

with Edith Price, and is she very charming?"

"She is not nearly so charming as another young lady I could name," said Edward; "but, as for Harry's being in love with her, all I can say is, I know nothing about it. If he is in love, he has not taken me into his confidence."

"Thank you so much, for poor Florry's sake! I feel, when I see you, that Harry is not in love yet with Florry; but it will be a comfort to know that he is not in love with any one else."

So now Harry Fortescue's "inviolable secret" was revealed, for when three people know a secret it is no secret. As soon as Edward Vernon's back was turned—for, as in duty bound, he returned to dine at Heath Lodge—Alice Carlton repeated what she had heard to Florry, and Florry told it all to Lady Pennyroyal.

"How very noble in those young men to have supported a destitute family so long!"

"Very noble," said Florry, with a sigh; "she could not help feeling, if Harry Fortescue's generosity were to end in his marrying Edith Price, it would have been much better for her if he had not been generous at all."

"And this explains all that mystery about the advertisement," added Lady Pennyroyal. When we were all so hard upon Mr. Fortescue after breakfast at High Beech, some of us thought he would turn out to be very wicked or very silly; but, though he could not justify himself, he never opened his mouth. He was, in fact, a martyr to his generosity."

"Yes, we were all very unjust to him," said Florry, cut to the heart at the recollection of that scene she had with him in the conservatory.

"I really must tell Lord Pennyroyal about it," said Lady Pennyroyal. "He, I now, thought the advertisement was mixed up in some way with gambling debts, and there is nothing he hates so much. But there is one thing which he admires above all things—generosity in others; and, though you will scarcely believe it, my dear, in great things Lord Pennyroyal is one of the most generous men in the world."

"I think every one who had an unfavorable feeling against Mr. Fortescue is bound to make him amends," said Florry, hardly restraining herself from bursting into tears.

So Lady Pennyroyal that very night before dinner told the whole story to Lord Pennyroyal, who said it was very generous and very Quixotic, and in such young men so.

"I have heard of young men being generous to this person or that, but that they should take upon their shoulders the support of a whole family for so many years passes my comprehension. It was very noble, but, I repeat it, very Quixotic."

That was all that Lady Pennyroyal could extract from her husband in praise of Harry and Edward.

But, for all that, Lord Pennyroyal, though

he was no gossip, went and told the story to Mr. Marjoram, and Mr. Marjoram told it to his wife.

"I do think," said Mrs. Marjoram, "it's the most noble, unostentatious act of munificence I ever heard of. Depend upon it, these young men will have their reward in heaven. I am quite proud to reckon them among my friends."

"So am I," said Mr. Marjoram; and so the whole world at Ouzelmere knew the "inviolable secret," and thought it a great feather in Harry's cap that he should have gone away from the races so quietly to help the fatherless and motherless in their affliction.

"O Alice," said Florry, when she went to bed that night, "how unjust I have been to him, and how wicked to quarrel with him in the conservatory at home! Do you think he will ever come back to me?"

"Who can tell?" said Alice; "or, rather, why should he not come back? We have no proof that he has ever breathed a word of love to Edith Price."

"No proof except a woman's instinct. But of one thing I am really glad, that he is not in love with Lady Sweetapple."

Next day was the Cup-Day, and it quite kept up its character for dust and discomfort. The country generally finds the dust and the company the discomfort; for, if there be no room to move, and many thousand vehicles and human beings are all concentrated on Ascot Heath, how can any one be comfortable? But, of all the uncomfortable people present on that day, Amicia was the most. There she sat in the Charity box, staring into vacant space. She hated the races, and all that belonged to them, now that she knew too well that Harry Fortescue was wasting his time in town with Edith Price. When the interval of an hour allowed for luncheon after the New Stakes came, she was sulky and would not stir from the box. The Pennyroyals walked home to luncheon as usual, but Amicia would not go with them. "She was not at all hungry; she would sit there;" and there she would have sat till six or later and starved, had not that dear Lady Charity run over to Heath Lodge and brought her some sandwiches and a glass of sherry in a flask.

"Thank you so much," said Amicia, munching the food mechanically. "But, do you think Harry Fortescue will return to us to-day?"

"I am afraid not," said Lady Charity. "You know, he rather implied in his letter that he should not be able to return to the races at all."

"Rather implied!" said Amicia, with indignation; "why, he said outright that he would not come. It is all on account of that Edith Price; I am sure of it."

"We do not know that he has the least intention of marrying her," said Lady Charity. "Why vex yourself with idle fancies?"

They could not discuss this very interesting matter at greater length, for by this time the Pennyroyals had come back, and Edward with them.

[CONCLUSION NEXT NUMBER.]

LAKE ERIE IN SEPTEMBER.

OH, gray and sullen sky! Oh, gray and sullen beaches!
Oh, gray and sullen billows, coming rolling,
rolling in!

Oh, are ye not aware of chill September dreary,

With days so gray the earth knows not when
its gray nights begin

All through the summer noons, all through the
summer twilights,
Came the vessels, snowy-winged, gayly sailing,
sailing, by;
Your waters then were dancing, your beaches
gold were glancing,
While the south wind blew the sunbeams and
moonbeams through the sky.

At times the east wind came, the east wind off
the ocean,

And vessels from Ontario went sweeping,
sweeping past—

From prairies blew the west wind, of all the
winds the best wind,

And Huron's fleet went scudding down the
lake upon its blast.

But now your winds are still, your sluggish
waves are sullen,

The cheerless rain, nor fast nor slow, is drop-
ping, dropping down;

The beach below is soggy, the air above is
foggy,

And one dark ship, with ragged sail, is lying
off the town.

Oh, gray and sullen sky! Oh, gray and sul-
len beaches!

Why lie ye here in lethargy, all glooming,
glooming pale?

If not the summer's soft rest, then why not
have the tempest?

If ye cannot have the zephyr, then why not
have the gale?

And since the summer's gone, gray sky, to
winter darken,

And shadow all these sullen waves to inky,
inky black—

Let these dull forests bristle, as loud the fierce
winds whistle,

And sweep that one dark ship, a wreck, adown
the foaming track.

Wake up, wake up, O Lake! and lash your
sluggish waters

In fury, till your whole expanse is raging, rag-
ing mad—

Well may it be wrong-doing if it but be strong-
doing!

Give us one thing or the other; strong!
whether good or bad.

For the very heart is sad with this monotone
of Nature,

The very soul is palsied with this half-drawn,
half-drawn breath,

A gray sky is most dreary, a gray life the most
weary;

If all our sunny life is gone, then forth! to
fight with Death.

CONSTANCE F. WOOLSON.