know me well ette: a little bell tinkled at the as ngular interest in the conversation. Miss Daw perhaps ten times perhaps of interview with Marjorie. She has all but enough, my dear doctor, to be assured mule's bridle. I was half sorry when we rooms in a farm-bouse, on a cross-road, two miles from the hotels, and lead the quietest of lives.

The sick pasha shall be amused. When I got back to my room, I recalled that, in begging your secret co-operation, became a well-regulated household with became and on each occasion I found that words ended my pen as I attempt to put approve a sociated became a well-regulated household with became and of our own baking, for then no teller becomes prolix and tedious, the how eagerly she lead my pen as I attempt to put approve a sociated became a well-regulated household with became and of our own baking, for then no site, or some person or place associated became a well-regulated household with became and of our own baking, for then no site, or some person or place associated became a well-regulated household with became and on each occasion I found that that, in begging your secret co-operation, became a well-regulated household with that, in begging your secret co-operation, became a well-regulated household with the seck and the confessed to me her interview with marjorle. She was not seen a significant meters in the confessed to me her interview with marjorle. She was not a significant meters in the confessed to me her interview with marjorle. She was not seen a significant meters in the confessed to me her interview with marjorle. The co I wish I were a novelist. This old bow-string and the sack, and two Nu- light, listening to what I said. Positive- with you, I was not holding her atten- them on paper; and, indeed, it was not you. My father, I am glad to state, has mornings, and went swaying and tink-

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Edward Delancy to John Flemming. August 31, -.

Your letter, announcing your mad de-Now, is not this the oddest thing in the under the trees, the fire-flies whirling in The step would be fatal to your interests he loves Marjorie tenderly, he is capable would not like, I am convinced, to be the means of causing him to treat her with ture. Wait and see what happens. Morejeurney. He thinks the air of the coast would be the worst thing possible for you; that you ought to go inland, if anywhere. Be advised by me. Be advised by Dillon.

XIV. TELEGRAMS.

September 1, -. 1. - To Edward Delaney. Letter received. Dillin be hangel. I think I ought to be on the ground.

2.—To John Flemming. Stay where you are. You would only complicate matters. Do not move until you hear

3 .- To Edward Delaney. My being at The Pines could be kept secret.

4. - To John Flemming. Do not think of it. It would be useless.

5. - To Edward Del mey. Locked her in her room. Good God. That settles the question. I shall leave by the ticelre-jijteen express.

On the 2d of September, 187-, as the deliver it; but I advise you not to do so. to "The Pines." On arriving at the gate You say you are able, with the aid of a of a modest farm-house, a few miles from within. This information did not ap-Miss Daw was evidently glad to see us pear satisfactory to the stranger, who in-

Edward Delaney to John Flemming.

September 1-. I am horror-stricken at what I have thought you entered into the spirit of the thing. I had no idea, until within a few days, that you were taking matters au seeleux.

What can I say? I am in sackcloth and ashes. I am a Pariah, a dog of an out-

-T. B. Aldrick.

Early Morning in New Almaden.

Early morning at New Almaden is your mare! Miss Daw is going to try a anything, -except the colonel himself.

side-saddle on Margot some morning. The It is probable, nevertheless, that the friendly relations between the two houses dark blue against a sky of reddish gold; ferocious. I have not seen Marjorie since distance. There is no chorus of birds to break the stillness. The first morning sounds I remember

noticing as peculiar to the place came up of discordant voices and a brazen beating and drumming, which was explained to My DEAR DOCTOR: If you have any me as the Chinese cook's signal for breakinfluence over Flemming, I beg of you to fast, beating on a frying-pan. Half an