MAY CRAWFORD'S LAST QUAR-REL.

BY NELLIE DARLINGTON.

From New York Weekly CHAPTER I. [CONTINUED.]

serving it nicely."

Linley looked up surprised.

away from dinner-never without make you fancy that I wouldn't useless. come home?"

told you such a falsehood?"

"No one told me, except my own eyes, and I suppose eyen you will not contradict that evidence."

"But I will, though, or any other evidence that would persuade you of such a thing-"

"Why, Linley, I zaw you about twelve o'clock going into Rockford's store, and Mrs. Rockford was standing at your side; and not half an hour afterward I saw you walking together in the street. It must have been at least three hours later when, returning home I passed Mr. Rorckford's store again, and there you were, so close in conversation with his wife that neither of you saw me, though I looked in through the door straight into both your faces."

"And you didn't come in and speak to me, May!" said Linley.

"Not I." And Mrs. Crawford tossed her head. "I may be a fool, but I'm not quite such a fool as to interrupt a couple of old lovers when they are enjoying a little! quiet flirtation in the absence of the respective husband and wife of each."

May!" exclaimed Linley, shockplain the situation, but also cover sound. May with repentant shame for her doubts; but those words he particularly did not wish to speak just

silence, and more still by his indig snow-storm. But May cared noth nant, shocked tone in which he had spoken her name-the only remon- noticed it. strance he deigned to make on her accusing words.

say that Kate Rockford and you mother's house was about three met me? Oh, I suppose you were the county. But May had been telling her how you regretted the brought up a country girl, and to past, and wishing it was last Christ- her three miles, even in a snowmas instead of this, that you might storm, was only a pleasant walkonce more have had the choice of at least it would have been had marrying her instead of me? You she been the happy, light-hearted were-you were! You can't contra- girl she used to-be As it was, she dict me!"

rage, May Crawford stamped her bravely, only conscious now and foot angrily, and, for the first time then how bitterly cold the wind in all their quarrels, Linley an- was becoming when it drove the swered angrily, and, perhaps, with now thickly falling snow against a touch of contempt, for his pa- her face; then the tingling of her

jealousy into downright insanity. her breath and the pelting of the It is a monomania now."

Never before had Linley answered storm. "I didn't really expect you to his love for her, petted and kissed the distance; but, dark as it was, dinner," said May, "and so I didn't her, till it really was almost an in. May discerned an unfamiliar look care enough about dinner myself ducement to quarrel for the sake of in the landscape. She stood still alone to take any trouble about making up again. But now he and gazed about her; and then a would not even deign to contradict chill, colder thangthe icy wind the worst and cruelest things she struck her heart. She was not on "Why, May! I so seldom stay had ever accused him of. And the road to her mother's house. In why? Because he couldn't. Because | the driving snow-storm, the darksending you word, And on Christ, they were true, and she had seen ness, and, worst of all, her own wild mas Eve, of all night, what could his perfidy, and further denial was and whirling thoughts, she had

Yes, this must be the terrible "I thought that you might stay reason why he no longer explained called back her courage, and reand dine with Mrs. Rockford, since and protested-no longer declared, membering that she knew all that you've been there all day as it is __ " that she was his first and only love. part of the country pretty well, and "What do you mean, May. Who She burst into a passion of tears at she could not be very far wrong. the terrible thought, and, flinging Then she struggled on a little way herself down on the sofa, buried rnd came to a turning which she her head in the cushions, sobbing felt sure would lead her back to the

Linley, with his match-box, his cigars and his ash-tray, betook himself to the library, for this time he determined to try the effect of a little wholesome sternness, and he knew well that couldn't hold out long if he stayed there in sight of May's tears and listening to her

As the door closed after him Mrs Crawford looked up and found that she was alone. Her sobs ceased, and her tears seemed frozen at their source, but not because she had no longer a witness to her grief. Oh, no; it was because, foolish and causeless as her jealousy was, it was so terrible real.

"He leaves me," she thought "Ah, then, all is over, indeed. He loves me no longer. He never loved me. Well, then, I will go., My mother will take me back again. I am not quite forsaken in all the, world. A mother never ceases to love her child, and I scorn to remain longer where I am not loved, even if it kills me to leave him."

She dried her eyes, went to her ing at this remark, and yet painful- room, and hastily dressed, and ly aware that circumstances were then, with her vail down, she might against him, though he was upheld be less likely to attract attention, by the consciousness of innocence, she softly stole down stairs, and and knew yery well that a very few eut by the front door, which close !! words from him could not only ex- so gently that no one noticed the

The sky had been dark and lowering all the asternoon, and already the snew was coming down with that fine, steady, continuous show May was made furious by his er of flakes that betoken a heavy ing for that. Indeed, she scarcely

Their house was on the outskirts of a little town that, a few years "I suppose you will not dare to ago, was only a village, and her were not sweethearts before you miles farther on and quite out in

thought nothing about it. And, carried away by a jealous At first she walked rapidly and tience was sorely tried; fingers made her wish that in her "I shall certainly not take the burry she had not forgotten her trouble to contradict you in this or muff. But she never dreamed of any similar matter, now or ever, turning back; but after while she any more. I really think you pulled off her vail, for, frozen stiff

mean to cultivate your tendency to as it now was with the moisture of snow against it, it had become far May was absolutely aghast, worse than no defense against the

her in this manner. He had al- It was quite dark now, for the ways explained, protested, declared light of the lown had long faded in missed her way.

But after the first terror she right road.

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AN ENGLISH COMMENTARY.

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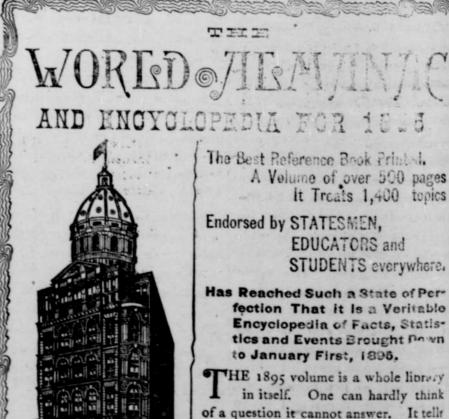
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