

HOW SCARBROUGH MARRIED FOR MONEY.

BY FANNY HODGSON.

"So you see, Leith, a man must have money, and, if he has not the good luck to be born to it, society must furnish him with it, in one way or another. I am not particular about the way, but I am particular about the money."

"So it seems," I said, concisely.

My friend Scarbrough laughed shortly, settling himself afresh on his sofa-cushions, and favoring me with a side-long glance, from under the long, black lashes the young women admired so devoutly.

"Yes," he said. "And, accordingly, you will observe, Leith, that I deem it expedient to marry money, when I marry—if I marry."

"Well?"

"Oh, by no means!" he returned, lightly. "Not well. Quite the reverse. It is not moral, you know; but it is unavoidable. Such resolutions remind one of those entertaining villains in novels who are always so completely floored. They always are floored in the end; and they are always the most contemptible of clumsily diplomatic rascals; but I am invariably conscious of sympathizing with them. It must be so unpleasant to be floored."

"You are not far wrong in either comparison or conclusion," I said. "But suppose you loved a woman?"

"I ask pardon," he interrupted, as lightly as ever; "but I don't suppose any such thing, Leith. I don't love a woman—I cannot afford to."

Now as I am going to tell the story of my friend, Scarbrough, I wish to tell it correctly, and so shall take the liberty of telling it just as it occurred—just as I afterward learned that it occurred; not as it appeared to me at the time that certain events connected with it came under my immediate observation.

My friend Scarbrough was, as you may imagine, by no means a rich man. The fact was, that Scarbrough, the elder, had been an aristocratic, talented scapegrace, and Scarbrough, the younger, suffered for it morally and otherwise. Scarbrough, the elder, had brought up his only son as such men always do bring up their sons. He had trained him to extravagance and high-handedness, inculcated in his mind all that was lavish and generous, and then had been guilty of the trifling inconsistency of dying, and leaving him without a penny. Consequently, Scarbrough

was at a loss. The incidental expenses of the most popular man in a crack regiment were precisely six times the amount of said individual's receipts. Here was a problem to be solved, and, accordingly, a month or so after his father's death, Col. Eric Scarbrough made his appearance at my country-house in Yorkshire to ask for advice. And here was the rub. I thought I, his oldest friend, was both able and willing to assist him, but he would have none of me.

Humanity is unavoidably human in its inconsistencies; and here was a man who could talk half seriously of marrying for money, who yet would not accept a penny from the hands of an old friend, who had loved him from his very childhood.

"My old fellow," he said, seriously, "I cannot do that, you know—I really can't. Let us wait awhile, and see what turns up. Something may turn up. Things do sometimes. If I cannot do better, I can at least emigrate, and keep sheep, and end life as governor of a penal colony, where the society is good. Let us wait awhile, Leith."

So we waited awhile, a few weeks, in which Scarbrough's dark, romantic-looking face grew something more grave and thoughtful, and during which also we had our little discussions, always careless and half-jesting on Scarbrough's part, but never so on mine, about this matter of marrying money. Perhaps in my crusty, old bachelor way, I made too much of the vein of seriousness which I fancied ran through his satirical speeches; at any rate, they troubled me. I could not bear the thought that the world could have so changed the bright, fearless, high-spirited boy I had known twenty years ago. And so matters stood when my young friend Scarbrough's romance opened its first chapter.

He had been out shooting all day, and, returning in the evening, was going up the old-fashioned, stone stair-case, when he heard, on the flight above him, a curious, light-tapping sound, and the rustle of a dress. It was none of the under-servants, he knew, for he had passed the open-door of the servants' hall, and seen them there assembled; and it could not be the house-keeper, for the rustle of the estimable Miss Stomecrunch's garments had not so soft a sweep as this; and, besides, Miss Stomecrunch did not

come down with that queer, ghostly little swing and tap. A few long strides took him to the bend of the stairs, and he looked up. He saw what it was then. On the landing above was a huge Gothic window, of painted glass, and, in the rich glow cast by its warmth of color, stood a girl, looking down at him, just as he was looking up at her—a girl dressed in black, and swinging upon a pair of slender ebony crutches; a girl so slender in form, so dark and bitter of face, that, for all her youth and beauty, she looked almost uncanny. Her long, black eyes were as scornful as might be; her black hair was rolled back from her brow like a tragedy-queen's in a play, and one slippered-foot hung loose and helpless, not touching the carpet at all.

