

From New York Weekly: Marian Willoughby stood at the window of her chamber at Hazlehurst, tapping nervously on the glass with her slender fingers. She was strangely disturbed, and moved out of her usual cold, proud bearing and shunning observation, she had left the gay party down stairs, to be alone, and to reason herself out of this unwonted weakness.

What is it that stirs that proud heart, and brings the tears to those glorious steel-colored eyes? Simply the tones of a voice, unheard for years; a hearty, manly voice, which, in the "by-gone hours" had called her "darling." It was the old, old story. Two hearts estranged, and one too proud to hear, or heed, an explanation. And so they had parted, and Marian Willoughby appeared to the world unchanged, save that she was more stately and reserved.

None but herself knew the agony of that proud, undisciplined heart; no eye was on her in her hours of sleepless wretchedness; and she rose up from her vigils, and went abroad to receive the homage of the silly, vapid men who thronged the stately saloons of London, and they little dreamed how she was, in her inmost heart, comparing them with Maurice Everton, and declaring to herself, with passionate vehemence, that they were not worthy to utter his name.

For she loved him, in spite of a l Although she believed that he had deserted her, had deserted her for another, she could not tear his image from her heart, but loved on. Years had changed the girl of eighteen, fresh and blithe as a morning in June, to a woman, gloriously beautiful, but cold, immovable as a frozen sea. It had cost her years of pain to attain that calm exterior, and was it all to be inhibited by the tones of a voice.

With a mighty effort the tears were driven back, the hands were pressed tightly over the wildly throbbing heart, and pride, all powerful pride, came to her aid. She turned from the window, arranged her glossy braids, and left the room.

In the breakfast-room a merry group were assembled at luncheon. All greeted her entrance with looks and words of pleasure, and little Lou Granger made room for her between herself and Charley May, which was an exceeding stretch of kindness on Lou's part, not entirely appreciated by the young man.

"Where have you been?" cried Mrs. Hare, a pretty brunette, and great favorite with all the company at Hazlehurst. "Did you know that we have had a great addition to our party? Colonel Everton has arrived."

"And only think!" said Lou, "he has been away from England for years and years! Wasn't it in India Mr. May?"

"Yes, Miss Lou; he is a great hero, and we civilians will have to hide our diminished heads. It went all through the late war, was fearfully wounded, and his health has been bad ever since. Indeed, it is the cause of his leaving India. I heard that the surgeon of his regiment told him he would not answer for his life if he remained there. He has just arrived at Stoke-Hatton, and Lord Conway, like a good fellow, brought him over to entertain us slow ones a little."

No one noticed Marian's deathly paleness. She felt as if an iron hand had clutched her heart. Maurice near her, under the same roof, and ill. Could she bear it, and give no sign of what she was enduring?

Presently, as in a dream, she heard a voice say: "Sir Arthur took them off to his dressing-room, and they will join us presently."

Was she then to meet him so soon? She felt like a vagabond, and looked wildly around her for some avenue of escape. She had risen from her seat, with the words on her lips, "You must excuse me," when the door opened, and her brother, Sir Arthur Willoughby, entered, closely followed by Lord Conway and Colonel Everton.

It was too late. She must nerve herself for the meeting. She was conscious of a great hum and clamor of voices, many old friends of Colonel Everton being present, all joyful at meeting him once more; and then she heard Sir Arthur say: "Everton, you and Marian are

friends of long standing, I believe." She raised her eyes for a moment, and their lovely light seemed to the sick soldier to bathe his weary heart in a flood of heavenly radiance. One little moment her hand lay in his; the splendor of those eyes was on him, and then—all was over. A calm, cold voice said to him that, "Colonel Everton" was "welcome home," and he felt as if an icy mantle had descended, and shut out from his view that little glimpse of his lost love.

Those eyes were the eyes of the Marian he used to adore, but the voice was that of a stranger. I don't think either of them knew how the hour of that luncheon passed. No other words were exchanged by them after that cold greeting, and when they rose from the table, the gentlemen, with one or two exceptions, strolled out to enjoy their cigars on the terrace.

