

Winifred Thorne was now determined in spite of her father's opposition, to see Capt. Fletcher. The first time, therefore, that she went to town to spend the day with her cousins she begged to have the carriage wait when she and Miss El vira alighted at Mrs. Herry's door. "I should think you had had riding

epough after nine miles," said Miss El "but you young people are never

Winifred did not explain, but as soon as she had seen her aunt comfortably settled in Cousin Myrtilla's room she bravely approunced to Lottie and Bess that she was going to drive to Mrs. Theodore Scott's. "To meet that Yankee officer!" cried

Lottie and Bess, indignantly. "Yes." said Miss Winifred. "Oh. Missy! Missy!" lamented Lottie.

"We shouldn't have thought it of youa Southern born!" "For my part," cried Bess, "I would rather never hear of my brother.'

"I haven't asked you to go with me, Winifred retorted, in an angry tone, but checked herself, and added, with a sigh, "We'd better not discuss this question

"Did your father give you leave?" ask-more; I can't help it; I don't want to think whether I am right or wrong. Let

me go!"
She broke away and hastened out. At the gate she met Mom Bee. "Whicherway you gwan, honey?

sisked the old nurse, suspiciously. "De sont me word you wuz ter be spendin' de day, en' I come stretways ter git a glimpse at vou. I 'lows ter spen' de day, myse'f, of Miss Myrtilla ain't ob jectin', en' I know sue alle de la tell you, chile; I ain't got speech o' dat tin', en' I know she ain't. Lemme Fed'ral gemman vit"-"Never mind," Missy interrupted, im-

patiently. "Let me go!"
"You ain' gwan atter him, Missy, now

sho'ly you ain't?"
"I surely am!" Missy declared. "Den I kin tell you hit ain't no use," aid Glory-Ann, planting herself solidly

in the way. "Miz Theodo' Scott is done got him inter a two-hawse buggy, en tuk him down ter St. Mark's. Fac'," 'How do you know?" cried Missy, impatiently.
"How do I know? Ain' de bespoke de

buggy long o' Tom Quash, who is quit de hotel en' jined de livery stables? Now, honey, jes' you go back ter yo' cousins en' bejoy vo'self en' wait on suc cumstance. Leffum ter yo' ole mammy. I gwan manage."

Missy sighed and submitted. She sent the carriage away and returned to the parlor, where Lottie and Bess were still holding an indignation meeting. Mom Bee followed hard behind, but stopped upon the threshold.

"Oh, Winifred, we're so glad you've changed your mind!" cried Lottie, as Winifred sat down, sighing.

"I've not changed my mind," Winifred returned; "but Mom Bee says they've gone to St. Mark's. Today of all days!" At this Bess looked up inquiringly, but Mom Bee's vigorous pantomime imposed silence; and Missy, who had turned away, was none the wiser.

Late that afternoon, when Miss Elvira and Missy had departed, the diplomatic Mom Bee sought a private audience of Mrs. Herry. "Hit's about Missy, Miss Myrtilla," she

said, anxiously, " 'cause dat chile ain' got no mo' gumption den a baby. Hit runs in de Thorne fam'bly ter be heady, en' Missy is heady. Missle-virey, wid her eyes sot on de prah book, she ain' never gwan onerstan' Missy; en' mawster, he don't onerstan', nuther; leastwise, Missy gotter be policized." "What in the world is the mat-

ter?" Mrs. Herry asked, bewildered and "Miss Myrtilla, I is 'most 'shamed ter

tell you. Missy done begged ter run atter dat Fed'ral gemman ter Miz Theodo' Scott, cawse dis ole fool nigger had ter go let on dat de wuz a talk he had met up wid Mawse Nick in de wah. Lawd! Miss Myrtilla, I cotch dat chile on de track of dat fed'ral gemman dis blessed mawnin'! He's a proper gemman, may-be; but mawster ain' gwan know asthin' bout him, 'en Missy got no business followin' him up, jes' ter git a word 'bout Mawse Nick.

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Herry, "She

"I know better den tell her she musn'," said the sagacious Glory-Ann. "I wuz bleeged ter tell dat bumptiouschile what Miz Theodo' Scott en' dat fed'ral wuz outen town. But I can't keep on tellin' sich lies ter save her manners. She ain' gwan bullieve me bom bye. You en' me is gotter look atter Missy, Misa Myrtilla. w I'm gwan see dat fed'ral gemman, come ter-morrer. Hit ain' no use ter ax mawster ter put his wah feelins en' his politics in his pocket; he ain' gwan do hit. Hit's me what gwan fin' out 'bout Mawse Nick; en' den I'm gwan back ter de plantation, of 1 totes myse'f, ter tell Missy, fur de peace o' her min'. ain' much use in freedom ez I kin see. ef a ole nigger lak me ain' free ter use her jedgment. En', ef you please, Miss Myrtilla, len' me yo' side saddle, en' l'll mek out, some ways, ter git a muel."