For an instant the two regarded each other in silence, and then the girl put out her crutches again, and began to descend. She looked as if his sudden appearance irritated her, or as if she was angry with herself for pausing, for, as she came downward, swinging rapidly and lightly from step to step, with the queer, little ghostly tap he had heard, she kept her eyes dropped persistently upon the ground. But my friend Scarbrough had a passion for novel faces, and the novelty of this one interested him, so, as she passed, he stepped aside, raising his hat.

"Excuse me," he said, apologetically, glancing at his gun. "I did not know any one was coming."

She lifted her eyes, giving him an indifferent sidelong glance.

"There is room enough for both of us," she said, coldly; "and I am not afraid of the gun."

She was such a very extraordinary girl, with her bitter, dark young face, and her scornful eyes, that, taking her sudden appearance into consideration, Scarbrough was half inclined to think she might be the unquiet spirit of some of the long dead dames in the rooms below; but, when she reached the bottom of the stair-case, he saw there was no fear of that at least. She turned into the housekeeper's room.

When, as he was dressing, a servant came up to bring him hot water, his curiosity got the better of his discretion, and he put a question to him as carelessly as possible.

"I met a young lady on the stair-case, when I came in," he said. "A young lady dressed in black, and using crutches. Who is she?"

"Dressed in black, and using a crutch, sir; yes, sir," said the man. "Miss Gervase Howth, sir, Miss Stomecrunch's niece. She came here for her 'elth, and don't often leave her room. Very pleasant young person, sir."

My friend Scarbrough stopped abruptly in his

dexterous manipulations of his two hair brushes, and turned upon the fellow with a very effective stare, which at length faded into a sort of gradual recognition.

"Eh?" he said. "Oh, yes, to be sure. But look here, my good fellow, perhaps, on the whole, you had better confine your eulogies of pleasant young persons to the pleasant young persons in the kitchen. They might not be appreciated by Miss Howth, who appears to me to be a young lady rather out of the ordinary run of young ladies. Thank you for the hot-water, my good fellow. You can go down stairs now. I shall not need your assistance. The housekeeper's niece, eh?"

I was waiting for him in the dining-room, when he came in, whistling softly, as he had a habit of doing, when he was in a reflective mood.

During dinner he was rather silent; but, as we never interfered with each other's moods or whimsicalities, I left him to himself, until, as we sat over our walnuts and wine, the spell of his reticence was suddenly broken.

"Miss Gervase Howth," he began, reflectively, helping himself to a fine cluster of hot-house grapes.

"What?" I interrupted. "You have seen Miss Gervase Howth, have you?"

"Yes," he replied, composedly. "And, by-the-by, what a very remarkable young lady, Miss Gervase Howth is."

"Very," I replied, drily. "Though wherein remarkable I can scarcely see."

"She has a remarkable face," he said. "She has a remarkable pair of eyes. She looks like a Mexican or an Egyptian, or a—Banshee. I like remarkable girls."

He looked remarkable enough himself, as he said it—remarkably prepossessing. That reflective look was always becoming to him, and just at that moment, his almond-shaped, dark eyes were full of it. He was a handsome fellow, my friend Scarbrough.

"You mean you like Gervase Howth?" I asked, dubiously.

"Considering the length of our acquaintance, yes. I really should say yes, Leith." And then, all at once, he seemed to awake, as it were, and the reflective quiet left his face in a second.

