

It had been raining all day from out a lowering sky and, as we emerged into the gathering twilight, we were greeted by a cheerless drizzle, which was driven hither and thither by a cold, raw wind, and I was glad to reach the quiet of my room in the quaint old Warwick Inn, to be sheltered from the warring elements without. A cheerful fire was glowing on the hearth sending its ruddy light into the farthest corners of the room. The landlord's cat was purring contentedly on the rug before the fire. Divesting myself of my wet clothing, I drew my chair nearer to the cheerful blaze and mentally ran over the day's sightseeing. My musing was suddenly cut short by a knock at the door. In answer to my summons to enter, for I thought it was the landlord, the door opened and before me stood his daughter. "A letter for you sir," she said with a courtesy. "And is there anything you wish?" I thanked her for bringing the letter and added, "Nothing except to be called at six in the morning." "Yes sir" she replied, and with another courtesy, closed the door and left me to my musing.

What a luxury to lie back in the big arm chair before the cheery fire, and read over for a second, and even a third time, those messages,—messages of love and greeting from across the sea. It outweighs all the discomforts of an absence from home to feel the heart-throbs of new life that the home letters will bring. The letter was from my sister. "We miss you so much," were the words, "our home doesn't seem complete, and father often says he wishes Edward were here to help him in his business perplexities." But there was one paragraph that burned itself deep into my mind. "Katharine is seen very little in society and there is a rumor about town that she has given up her art work." Further on I read: "Katharine called to-day; she asked about you and said she hoped you would return home unchanged."

So Katharine had really not forgotten me and was even interested in my return. Why, it was on her account that I was at that moment globe trotting instead of being settled down in a home of my own. "No Edward," she had said to me in a tone of deep conviction, "I am wedded to my art, and although I do not doubt the sincerity of your love, yet it would be impossible for me to make you happy." Her words had wounded me, for I loved her passionately, and in those moments of dis-