The next morning Glory-Ann interviewed Capt. John Lorrimer Fletcher. She was greatly disappointed to find this important personage in citizen's dress, but otherwise his appearance won her approval; she decided in an instant that he was "quality" and she did obeisance accordingly.

The captain was seated at a table in Mrs. Theodore Scott's prim little parlor, writing a letter, and he did not relish the interruption; yet he was agreeably imnessed by the stately manner of this old negro tanks in a blue homespun gown

and a towering yellow turban. "Well," he said, with a sigh of impatience, "what can I do for you, my good

A southerner would have addressed her

Glory-Ann's eyes twinkled ... "Talk lak nussed him," she commented to herself.
"Tee Glory-Ann, suh," she said, with a

second obeisance, "what nussed Mawse Nick; Mawse Nick what you met up wid in de wah," she explained anxiously, seeing that he gave no sign of comprehension "Mawse Nicholas Thorne, tubbe shof"

"Oh!" exclaimed Capt. Fletcher, pushing away his writing materials. "Dullaw, mawster, de ain' nobody son me; I come o' my own notion. I nussed all de Thorne chillen; en' Missy, she ain studyin' nothin' but Mawse Nick"-"Missy?" the captain repeated, inquir-ingly. It was a name he had never heard.

"Dat's Miss Winifred Thorne"-"Ah, yes; I understand," said John Fletcher, biting his mustache to hide a smile. Miss Winifred Thorne was the young lady who had turned her back upon him one day, in Mrs. Lorimer's parlor, and marched out of the room. Mrs. Lorrimer had told him her history afterward; and he had promised to be friend this defiant young lady's brother, if ever the opportunity should offer, And, strange to say, the opportunity did offer. Nicholas Thorne was wound ed and taken prisoner at Nashville; yet Capt. Fletcher might never have heard of him, except for an old negro, who, following after, in mortal terror of shot and shell, and by dint of sheer persist ency of inquiry, had found his master in the hospital, and had insisted upon being held prisoner with him.

All this the captain told Glory-Ann. "En' wuz dat old nigger a roun' faced grinnin' ole nigger, wid big teeth, en' his name was Gilbert, en' he walked hippity hop?" she asked, breathlessly.

I believe Gilbert was his name," the captain admitted.

"De amazin' powers! Ole man Gilbert, tubbe sho! What a gret pity ole man Dublin is dead en gawn, dat he can't hear de news! Ain' Missy gwan be "Hardly," said Capt. Fletcher, smiling.

She told Mrs. Lorrimer that she herself sent him to her brother." Glory-Ann opened wide her eyes and

drew a long breath. This was the most astounding news of all. "Dat Missy, she said, "is jes' ez heady ez de res' o' de Thornes. One o' dese days I do 'spect she gwan tek a notion ter go beginst mawster; en' den what? En' what 'bout Mawse Nicholas, of you please, suh?"

There was little more to tell. Through Capt, Fletcher's exertions Nicholas had been promptly exchanged, and the cap tain had never heard from him since.

Unfortunately Capt. Fletcher could not recall the name of the little place in Mississippi where Nicholas' home then was, and where his wife and child were liv ing; he had made no memorandum of it. and the letter he wrote Mrs. Lorrimer at the time had never reached her.

'I'm pow'ful 'bleeged ter you, maws ter," said Glory-Ann, with a profound courtesy. "I dunno what my po' little Missy is gwan do 'bout hit all, but know hit gwan give de chile some sort o

That evening John Fletcher said to his friend, Mrs. Theodore Scott: "You have betrayed me; I happened to tell you of my having met Nicholas

Thorne before I knew that his father would refuse to receive me, and now the tory has gone abroad." "It was too good to keep," was all the

atisfaction Mrs. Scott gave him.

He smiled and shrugged his shoulders, "That unbending old southerner will imagine that I am trying to force his rec-

ognition." 'You can decline in your turn," his friend suggested.

"I shall never have the chance," John Fletcher said; "but after all, what does

CHAPTER XXV. PERSUASION.

Glory-Ann was the possessor of "a floating capital of seventy-five cents that did not form part of the hoard she cherished in the toe of a stocking; and with this sum she hired a mule, which she equipped with the side saddle borrowed from "Miss Myrtilla," and in the afternoon she set out alone for Thorne Hill. Being minded, however, to pay a visit to an old acquaintance on the way, she did not reach her destination until the next morning. She held a private interview with Missy, as soon as the colonel rode out to inspect his fields; and when he returned, the old woman was jogging on her way back to town. She had done her part; it remained for Missy to manage the colonel, if that were possible,



'You are very cruel," she said, hoarsely Winifred was in the parlor, alone, when her father came in, and it needed but a glance to show him that something had happened to move her deeply. Her face was very pale, but in her eyes was a wistful look that made him un-

"What is the matter, Winifred?" he asked.

"Mom Bee has been here," she said, after a moment's pause, and almost in a whisper. This did not seem to her at all what she had meant to say, but she uttered the first words that came.