It seemed an odd thing enough this conversation of ours; brief as it was; and it was especially odd that Scarbrough, of all men in the world, should have frankly announced a whimsical fancy for a whimsical, abrupt girl, whom he had chanced to meet upon the stair-case; but the oddest part of the business was, that this was by no means the last of it.

In that nonchalant style, which was all his own, he took to promenading with his segar in the interminable old corridors, which were necessarily most frequented; he sauntered up and down the terraces, fronting the housekeeper's room, and mounted the stair-case, occasionally, with as collected an ease of manner as if he had held in view any other object in the world but what I knew to be his sole one, namely, the meeting of Gervase Howth. But for two weeks he saw nothing of her; and at the end of the second it was she who stumbled upon him, and not he upon her.

He had been sitting alone for some time in my library, and it so chanced was musing in the fitful glow of the fire, watching the embers dropping from the grate, when he heard, at the end of the corridor, the distant echo of the queer, ghostly little tap, and, in a very few moments more, the heavy door creaked on its hinges, as it swung backward to admit the slight, black-robed figure swaying lightly upon the ebony crutches.

The girl came forward to the hearth. That she did not know the room had an occupant, her first words proved to him.

"It's empty at last, I see," she said. "I thought they would never go."

Then my friend Scarbrough rose and confronted her.

"Excuse me, Miss Howth," he said. "I regret extremely to be compelled to announce that I have been so unfortunate as to remain behind."

She started slightly, as might be expected, but she did not look at all confused, though it was evident that his presence annoyed her.

"Oh," she said, coolly, "there is some one here then. I thought every one had gone to bed. Not that it matters. I don't suppose I shall disturb you. I am only going to read. I often come here when I cannot sleep. I have Mr. Leith's permission."

Scarbrough met her indifferent glance with as little amazement as it was possible to exhibit under the circumstances. There was something mysterious about the girl. Her appearance itself had been a puzzle to him, and here she was again, after a two week's absence, looking as unaccountable as ever.

"But the question is," he said aloud, "whether I shall disturb you or not?"

She had just turned away to light a lamp, and was resting upon one crutch, and holding the taper to the wick, as she answered him, scarcely glancing over her shoulder.

"Why should you?" she said.

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Not being able to explain exactly why he should, or even why he should not, Scarbrough remained silent and watched her. She moved about the room as if she was well accustomed to it, and as if she was by no means accustomed to having any restraint placed upon her. The lamp lighted, she replenished the fire, and then took up a volume and seated herself at the table to read. She was so decidedly indifferent to any other presence than her own, that a man of less composed temperament would have found her almost trying. My friend Scarbrough did not. He took up a book also, and settled himself down to enjoy it, with intervals of quiet examination of her intent face.

"It is a very pretty face," was his inward comment. "It is more—it is a striking face, with delicately decisive lines. Those two straight little marks between her eyebrows are pretty, but painful—they mean something. Yes, to be sure. I see; they mean those little ebony crutches. Poor little girl! Poor little girl!"

On his way to bed he came in to see me for a few minutes, and the reflective look was in his eyes again, and I may add was as becoming as ever. I was always a fool about my friend Scarbrough's beauty, even when he was only my pet Scarbrough at eight years old.

"I only came in to mention to you that I have seen Miss Howth again," he said; "and though I have not made much progress as yet, I do not despair of improving the acquaintance. Among other things, I have observed a pin in her hair which I should very much like to take out. I want to see her with her hair down over her shoulders. I like to see girls with their hair over their shoulders; Gervase Howth's would make a mantle that would fall to her knee if she would dispense with that pin."

"Eric!" I said, a trifle sternly, "I must say you are a rather unaccountable fellow. What do you mean by talking such arrant nonsense about a modest girl, in whom you can have no possible interest."

He was looking down at the fire with that very becoming air of quiet reflection, and he still looked down at it as he replied,

"Miss Gervase Howth understood?" he queried.

"Yes," I growled, "of course."

"Well, then," slowly, "I will admit that I have an interest in her. Good-night, my dear fellow," and he wheeled round and strode out of the room.

