

her as a companion and reader. I will never take a cent of the Martindale money. I have heard them say that the money was all Captain Guyon's, and I will never live upon his grudgingly-given charity!

And when the old lawyer sent up his compliments, and a request for an interview with Mrs. Martindale, the young widow was nowhere to be found.

She had gone away from Cape May.

'With the mourning outfit not completed, said Miss Pringle, the dressmaker. 'Poor dear! Trouble must have upset her mind.'

'It is very strange,' said Captain Martindale; 'but if she prefers to go to her own people, let her go. It will certainly be an infinite relief to me, and of course the allowance must be continued to her just the same.'

But the allowance, represented by a generous check, was returned, without a word of comment, to Captain Martindale.

He shrugged his shoulders.

'Let her do as she pleases,' he said, 'I have done my best; I can do no more.'

So ended chapter one; and in the fulfillment of time came chapter two.

Six years afterward, Captain Guyon Martindale was introduced, at Rome, to the young American beauty who was queening it in the gay circles of the Seven-Hilled city.

It was in the palazzo of the Prince Contadino, and as he looked at the slight, graceful figure seated in the shadow of a cluster of blossoming lemon-trees, a sudden wave of remembrance swept athwart his soul.

'Mrs. Falkland!' he said, 'But there must be some mistake. It is Mrs. Martindale, my brother's widow.'

In another instant the Princess Contadino was introducing them.

'A country woman of yours—Mrs. Falkland,' she said, in her soft southern accent, 'Il Capitano Martindale, I delight to see you two become friends!'

Mrs. Falkland looked him full in the face, with a real composure which he found it difficult to comprehend.

She had 'style' enough now. The budding promise of her youth had blossomed in the fullness of royal beauty. Indeed, he felt that she was condescending to him, as she had allowed him to touch the tips of her exquisitely-gloved fingers for a second.

'You are thinking of our first meeting,' she said, with the slight-

est elevation of her eyebrows, arch-ed brows. 'Ah, my poor, old-nerve calf! I often wonder what has become of her.'

The laughing sentence broke the ice, and Captain Martindale took Mrs. Falkland into supper.

In the course of the evening he learned why she had adopted the name of the old aunt, who had taken her to Europe, and was still living here with her—an eccentric sister of the Catskill farmer. And Cora Carson, the untutored child of the wilderness, was now a cultivated, graceful woman, rich in all that makes life beautiful and attractive.

'It is like a magic transformation,' Captain Guyon Martindale declared to himself: 'I never could have believed it if I had not witnessed it with my own eyes. She is the loveliest woman I ever saw in my life. It is no wonder that the American society in Rome is wild about her. But I can't think it true that she really likes that young colonel of hussars, who follows her about like her shadow?'

When jealousy takes the field love is not far off. And Captain Martindale began positively to hate Colonel Sandifer Willoughby.

'Am I in love with my brother's widow?' he asked himself, 'Alas, it is rather late to question the slate of my heart!'

He asked Cora to be his wife one purple summer twilight, as they sat in the oleander-wreath balcony of the old palazzo where Mrs. Falkland lived.

'No,' she said calmly. 'I will not marry you, Captain Martindale. I do not love you. There was a time once when I might have learned to care for you. You remember it, perhaps—when I was newly-widowed and alone. But you were cold and unsympathetic—even cruel to me. 'You never could see,' you said, 'How Fred came to fancy me. I was but a burden—an incubus.' And the country milkmaid had more penetration than you believed, Captain Guyon Martindale. The past is past, but if ever in the future you have to deal with a wounded and inexperienced spirit, try to be more gentle and considerate.'

And she married the English colonel of hussars, after all.

It was a cruel blow to Captain Guyon Martindale, but he could not deny that he had deserved it.

If one could only foresee the future! he groaned, within himself. —Helen Forrest Graves.

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