"Well," said the colonel, with a smile, 'have your own way about Mom Bee. Winifred; make what bargain you like to induce her to stay. Provided you are pleased. I shall be satisfied."

Winifred uttered a faint ejaculation and clasped her hands. "She has been to see me about Brer Nicholas."

The colonel started; his color came and went in violent alternations, and he sank helplessly into the nearest chair, "What does this mean?" he asked. "Capt. Fletcher"-

"And does he make a go-between of one of my old slaves?" thundered the colonel, springing to his feet. "A meddleome puppy!

"No, father; it was Mom Bee who went to him of her own accord, for my sake." The colonel sat down again, and Winifred went on to tell the captain's story. Her father heard her without interruption; what he felt she could not divine, for, the first shock over, his countenance gave no indication of his thoughts.

"It must be true!" she exclaimed, pasonately, when she had ended. "What will you do about it?"

Col. Thorne did not immediately reply He could be as impulsive as Winifred herself, but he could not be confiding. We have no assurance that Nicholas still lives," he said, at last.

Winifred clasped her hands. "Let us hope!" she whispered. "I am very tired, just how," the col-

one signed. "I will lie down until din-

ner is ready. "He does not care!" thought Missy, hitterly. How was she to know that he sought the privacy of his own room to hide the storm of mingled emotions that shook his very life? He would fain have Nicholas at home again, but he could not bring himself to say so.

When he reappeared at dinner he was calm, and immediately afterward he ordered his horse and rode away. Missy supposed that he was going to see her Aunt Pauline and Flora.

It was long past 10 o'clock that night when the colonel returned, and it gave him a thrill of unaccustomed joy to find his daughter sitting up alone, to keep his supper warm. At most did he hope that she would scold him; but Winifred was not actuated by anxiety on her father's account; she had the utmost confidence in his ability to take care of himself; her object in sitting up for him was to win his favor for her brother. What unspeakable comfort it would have given her could she but have known that he had ridden to Tallahassee expressly to see Capt. Fletcher; but her father did not tell her; he only hade her go to bed. He had had his ride in vain, for Capt. Fletcher was away, on a long delayed visit to St. Mark's, and Col. Thorne preferred to wait for an answer to the note he had left for the captain before saying anything to Winifred. The news brought by Glory-Ann made

Miss Elvira very uncomfortable. She was a creature of habit, and she had formed the habit, in the past eight years, of living without her nephew. She had practically forgotten him. Every hope that centered in him had died the day she heard of his marriage with Dosia Furnival, and she could not see now that his return, granting that he lived, was to be desired. Indeed, Miss Elvira preferred to believe him dead, since never, never again could be be the Nicholas of old. She had long persuaded herself that the colonel would do his whole duty if he made some provision for Nicholas in his will; the prospect of having Dosia and her children at Thorne Hill was regarded by Miss Elvira pretty much as she might have regarded an invasion of the Barbarians.

"You don't reflect how times as changed, Winifred," she fretted. "And there's no denying that Dosia cannot be congenial: she isn't one of us."

"Let us find them first," said Winifred. reddening; "all other questions can be settled afterward."

"How are you going to find them?" Miss Elvira asked, with provoking meekness. "Nicholas is either dead or he has forgotten us. For my part, I'd rather believe him dead. He must be so changed!" Winifred shuddered. "You are very

cruel," she said, hoarsely. "If my father would but have Capt. Fletcher here once, just once, we might find some clew." "Winifred Thorne! Do you not know

that if your father were to bring that man here your Aunt Pauline and your Cousin Flora never would cross this threshold again? It is you who are cruel! Think of Aleck, killed at Chickamauga! The tears sprang to Winifred's eyes. "It is life that is cruel," she said, sadly, "But you need not be uneasy. It is three

days since Mom Bee came to us with the news about Brer Nicholas, and I asked my father yesterday if he did not intend to see Capt. Fletcher, but he said I was never to ask him that again. And I am but a girl. What can I do but assault heaven with my prayers?" Col. Thorne had not seen fit to acquaint

his daughter with the fact that Capt. Fletcher had written to decline the invitation to visit Thorne Hill, conveyed in that note the colonel had left with Mrs. Scott a few days before. A week later Glory-Ann took up her

permanent abode at Thorne Hill. She announced her willingness to accept the house the colonel had offered her, and she was not backward in demanding the cow and the pigs, nor did she hesitate to hint that a few chickens, by the way of a start, would be acceptable.

It would behard to say just what it was that induced Mom Bees to return. She had been heard to tell Chaney, who was temporarily presiding over the Thorne Hill kitchen, that "sence mawster could tek care of ole Dicey, he mought jes' ez well tek care o' Glory-Ann;" and, also, she had been heard to declare that she "wouldn' give a handful o' cow pease fur dese young niggers o' freedom what had plum' los' track o' dey manners;' but if her solemn assertion was to be believed, her return was prompted solely by affection for "little Missy." She in formed Mrs. Herry, when she carried back the side saddle, that she felt in duty bound to look after "dat chile." The colonel, she explained, being only a man, couldn't be expected to know how to look after a girl; "en' ez fur Missle-vireywell, Miss Myrtilla, you know Misslevirey ain't got no succullation' -whatever Glory-Ann might mean by that.

