

TALE OF THREE CITIES.

Principals of those in de scribe here... Who from St. Elmer's school... descends.

THE LOST LETTER.

"Oh! Jeanne, you quite forgot to put a rose in my hair!" exclaimed Lilly Forsythe as she stood in all her queenly beauty before the long mirror in her boudoir.

"I should consider my toilet incomplete without it," as the little French maid brought forth a crimson rose to pin in your mistress's hair.

"Mademoiselle looks beautiful—like a bride," remarked Jeanne. "Do you think so?" said Lilly, glancing dreamily at her own reflection, then brightening suddenly.

"Very well, I shall be down directly," Jeanne, throw my opera cloak over me, don't muss the lace—there, hand me the fan—I'm ready."

"Let me see. What have you for auntie?" questioned the girl, bravely holding the fort.

"Yes, but—Lilly tried not to notice nor understand the last words."

"No," with a little pout, "not exactly; he has been very kind to me all along."

he surveyed, and not a morning went by that he would not slip quietly into Aunt Lilly's room to see if she were up.

"The morning following Mrs. Upton's dance Lilly was the first to reach the dining room. When Dorothy came down and saw Lilly she said anxiously:

"Why, my dear, how tired you look! An evening's dissipation does not usually tell so plainly on your face."

"I'm not tired, but I did not sleep after I came home; now don't begin to worry about that. I can make up for lost sleep all day, if I wish. By-the-by," changing the subject to avoid other questions, "did you ever meet Mrs. Upton's niece?"

"Mrs. Deane—Mildred Deane? Oh, yes, she visits this city every winter. They say Mr. Barlow is quite taken with her," said Dorothy, carefully scanning her cousin's face.

"Young Barlow is a man of splendid makeup," put in Mr. Kirk, who had just seated himself at the table.

"Why, of course," Dorothy? questioned Lilly with a faint smile.

"Well, my dear, I have seen him pay you marked attention and hear he is Kenneth Crayton's rival—"

"Rival!" interrupted her cousin. "That is a misnomer, I am afraid. What would Miss Deane say to that?"

"I am sorry to have missed him," said Lilly, declaring that "Doggie" Jack went to town, and he's staying until she went to the door with him to let in the winning animal.

This practically broke up the conversation at the breakfast table, but Dorothy's words rung in Miss Forsythe's ears for some time.

She knew very well that Herbert Barlow was in love with her—how could she help it? There are certain things in life which need not be told; they are felt. But it was her wish that no one should talk to her about it.

Since Herbert showed his affection for her she had quite neglected Kenneth. But she was a proud young woman and was bound not to show her love for a man who was spoken of by all society people in connection with Mildred Deane.

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now near the truth had come in her suspicions. Six weeks after Lilly Forsythe had her friends far-well, as she started on her trip to London, where she intended to visit an old uncle who was occupying a fine house on the outskirts of the great metropolis.

Since Herbert Barlow had treated her so coldly and finally left the city altogether Lilly felt as if life in her native town would be unendurable.

In London she was received with open arms by her uncle and his family, who were quite proud of their American connection. She became so enchanted with her new life and surroundings that she almost forgot her former home, all but the one person whose image often came before her.

"When did you leave home?" queried Barlow.

"Oh, I have been here ever since last spring," answered Lilly, "and how long have you been traveling abroad, Mr. Barlow?"

"For the last seven or eight months," he answered, his face clouding; "home had no more charms for me," he added, "so I have been 'doing the continent,' as the English say."

Lilly felt as if she had been stabbed—his words were strangely significant to her.

A few more remarks were exchanged before they reached their destination, and Barlow left them after promising to call the following evening.

"Let us abolish all formalities, Miss Forsythe," said he, seeing that they were alone; "before I leave you again I must know why you never answered my letter in which—in which I asked you to become my wife?"

"I know nothing about such a letter," said Lilly, almost inaudibly, for her heart was beating violently.

"For a moment all was still. Herbert Barlow eagerly scanned the girl's face—a terrible feeling of doubt crept over him—and she ignored the letter? The thought was suffocating him. He burst out:

"Miss Forsythe—Lilly—tell me why you never answered it?"

"Mr. Barlow," as she looked him in the face, "I never received such a letter from you—I—"

"Then, may I ask you right here—will you be my wife?"

"Yes," was the simple answer, which came from the very depths of the girl's heart, and came gladly.

"But," she said suddenly, "what will Mildred Deane say?"

Barlow laughed. "Married a month ago to Kenneth Crayton, you foolish little woman," and he sealed her mouth with a kiss.

The proposal, to be sure, was laconic enough, but that was characteristic of the man—the love-making followed and continued indefinitely. Soon after a quiet wedding took place in London—Herbert would have it so—and their wedding journey took them back to their American home.

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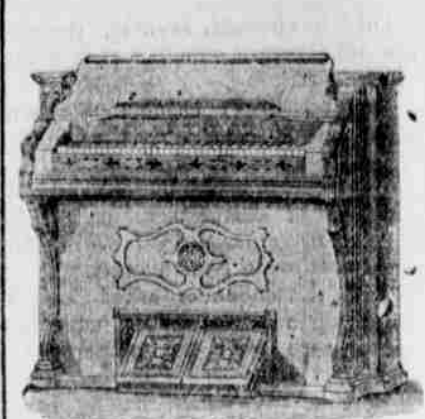
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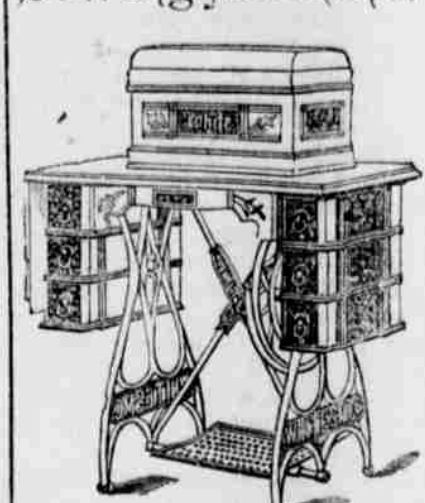
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