Just a week and a half from that date, I looked out of my window accidentally, and having looked once, looked again with some secret

excitement. My friend Scarbrough was walking slowly along one of the terraces with a companion, and that companion was no other than Gervase Howth. The girl was swinging along in her bird-like fashion, as usual, but instead of having her black hair rolled away from her face and knotted, as she had been in the habit of wearing it, I saw that it hung loose over her shoulders, below her waist, as he had said it would, and in oft crumpled waves. She was laughing, too, as I had never heard her laugh before, and there was a clear, dark-red on her delicate, dusky skin.

It occurred to my mind at that instant, that my friend Scarbrough must have made, during that week and a half, a most unaccountably rapid headway, indeed.

The friendship, or whatever it was, progressed with remarkable smoothness after this. I found myself to some extent deserted, and the acquaintance of the estimable Miss Stomecrunch was cultivated to my neglect. It was cultivated in a delicate and apparently accidental way, of course; but it was still cultivated. No one of the household had ever heard Gervase Howth's voice or laugh before; but we began to hear it now, and in my lonely room, I must confess, that its sound warmed my old heart not a little. Perhaps the blight on her young life might pass away after all. You see, even elderly bachelor as I was, I had found sometime before that the slender little ebony crutches had been a bitter, bitter burden for Gervase Howth to bear.

"When I first saw them," she said to Eric Scarbrough once, "I prayed that I might drop dead. It was wicked, wasn't it—but it is true. I could not bear to touch them; it was weeks before I ever did touch them, I hated them so—I was so afraid them. It seemed like giving up all my hope. And then, from hating the crutches and myself, I began to hate other people—people who were strong and straight. I have not quite overcome that yet, though it isn't quite hate now, it is something else deeper, something that hurts me here;" and she pressed her thin, little nervous, clenched hand against her side as she looked up at him.

The accident which had occasioned her lameness had happened a year before. She had met with a terrible fall, which had brought on inflammation of a joint. She had now almost entirely given up all hope of ever being able to throw aside her crutches, though her physician did not despair of making some improvement upon her condition.

It was singular, Scarbrough thought, that while she was so frank upon this subject, she was so

reticent upon others. She never told him anything of her past life, indeed rarely referred to it, except in the most distant manner. She seemed averse to mentioning it, consequently he decided that it must have been an unpleasant one, and was as cautious of recurring to the subject as she herself was.

It was about three months after he had first heard the ghostly, little tapping upon the staircase, that my friend Scarbrough suddenly arrived at a very remarkable conclusion, and, after two or three days pondering over it, with the becoming reflectiveness, broached the subject to me, his oldest friend—a friend old enough to be his grandfather almost, and, consequently, the best person he could have broached it to.

I had been watching him, admiring him, in fact; admiring his graceful length and strength of limb, and indolent grace of position, as he lounged in an easy-chair opposite to mine upon the hearth, when, all at once, he got up and stood before me, reflective no longer, indolent no longer; on the contrary, erect, purposeful, and determined.

"Leith," he said, with startling abruptness, "will you be so obliging as to look at me, as I am physically?"

I looked at him. What a weak old fellow I am, admiring him still more. As I have said before, my friend Scarbrough's physical beauty was always too much for me.

"Well," I said.

"I thank you," he returned. "Thank you for 'well,' if it is well. What I wished to find out was whether it is as well as I should wish it to be. Physically, I am a strong sort of fellow. What should you say about mentally, my dear Leith?"

I looked at him again.

"Mentally," I commented. "Perhaps I should say 'well,' as before."

"Thank you a second time," he answered. "Now as to morally, my dear Leith?"

Our eyes met, as if by mutual consent, and he smiled.

"Is it 'well' as to morally?" he said. "Am I to be depended upon; am I worthy to be depended upon as women depend upon a man sometimes. Am I worthy of a woman's love at all—the love, if I could gain it, of such a woman as Gervase Howth?"