Thus settled again at Thorne Hill, this faithful nurse kept a sharp eye upon "little Missy," admonishing that young lady as she saw fit, and criticising her visitors freely, for Missy was "sweet and twenty" now, and had admirers not a few. But the right man was slow to put in an appearance, or Glory-Ann was hard to please. This one was stingy, that one was wasteful, another had no manners-Glory-Ann was exacting as to "manners" -and yet another had no money, an insuperable objection, in Glory-Ann's opin-

"I shall never marry," Winifred would say, gravely. "I am not like other girls." "No, dat you ain't, my honey." "I shall spend my life for my Brer

Nicholas. "Don't you go promus dat too fas' now chile; yo' time ain' come," said Mom Bee, with an air of prophecy that gave Missy a vague uncasiness, remembering how

many of Mom Bee's sayings had come to But something happened soon that

Mom Bee had never prophesied.

CHAPTER XXVI. AN UNEXPECTED GUEST.



All right, sir," said the colonel. "What

is your name As Col. Thorne was riding homeward, one day, at noon, he was startled by the sight of a powerful black horse, saddled and bridled, but riderless, galloping furiously in the direction of Tallahassee; a little farther on, as he turned the corner of the brier patch where old Gilbert used to gather sassafras roots, his own horse shied violently, and the colonel was hardly surprised to find a man lying on the edge of the road, motionless, with his head against the obtruded roots of an overhanging oak. His face was hidden

HAROLET THE STREET OF THE STRE off, revealing a well shaped head, and fair, closely cut hair.

The colonel dismounted, and lifting the unconscious head, discovered the face of a stranger, a well dressed, well made man, of two or three and thirty, perhaps, and unmistakably a gentleman He revived, in a measure, as his head was moved to a more comfortable position, and muttered, indistinctly, "Lost

"All right, sir," said the colonel What is your name?" There was an effort to answer, but the voice died away in an inarticulated mur-

Col. Thorpe, having made a pillow of his overcoat for the stranger's head, re-mounted his horse and galloped back to the field, where some negroes were at work, to order the construction of a litter of pine boughs, upon which the infured man was borne to Thorne Hill.

A messenger was dispatched to town to summon a doctor, and to leave at the hotel a statement in writing that an unknown man had been found unconscious, on the road near Thorne Hill, and carried to Col. Thorne's house.

Nothing was found on the stranger's person to give any clue to his identity, but had he come heralded by unimpeach able introductions he could " not have been made more welcome. Miss Elvira bestirred herself with eager alacrity to have a room put in readiness; the colonel gave his personal attention to his unconscious guest, using such skill as he possessed for his recovery; while Missy, watching at one of the front windows for the doctor, who she thought would never come, sighed to think that there was so little she could do.

As thus she sat alone in the fast gathering gloom of the wintry evening, her thoughts wandered away to her long absent brother, who himself had been a sufferer among strangers. Alas! where was he now? When should she see him again? "Missy, is dat you?" It was Glory-

Ann's voice that penetrated the shadows. and presently Glory-Ann's withered hand was laid on Missy's arm. "De doctor done come, honey," she said, in an awesome whisper.

"When?" exclaimed Winifred, starting up in alarm.

"Bless yo' soul, 'bout a half hour ago. He come de short cut, en' is gone stret upstairs, by de back do'. Tell you, Miss Winifred, honey, he tuk one look at dat man, en' he shuk his bead, en' Misslevirey, when she hear dat, is plum gin up wid de headache. De grit o' de Thorne was lef outen her makeup, you better bullieve; dat hukkom I ain' tellin' Missle virey what I gwan tell you. Missy, chile, don't you know who dat upstairs? "No," said Winifred, seized with a vi-

lent trembling. "I did not see; I could not bear to look at him; how should I know?

"Hit's de Fed'ral gemman," Mom Be announced, in the voice of fate. "Oh, Mom Bee!" broke from Winifred's white lips, a cry of mingled dismay, reproach and disappointment: for one wild moment the baseless hope that the stranger might prove to be Nicholas had completely mastered her; it left her faint and ill. She sank back in her chair clasping her head in her hands.

"Dullaw, Missy," said Glory-Ann, im patiently; "thought you wuz gwan be dat glad ter git speech wid him 'long o' Mawse Nick? 'Pears lak you hates him mo' fur a Yankee den von kin thank him fur a frien'. I'se s'prised at you: I is dat.