Of those who remained behind, Colonel Everton was not one, and as Marian saw him leave the room without a glance in the direction of the widow where she sat alone, her bitter thoughts ran thus: "What a fool I am to care for a man who, loving another woman, has long since forgotten how he swore once to love me forever! Ah, men's faith! Who has ever been fortunate enough to—"

Here her bitter musings were interrupted by a call from Mrs. Hare and son to join them in a game of croquet; so, rousing herself, she threw on her little garden-hat, which hung in the hall, and they all went out on the terrace, to beat up a few recruits from among the smokers.

One glance at Marian's cold, haughty face served to keep Colonel Everton at a distance, and as the party went on to the croquet grounds, he turned away by himself, into a lonely thicket-path which, Marian well remembered, led to a pretty grove in the park, where in the old days they had often sat, hand clasped in hand, and feeling that the whole world contained no greater happiness than theirs.

"Why," she thought, with a moan, "do these things come back to me thus? Can I never forget? Ah, if I could be cold, cold like him! It does not matter to him that we ever walked that path together. Why cannot I forget?"

She played so badly that Lou Granger laughingly told her that she believed she was in love, and then looked frightened to death at having dared to joke with dignified Miss Willoughby.

She need not have been afraid. Marian hardly heard her even, and the rest of the game was played without any show of interest on her part.

So the day wore on. When the ladies separated, to rest a while in their rooms before dressing for dinner, Marian took herself seriously to task. Seated before a cheerful wood fire, she reasoned with herself upon her folly and mistakes. She tried to think only of what she could do to redress her wrongs, and the parting, five years ago, when he had returned her letters and her ring—a manhood by her, when she was told, to be whom she could not doubt that he had spoken slightly of her, and had acknowledged his love for another woman. He had tried to speak, but she would not bear him, and so, with a haughtiness equal to her own, he had lowered his head and left her.

Now it seemed to be impossible, thinking of the past, to remember anything but the rich, tender voice that had called her his own and blessed her for the "beautiful love" she had given him. Her heart would not be hardened toward him, when the remembrance of his warm, weary face was with her; and she could not forget it. Rich, beautiful, orphaned Marian Willoughby was society's darling, but what was it all worth to her? There was no heart, loving, tender, and true, in which she reigned supreme, thought of lovers she could count a secret. Once she thought that Maurice Everton's love was hers, and for a little while how beautiful he had seemed to her! But the surprise had crept in among the flowers, and her happiness was poisoned and dead forever. And now she must meet him calmly, cold, and prove to him that she could be as oblivious of the past as he was.

Having wrought herself up to this pitch of excitement and anger she proceeded to her table. No matter how miserable a woman may be, she never forgets to order

herself. So Marian, as she stood before her mirror, ready to descend to the drawing-room, could not help feeling glad that she was becomingly dressed. A soft, fleecy, white material of some kind draped her stately figure, unrevealed by any touch of color. Excitement had dyed her cheeks with a lovely rosy tint, and her sateer eyes showed like stars, under her long dark lashes.

As she stood waiting for Bella's light step in the corridor, in order to join her and go down under her wing, her maid entered the room, and as she saw her mistress all ready, exclaimed: "Oh, Miss Marian, why didn't you ring? Miss Lou had me fixing her hair, and I was listening to hear you, but I couldn't. And now you are all dressed; and here is this pretty little bunch of flowers the strange Colonel told me to give you—and a little note."

Marian's cheeks wore a deeper tinge as Milly concluded her speech, but without a word she held out her hand to receive the flowers. As she took the little toquet a flood of recollections rushed over her. Marian's cheeks wore a deeper tinge as Milly concluded her speech, but without a word she held out her hand to receive the flowers. As she took the little toquet a flood of recollections rushed over her.

A knot of parasites, exquisitely arranged, and the most perfect specimen she had ever seen. She thought of the day she had told Maurice it was her favorite flower, and how he had said she should have heart's-ease all her life. She commanded her voice sufficiently to tell Milly that she did not need her she had better go and offer her service to some of the young ladies, and hardly had she closed the door before Marian had torn open the little note attached to the parasites, with a wild hope dawning in her heart that in some way Maurice Everton was going to prove true and noble, as she had believed him in those old days.

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