I must confess that my heart leaped; yes, positively leaped for sheer exultation. He was going to come out right, despite my fears. The world had not spoiled him after all.

"What!" I exclaimed. "Eric, my boy, Eric!" He colored, as if he had been a boy indeed—

this great, tall, handsome fellow, who was almost thirty years old.

"I have been thinking of this for some time, my dear Leith," he said, with some hesitation.

I interrupted him.

"You have known her just three months; and, besides, I thought you were going to marry money."

"So did I," was his brief rejoinder.

Then he made a clean breast of it. Despite his old, cynical resolutions, despite his poverty, despite the thousand and one things that were against him, he had fallen in love; yes, unfeignedly fallen in love, in the good old fashion, with a little girl, who had nothing in the world to bring him but a beautiful, uncanny young face, and a pair of ebony crutches. It was inconsistent, of course. Common-sense people might call it absurd; but it was the unavoidable result of his past life and early training. He had been accustomed to pleasing himself, and following his impulses so long, that he had forgotten self-interest and worldliness, in his whimsical fancy for Gervase Howth, until it was too late, and he had awakened to find himself entangled in a very curious fashion; and here he was, at the eleventh hour, coming to me for advice.

"I have not spoken openly to her yet," he explained. "I wanted to know your opinion, first, as to whether it would be best—for her. I have nothing to offer her, and, consequently, I feel some slight delicacy in offering it," in his old light way. "But then, as you kindly observed, physically and mentally, I am in good order; and it has really occurred to me of late that I might work, keep books, for instance, or drive an omnibus, or emigrate to New South Wales—anywhere where there might be 'an opening,' as our mutual friend Micawber has it."

So, in the end, it was agreed upon that he should speak to Gervase Howth the next day, and hear what she had to say upon the subject, and his plans were to depend upon her answer.

But, strange to say, the next day he could find no opportunity of speaking to her. He did not see her at all, and the next day he was as unsuccessful; whereupon he waited upon the estimable Miss Stomecrunch, and with great tranquillity inquired for her young relative.

Miss Stomecrunch coughed disapprovingly. He had never been able to win upon her much, with all his thoroughbred ease of manner.

"Gervase is not here, Col. Scarborough," she said. "I thought you knew that. She went away two days ago. I think she got tired of staying."

Col. Eric Scarbrough was confounded. But it was not Gervase he blamed when he came to tell me about it.

"It is the Stomecrunch who is to blame," he said. "She has sent her away herself, and professes not to remember where she has gone."

To which observation I made very little reply, for reasons of my own, which perhaps time will explain.

For a few days my friend Scarbrough was rather out of humor and spirits, though, of course, he did not quite despair of hearing something of Gervase at some not too far distant period; but at last he came to me once more with his usual abruptness.

"I want some letters of introduction, Leith," he said.

"Letters of introduction to whom, and what for," I asked.

"To men of business," he answered. "To bankers, or merchants, or shippers—to any in fact who might be likely to give me something to do. It is no use waiting for things to turn up any longer; the time has come to make an effort at turning them up myself."

I gave him what he asked for readily, though I must acknowledge to a weak-minded twinge of regret at seeing all my old air-castles tumble down into such complete chaos of ruin. I had cherished great dreams of my favorite's future, and there seemed something almost painfully incongruous in the idea of the handsomest and most popular man in the — Grays descending to the prosaic drudgery and detail of a merchant's office.

The following laconic epistle reached me a week afterward.

"MY DEAR LEITH,—Your letter to Bath & Trent procured me a place in their house, at a reasonable remuneration. Met half a dozen of the — Grays since I have been here—Gross among the lot. Explained the fact of my impecuniosity to them, and was sympathized with accordingly. Also received six invitations to dinner on the spot, which I refused, giving impecuniosity as a reason. Admit to some slight depression of spirits, but hope to be able to fight against it pretty well. If you had heard anything of Gervase Howth you would, of course, have notified me.

"Believe me, dear Leith, yours, gratefully,
"SCARBROUGH."