"Don't let him die," said Winifred, rallying with a sudden sense of satisfac tion that it had fallen to her father's lot to cancel the obligation to Capt. Fletcher on Nicholas' behalf. "Don't you be no ways oneasy," said Glory-Ann. "Doctors got away o' shakin

know mo'n de do. He gwan git over it honey; but it gwan be a tough pull, I'm skeered." hands, and Glory-Ann precipitately retired, to give her attention to the supper

dey heads; hit meks 'em 'pear lak de

table, seeing that Miss Elvira was incapacitated. "Well," said the doctor, brusquely, "here's a queer state of things! Suppose you've no idea who your guest is? body less than that Yankee, Fletcher, whom your father declined to receive. Odd, isn't it, that the colonel had never even seen him? Good joke, eh, Miss

Winifred?" But Winifred did not even smile. "Is he badly hurt?" she asked, gravely. "Pretty serious case;" and Dr. Lane went into details that Winifred could not understand. "So, you see, you may have him on your hands for some time to come," he continued, in conclusion. "But we'll save him, if we can, ch, Miss Wini-

fred, though he is a Yankee?" Winifred made no reply; but the colonel, who had come in a moment before, said, a little stiffly: "It is an unfortunate occurrence,

much to be regretted. We must hope that the accident may have no untoward ending." "Look out, Miss Winifred!" cried Dr.

Lane, laughing. Winifred was very angry. "There is no occasion to say that to me!" she retorted. "Well, I hope you won't find him an

insurmountably objectionable guest,' said Dr. Lane, good humoredly. a friend of your aunt's, I understand, colonel?" "Yes," the colonel answered, still with

stiffness; "but under the circumstances any man would be entitled to my hospitality, sir." This was a sentiment in which Miss Elvira fully concurred, though she was dismayed beyond measure when she

learned who was the guest an untoward accident had sent to Thorne Hill. "It is really a great embarrassment," she lamented to Winifred. "Of course, your Aunt Pauline and Flora can't come to see

"It isn't a matter of choice to have Capt. Fletcher here," said Winifred, with an impatient sigh. "That is true," Miss Elvira agreed, in

a tone of relief. "We had, indeed, no choice; it was altogether providential." This view of the situation she repeated to Mrs. Theodore Scott, who called the next day. It had been Mrs. Theodore Scott's deliberate choice to have Capt, Fletcher at her house, Miss Elvira reflected, with a comfortable sense of superiority.

Mrs. Theodore Scott, with heightenes. color, hastened to assure Miss Elvira that she likewise had had no choice; she had extended hospitality to this soldier of the northern army from a sense of duty.

"I know very well that people have thought hard of me," she said, tearfully; "but the man was ill; he came to Tallabassee for his health, and here he was. ill among strangers. And his mother was my friend, dear Miss Winifred,"she continued, addressing herself to the young girl, as to a more sympathetic listener; 'what could I do?" "You know best, of course, Mrs.

Scott," said Winifred, coldly, "Yes, she was my friend!" Mrs. Scott repeated, with some asperity, feeling that she had not received the hearty in dorsement she had hoped for from Winifred. "I was a poor, friendless little thing at school, and Adelaide Hardy, who was a good deal older than I, was always my champion. And this was not all; her father was rich and mine

was poor, and it was through her kind-ness and liberality that I enjoyed ad-vantages I could not otherwise have had. She is dead now, but," don't forget all she did for me."

she did for me." \Z
"No," said Winifred, "you could not forget that." She rose and moved restlessly about the room, and at last came and stood beside Mrs. Scott's chair; she felt a strong, incomprehensible impulse to stoop and kiss that lady, but she re-"I am a southerner, and I have the

sentiments of a southerner," Mrs. Scott continued, with some excitement, "as Capt. Fletcher knows; but I receive him for his dear mothor's sake; and this I can say for him—he is a gentleman."
"Of course," said Winifred, crisply.
"My Aunt Winifred's friend must be a "If it had not been for the war!" Mrs.

Scott exclaimed, with a bitter sigh. my husband says, Capt. Fletcher has come too late for the old times, and too soon for the new. Mr. Scott, you know, dear Miss Elvira, is such a sufferer from that wound he received at Shiloh-hardly ever leaves the house, and the captain i so kind about playing chess with him. Of course we avoid all discussions of the war, and so I would advise you to do,

"I have no wish to discuss any subject with him, except my brother Nicholas, Winifred replied coldly.

CHAPTER XXVII.



You do not know how much it means to

After many weary days John Fletcher at last was able to make his appearance down stairs.. Very pale and weak, the ghost of his former self, he looked, as he sat in the sunshine on the broad piazza and Winifred's heart was in her throat at sight of him. He was alone, and she say that now was her opportunity to speak to him of Nicholas; and yet she approached him not without embarrassment, for she could not forget that she had refused to speak to bim under Mrs. Lorrimer's roof.

Neither could John Fletcher forget the occasion when this young lady had turned her back apon him and marched out of the room, emphasize, every step with her small crutch as though she desired to crush him, as possibly she did; and now she ignored that proceeding! He bowed his acknowledgments some what stiffly when she said, with an effort to overcome a certain shyness: "I am se glad that you are able to be out;" but when, on a sudden impulse and with a deepening color, she stretched out her hand, he smiled as he took it and the rudeness of the past was forgotten. He had been interested in Winifred's story, but little was lacking to interest him in Winifred berself.

She looked at him with all her soul in her eyes for the space of several seconds before she found words, and then they came almost in a whisper.

"You do not know how much it means to me," she said, "to shake hands with you, who have shaken hands with Breit Nicholas. Tell me of him! Tell me all! It is the nearest I can come to him!" Capt. Fietcher had felt rather bored by

the interest his meeting with Nicholas Thorne had excited, but now he was moved to tell the story with a minuteness of detail he had never yet bestowed upon it. It was not that a beautiful young girl was listening, with her wistful eyes upon his face; it was the pathos of her long, unwavering devotedness of affection that stirred his deepest, most reverent sympathy-a pathos the more touching by contrast with the fact that her brother's affection for her had seemed to him to have faded into a calm and ordinary memory. But he could not tell her this neither could be tell her that Nicholas heart was hardened against his father.

"My father is growing old," Wimfred said, sadly, when he had ended. "The war has made many people old in this part of the world. And I-if I do not find Brer Nicholas, I too, shall be old-

old. The captain was conscious of two distinct sentiments on hearing her express herself in this way-an irresistible irritation that she should use the nergro term "Brer" for "Brother," and an equally irresistible irritation that so much feeling should be lavished upon Nicholas Thorne. "But he will come back some blessed

day!" she exclaimed, with a sudden change of tone. "He will come back and Daddy Gilbert with him! Poor old Daddy Gilbert! How it must have grieved him to forego his little possessions here; but he did it at my bidding. I did not know that it would be for se long. I was but a child, and it seemed an easy thing for me to have my own way. But I must not tire you," she in

terrupted herself. "I will go now." Fletcher was glad she had spared him thanks. "If her hatred is proportioned to her love," he said to himself, gazing after her, "with what intensity she must hate a Yankee!" And he laughed aloud. In the dusk, that evening, Winifred went out to Glory-Ann's house and entreated the old woman to make the waffles for supper; and Mom Bee grumbled:

"Hukkom Chaney can't cook ter suit you here lately, Missy? 'Pears ter me you mighty notionate all of a suddin'." "Chancy can't, she never could make waffles equal to yours, Mom Bee," coaxed "And Capt. Fletcher is down Missy. stairs today for the first time; don't you know he will be tired and hungry?"

"You is done put yo' wah feelins inter yo' pocket, is you?" said Glory-Ann. Glory-Ann was keeping her vigilant eves very wide open at this time. Indeed, Miss Winifred Thorne's probable attitude toward the Yankee captain proroked surmise on all sides. The situation was freely discussed by Mrs. Leonard Thorne, who, of course, avoided Thorne Hill, but who was therefore the oftener at Mrs. Herry's. "It's a dreadful state of things," she

said, with complacency. "If that Yankee should lose his heart to Missy, that wouldn't so much matter; serve right i'm thinking; but suppose Missy should take . fancy to him?

"It isn't supposable!" cried Bess, hotly. "Yes, it is supposable," Mrs. Leonard insisted, with obstinate calm. "There is no saying what Winifred Thorne may or may not do. She always was headstrong, you know; and she wouldn't care for her father's consent."

"I am not so sure, as to that," Mrs. Herry objected, charitably. "She always pays her father the most respectful

"I'm glad you give it the right name! said Mrs. Thorne, with a chilly little laugh, "We can't say she loves her

Mrs. Herry had seen it and sorrowed over it. When next Winifred came to town, "Missy, dear child," she said, with affectionate entreaty, "why is it that

you do not love your father?"
"But I do," said the girl, reddening.
"At least, I love him, I suppose, just as

most girls love their fathers."

She had no mind to confess that she had awakened to a strange self knowl-edge of late. Time had been when she was sure that she could never love any one as she loved her brother; her very lameness, the witness of the strength and devotedness of that affection, had held her aloof from the love that enters so largely into the dreams of girlhood; but now, to her dismay and confusion she perceived that she was capable of sentiment different altogether from that which she cherished for her brother The discovery filled her with impatience and indignation against herself; and i her long rebellious heart did not yet throb with a daughter's tender love, she had at least begun to understand both her father's need of sympathy and his shrinking therefrom. But of all this Winifred could not speak, and Mrs.

Herry forbore to urge her. John Fletcher's position at this time was by no means entirely to his liking. So long as his life hung trembling in the balance, so long as he remained confine to his room, he felt no embarrassment in being the guest of Col. Thorne; in misfortune he was "a man and brother," and no shadow chilled the hospitality heartily accorded him; but now that he was on his feet again there was an irksome consciousness of the chasm across which n cordial hand clasp yet was possible. In a thousand indefinable ways John Fletcher realized the truth of Mr. Scott's lament, that he had come too late for the old times, too soon for the new. The very care with which his host ignored all topics that could lead to heated discussion gave him an irritating sense of being superfluous.