Such letters as these came to me at intervals for several months, during which I remained quietly in the old house in Yorkshire, making little plans of my own, and attending to my own

business generally. I had plenty of business to attend to, and two or three little plans to lay. The first piece of business was the making of my will, in which I bequeathed all my worldly goods and chattels, houses, bonds and nick-nacks, and personal property, to my young friend, Eric Scarbrough, late Colonel of — Grays, in conjunction with another relative of mine, who was to share it with him under divers penalties and conditions. Old people have their fancies, and I had mine, and this was one of them.

The only thing that troubled me was that this handsome rascal of a favorite of mine would not let me endow him with his rights and privileges before my death.

But fortune was at work in another quarter for him it appeared. He held to his purpose for a full year, during which he saw nothing of Gervase Howth, even heard nothing of her, and yet was working for her sake, and never despairing of finding her some day. Of course he would find her; men of his style are not apt to lose a woman because they lose sight of her. I began to understand him after awhile. He wanted to try himself first, and then he would set himself to the task of looking for the woman he loved, and of whom he had proved himself worthy.

But at the end of the year, when the leaves were lying in brown heaps under the elms, a neat trap drew up to the house from the road leading to the railroad-station, and my friend Scarbrough surprised me somewhat by getting out. He looked as soldierly, as handsome, and as tranquilly unconcerned as ever.

"My dear Eric!" I exclaimed.

"My dear Leith!" he said; and I am sure that as we grasped hands, we were as heartily glad to see each other as if we had greeted one another in a far more demonstrative fashion.

We sat down together, and, gaining time to look at him again, I saw that he had something to tell me—some by no means unpleasant tidings, if I was a judge of expression—and so it proved.

"I have some news for you, Leith," he said.

"Good or bad?" queried I.

"I should call it good," he answered. "I find it so, in a superlative degree. I am free again at last—free to follow my own inclinations, I I mean. I am a reasonably rich man again."

"What!" I exclaimed. This at least was unexpected.

"If three thousand a year will make me so, I am a reasonably rich man," he repeated. "Do you remember hearing me speak of an elderly spinster sister of my father's, living in Cumber-

land, and refusing to recognize the scapegrace branch of the family?"

I remembered it well.

"What! Miss Rachel Scarbrough?"

"Miss Rachel Scarbrough! And Miss Rachel Scarbrough died a month or so ago, leaving her possessions to me, for the somewhat eccentric reason, that I was not like 'my hair-brained and scoffing brother Francis, and had proved myself unlike him, by working for my living, instead of subsisting upon other people.' So said the will. How Miss Rachel Scarbrough found me out I cannot say. I am much obliged to her, however. And now, my dear Leith, about Gervase Howth."

But I had nothing to tell him about Gervase Howth just then. Since the day of her mysterious disappearance, Gervase Howth had certainly not returned to the house.

"Then," said my friend Scarbrough, "may I ask you to ring for Miss Stomecrunch, and assist me in making inquiries."

"Certainly," I replied, and rang the bell at once.

You see, it was as I knew it would be. My friend Scarbrough was not the man to be nonplused easily.

Miss Stomecrunch made her appearance on my message being carried to her—erect, disapproving, uncompromising, and rigid of form.

I preferred my friend Scarbrough's request to her in as few words as possible.

For a moment she looked at me, and then at Scarbrough; then she looked at me again (as Scarbrough told me afterward) questioningly, as if she wanted to make sure that I was in earnest about the matter.

"You will confer a great favor upon us both," I suggested, gently breaking the pause.

"She is at Breslau, Mr. Leith," she said, finally. "She went there when she left here. Her half-brother sent her to a medical establishment, where there is a celebrated physician, who makes a specialty of bone diseases."

"Thank you, Miss Stomecrunch," I said, and with a stately curtsy, the estimable Stomecrunch took her departure.

"My dear Leith," said Scarbrough, when she was gone, "I am going at once to Breslau."

"My dear Eric, I will go with you."