Christmas was drawing near, the first Christmas after the war, and the northerner shrank instinctively from spending this festival with the Thornes. Dr. Lave however, insisted that his patient could not yet bear the journey to town, and Col. Thorne, more peremptory than the doctor himself, would not hear of his guest's departure.

"I have pledged myself to my aunt and your old friend," he said, "for your perfect recovery. You must allow the satisfaction of keeping my word."

So John Fletcher resigned himself to stay. Thorne Hill was not devoid of interest for an observant stranger, disposed to study the transitional state of southern life. The colonel, Miss Elvira, Mom Bee were all of them representatives of types that must rapidly pass away. And there, too, was Missy, by far the most interesting study that Thorne Hill afforded. Very little did John Fletcher see of her; yet it did not escape him that she was, in a certain sense, aloof from her father and her aunt. From his heart he pitied her uneventful days, her isolated life; but he was far too wise to give any sign of his sympathy, for Winifred, in a way as unmistakable as it was indefinable, had given him to understand that there was an insurmountable barrier between them.

> CHAPTER XXVIII. IN THE GLOAMING.



"Why, Missy! Missy! huh you,do?" Christmas day came, that sad, first Christmas after the war, and John Fletcher, who had vainly hoped to leave before this date, declined to make his appearance at breakfast.

The day was not marked by the old time hilarity; that was over forever. There was no supply of egg nog and ginger bread, no popping of fire crackers, and the shout of "Chris'mus Gif"!" was feeble and infrequent. Missy dispensed a few presents privately to such of the old family negroes as remained in her father's service, as well as to some few deserters, who had taken advantage of that day's holiday to visit Thorne Hill. The colonel shut himself up in his

office all the morning, and Miss Elvira and Winifred went alone to church. John Fletcher remained in his own room; it was his purpose to remain there all day, but in the afternoon Glory-Ann brought him a little note from

"I know why you stayed away from breakfast," she wrote; "it was kindly meant, but you are our guest, and you must dine with us. It will not be gay, but you will know how to pardon the

absence of gayety.' John Fletcher was three and thirty; he thought he had outgrown all sentimental foolishness, but he put Winifred's note carefully away; it was his only Caristmas present! And of course he accepted the invitation.

pany and made the meal a penance, and each one was secretly glad to quit the table. When the sun had gone down Winifred left Miss Elvira making up her account with Bishop Ken, and went out for a walk. The air was chill and light clouds

The dinner was not gay; an inevitable

sense of constraint brooded over the com-

obscured the sky, but Winifred feared neither the right air nor the fast gathering gloom. John Fletchersawher asshe went across the yard, under the leafless China trees, and an impulse for which he did not seek to account urged him to follow. Wherefore should he, because of a war that was over, be forever an alien? She had sent him the invitation to dinner; rather would he have fasted; but because she had asked it he did violence to his feelings; it was too much to expect him to do vio-

the gate that led into the lane. "Allow me," he said, as he stepped forward to open it. She turned and looked at him; a sudden blush swept over his face as she

lence to his feelings a second time in one

day, and he followed her. With swift

strides he overtook her just as she reached

thanked him. "May I go with you?" he asked, bold-"It is too late for you to be out alone," he urged, seeing her hesitate; "it is growing dark, and"-

"I am not afraid," she said. "I am going no farther than Daddy Gilbert's old cabin. It is not a place that can interest you"---"But I may go with you?" he reiter-

ated. Winifred smiled, and they walked on in silence. He had never yet been able to conquer the constraint that oppressed

him in her pressure, and she had never learned the art of "making talk." She did not speak until they reached the fence inclosing old Gilbert's deserted

dwelling.
"This is the place," she at pushed open the sagging gate before the captain could offer to assist her. "You will never see all that I see in this poor spot," she added; but she held the gate open, and the captain smiled and sta inside.

A dense thicket of plum bushes had grown up at the back of the house, and the dry stalks of the self sown Palms Christi bean occupied all the little space in front; the path to the broken door in front; the pain to the step was overgrown with rank knot grass step was overgrown with grownness, and all about that had lost its greenness, and all about the half fallen and abandoned little dwelling there brooded a meland calm, intensified by the fast gathering

chadows. ed," Missy said, "but I am the only ghost that flits this way. I like to come here when I am sad."

"And are you sad now?" John Fletcher asked, impulsively, with a deeper sympathy than he dared to show.

A moment's pause followed; then Missy said, in a light tone, as if she would dismiss the subject: "There is no reasom why I should be

very gay—just now."

Her brave endurance, her proud re-serve, touched John Fletcher more deeply than any complaining. An infinite ten-derness took possession of him, as he contemplated this child—he was more than ten years her senior—so ethereal, so young to be thus overshadowed by sor-

row and infirmity.
"'Just now?" he repeated, with a passionate wish to comfort her. "But this will not last! You are so young; life is only beginning. There is happiness in store for you; I am sure of it!" Even while he spoke he perceived,

with a thrill of glad wonder, that Winifred made a slight involuntary movement, as if she would draw nearer to him, and on the instant he was by her But she had not heard a word he said. She was gazing intently into the depths

of the plum thicket, with panting breath

and quick beating heart. "What is

that?" she gasped, in a terrified whisper, and clutched the captain's arm. "Do not be frightened," he said, as he laid his hand on hers, which was cold and trembling. "There is nothing here

to harm you. "There! Do you not see?" she whispered fearfully, "or am I going mad?" And with a stifled scream Winifred Thorne hid her eyes against the Yankee captain's arm.

'It is only an old negro," he answered, as what had seemed a shadow emerged from the thicket and assumed definite "An old negro," Missy repeated, and shivered from head to foot. "Are there,

indeed, such things as ghosts?" But she did not look up until she heard the old, familiar greeting:
"Why, Missy! Missy! huh you do?" The voice, the words, electrified her. She abandoned fear; she sprang forward; she seemed to fly to meet the apparition coming along the grass grown path, and, stretching out her hands, she clasped

them over old Gilbert's toil hardened fin-

gers, while her crutch fell forgotten on

the ground. "At last! Oh, at last!" Her voice rang out upon the twilight stillness, full of an infinite pathos of thanksgiving. Somehow, John Fletcher was not as pleased as he should have been; he felt himself deserted. He picked up the crutch and stood irresolute, loth to leave,

vet uncertain whether it became him to

"Tubbe sho!" old Gilbert responded. with a chuckle of supreme satisfaction. "Hit's me! En' you is dat growed, Missy, en' prutty ez a pink! Lawd love de chile!" "Brer Nicholas? Where is Brer Nich-

olas?

"Missy, ain't Mawse Nicholas here at home?" asked old Gilbert, anxiously. "No!" cried Missy, sharply. "Oh, why do you ask that?" "Den, Missy, chile, I dunno whey is Mawse Nicholas," said the old man, slow-

ly and sorrowfully. Missy's head drooped; her slight form swayed like a reed. Capt. Fletcher sprang forward and saved her from fall-"Why, I 'lowed you wuz mawster,"

said old Gilbert, bewildered; "en', praise

be ter glory-I do bullieve-you sho'ly is-Mawse Gin'ral Fletcher, in de Fed'ral "That's my name, but not my rank," the captain replied, as he placed Wini-

fred on the doorstep.

where he is."

said she, with averted head. John Fletcher felt snubbed decidedly: vet he did not like to leave Winifred. though she ignored his presence-or rather she was oblivious of him. "It was on this very top step," she

said to old Gilbert, reproachfully, "that you promised to keep track of Brer

Nicholas, and now you do not know

"Thank you; I wasn't going to fall,"

"Honey," returned old Gilbert, mildly. "what kin a po' ole no 'count nigger do in de stir o' de nations? I don' my top bes' ter keep Mawse Nick outen de wah, but he wuz jes' dat heady, go he would"---"Of course," said Missy, proudly.

"I tol' him he wuz gwan git hisse'f shot ter pieces, foolin' 'long o' dat wah, but he ain't pay no 'tention; en' I fol-lered him, en' I cotch up wid him when he wuz faerly riddled wid bullets." Missy covered her face with her hands and turned away from Capt. Fletcher with a shudder. The movement might have been in-

voluntary, but it was impossible to misunderstand it. John Fletcher gave the crutch to old Gilbert and went away; but he could not go fast enough to avoid hearing old Gilbert's comment: "Missy, dat Mawse Gin'ral is quality, sho', fitten ter be one o' de Thorne genera-

tion. Is you knowin' how he wuz pow'ful frien'ly ter Mawse Nick?" "Never mind him," Missy interrupted. sharply. "How did you happen to lose Brer Nicholas?"

'Missy, hit wuz dishyer way: I dudno hukkom Mawse Gin'ral Fletcher had brung hit ter pass; but me en' Mawse Nick, wewuz turned free outen Nashville, whey we wuz tooken pris'ners, en' I brung Mawse Nick to Melton, in de Windy Valley, ez de call hit, whey we wuz livin' endurin' of de wah; en' me'n Miss Dosia en' Miss Roxy White we nussed him well agin; en' den I wuz tuk flat wid de roomatiz, so ez hit wuz onposserbul ter look atter Mawse Nick, en' dunno whicherway he went sence dat.

'He done lef' Miss Dosia en' de chile, en' Miss Roxy, en' tuk up bis march ter hunt de army. Tubbe sho, de wuz a-sayin' how de warn't no mo' army; but all I know, Mawse Nick he went, en' bombye de come a letter ter Miss Dosia what he wuz tuk mighty bad somewher on de road; en' she follered him, suddent; en' den, presently, Miss Roxy she packed up en' tuk de chile; en' fust I knowed dere wuz I douten nobody, 'ceptin' det, buffo' he lef', Mawse Nick come en' tell me. Daddy, dese is mighty onsartin times, en' I mought'n nuver see vou no mo', en' here a letter fur de colonel.

"Oh, give it to me!" cried Missy. "I got him safe, Missy; but hit wuz fur yo paw det hit wuz intrusted ter me,