A few days more, and we were comfortably situated in a comfortable hotel in Breslau; and Eric having, through my intervention with Stomecrunch, obtained the address of the celebrated personage who made a specialty of bone diseases, was, on the second morning after our arrival, making preparations for paying his estab-

ishment a visit, when I came to his room on a little business of my own.

"I have just chanced upon a young relative of mine, Eric, I explained—a young person whom I should like to introduce you to. It appears she is staying in the hotel for a rest of a day or so on her way to England. She is rather a pretty girl, too, something of Gervase Howth style about her. I had no idea she was so pretty until I met her just now."

"What relation did you say?" asked Scarbrough, unlocking his valise. "I did not know you had any relation."

"I didn't say what relation, I believe," was my careless reply; "but the fact is, that her mother was my father's second wife."

"Half-sister, then," said Scarbrough, evidently not hearing half I was saying. "Where has she been all these years?"

"At school," I answered. "Come down stairs as soon as you are ready, Eric, my boy. We shall be in one of the parlors together."

"I will be there in fifteen minutes," he called after me, as I closed the door, and I went down to the parlor to await him accordingly.

He was punctual enough on this occasion, truly; perhaps because he was so anxious to pay his visit to the celebrated personage who made a specialty of bone disease. At any rate he entered the parlor before the specified fifteen minutes had elapsed, and I met him in the middle of the room, with my half-sister on my arm—a girl with soft, thick, black hair falling over her shoulder; a girl with a delicate, finely-lined dark face, with two straight little marks between the eyebrows; a girl with big, black eyes, and a straight, lithe little figure, well balanced upon two firm, pretty feet; my half-sister, as I have said, but no less a person than Gervase Howth herself.

"Leith!" he exclaimed, and then stood thunderstruck, looking from one to the other.

"Gervase," I said, patting her hand. "Tell him all about it."

Gervase looked up at him, straight into his eyes, yet coloring a little, in a very pretty way.

"I had been at school at Heidelberg ever since I was a child," she said; "but, after my fall, Herbert here took me away, and carried me to the sea-side, where I stayed until I was strong enough to use my crutches. Then I came to Yorkshire, just the day after you did, and was foolish enough to be angry with you for being there. I was cross and nervous, and so sensitive that I would not listen to anything Herbert said, but insisted on staying with Miss Stomecrunch, so that you would not even know I was in the house. I could not bear the thought of a stranger seeing me. The servants had never met me before, and none of them knew me; so some of them got the idea that I was the housekeeper's niece, and I let them think so. Then I met you by accident, and we grew to be good friends, and, as soon as that happened, Herbert took a fancy. He said, I must let you think I was Miss Stomecrunch's niece, just as the rest did. So I let you think so, until one day he whisked me off to Breslau, to Dr. Gettinger's, to be cured—and I was cured; and here I am, Col. Scarbrough. What Herbert meant Herbert himself must explain."

"What Herbert meant needs no explanation," broke out Scarbrough. "My dear, old friend, God bless you!" And he grasped my free hand with the grip of a giant, his handsome eyes growing suspiciously moist.

"My dear, young fellow," I said, "God bless you!" and I delivered my pretty Gervase up to him, turned round, and walked out of the room.

And so it turned out, as such things invariably do turn out in books, and rarely elsewhere: because, in books, one must do one's hero justice, and dispose of his fortunes in a comfortable manner. So I say, it turned out that, in spite of his conversion, and in spite of his disinterestedness, my friend Scarbrough married for money after all.

"SHE LOVED MUCH."

BY THE REV. E. G. CHARLESWORTH

For as when lightning flashes break
The weight long settled on the air,
Repentance lifted from her heart
The cloud and burden sin left there.
As lightning and its latter rain
Make sunshine sweeter than before,

Her tears that fell with conscience flame—
Made love the sweeter and made more.
The storm was o'er, that inward storm;
And she had heard His voice above
Her fears and tremblings where she fell;
He touched her shame and made it love.